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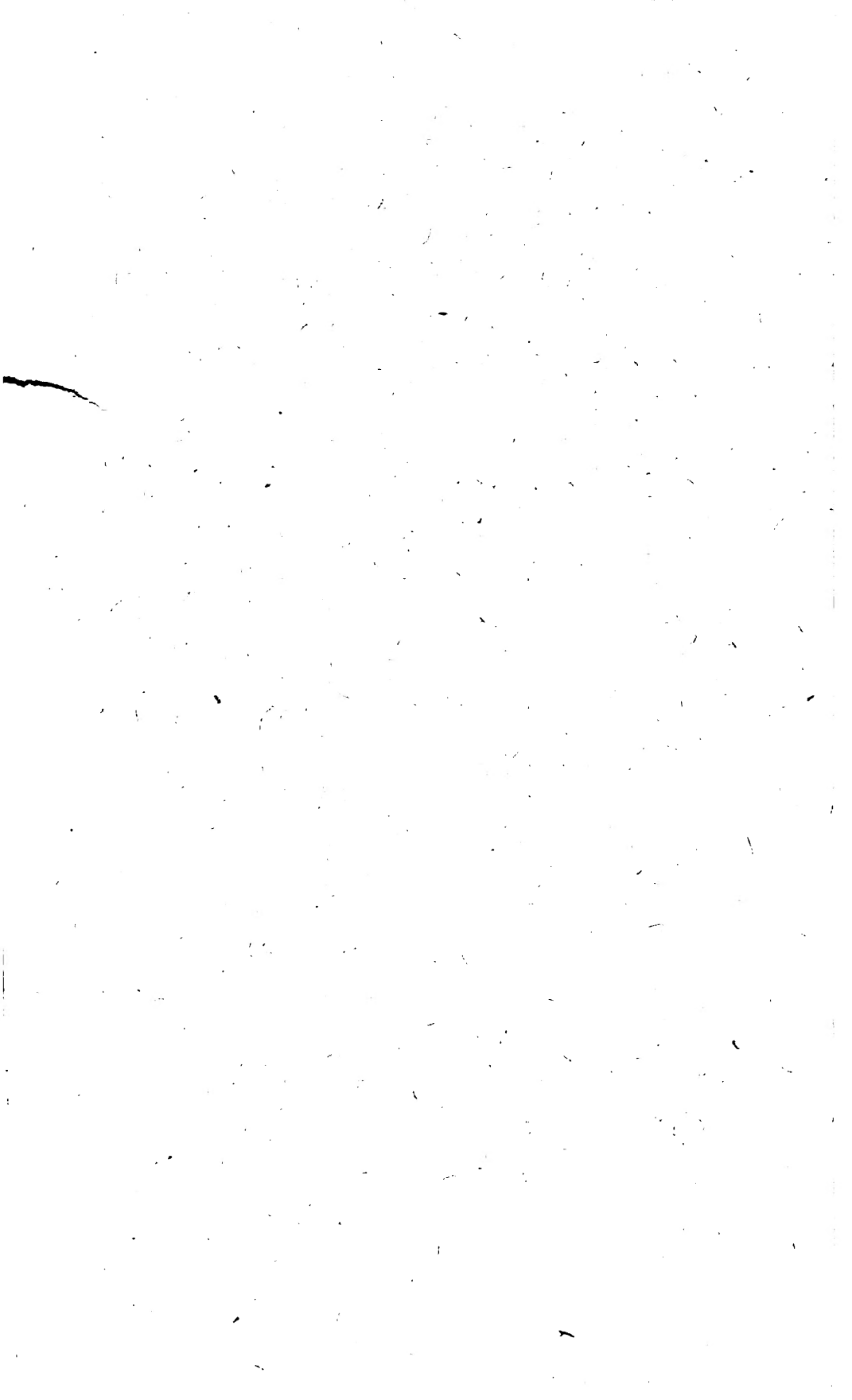
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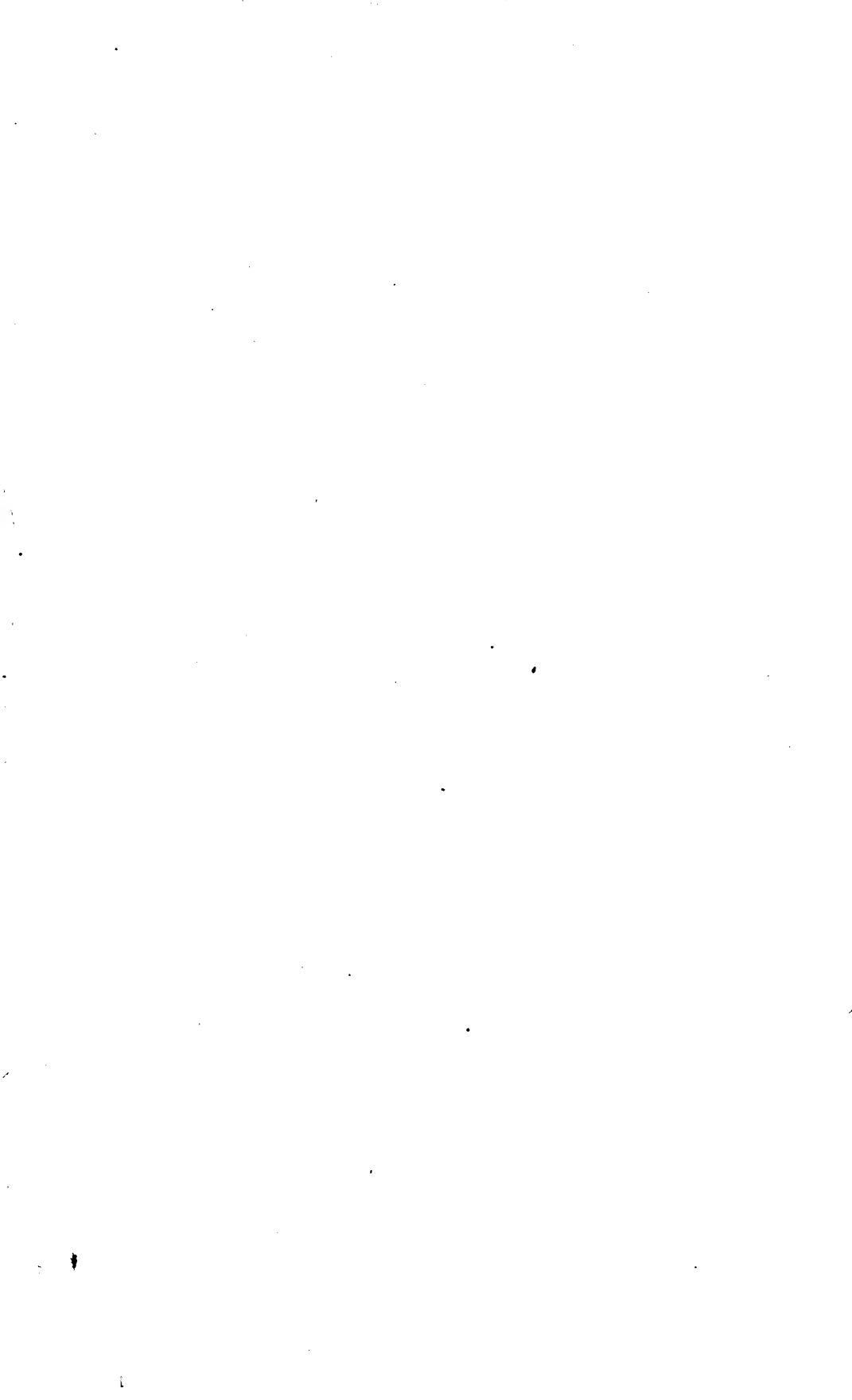
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THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY INQUIRY.

SINCE the investigation of the comparative efficiency of stationary and locomotive power for the working of railway traffic, which took place antecedently to the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, nothing has occurred in the progress of the art of transport by steam of equal interest, or likely to be attended with results of greater or more general importance than the inquiry which has arisen out of the dissensions among the shareholders of the Great Western Railway.

A carefully considered and well-directed course of experiments has been instituted with a view to obtain for the shareholders of this enterprise the most authentic information respecting the relative merits of the different modes of constructing railways, the various applications of locomotive power upon them, and the nature and amount of the obstacles which that power has to encounter. Neither expense nor labour has been spared to render this investigation full and comprehensive, and its results have been proportionately important in relation — not merely to the immediate question in which the investigation originated, but in relation to the powers and capabilities of railway transport generally. As this subject will embrace many points offering considerable interest to all that large section of the people of this country who desire to invest capital in such undertakings, or have occasion to avail themselves of the facilities which this improved method of intercommunication offers, we shall not think our pages unfitly appropriated if we devote, in the present number, some space to a statement of the leading facts which have been unfolded in this investigation, and to some explanation of the consequences with which they must be attended. It would have been gratifying to us, if what we had to state tended to confirm the splendid speculations in which those who have devoted their attention most to this subject, have for years indulged, anticipating the realisation of a rapidity of intercommunication as far exceeding that which is at present attained, as the present rate of travelling exceeds that which we were accustomed to on common roads; but, unhappily, circumstances have been brought to light in this inquiry which we fear will shiver to pieces all those brilliant anticipations, and will demonstrate that nature herself has interposed a limit to the speed of intercommunication between her children which cannot be passed, and many circumstances tend to show that the powers of steam have already brought us very close indeed to that ultimate barrier.

Since the results of this investigation have only been made public through the report which has just been circulated among the shareholders, we shall, in the first place, briefly advert to the circumstances in which it originated, state the manner in which it has been conducted, and finally explain some of the results which have attended it.

All the great lines of railway which have been constructed, or are in progress, not only throughout this kingdom, but on the Continent of Europe, are constructed, with very trivial variations, upon one uniform principle. After the ground has been levelled, and the bottoming properly prepared, stone blocks, measuring from eighteen inches to two feet square, and twelve inches deep, are placed at intervals varying from three to five feet from centre to centre, according to the weight and strength of the rails intended to be used. On the centre of the upper surface of each of these blocks is placed a cast-iron chair, having a cushion of prepared felt between it and the stone block, and pinned down to the block by iron pins driven into wooden pegs previously inserted in holes drilled in the stone. These chairs are the props which, from point to point, support the rails, the stone block being the foundation of the chair. The rail is manufactured by the process of rolling in lengths, regulated by the distance between the chairs; thus, if the chairs be three feet apart, the rails are manufactured in length of fifteen feet, five chairs supporting each rail. If the chairs be five feet apart, then rails of the same length are supported by three chairs. If the chairs be four feet apart, the rails are rolled into sixteen feet lengths, and are supported by four chairs. The stone blocks are placed upon a firm bed of broken stone, or other well-consolidated matter, so that as little yielding as possible shall take place beneath them, and that the rails shall maintain their position with the utmost practicable truth and accuracy.

In those parts of a line where a valley or low ground is crossed by an artificial mound raised upon it, the earth of which such mound is formed requires a considerable time to become consolidated, and until it be consolidated, the use of these massive stone blocks would be attended with many difficulties and much inconvenience. On such parts of lines of railway, therefore, it has been customary to substitute temporary supports for the rails, by laying across the road rough beams of wood, usually formed of larch timber split through the middle, the flat side being placed downwards, at the same intervals as those at which stone blocks on other parts of the line are used. To these timbers the chairs which support the rails are pinned. This mode of construction has less stability than that already described, but as the mounds or embankments on which it is used are subject, for a considerable time, to subsidence or *settling*, as it is called, these cross timbers are found to be capable of being packed up with much less trouble, and at less expense than stone blocks. They are therefore adopted and continued on embankments, until the materials of which these embankments are formed become completely consolidated; the timbers are then removed, and stone blocks substituted for them, as in the other parts of the line.

Such briefly is the mode of construction of every principal railway in the kingdom, the Great Western Railway alone excepted.

But besides this uniformity which has been observed in the method of construction, our railways are also in accordance in another respect of vast importance, in the details of their operation. The rails on which the wheels of the carriages and engines roll, are all of them at precisely the same distance asunder. Let it be remembered, that the tires of the wheels of a railway carriage, unlike those of carriages used on common roads, have upon them a flange or ledge, which projects from the inside of the tire, and falls on the inside of the rail. It is these flanges or ledges which keep the wheels upon the rails, and prevent the carriage from running off at either side; they in fact give to the carriage, in relation to the rails, the character of a body which moves in a groove. Now this

being understood, it will be at once perceived that there exists between the carriage and the rails an immutable relation, so that carriages or engines constructed for a railway of one width, would be quite incapable of being used on railways of another width. Now, as it is obviously impossible to foresee the manner in which the innumerable ramifications of railway communication may intersect each other, or how a stream from one great channel of transport may become tributary to another, it was obviously a matter of paramount importance to provide that the carriages and machinery of any one railway should be capable of running or working upon any other. No reason, physical or mechanical, existed to guide the earlier railway engineers in the adoption of any particular magnitude for this important element. It so happened, whatever might be the chance which led to it, that the width of 56½ inches obtained early currency, and with that width the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was constructed. The branches of that railway were necessarily constructed of the same gauge; the Grand Junction Railway, designed to connect Birmingham with Liverpool and Manchester, ran into one of these branches, and was consequently constructed in the same gauge; and, in a word, all the chief railways adopted the same uniform width.

That it was not the necessity imposed by each railway running into another of a similar width which induced this uniformity is, however, proved by the fact, that lines of railway between which there exists scarcely a possibility, much less a prospect, of a future junction, agree in it. Thus the railway from Vauxhall to Southampton, has the same width as that from Euston Square to Birmingham, and yet how improbable is it that the one line shall be carried into connection with the other! There is, in fact, a disposition to uniformity, unless some strong reason exists for dissent, and to this disposition only can be attributed the invariable adherence to the same gauge throughout the kingdom.*

To this mode of construction a few unimportant exceptions have existed in short railways, with comparatively small traffic. The Manchester and Bolton Railway, for example, is laid down according to a different method; and in America, where timber is cheap, and in many places stone not easily procured, and where the traffic on the line of railway forms, in most cases, an insignificant fraction even of the smallest amount of traffic of the least frequented railway of this country, other modes of construction are used. Thus beams of timber are laid on the surface of the ground, in the direction of the rails, and on these the rails are fastened down; the timbers thus supporting each rail of a line are held together at convenient distances either by cross timbers or iron bars. But though these methods of construction are used, it has not been any where pretended that they were the best, nor have they been used in any place where a considerable traffic is expected, and where stone is accessible at a moderate cost.

In the localities in which the London and Southampton Railway lies, stone is difficult to be procured, and accordingly the cross bearings of wood already described, called sleepers, are used as the support of the rails through a great part of the line. But it may be stated generally, that in a line constructed for any considerable traffic, and where stone blocks can be procured without an immoderate expense, they are always adopted as the supports for rails, except in the case of embankments already mentioned.

The same accordance which has taken place between the various railways of this country in their mode of construction, and their magnitude of gauge, has prevailed very nearly to the same extent in the method of

* Some short lines in Scotland have adopted a wider gauge.

working them. The magnitude of the wheels of the carriages and engines is a very important element in the working of these lines of communication. Numerous experiments made on the resistance of bodies moving one upon another have conspired to prove that the resistance of wheels and axles are inversely as their magnitudes. Thus a wheeled carriage rolling on a given surface will, other things being the same, suffer only half the resistance if its wheels be doubled in height; but in making this comparison, it is essential that the condition of *other things being the same* should be attended to. Thus, if by enlarging the wheels their weight be increased, that increase alone will, on its own score, produce a corresponding increase of resistance, and such increase must be placed against the advantage gained by increased magnitude.

But on railways another, and far more important consideration, presented itself in relation to the question of the magnitude of wheels. The danger to which railway carriages are most obnoxious is that of running off the rails. Unlike horse carriages, constructed with a perch, and provided with means of changing the direction of the moving power, railway carriages leave no power in the hands of the conductor, but will, as a matter of mechanical necessity, run forward in whatever direction accident may throw them. If, therefore, they run off the rails, they will certainly run off the road; and if this happen upon an embankment, their course will be down its side, nor can any effort or skill of the driver of the engine avert this misfortune. Now it is demonstrable that flanged wheels, such as those used on railway carriages and engines, will have a facility of escaping from the rails in the direct proportion to their magnitude: the larger they are the more liable are they, therefore, to this accident.

The wheels of the carriages and waggons which have been uniformly adopted on all the great railways throughout this country, and, we believe also, throughout Europe, have been three feet in diameter. The working wheels of the engine, on the magnitude of which the space through which the train is propelled at each stroke of the piston depends, have been, with a few exceptions, from four to five feet in diameter; and we are not aware that, of these exceptions, any have exceeded five feet and a half, and even these have been but few.

The working of railways having fallen into this uniform usage, the Great Western Railway commenced its operations, and the engineer, Mr. Brunel the younger, under whose directions it was placed, having devoted much consideration to the grounds on which the usages just explained had been established, arrived at the conviction that they had no sound foundation as a matter of general theory, and that if they were practically expedient, they were only so under particular circumstances, and could not be admitted as rules from which no departure was to be allowed. He appears first to have directed his attention to the *method of construction*, which he pronounced, in his Report and representations to the Directors of the Great Western Railway, to be essentially defective. In his Report of January, 1838, he says, —

“In all the present systems of rail-laying, the supports, whether of stone blocks or wooden sleepers, simply rest upon the ground, and consequently only press upon the ground with a pressure due to their own weight; this is trifling compared either with the weight which rolls over them, or the stiffness of the rail which is secured to them. The block or sleeper must lie loosely upon the ground; if you attempt to pack under it beyond a certain degree, you will only raise it: and for the same reason, it is impossible to pack under the whole surface of a block or sleeper; one corner or one end is unavoidably packed a little more than another, and from that moment the block or sleeper is hollow elsewhere. If this block yield as the weight rolls over, the rail itself, resting on the two contiguous

supports, is sufficiently stiff to raise it again, and the support becomes 'still more hollow : such is the operation which may frequently be observed by the eye, more or less, in the best laid railways."

Mr. Brunel further maintained, that as the Great Western Railway would differ from all other great lines of the kingdom in its section, being, with the single exception of a steep inclined plane of considerable length, nearly a dead level, and not having at any place curves of short radius, it was capable of being worked at vastly greater speeds with perfect security than other lines, and that therefore such arrangements ought to be made as would enable the proprietors to use engines on it of a power and magnitude proportionally greater than could be required on other railways. This consideration chiefly appears to have induced the adoption of a greater width or gauge of rails. The common gauge of four feet eight and a half was rejected, and seven feet substituted in its place. The road-structure was also essentially changed. Instead of strong rails propped by chairs at equal intervals, and sustaining the weight of the wheels merely by their rigidity between those intervals, Mr. Brunel determined that the rails should be placed upon a continuous support. He therefore laid down longitudinal timbers, on which he fastened the rails by screws, placing a cushion of felt immediately under the rail, and between the felt and principal timber a thin layer of harder wood. The beams of timber to which the rails were thus attached were tied together by cross-pieces at certain intervals, called *transoms*, which, besides giving increased stability to the structure to resist vertical pressure, had also the effect of maintaining the width of the rails unaltered. These transoms were strongly bolted to the longitudinal timbers, and extended quite across both lines of rails, converting the whole into one connected structure of carpentry.

The framing thus constructed, and laid down on the surface of the road properly prepared to receive it, was not very dissimilar from a method which had been partially practised on some railways of limited traffic in this country, and more especially in the United States. But Mr. Brunel foresaw that such a structure would not possess sufficient stability for the great amount of traffic which he was entitled to anticipate on the Great Western Railway, especially with the extraordinary speed which he was ambitious of attaining, and which he considered the peculiar qualities of the line rendered practicable. He says in the Report already quoted :—

"Where continuous longitudinal sleepers have been tried, they have also been laid loose upon the ground ; having no weight themselves, their length has rendered it impossible that they should be well supported by the ground underneath, or that they should continue so even if it were practicable to lay them well in the first instance.

"It will be perceived at once that two lumps or two hard pieces in the ground may leave such a timber unsupported for the interval of twenty or thirty feet in length ; and under the weight of an engine running rapidly over, it must in such a case yield and spring from the ground."

This defect he proposed to remedy by attaching the cross timbers, by which the longitudinal supports of the rails were held together, to piles of timber driven to a depth of about fifteen feet into the earth. These piles being driven between both lines of rails, the entire structure would be as it were pinned down to the surface, so that any tendency which it might have to rise from its bed would be resisted by the strength of the piles acting upon the transoms. It may be asked, however, what would happen, supposing the bed or foundation of the timbers in this case to yield or *settle* under

them, which it might well be supposed to do by the elasticity of the structure yielding under the wheel and continually compressing the ballasting beneath the timbers. This Mr. Brunel foresaw, and states his method of obviating it in the Report.

"In the present plan these timbers, which are much more substantial than those hitherto tried, are held down at short intervals of fifteen to eighteen feet, so that they cannot be raised; gravel or sand is then rammed and beat under them until at every point a solid resistance is created, more than sufficient to bear the greatest load that will come upon it; as the load rolls over, consequently the ground cannot yield; the timber which was held tight to the ground cannot yield, neither can it spring up as the weight leaves it; and if the rail be securely fixed every where in close contact with the timber, that also is immovable. Such was the theory of the plan, and the result of the experiment has fully confirmed my expectation of its success."

The gauge of the rails and the structure of the road being thus settled, the engineer proceeded to develop his views by availing himself of the augmented powers of his road in the construction of his carriages and engines. It was a point well established both by theory and experiment, that the friction of wheeled carriages, other things being the same, would be diminished in the same proportion as the magnitude of the wheels are increased. The carriages of the Great Western Railway, therefore, instead of being supported on wheels of three feet diameter, were built on wheels of four feet and four feet and a half diameter. The engines also, instead of being driven by wheels limited in height to from five to five feet and a half, were impelled by gigantic ones varying from seven to ten feet in diameter. The capacity of the carriages and the accommodation offered by them were augmented on a like scale. With such preparation, and about twenty-two miles of the line completed, the railway opened between London and Maidenhead. To expect that such a bold innovation could be attempted and carried into effect without expressions of dissent among the proprietors and the public would be to evince a great ignorance of the human mind. Even had they been attempted by an engineer of longer standing, and whose powers had been tried by other great public works, unanimous confidence on the part of the shareholders could not have been anticipated. How much less then was it to have been calculated on in the case of an engineer whose first great public work was this very railway! Mr. Brunel was favourably known among his friends, and respected for considerable scientific acquirements. But he was young; and his very years, if nothing else, limited his experience. A strong feeling, hostile to the whole system of proceedings recommended by Mr. Brunel, was therefore excited and expressed, among a large and influential minority of the shareholders, who, we believe, struggled against it from the very moment it was first promulgated by the engineer. They contended that it was unwise to risk a large capital in an untried experiment; that the mode of construction universally adopted throughout the country upon the principal lines of railway had answered all the purposes of an extensive and rapid traffic; that the lines which had been in operation were worked with a large profit, and that their shares were at large and increasing premiums; that as practical men and men of business, they were disposed to let well alone; or if experiments *were* to be tried, that they should first be worked upon a small and inexpensive scale, and under circumstances in which their want of success would not be attended with the disastrous consequences which would follow the failure of a line so important as that connecting Bristol with the metropolis.

Soon after the opening of the railway, the public either found, or imagined they found, it more uneasy and unpleasant to move upon than other

lines, and a clamour without was added to the dissension within the proprietary body. The minority succeeded so far as to induce their directors to select some person or persons to institute an inquiry as to the actual qualities of the line as compared with other railways; to determine whether it had or had not those advantages imputed to it by the engineer, and whether it had or had not those defects which had been imputed to it by others. Several engineers of reputation and standing were requested by the board of directors to undertake the inquiry; but for reasons which it will not be difficult to divine, they declined it. Mr. Nicholas Wood was known as the author of an excellent practical work on railways, and, though not himself an engineer by profession, had nevertheless been connected in so many ways with the construction and operation of lines of railway, that he was justly considered by the directors as a fit person to whom such an inquiry might be entrusted. Mr. Wood undertook the task upon the condition that he should be permitted to institute an extensive series of experiments not only on the Great Western Railway, but on other lines, with a view to bring directly to the test of experiment the comparative stability of the lines, the power of the locomotive machinery upon them, the speed of transit accomplished, the ease and regularity of motions of the carriages, and the amount of resistance which they severally offered to the moving power. But Mr. Wood's local engagements at Newcastle-on-Tyne rendering it impossible for him to execute himself so extensive a course of experiments, he requested and obtained the consent of the directors, that the principal part of these experiments should be entrusted to the superintendence and management of Dr. Lardner.

Under these circumstances this important inquiry commenced on the 17th of last September, and has been prosecuted without intermission from that time to the middle of last month. A more extensive and varied course of experiments has thus been made than was ever before accomplished on railways, or probably than ever could have been accomplished, except for the peculiar combination of circumstances which in this case produced it. The magnitude of the interests at stake, and the importance of the public bodies concerned, conferred upon the parties conducting the inquiry powers and opportunities which would in vain have been sought under any imaginary circumstances. Dr. Lardner himself, aided by Mr. G. T. Clarke, one of the assistant engineers of the Great Western Railway, with a large body of mechanics and other assistants, have been daily engaged for the last three months in experiments on a large scale on the Great Western, the London and Birmingham, the Grand Junction, the Liverpool and Manchester, and the Manchester and Bolton Railways. Neither expense nor labour have been spared to confer the last degree of precision on these experiments; and an accurate record has been preserved of them, which forms the substance of the Appendix to Mr. Wood's Report. This voluminous mass of facts has not yet been published; but we trust that data so valuable to the public generally will not be permitted to be lost, and that if the shareholders of the Great Western Railway do not think fit themselves to publish these experiments, they will at least authorise their publication.

Since the limits which must be imposed on this article necessarily preclude us from entering into the details of this important Report, we shall select only such points connected with it as appear to offer most general interest.

To test the formation and stability of the road, it was determined to observe the effects which the rails and their supports suffered by the action of the wheels in passing over them. Mr. Wood contrived and con-

structed instruments for this purpose, consisting of a simple lever, the shorter arm of which was placed either under the lip of the rail itself, or under a staple attached to the rail, so that when the rail would sink the arm of the lever would be depressed, and if the rail would rise the arm of the lever would rise also by the superior weight of the longer arm. Thus every motion of the rail upwards and downwards would produce a contrary motion in the opposite end of the lever, and as the arms of this lever were unequal in the proportion of about six to one, the actual vertical deflexion of the rail was exhibited on a proportionally magnified scale by the motion of the longer arm. In order to register these deflexions, which usually were produced with great rapidity and in considerable number by the wheels of a train successively passing over the rail to which the instrument was attached, Mr. Wood adopted the same method as was previously used in several other self-registering machines. A narrow strip of paper of considerable length, being rolled upon a small cylinder, was gradually unrolled from it to another cylinder, and as it passed from the one to the other it was drawn over a disc against which a pencil was pressed, which was carried by the longer end of the above-mentioned lever. The motion of this pencil upwards and downwards produced by the deflexion of the rail would, if the paper were quiescent, merely draw a vertical line upon it; but by the motion of the paper under the pencil every separate motion of the pencil upwards and downwards produced a waving line, the summits of each wave exhibiting the magnitude of each deflexion. Three of these instruments were constructed by Mr. Wood, with a view to expedite the taking of the observations, so that being applied to different parts of the rail, three sets of deflexions would at the same time be taken by one passage of a train.

It will be perceived that the effect of the instrument was only to measure the deflexion of the rail downwards or upwards. After Dr. Lardner had been some time engaged in experimenting with these, he succeeded in constructing another set of instruments capable of measuring similar effects in the lateral or horizontal direction. These instruments consisted of a compound lever by which any motion of the shorter arm was magnified fifty times, so that when the shorter arm was drawn back or drawn forward in the horizontal direction through the fiftieth part of an inch, the end of the longer arm was moved upwards or downwards according to the direction of the motion of the shorter arm through the space of an inch. The shorter arm of this lever bore by a hardened steel point upon a flat circular disc of steel constructed on the end of a short rod or cylinder moving horizontally in guides. The other end of this cylinder was presented to the side of the rail, to which was attached a hardened steel point which bore upon the disc; so that the cylinder, thus moving in guides, was placed between the two steel points, one attached to the rail, and the other to the short arm of the lever of the indicating instrument. The longer or indicating arm was furnished with a pencil, which registered its indications on paper in the same manner as in the instruments contrived by Mr. Wood for registering the vertical deflexions. The two sets of instruments combined rendered the means of observation of the effects of carriages upon the rails complete. It is evident that the rail could not suffer any effect, which would not be felt, measured, and registered by one or both of these instruments. To the experiments made with these instruments, at least one third of the whole period of this inquiry was devoted, and many hundred diagrams were taken exhibiting the effects produced not only on the rails themselves, but on the chairs by which they are supported, on the timbers, where

timbers were used, and on the stone blocks on which other railways are supported. These diagrams are preserved bound in volumes, and in the possession of the Directors of the Great Western Railway. Mr. Wood subsequently caused the extreme deflexions produced by the engines and carriages to be measured, and has given the numerical results in a tabular form in his Report. No numbers, however, can convey the accurate perception of the effects which the rail undergoes by the working of the wheels upon it, which may be obtained by the inspection of these diagrams themselves.

It should also be stated that the Report has been prepared so recently after the conclusion of the experiments, that there has not been sufficient time to get all the horizontal deflexions properly examined and compared. These latter will exhibit effects, we apprehend, more important, and certainly more novel and unexpected, than those which were obtained by the vertical instruments.

For example, it was naturally expected, before the instruments were applied to the rails, that the lateral motion of the rails under the wheels would always be *outwards*. The tire of the wheels has a conical form, which gives their combination the effect of a wedge, tending to force the two rails of the same line asunder; or, in other words, to widen the gauge; it was, therefore, to be expected, that the rails would bend outwards while the wheels were passing over them. It is understood that this was found generally to take place when the instruments were applied to the rails of the Great Western Railway, but on all other railways, the rails exhibited as frequently a yielding *inwards*, and in some instances no outward yielding whatever was indicated.

In addition to these tests of the effects produced upon the rails by the traffic over them, Dr. Lardner proposed to apply another which would show the state of perfection with which the rails were laid, or their state after the lapse of any length of time. It is evident that on a straight line of railway the two rails on which the wheels of the same carriage rest ought to be at the same level, so that the carriage may stand in a truly horizontal position. A newly constructed road ought to be laid with sufficient precision to effect this; but after being worked for any length of time, it cannot be expected to preserve it. One rail will subside more than the other, owing to the different degree of firmness of its supports, and of the ballasting beneath them; in fact, the rails will lose the correctness of their relative level, and the carriage, when resting on them, will not be as truly vertical in its position, as it would be on a well and newly made railway. An instrument was contrived and constructed, which being rolled slowly along the rails, wrote upon paper as it went with considerable precision the extent to which the rails of the same line departed from a common level. The operation of this instrument may be easily explained. An iron tube of about an inch in diameter is formed of a length equal to the gauge of the line, or the width of the rails; at each end of this are two shorter legs at right angles to it, open at their ends; thus, when the intermediate tube is placed in the horizontal position, the two short legs may be brought to the vertical position; and if the horizontal tube be extended between the lines of rails, the vertical tubes will be immediately over the centre of each rail. Now let us suppose this instrument fixed to a vertical frame, and placed on wheels or rollers, which shall rest upon the rails; let mercury be introduced into it until the horizontal tube and about half of each of the vertical tubes are filled. If the rollers which support the instrument be now made to rest upon the rails, the short tubes being in an upright position, the

surfaces of the mercury in the short tubes must, by the laws of fluids, be at the same level. If the rails be not at the same level, then the mercury will stand higher in the tube which is over the lower rail, than in that which is over the higher one. If the instrument be reversed, the mercury will also reverse its position relatively to the instrument, and will still stand higher in the tube which is over the lower rail.

When the instrument is adjusted, which it may easily be by this process, so that when the rails are truly level, the height of the mercury in one of the tubes is accurately known, then every change which that column of mercury undergoes, while the instrument is rolled over the rails, will indicate a corresponding departure in the rails from the common level, that departure being twice as great as the rise or fall of the mercury.

In order to make this instrument register its own indications, Dr. Lardner placed on the column of mercury in the tube a float, the rod of which, resting above the tube, moved in guides, so as to rise and fall regularly on the surface of the mercury on which it rested, rose and fell; to this rod was attached a pencil, under which, paper being moved in the usual way, a curve was described, whose height above a datum line was always equal to half the departure of the rails from a common level.

Among the several instruments, the invention and construction of which have arisen out of this important inquiry, there is not one which has equal general utility with this self-registering level, and it is only to be regretted that its construction was completed at so late a period, that it has not been applied as extensively to the different lines as might have been wished. Its use, however, will not be confined to this investigation. The advantages which it will offer as a test of the condition of a newly-made line, or of the manner in which the contractor will preserve one in operation, is obvious. It will be a check whose indications cannot be disputed, and they are indications which involve the best qualities of a well-made line. It is evident that its usefulness in practice may be extended by adding to it two other instruments on the same principle, to be rolled each along the same rail. The object of these would be to register every change of level of each rail, independently of the other, in addition to the register preserved by the present instrument of the departure of the two rails from a common level.

The branch of the inquiry on which that portion of the public who availed themselves of the line showed least hesitation in pronouncing a judgment, was that which to a scientific inquirer presented the most formidable difficulties. This was the question as to the degree of uneasiness, or amount of irregularity in the motion of carriages. The fallacy of all judgments in subjects of this kind founded upon the mere impressions of sense was so well understood, that the idea of trusting them could not for a moment be entertained. The state of the nerves, the influence of external circumstances, the general condition of bodily health, or even the hour of the day, and a thousand other trivial influences, are known to produce such effect upon our estimates of mere personal ease or convenience, that in attempting to decide a question of the relative ease or smoothness of any two carriages on any two lines, by the feelings of the travellers, we should not only have a number of conflicting opinions equal to the number of individuals whose judgments were consulted, but should receive even from the same individuals contrary opinions at different times and under like circumstances. It was, therefore, very properly decided to refer this, as well as all the other questions, to instrumental and mechanical tests. But considerable difficulties were encountered in accomplishing this. Mr. Wood

first attempted to measure the irregularities of the carriage motions by a pendulum placed on a stand on the floor of the carriage, intending that this pendulum should register its own vibrations, and that these vibrations should be taken as the indications of the motion. This instrument having failed, Dr. Lardner, after several unsuccessful attempts, at length contrived an instrument which answered the purpose by writing down the irregularities of motion in a system of signs, not giving direct and absolute measures of this motion, but comparative estimates, which would perfectly represent the relative smoothness and ease of different carriages on the same or different railways. The principle of this instrument is simple, and its form and construction may be easily understood.

An iron tube is extended across the floor of the carriage from door to door, from which rises two perpendicular legs at each door to the height of about twelve inches. The horizontal part of this tube extending along the floor is filled with mercury, which likewise fills the legs to the height of some inches from the angle of the tube, being similar in all respects to the tube used in the instrument for recording the relative levels of the rails. The principal irregularity of motion to which railway carriages are liable being a lateral swinging to the right and to the left between the rails, this motion immediately affects the horizontal column of mercury which fills the tube extending along the floor, and the inertia of this column causes the column in the vertical tubes to oscillate in proportion to the lateral vibration of the carriage. A float is placed on the mercury in one of the vertical tubes, which bears a pencil similar to that described in the self-registering level, which pencil inscribes on paper each particular oscillation of the mercury, and its exact extent.

This, however, is only one of several irregular motions to which the carriages are liable. Another of these is a rocking motion arising partly from the former lateral vibration, and partly from the irregularity of the level of the rails, either side of the carriage alternately sinking and rising, either as the relative levels of the rails change, or as the conical tires of the wheels mount upon them and descend by the lateral vibration. This rocking motion would cause a body placed at either side of the carriage alternately to ascend and descend in the vertical direction through a corresponding space, and at similar intervals. This motion was measured in the apparatus in the following manner:—A siphon barometer, formed of an iron tube of nearly an inch in bore, was placed at the side of the carriage near one of the doors. This barometer would be raised and lowered as the side of the carriage itself was elevated and depressed by the irregularity of the motion; and this alternate vertical motion being imparted to the mercury in the barometer, the latter, in virtue of its inertia, would receive a corresponding oscillation upon the same principle as the horizontal column in the tube was affected by the lateral motion. A float was placed in the shorter leg of the barometric siphon, which was made to inscribe the vibrations on paper in the same manner as the other instruments.

Besides this rocking motion, railway carriages, like others, are liable to more or less alternate vertical shake common to the whole body of the carriage; and although it was manifest that this was the smallest in amount of all the irregularities of motion, it was deemed right to ascertain it. This was accomplished by a small self-registering siphon barometer placed in the centre of the carriage. All these three instruments were probably mounted upon the same frame, and their three pencils were made to act upon as many discs over which the paper was moved. The rolls of paper were all moved by the same winch, which acted upon a worm and a system of wheels driven

by a common band, so that all the papers moved on the respective discs at the same rate, and received upon them the inscriptions corresponding to the different motions. In front of each disc was provided a stamp, bearing upon it the letter indicating the kind of motion recorded on the paper. Thus to the disc at which the horizontal motion was written the stamp H was printed; to that on which the vertical motion was inscribed the stamp V was printed; and that on which the rocking motion was recorded was exposed to the stamp R. All these punches were attached to a common rod, and moved together by the lever provided for that purpose. A person stationed at the window of the carriage at the moment of passing each quarter of a mile, struck the lever with his hand, and punched a letter on the paper which moved over each disc. These letters divided the paper into spaces corresponding to each quarter of a mile, and vertical lines were subsequently drawn upon it, which resolved the diagrams thus formed into portions corresponding to each particular quarter of a mile of the road traversed.

In this manner the number of jolts of the carriage, and the nature and amount of each jolt which took place in each quarter of a mile, were registered.

So satisfactory have been the indications of this instrument, that by inspecting the diagrams the general state of the road can be with great certainty pronounced. In passing along a newly made line, for example, it is at once rendered manifest when the train passes from a cutting to an embankment, the latter being in a state of settlement, and therefore presenting more irregularity of surface. The instrument indicating horizontal motion shows also, with considerable distinctness, the blows of the flanges against the rail, the effects of bad joints, and almost every other defect incidental to the laying of the rails.

The instrument also exhibits the departure of the rails from a common level by the change of direction of the line, on either side of which the vibrations of the instrument for lateral motion are made. But to understand this indication perfectly, and indeed to appreciate the instrument itself, the diagrams should be inspected.

A vast number of experiments extending over several hundred miles of railway in repeated trips have been taken with this instrument by Dr. Lardner, and they form part of the Appendix to the present Report. An attempt has been made by Mr. Wood to reduce one of them to a numerical table, by causing the number of vibrations in each quarter of a mile to be counted, together with the average extent of each vibration, and the whole to be tabulated. Such a table, however, would but ill supply the place of the diagram, which speaks a language that cannot be adequately interpreted by arithmetic.

The application of this apparatus also showed in a very conclusive and satisfactory manner that the ease and smoothness of the motion of a carriage depend on other circumstances than the goodness of the road or of the carriage. Thus a carriage placed in the middle of a train will have less motion than it has when placed at the end of it. Also the carriages of a train coupled by Mr. Booth's couplings, which convert the train into a column in some degree solid, will show less motion than if coupled simply by chains. A carriage also which much overhangs its wheels shows more motion than one whose wheels are farther apart; the end body of a carriage than the middle body; a carriage heavily loaded less motion than when more lightly laden. The speed of the motion has also a material influence on its irregularities, the lateral swinging between the rails being greatly increased by

the increase of speed; but, *ceteris paribus*, these irregularities are always proportionally small as the road is well constructed. If the diagrams taken by the experiments of Dr. Lardner be carefully examined with reference to the circumstances in which they were taken, they will illustrate all these truths.

Curious and interesting as were the questions for the investigation of which these several instruments of observation were contrived, the subject transcending all others in importance, not only with a view to a comparative estimate of the merits of different systems of construction, but as it affects the whole question of railway transport, and as it involves the practicability of realising those speculations of vastly increased powers of speed which have fascinated the public of late, was *the actual amount of resistance opposed to the moving power at present on railways*. Whether the system of Mr. Brunel shall affect a material reduction of this resistance is a question whose importance will mainly depend on the result of the former inquiry.

Most readers will be disposed to ask with astonishment, how it is that a question of such vital importance in railway practice has not been long since set at rest? The answer is, that since the capital of the country has been put in motion by the railway mania, engineers have been too much engrossed by the immediate occupation of planning and projecting lines of railway to attend much to a question which they regarded as of rather an abstract nature; that according to the habit of practical men, they formed an estimate of this resistance (from eight to ten pounds per ton of the gross load on the level line), which for all practical purposes they regarded as sufficiently correct; that although no one could tell the grounds of this estimate, nor indeed did there appear any (save what is vulgarly called "The Rule of Thumb"), it was tacitly acquiesced in by all who were interested in the subject.

Many obstacles also presented themselves to those scientific men who were disposed to enter on such an inquiry, by an extensive and rigorous course of experiment. Such experiments are attended with considerable expense, are not quite free from danger, and railway companies are not always willing to allow the traffic of their lines to be impeded as it would be liable to be by such proceedings upon them. The question is also attended with some difficulties, partly mathematical, and partly of a merely practical kind.

Some years since a French gentleman, M. de Pambour, made a course of experiments on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway with a view to determine the amount of this resistance. The results he obtained, however, were not satisfactory, nor were his methods of inquiry such as would have afforded correct conclusions.*

It is not necessary here to notice his calculations more fully, as we shall presently show that the investigation now before us presents the question of resistance altogether in a new light.

The resistance offered to the tractive power by a carriage proceeding with a uniform motion on a straight and level railway is produced, partly by the friction of the axles of the wheels in their bearings, partly by

* In the mathematical formulæ which follow from M. de Pambour's reasoning, and which he uses in his calculations, he has wholly omitted the effect of the momentum of the wheels of the carriages in accelerated and retarded motion, so that his formulæ, in fact, represent the motion of a sledge, and not that of a wheeled carriage. The effect of such an error is far from inconsiderable, where the weight of the wheels and axles is so great as in railway carriages.

the rolling of the tires on the rails, and partly by the inertia of the AIR which the carriage displaces in its progress.

By a degree of accuracy of mechanical construction, which is within the present limits of engineering skill, and by a good system of lubrication, the friction of the axle in its bearing may be reduced to an exceedingly small amount.

The amount of resistance which attends a rolling motion is small, under the most unfavourable circumstances, as is manifested by the facility with which enormous weights are moved even on the rough surface of the earth, when coarse rollers of wood are placed under them. How insignificant, therefore, that part of the resistance must be which proceeds from the rolling of the tire of a wheel accurately finished in the lathe, on the surface of a not less accurately rolled iron bar laid as truly even and level as art can effect, may be easily conceived.

The resistance proceeding from these causes has been generally considered to be the same at all velocities; and if such be the case, it would follow that the expenditure of the moving power, in transporting a load over a given distance, would, so far as this source of resistance is concerned, be the same whether it were carried at five miles or fifty miles an hour. Some slight differences, however, on this point have existed between the results of the experiments of those philosophers who have inquired respecting it. Coulomb conceived that his experiments showed a slight decrease of resistance with the increase of speed, while Morin and others maintain that it is quite independent of the velocity. All these series of experiments were, however, made at velocities so much less than those at which railway carriages move, that any laws of friction established by them should be applied with considerable caution in railway investigations. Some of the experiments made in the course of the inquiry now before us raise a doubt on this point, and suggest a probability that the resistance from friction *decreases* as the speed is increased.

To these sources of resistance, and to these only, have those who have devoted their attention to the practical working of railways, hitherto directed their inquiries. To reduce these to the lowest possible amount by the excellent construction of the carriages and engines, and the exquisite perfection of the road on which they move, has been the object to which the engineering profession has addressed all its powers, and with what signal success it is needless here to say. Such carriages and such roads could never have entered into the contemplation, even of the most sanguine speculator on the progress of art.

The remaining source of resistance — the AIR — has been overlooked, or, if it received a thought, it was regarded as bearing so small a proportion to the other causes of resistance, that, without producing any error of importance, it might be confounded with them; that its effect might be calculated on the same principles; and that the estimate of resistance thereby obtained, would be sufficiently near the truth for all practical purposes. That estimate was, as we have said, at the usual speed of railway trains, from eight to ten pounds per ton of the gross load.

We shall presently see how far this assumption, and the estimates based upon it, are countenanced by the immediate results of experiments.

It appears from the Report before us, that the method decided on for investigating the resistance upon the Great Western Railway, was the common method of observing the rate at which a train in motion is gradually retarded. If it be admitted (as it has been always assumed to be), that friction is the only, or the principal retarding influence, it must then

be admitted also that the velocity which a carriage will lose when not impelled by any force will be equal in equal times. On this principle, proper formulæ were constructed by Dr. Lardner, in which due allowance was made for the effect of the momentum of the wheels of the carriages in rotation; and in order to obtain as great a number as possible of distinct experiments, from which a mean value of the friction might be deduced, he divided the interval between the moment at which the carriage was dismissed with a known speed, until it came to rest, into a succession of short intervals, for each of which the velocity was observed. By such means the velocity lost in each of these successive intervals was ascertained, and such velocity formed a datum from which the amount of friction or resistance might be calculated.

Upon applying these formulæ to a number of the experiments, a result was obtained, which was so unexpected, that in the first instance it was deemed to be an error of calculation. It was found, in fact, that the computed amount of resistance for the first interval in each experiment after the train was dismissed was enormously greater than any estimate which had ever been made of that resistance. Thus it was found, that when the train was started with a speed of about thirty miles an hour, the computed value of the friction was about twenty pounds a ton, instead of not exceeding, according to the common estimate, eight or ten pounds! The idea that this proceeded from any error of calculation or of observation was soon dispelled by finding that a like result followed from every experiment, and every calculation, without exception. It was also observed that the computed value of the resistance was greatly increased where the velocity of the train was considerable at starting. It was farther observed that the computed values for the successive intervals until the train was reduced to rest were gradually less, the computed value for the first interval being generally two or three times greater than for the last.

No doubt now remained that the resistance which was developed in these computations was a real resistance of much larger amount than any which has been hitherto contemplated, and that it has a direct dependence on the velocity, which it is known friction has not.

The atmosphere of course presented itself at once as the cause of this resistance. It has been established by the experiments of various philosophers, that this resistance within the limits of their experiments increases as the square of the velocity; but their experiments did not extend to railway speed, and therefore could not be assumed with certainty as a datum. It was thought necessary, therefore, to reduce the question to immediate experiment on the railways themselves; and although such experiments as those just adverted to, computed by the formulæ which were used, gave results which could not be far from the truth, it was considered, that where an effect was indicated by the calculations so very different from what practical men have hitherto supposed to exist, such a result should, if possible, be deduced more immediately from experiment, and be made more independent of calculation founded on mere mathematical reasoning. For this purpose Dr. Lardner proposed, as an *experimentum crucis*, to dismiss a train of coaches at a high speed down a steep inclined plane, and to observe with precision the extent to which it would be accelerated in its descent by the gravity of the plane. If it were true that the resistance indicated by the above calculations were really that of the atmosphere, and that that resistance increased as the square of the speed, it was expected that in the descent a speed would be obtained which might

produce a resistance equal to the gravity of the plane, and that when that happened, no further acceleration would take place, but that the train would move uniformly to the foot of the plane. It was farther proposed to select a second plane less steep than the first, and to make upon it a like experiment; the gravity upon the latter being less than upon the former in proportion to its inclination, a less speed would produce a resistance in equilibrium with it, so that each plane would have a limit to its accelerating power, depending jointly on the resistance of the air, and on the weight of the train.

It was likewise proposed to vary the weight of the train upon the same plane, in which case the limiting velocity would be varied in a corresponding manner.

These experiments were accordingly tried with complete success, the results verifying all that was anticipated from them. The two planes selected for the purpose were the Whiston Inclined Plane on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and the Madeley Plane on the Grand Junction Railway, the former descending at the rate of one in ninety-six, and the latter at the rate of one in a hundred and seventy-seven.

A train of four coaches, loaded with a weight equal to forty-two passengers, was impelled from the top of the Whiston Plane at the rate of about thirty miles an hour. Its velocity was observed to increase for a few hundred yards, when it obtained a speed of thirty-two and a quarter miles an hour, with which it descended uniformly to the foot of the plane.

The same carriages deprived of their load were started in like manner down the plane, when they were found to attain a velocity of thirty-one miles an hour, which received no augmentation during the descent.

In like manner on the Madeley Plane a similar train was started, and it gradually attained a speed of twenty-one miles an hour, which it retained until it completed its descent. Each of these experiments was repeatedly tried, always giving nearly the same result.

Here, then, are facts which, being independent of all theory or calculation, cannot be either evaded or disputed. A load of eighteen tons has a gravitating power down one in ninety-six, amounting to four hundred and twenty-one pounds; that gravitating power was, it appears, balanced by *some* resistance when descending at thirty-two and a quarter miles an hour. This resistance amounting to four hundred and twenty-one pounds was of course composed of friction and the atmosphere. If the friction were taken at the common estimate of nine pounds, the friction of this coach train would be one hundred and sixty-two pounds, and it would then follow that the atmospheric resistance at thirty-two and a quarter miles an hour was two hundred and sixty pounds!

But even this would appear too low an estimate of this hitherto neglected opponent to railway speed, for, by comparing the uniform speed obtained in the descent of the Whiston Plane with that obtained in descending the Madeley Plane, assuming that the atmospheric resistance is in proportion to the square of the velocity, Dr. Lardner found that the value of the friction could be obtained, and the value which he obtained for it was by this process a small fraction more than five pounds a ton. If this value be correct, that portion of the whole resistance due to friction would be about ninety-three pounds, leaving three hundred and twenty-eight pounds to the account of the atmosphere!

This very low value of the friction was deduced by a process in which nothing was assumed, except that the resistance of the air is as the square

of the speed, and that the friction of the two trains used in the two experiments was the same. The two trains were certainly not composed of the same identical coaches, but they were composed of coaches similar in construction, equal in weight and equally loaded, and were supported on a similar number of wheels of like magnitude; and, in short, no reason existed for supposing that the friction could be materially different.

By varying the load on the Whiston Plane it was also ascertained that the resistance of the air did not vary sensibly from the proportion of the square of the speed. If the squares of 31 and of $32\frac{1}{2}$ be taken, they will be found to be very nearly in the proportion of 15.6 and 18, which was that of the loads used.*

Much on this interesting subject still remains for investigation, and many more experiments will be necessary before the mean amount of the atmospheric resistance to railway trains can be considered as ascertained with the requisite degree of precision. Meanwhile it is indisputable that this resistance at the common speed of passenger trains is of very formidable amount. That part of the resistance which arises from friction has probably been reduced as low as it is likely to be. At all events, whatever importance may have heretofore attached to its further diminution, it can now have very little weight in the economy of railway transport. Even supposing the whole friction annihilated, we should not be relieved from much more than twenty per cent. of the present expenditure of power in passenger traffic. But since it is as impossible that this annihilation of friction can take place as that the perpetual motion should be discovered, it may be safely assumed that we cannot practically reckon on any increased economy of power worth serious attention, by any further improvements directed towards the diminution of friction. To what, then, it may be asked, are we to look for that diminution of resistance which appears indispensable for obtaining the increased speed after which railway engineers aspire? It is an ascertained fact, that every augmentation of speed will produce an augmentation of resistance, not proportional to the increase of speed, but in the vastly greater proportion of the increase of the square of the speed. Thus if the railway train, tried upon the Whiston Plane, were required to be moved at sixty miles an hour instead of thirty, the resistance which it would suffer from the atmosphere, instead of amounting, as it did, to about three hundred and twenty-eight pounds, would amount to one thousand three hundred and twelve pounds, to which ninety-three pounds being added for friction, would give a total resistance of one thousand four hundred and five pounds! Thus the power of the engine to accomplish this double speed would require to be increased in the proportion of four hundred and twenty-one to one thousand four hundred and five! If, then, the present engines are cumbersome and unwieldy, and overload, and injure the railway, what is not to be feared from engines capable of producing a power of an energy so enormously greater, and producing that power with double the speed! We are sure that no sober practical man will differ from us when we pronounce that in the present state of art the accomplishment of such an object is impracticable.

When we commenced this article, the meeting of the shareholders of the Great Western Railway, convened to receive the Report, was appointed for the 20th ultimo, and at the time of its publication their decision would

* The full discussion of this course of experiments on resistance, including the details of the experiments themselves, and all the consequences which were obtained from them by the mathematical investigation, is understood to be in preparation for publication. The experiments themselves are stated in the Report to form part of its, as yet unpublished, Appendix.

probably have been made upon the question before them. That meeting, however, having been postponed till the 6th instant, we feel that we shall pursue a more proper course by abstaining from any comment on the substance of the Report which might have an influence upon their decision. We shall not, however, infringe those rules which we consider to be dictated by justice and propriety, if we conclude with a few observations on some points to which it appears to us the attention of the shareholders should be directed, to enable them to arrive at a sound and just decision upon a question in which their interests are so deeply involved.

The experiments on the deflexion of the rails under the pressure of the traffic will first demand attention. There can be, we think, little difference of opinion that that mode of construction is best, which, other things being the same, exhibits the least yielding under the traffic. But in ascertaining the comparative stability of different lines by the experiments which have been made, care should be taken, first, that the experiments have been carried to a sufficient extent in each case to give a fair average result; and, secondly, that they have been distributed so uniformly over each line as to remove any effects which might arise from local imperfections, either natural or artificial. For example, a line of one hundred miles may have a short portion on a bad natural bottom, such as clay, while the principal part of the remainder of the line may be on a good natural bottom, such as gravel. It would clearly be fallacious to deduce the stability of the whole line from experiments which from accident or otherwise were exclusively or principally made upon clay.

In like manner a part of a line may be from local and temporary causes in confessedly bad order at the time of the experiments. If the principal part of the experiments were performed on such a part, it is equally obvious that the result would afford no fair average effect.

Again, it may be questioned whether the mere effect of the deflexion of the rail under the wheel is, *per se*, a serious defect in the road. When rails are laid on chairs, supported by stone blocks, there can be no doubt that a deflexion will take place mid-way between the successive chairs. This effect, however, is expended first on the elasticity of the rail, from which it is conveyed in a mitigated degree to the chair, and if the stone block on which the chair rests be tested, possibly the effect transmitted to it will be scarcely sensible.

One of the injurious consequences attending deflexion is, that if it be conveyed to the ballasting or foundation of the road, it is continually liable to unsettle the stones and timbers in the bed which supports them. If it appear not to have this effect, then its injury is, in a great degree, limited to the increase of resistance which it will produce to the motion upon the road; and as it appears that this increase, however considerable, must form a most minute fraction of the real resistance opposed to the moving power; it may be safely disregarded.

These observations are general, and offered without any particular reference to the facts which will come under decision.

As to the comparative ease of the carriages on different railways, that can, we conceive, only be decided by careful comparison of the diagrams which have been made by the instrument that has been used to measure and record these irregularities of motion; but it is evident that in such a comparison the same precautions are necessary, as in the examination of the deflexions; indeed, more care is required, since the irregularities in question are dependent on a greater variety of causes. The same causes which influence the deflexions likewise, of course, influence these; but the latter are still

more affected by the speed of the train when the diagram is taken, by the place of the carriage in the train, and by the place of the instrument in the carriage. Something, though we apprehend not a great deal, is likewise due to the construction of the carriage itself, putting out of view, of course, the case of a decidedly defective coach. We are altogether sceptical as to the possibility of deducing any mere arithmetical conclusion from such diagrams.

The question of the comparative resistance on different lines, so far as that resistance depends on friction, is one of considerable difficulty. The process by which the small amount of friction-resistance is extricated from the large mass composed of the resistance of the air and friction taken together, is one of a delicate and difficult nature, the solution requiring the application of the highest branches of transcendental analysis, and even with the aid of this power, the friction cannot be determined unless the amount of atmospheric resistance be assumed, or be previously computed; in fact, the two resistances due to friction and the air are so combined in the formula which results from the investigation, that it is difficult to determine either independently of the other. It is probable, however, that after this question, now novel, has received a due portion of attention from mathematical inquirers, and after more extensive experiments have been made to form the basis of mathematical calculation, the respective amounts of these resistances may be obtained with some precision, but at present it may probably be more prudent to consider the relative amounts of friction on different lines of railway, and with different systems of construction to be *sub judice*.

The fuel consumed by the engines, being the representative of the quantity of power expended, is a most important element, and this, it will be seen, ought to be considered with immediate reference to the speed maintained. As the resistance increases in so vast a proportion relatively to the speed, it is a consequence that no skill on the part of the engineer can evade that a proportionally great consumption of fuel must take place; in fact, this enlarged consumption is the price paid for the increased expedition. To form a just comparison, therefore, of any two lines with reference to the fuel, they must be considered with reference to traffic carried on at the same speed.

Such appear to us to be a few of the principal considerations which should be entertained by all who wish to arrive at a sound practical conclusion on this question. We repeat, that we entirely abstain from expressing any opinion or deducing any conclusion from the experiments actually made. These are stated with much clearness in the Report written by Mr. Wood, who has deduced from them his conclusions, and these conclusions are in the hands of the shareholders; but he has likewise given all the details of the experiments on which those conclusions are founded in his Appendix, which, though not printed, is, we presume, accessible to all who have an interest in the undertaking.

PORTUGUESE LITERATURE.

CHATEAUBRIAND quotes a story from Gregory of Tours, that the soldiers of King Lenvieldus found the monastery of St. Martin, between Saguntum and Carthagera, abandoned by every body except the old abbot, who was quite bent with age, but nevertheless *fort droit* in virtue and holiness. A soldier wanted to cut off his head; but this soldier fell on his back and expired. It is a type of Spain. Decrepit Spain, like the ancient solitary of the convent, always thinks herself invulnerable; and the fate of the soldier has always attended those who assailed her. The genius of her people, so unlike the rest of Europe, idle, braggart, and comic, must be thoroughly understood ere we can find a clue to those marches and counter-marches ending in nothing, ere we can know this country, where, if one party gain a victory to-day, instead of following it up and putting an end to what others would finish at once, the conquerors halt upon the field of battle to publish a boasting dispatch until their foes return to drive them away, and act the same farce in their turn — where, if they do not take a city to-day, they will to-morrow; and where, if it be urged that Don Carlos may before that morrow be master of Spain, the hidalgos answer that they took six hundred years to drive out the Moors, or quote the saying of that true Spaniard, the patient Sancho, in which is contained the whole practical wisdom of this world, “There is a remedy for every thing but death.”

And yet the incredible superiority of the two greatest writers of the Peninsula, Cervantes and Camoens, over their contemporaries who dreamed and speculated by the side of human nature, is that they were both men of action. The former a soldier, a man of letters writing for the stage, a tax-gatherer, an agent of affairs, seeing all kinds of men, fit for every thing by his great sense, except to grow rich, imagined that book which, as the Spaniards say of Don Quixote, is divinely written in a divine language, which bears the stamp of national genius, and still more signally of the human mind — bold, inventive, and eternally reasonable. The latter a knight and a poet, whose life reads like a little Odyssey, composed amidst privations of all kinds, the first epic poem of Europe; and yet those rude passages of his life did not alter in him that sweet disposition of high intellects to judge mankind moderately and by their least repulsive side.

When we cast our eye over the section of Portuguese literature, which is that with which we shall now occupy ourselves, we perceive poets, historians, and novelists who existed long before our own classics, and recalling to mind the many nations among whom their language was diffused, we are led to inquire why, after producing such masterpieces, it ceased to be cultivated even in the beautiful land of which it is now the only glory. The power of the Spaniards has often done wrong to the military renown of the Portuguese; the same has happened to their literature. The two languages had a common origin, the masterpieces which fixed them appeared almost at the same epoch — and yet Lope de Vega and Calderon were more known in Europe than Saa de Miranda, Ferreira, or even Camoens himself, who preceded them. This indifference must be attributed to the geographical position of Portugal, and still more to the political relations of the two countries. The Portuguese, all-powerful in Asia, were nothing in Europe. Spain imposed her laws and arts upon a portion of the neighbouring populations. However ignorant we may have been of Portuguese literature, we may affirm that it is as rich as the Spanish, and would have

acquired even greater celebrity if a political convulsion had not arrested its progress. But all considerations are trivial compared with the relative importance in the history of civilisation and humanity which the Peninsular idioms are destined to assume. A prospective glance at the vast continents of America, enclosing regions fit for the support of man, and surpassing in extent and fertility that narrow zone of arable land which circles the Old World, opens up such views of the future greatness of the human race as to lead the intelligent mind to conclude that the scheme of Providence has yet to be developed upon a scale of which we can form at present but a remote conception — a prospect only comparable to that which astronomy has opened up to us in infinite space. The languages of Spain and England are thus destined to become the tongues of so great a moiety of the species, that those of modern Europe must sink into comparative insignificance. When the valley of the Mississippi shall alone contain within its bosom three hundred millions of civilised inhabitants, the language and literature of a few millions of French or Germans must lose their supremacy. That universal language which for the purposes of science and philosophy engaged the attention of Leibnitz and other great minds will have thus in some degree been realised. The Spanish and English tongues, into which all fractional components must merge in the New World, are destined hereafter to be the instruments of knowledge of the largest number of civilised men the world has ever seen.

If what Madame Dacier says be true, that all modern tongues are but barbarous jargons when compared with the classics, it is consolatory that that tongue which bears the greatest affinity to the noble language of Rome is destined to survive, perhaps the most lasting memorial of its speakers. Copious, expressive, and concise, the Spanish already presents a fit instrument of knowledge. As the perfection of a language is the consequence of its being the medium of a civilised people, it may happen that this very perfection, which, in the case of the Sanscrit, is thought to prove an antiquity of six thousand years, may hereafter corroborate the existence of Rome!

It is not, however, with philological disquisitions that we intend to trouble ourselves. The Latin corrupted by the conquerors became the language of Galicia, Portugal, and Castile. The French then came with the arrival of Count Henry of Burgundy to modify this idiom. A fragment of a poem on the occupation of Spain by the Arabs, attributed to Roderick King of the Goths, belongs, it is said, equally to both languages. Political commotions soon made a marked difference. Two different courts modified their languages. Among the Spaniards, the Arab exercised all its influence. Its guttural sounds were adopted, and gave to the language that energetic nobleness which has gained it so many admirers. The Portuguese preserved more harmony. The song of Gonzales Hermiguez, and that of Egaz Moniz are specimens of the language at this epoch. It had become singularly appropriate for the expression of tender, pathetic, or impassioned sentiments, and Ferreira, who had himself done so much for its progress, rightly conceived its characteristic charm when he said that the Portuguese Muse, the heiress of the muses of Greece and Italy, softly sang and softly sighed — "*A musa Portuguesa docemente suspira, docemente canta.*" With a singular resemblance to the Provençal language, it possesses that simplicity which is so poetical in the Troubadours, as shown by M. Raynouard in his learned work. Such as it was fixed by the great writers of the sixteenth century, the Portuguese language has also much analogy with the Spanish; and Montemayor's *sonnet*, which may be equally read in both

languages, is a sufficient proof of it; but their genius is different, and the Portuguese has preserved much more of the Latin forms.

The researches of Sismondi and Bouterwek have developed to us a world where at first sight we had only beheld a chaos. The philosophical revolution effected by such writers as Ginguené, at a time when the literary riches of all nations had become so considerable as to require classification, is one of the best of our age. Had that clever writer survived, the immense analysis of all the literatures of Europe which he contemplated would not assuredly have failed to comprise the history of Portuguese literature.

Obliged to reject a crowd of details, the brief sketch here offered reduces itself to a barren nomenclature. Literary Portugal may be compared to one of those islands of which navigators have seen the coasts, but of the riches of which they are completely ignorant. We can only afford to cast a rapid glance over the most remarkable men who have appeared at various times, principally confining our attention to a few of comparatively modern date.

In reflecting upon this literature, we remark how often it has experienced complete changes and revolutions in a very short time, owing to political circumstances. After a few rude essays, it was encouraged by a king and legislator, who was himself a poet. It is at this period that we behold Lobeyra, the author of the *Amadis de Gaul*, which, translated by the father of Tasso, exercised so great an influence throughout Italy. A spiritual simplicity in the narrative, a certain amiable malice which is not satire, constitute the charm of the French *fabliaux*. The Italians, in their old novels, are sufficiently soft, flattering, and simple in appearance, but more vicious than tender, more intriguing than gallant; they are too often tragic. The Spaniard in his antiquities, distinguishes himself by a simplicity so noble that it is inimitable, and by sentiments so beautiful that he may well be proud of them. All the French warriors are lovers in their tales, all the Spanish lovers are warriors whose proud love expresses itself with exaggeration; — such is the spirit of the *Espejo de Amadores*. They are also at times interesting, from the native piquancy of their style, as well as from the knowledge they afford of the manners and customs of the age.

The following is a specimen from Moraes of a conversation which takes place between a doctor and a knight, who discourse together about their pre-eminence at a period when the sciences and arms enjoyed a high consideration. “I know,” says the knight, “that reasons are the arms with which you have always fought, and it is not extraordinary that you know how to conquer those who never made any use of them. But, master Doctor, I will make to you an observation. What would you say if you found yourself on a flat plain, surrounded by a thousand Moors — if you beheld their cuirasses sparkling so near, that you could tell the metal of which the plates were made, and the dazlings, like butterflies, would not leave your eyesight? Ah, Señor Doctor! you have never found yourself in front of a hundred huge bombards aimed against your breast; you have never seen those faces yellow as wax; you have never called upon the Holy Virgin without having any one to help you; you have never fled to save your life; you have never been obliged to quit the ground in the presence of all the world; you have never heard cries and blasphemies against heaven, at the moment when your legs were entangled together. Oh, but you would have forgotten then both the Code and the Digest!”

Portuguese literature from this era begins to develop itself; but it is some time before it offers any thing remarkable, until the moment, at least, when nature created a poet. In the fifteenth century appears Bernardin

Ribeiro, who, by addressing himself to the heart, makes the charms of his poetry be felt. Endowed with the most precious quality that a writer can possess, he marks a brilliant period. His chivalric melancholy paints an age of agitation. He is a poet without art which was born subsequent to him. Under the reign of Emanuel, the Portuguese language assumed the same physiognomy as the Italian under Leo X., the Spanish under Charles V., and the French under Louis XIV. In the sixteenth century appeared two legislators of their Parnassus, Saa de Miranda and Antonio Ferreira. Presenting a union of the happiest and most brilliant qualities, they speak to the heart and the intellect, and, by meditating upon the ancients, introduced new measures, and brought the language to perfection. The former, endowed with great sensibility and simplicity, follows the ancients as his guides, while abandoning himself to a contemplative spirit, which denotes the passionate admirer of nature and the wise friend of mankind. The latter, brilliant, correct, and elegant in his poetry, unites dignity of language to charm of versification. He occupies himself essentially with the forms of style, and we perceive that he has studied them deeply. When he lays aside the rules which he seeks to inculcate, and allows the language of his heart to speak, he produces a masterpiece, as, for example, his *Inez de Castro*. His genius created the second regular tragedy of Europe. Dedicating himself to the theatre, he next wrote the first comedy of character, and thus laid open the legitimate path of the drama to modern Europe. Gil Vicente, the contemporary of these two great men, less imitative because he addresses himself to the taste of the nation, devoted himself to the stage and made his own rules, or rather he listens to none; he stamps the vices of his age in a manner to be comprehended by a whole people. After having instructed them, he animates them with his gaiety, and, at the same time, interests them by his pictures of chivalry and religion. Around these men are grouped several authors less celebrated, but who shone by correctness, harmony, and that contemplative melancholy which distinguishes the inhabitants of the south. Affectation is often seen side by side with nature with them, and an oriental image frequently leads them from the path of correct taste. Diogo Bernardes is of this number, as well as Andrade Caminha.

But while these poets enjoyed the favours of fortune, and could sing in the bosom of courts the exploits which excited the admiration of the world, a man unknown to all, poor and exiled, owing nothing to fortune, and all to his own courage, shared those exploits which he aspired to celebrate. Agitated by the passion which made the destiny of his life, thinking one moment of his misery, the next of his country's glory, he escapes from tempests, gives the world the *Lusiad*, and expires in an hospital. It is not the fine harmony of his style, and the grandeur of his imagery, which have made Camoens survive time, — it is the fire of a noble spirit, which penetrates all hearts, of whatever age or country they be.

In the third period Camoens is dead, but his spirit animates his age. He seems to have bestowed a portion of his chivalrous dreaminess and ardent sensibility upon a few minds. Rodriguez Lobo leads us along with him into the bosoms of the fields, and borrows from nature his smiling images. Like all those who feel more than they can express, there is a vagueness in his poetry, and a want of animation in his thoughts.

Cortereal is another of Camoens' contemporaries. He is a poet-warrior, and is indebted to his own sensations alone for the beauties which appear in his works, for the burden imposed by antiquity is too heavy for him.

The glory of Portugal seemed to have fallen and expired at the fatal battle of Alcaçer Kebir.

The nation is next enslaved, but Pereira de Castro transports us into the midst of the magnificence of ancient mythology; but the pomp of Olympus has ceased to move us.

Violante do Ceo, Faria e Sousa, Vasconcellos, &c., mark the age of false taste which covered Europe at one period, beginning in Italy with Marino, in Spain with Gongora, in England with the imitators of those Precieuses Ridicules whom the satire of Molière transfixed in France. A few ridiculous conceits, the most frigid and hacknied terms of mythology, insipid madrigals, and the cold puerilities of tiresome pastorals, — such was literature until Antonio José appeared. He is too imperfect, too negligent, and too trivial to survive his age, but he possesses originality, and the infamous Inquisition, by burning the poor dramatist alive, gave his name a melancholy pledge of immortality. Writers who had the courage to struggle against the united efforts of jesuitical despotism and ignorance, paid the forfeit of their lives for their intrepid devotion. The Tagus was seen to deposit upon its shores and before the walls of the capital the dead bodies of those who were thrown into the sea from the forts of Cascaes and Bugio. Under monkish and jesuitical influence, every thing was disgracefully subjected to a censorship; the works of the great masters were altered. From that moment commenced that time of brutalisation in which authors who treated of mythological subjects began with intimating that they did not adopt the fictions of the poets as religious dogmas, and believed in nothing but the God of Christians. But as every thing that exists is subjected to the alternative of advancing or retrograding, this state of things could not last long; neither, on the other hand, could there be in literature a complete and sudden change all at once. The odious power which stifled all thought was at last overthrown — the intellects of men awoke. An able minister, the great Marquis of Pombal, gave a new impulse to study and commenced a literary reform, — the society of Arcadians was founded. Many imitators of the ancients illustrated its foundation, — Garzaon and Diniz da Cruz are the most remarkable. They resuscitated the taste for ancient literature; their brilliant versification recalls their good models, and from their manner of thinking, more than from their style, we see that they have read the French authors. The following cantata by Garzaon is beautiful, and marks the careful imitator of Virgil: —

“ DIDO FORSAKEN.

“ Ya no froixo Oriente branqueando.”

“ Now glimmering in the purple orient sky,
The snow-white sails of the Dardanian fleet,
Amidst the gilded ocean’s azure waves,
On wings of prosperous breezes fade away.
The lorn abandon’d Dido,
Loud-shrieking, wanders through her regal halls
And seeks with maddening eyes, yet all in vain,
The fugitive Æneas.
Carthage, her new-born Carthage, nought presents
But silent gloom and dark deserted shade;
With frightful lashings on the naked shore,
Hoarse sound through night the solitary waves;
Perched on the golden spires
Of the exalted domes,
Nocturnal birds sinister omens cry.
From the marmoreal tomb
All horror-struck she deems

A thousand times the cold and pallid dust
 Of dead Sichæus, with heart-thrilling voice
 Invoking, calls 'Eliza, O, Eliza !'
 To the tremendous deities of Orcus
 An offering she prepares,
 But shuddering sees around
 The altar's pile, for incense-breathing smoke,
 Dark foam fermenting in the golden urns,
 And wine o'erturned, to streams of blood transformed.
 Her pale yet beauteous face,
 With frenzy fired, now burns,
 Her hair dishevelled flows ;
 And soon her trembling footsteps near approach
 The asylum once so blest,
 Where, of her faithless hero,
 With deep heartfelt emotion,
 She heard the impassioned sighs and lulling plaints.
 There the remorseless Fates, exulting showed
 Troy's shining spoils, which, o'er the splendid couch
 In festoons hanging, to her sight displayed
 The lustrous shield, and bright refulgent sword.
 Sudden, with hand convulsive, she lays bare
 The fatal blade, and, on its goring point
 Urges her tender alabaster breast,
 Murmuring in crimson jets of sparkling foam
 The warm blood leaps in torrents from the wound ;
 Tinged with the purple dye, the marble halls
 Tremble and start — the Dorian columns shake —
 Thrice she attempts to rise,
 Thrice agonised, upon the couch reclines
 Her fainting form ; now unto Heaven she lifts
 Her tear-dissolved eyes ;
 Then wildly gazing on the burnished mail
 Of the false Trojan fled,
 Some dying words she uttered, and the sound
 Of their last wailing mournful accents rang
 Along the sculptured roofs, and Echo sad
 Long time with sighs the dismal tones prolonged.
 Sweet pledges so tenderly
 Cherished whilome,
 Ere Jove had determin'd
 My flight to the tomb ;
 From Dido distracted
 The soul now receive,
 From torments despairing
 Her spirit relieve ;
 Sad Dido abandoned,
 Thou has languished thine hour ;
 Of thy Carthage renowned
 See the proud turrets tower ;
 But thy spirit indignant,
 Where the dread Charon plies
 His bark o'er the torrent
 Of dark-boiling Phlegethon,
 Hovering flies."

Francisco Manoel is one of the chiefs of this school, and is both an energetic and elevated writer, of whom more anon. Bocage, his contemporary, belongs also to the same period ; but this young poet, a voyager like Camoens, and, like him, too, unfortunate, seldom inspires sympathy, save when misery wrings from him a few bitter plaints, because we feel that these are true. The following sonnet paints sufficiently well his brief and agitated existence : —

"Meu ser evaporei na vida insana."

"My life exhales in woe and strife insane,
 And stormy passions which my bosom rend,
 Oh fool, I thought, fond wretch, I dreamt in vain,
 Life's mortal essence Time nor Chance would end.

To me what countless suns did Hope extend
 Vain-glorious years that Fancy false did feign !
 Now Nature frail, with slavish power doth bend
 To evils twined with Life's primeval pain.
 Oh tyrant pleasures, by your might controlled,
 Say to what dark abyss my bark doth drive ?
 Lord ! ere in death this spirit weak hath fled
 Into the peace of a dominion cold,
 One moment grant to him, whose hours are sped,
 And teach him how to die, who ne'er could live !"

Brazilian literature born in the seventeenth century has produced several poets. Duraon acquaints us in a picturesque and interesting manner with the customs of its ancient inhabitants. Basilio da Gama, detested by the Jesuits, has sung those countries in which they founded an empire. His varied pictures present much interest and his style is correct and elegant. Finally, we have to enumerate writers who merit the attention of critics, such as Caldas, the unfortunate Gonzaga, and the elegant author of poems addressed to the ladies of Bahia.

The history of the Portuguese prose writers does not offer less interest perhaps than that of the poets. The same causes developed their talents, the same circumstances imparted to them their lustre. But in that country in which the East seems to have animated with its brilliant imagination the chivalrous exaltation of Europe, the different writers have not always submitted to the laws of reason and philosophy. Astonished at the surprising facts which they had to transmit to posterity, historians thought themselves obliged to borrow the language of poetry, and if they often exhibit exaggeration in their style, we must attribute it as much to the grandeur of the events which acted upon their ardent minds, as to the sallies of their imagination. In the fifteenth century, when a crowd of warriors mingled with the ardour of combats the love of poetry, when knightly troubadours began to ennoble the Portuguese name, we perceive arising the father of history, the natural, exact, touching; and philosophic Fernand Lopez. Azurara relates conquests like a man who had seen the places in which they had happened : finally, Bernardin Ribeiro appeared ; and if we only consider him as a prose writer, he is superior to his age ; or rather, he prepared the glory of succeeding ones. The sixteenth century, the golden age of Portuguese literature, at length arrived. All the dazzling allurements that glory could possess belonged to the nation. Proud of his traditions, intoxicated with brilliant hopes, every Portuguese forgot the language of humanity. Two men then appeared with courage to rebuke the people. Ozorio deplored the cruelty of his contemporaries. The historian Barros, to whom Pope Pius IV. erected a statue, exalted still more their courage. He visited that land of Africa, where, according to his own expressions, there was not a river, bank, or rock that was not dyed with the blood of Portuguese. Fond to idolatry of his nation, brilliant courage absolves every thing in his eyes, as though he were a knight speaking to his companions in arms and leading them on to new exploits. Castanheda, Couto, Albuquerque have always the elegance of truth. Finally, during this great period they had a diplomatist and a narrator full of interest, in Damian de Goez, and a voyager in Mendez Pinto whose style makes amends for his unbridled imagination. These great historians had for their remarkable successors Frey Luis de Suza, Jacinthe Freire, Dandrade, and after them Vieyra, the most eloquent man of his age.

The impartiality which rejects the prejudices of time and country is only acquired after long civilisation. Dazzled by rapid conquests, whence their

nation derived all its splendour — led on by a religious zeal which did not permit them to discern the just from the unjust — believing themselves called by a particular mission to make new discoveries, they are brilliant in their mode of narrating facts and cruel in their reasonings, quoting a miracle worked against the infidels at the moment when we are led to expect a reflection of pity for the sanguinary deeds they had committed in the name of the God of peace.

Their writings have all the enthusiasm of the age. They had no need to seek elsewhere for lofty deeds to celebrate, they had only to cast their eyes on what was passing around them. Their imagination needed not to surprise by invention, for the truth of history was essentially poetical among them. Unknown seas traversed for the first time, immense empires discovered, a handful of men opposed to entire armies, and those armies vanquished, the treasures of India deserting Venice and accumulating in the port of Lisbon, a new nature unfolding its splendour to the eyes of those inhabitants of Europe who had fancied themselves the most favoured by climate, such were the elements which they had to describe, which excited the imagination of their poets and developed their original character as writers. Even at the present day, when we look back upon the Portuguese of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and view their conquests over the inhabitants of India who were infinitely their superior in riches, and all the arts of civilisation, we cannot help feeling astonished at that religious impulse which caused such wonders. But Catholicism, which had effected so many great and holy things in the Old World, which destroyed idolatry wherever it penetrated, which saved the world from the emperors of Rome, which civilised the barbarians, which abolished sacrifices all over the earth, which proclaimed the liberty of man in separating the spiritual power from the temporal, which caused the chains of the slave to fall, which put an end to the murder and exposure of infants, which imparted the unity of God to the world, and which created, according to Montesquieu, that right of nations which antiquity knew not, fatally changed its aspect in the history of Spanish and Portuguese conquest. After having destroyed superstition it restored it; after having saved the new climes from the despotism of their princes, it cast them back under the feet of the Inquisition; after having civilised the barbarians, it opposed itself, in the name of infallible texts, to the progress of human science and morality; after having abolished sacrifices throughout the earth, it re-establishes them universally, and more than once immolated whole populations upon its altar. Yet their historians, in writing history in a manner more brilliant than sage, more chivalrous than philosophic, wrote it at the same time in a manner singularly useful, for they thus caused it to be read with eagerness and developed the national spirit.

By a singular fatality the ballad literature, which in Spain is so rich and beautiful, is lost to the student of Portuguese, the *Concioneiro General* published in 1510, of which Sir Charles Stuart possessed a copy, being out of print or illegible.

It will thus be seen that the distinguishing characteristics of Portuguese literature in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries still continue to imbue their modern poets: these are the spirit of Platonism, Christianity, and Chivalry which was born in Italy with Dante and Petrarch, and the pastoral or purely descriptive. In a former number we endeavoured to convey to the reader some idea of the Drama, as it was conceived and created by a man of genius in the seventeenth century, the original of the tragi-comedy — lofty, measured, Spanish and sublime — of Corneille; and of the tragedy —

abstract, amorous, ideal, and divinely elegiac — of Racine. The spirit of Christian love platonic and chivalrous, which everywhere pervades Calderon's drama, shines in its lustre, although the conclusion of his pieces will often appear to convey a morality or rather a faith purely catholic. To adopt the principle of religious heroism as a means of exciting emotion is not the taste of the present day in Portugal; but it is chiefly by means of a distant view of the haven of faith, that this poet in his *Autos* rewards the hopes and fears "beyond the visible diurnal sphere," by which the sufferers in his mortal scene were actuated, dismissing the spectators

"In calm of mind, all passion spent. — *Samson Agonistes*."

It is this highest life which Sophocles shadows forth in his masterpiece wherein after the pathetic scenes of *Oedipus Coloneus*, he veils the horror and pity by the interposition of a deity and the assurance of a haven of repose and purification for the dying hero. A drama must, however, be regarded as an unfit medium for inculcating a dogma of faith. Such a moral end is not always true to nature, and nothing is beautiful but the true. A profound pathos has been excited by Calderon in his "Constant Prince," a play founded upon the religious constancy of a Portuguese prince, and which the accomplished Augustus Schlegel has not thought unworthy of translating into his native tongue. In fact, every deserving work of the Portuguese and Spanish poets has already been rendered with admirable success into the rich and flexible German, — models which all translators would do well to follow in their faithful adherence to the metrical forms of the original. To the *Magico Prodigioso* the world is indebted for the *Faust* of Goethe, through which that drama might have also become the remote inspiration of Byron's "Manfred," Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," and other works of the same lofty description. But although the works of Calderon and Lope during the time of Spanish domination held exclusive possession of the Lisbon stage, it does not appear that the romantic theatre found any followers of note among the Portuguese. The classic models of Ferreira Miranda and Camoens were born in the age of Portugal's greatness and expired with the loss of her political independence.

Almost all these poets have cultivated the eclogue, elegy and pastoral romance — the first with simplicity, their successors with increased harmony, elegance and ideas. Contemplators of nature, but with minds biassed towards the brilliant ideas of love and glory, their shepherds speak too often like knights and have that melancholy exaltation which belongs to men continually crossed in their affections and hopes. In order to express their love, they multiply incessantly the most exaggerated comparisons, because this sentiment already so romantic among them was still more exalted by warlike expeditions: and we might apply to them what Ginguené says of the first Italian poets: — "Instructed in the school of Platonism, they departed so far in their amorous poetry from all that is vulgar and terrestrial, that they also often departed from what is intelligible and human. The women who were the subjects of these verses were as much flattered by this elevation of style as by that of the sentiments;" — harangues, in short, which we cannot help thinking were very much to the reproach both of Plato and Cupid. Nevertheless by a happy union, elegance is oftentimes joined to beauty of style, and in the descriptive poetry we always feel the observers of nature painting with charm what they saw before their eyes — beautiful forests, the blue ocean and the fertile banks of streams. We remark also that all objects of pastoral life are ennobled in their eyes, — that in their eclogues they introduce all kinds of animals,

and that a ridiculous delicacy never makes them seek for pretended terms to designate those which have nothing noble about them. They thus enlarge the domain of bucolic poetry — they

“ Call the vales and bid them hither bring
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues,”

with the truest delicacy of language, the chastest purity of style, even when painting the delirium of the most exalted love, at a period when the works of other nations were disfigured by indelicate blemishes. The success of Gay's Pastorals in English literature is a well-known proof of the charm of natural description. Though written for the purpose of ridicule, this one quality rendered their popularity certain. Bernardin Ribeiro and Saa de Miranda, both knights and poets, are models in their way. The latter, the favourite of a monarch, traversed beautiful Italy and picturesque Spain to imbibe his inspirations and returned to end his days amid the rustic scenes which best agreed with his melancholy and pensive turn of mind. Nothing can better paint the touching impression which he left in the memory of his friends than the verses of his contemporary Diogo Bernardes. “ He lived all his years because he neither feared nor hoped anything. Amiable inhabitant of our retreats, who could follow thy traces in these mountains and woods? Thou didst charm by the sweetness of thy song all that presented itself in thy way. Returned from foreign lands, thy virtues excited envy and created admiration. Now a long sleep closes thine eyes; it opens mine to tears, and all here weep with me.”

The gentle urbanity of Saa de Miranda is also recorded in a pleasant anecdote which has escaped many biographers. It is said that the poet having been inveigled into a contract of marriage by the brothers of a lady whom he had never seen, finding her at the first interview neither so young nor beautiful as he had been led to expect, instead of exhibiting any anger at the deception, courteously stepped up to her and presenting his walking stick, said, “ Chastise me with this staff, madam, for having come so late.” It will doubtless delight our readers to learn that the match was a happy one and that he died of grief for his wife's death. “ Passenger,” says his friend Bernardes, in his epitaph upon him, “ contemplate this tomb: it is adorned with palms: the ivy and the laurel here are seen: but it is empty. Fate has willed it thus. The body of Miranda should repose here, but it is afar. His soul was pure — it has fled to the skies: there it awaits its mortal remains. The crown of Saa must be woven of two laurels, one of the knight, the other of the poet.” Miranda's lines upon his children are also very delicate and Grecian. They read like an epitaph from the Anthology.

“ WITHERED FLOWERS.

“ Roses bloom, and from buds they leap into opening flowers;
Forests and valleys rejoice in the children of Spring:
But we, O friend, behold no more of the beautiful valleys
The beautiful children, we go no more to the flowery grove;
For ah! our beauteous buds, Cleanth and Rhoda, bloomed
Yestreen, and both to-day are faded into dust!”

Claudio Manuel da Costa deserves a distinct place. Brazil reckons him her first poet, and Portugal one of her best. He has left some excellent sonnets competing in the style of Metastasio with the best canzonets of the delicate Italian poet, and his palinode addressed to his lyre, imitating the well-known one of Metastasio to Nice, *Grazie al inganni tuoi*, or the *Gracias al cielo hoy que ya del cuello* of Garcilasso, is worthy to stand side

by side with its excellent models. The novel and majestic scenes of nature in that vast region cannot fail to give their poets more originality, variety of imagery and expressions of style than appear in them at present. European education extinguishes the national spirit,—they seem to be ashamed of showing themselves Americans, and hence a spice of affectation and an impropriety which give the foil to some of their best qualities.

After Diniz, the immediate place among Anacreontic writers belongs to another Brazilian,—Gonzaga, better known under his pastoral name of Dirceu, and by his Marilia whose love and beauty he has celebrated in his lyrics. Some of these pieces are of great beauty; and yet, if the author, instead of painting in Brazil, Arcadian scenes and pictures entirely European, had described his native plains in their local colours and his amiable and ingenuous Marilia like the Virginia of St. Pierre, seated beneath the shade of palm-trees, while the superb lory, with his purple wings, flew around her head, the fleet coati bounded through the dense thickets, like the hare of Europe, or the scaly armadillo passed with heavy pace along the river side, or had amused herself in weaving for her lover a garland, not of roses or jessamines, but of the white flowers and vermilion berries of the odoriferous coffee tree, the picture would have been more in harmony with a tropical climate. “We cannot doubt,” says Humboldt, “that the climate, the configuration of the soil, the physiognomy of the vegetables, the aspect of a smiling or a savage nature, influence the progress of the arts, and the style which distinguishes their productions.” “The mind becomes that which it contemplates,” says Rousseau; and future Brazilian poets, whether leading us through the boundless forests and magnificent scenery of their country,

“Per maria, ac montes, fluviosque rapaces,
Frondiferasque domos avium, camposque virentes,” — LUCRETIVS.

or striking their lyre to the notes of Petrarch, must feel its influence and cease to look at nature through the spectacles of books ere they will produce a masterpiece.

But an undue proportion of pastoral poetry shows poverty of intellect and mannerism. It is the result of a narrow conception of the sympathies of mankind and of the art itself. For of what does poetry treat? Of all those common-places which are the foundation of the human mind and upon which it has meditated since the beginning of the world. It speaks of the finite and the infinite,—the transient and the permanent,—time and eternity,—life and death,—the flowers that live for a day and the mountains that defy ages,—the rapid pleasures that fly like a shadow and God who endures for ever. It treats of whence we came and whither we go,—of what we must do and what we must think,—whither wander those heavens that nightly march like a silent army under an invisible chief,—what is this pensive and ardent soul which dreams of eternity and notwithstanding seems born to perish like the meteors of a summer's night. The moral world is also the world of poetry, as well as that figured, coloured world that surrounds us and is reflected in our minds. With more calm magnificence than the pomps of nature itself it opens upon us like the elysium of Virgil,—

“Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo :—Solemque suum sua sidera norunt.”

But we must stop short. “Enough!” says Rasselas to Imlac, after a similar specification, “I perceive that no man can ever be a poet.” Few,

indeed, is the number of those to whom has been entrusted that celestial mission !

There is a school of poetry abounding in strange wild allegory, derived from the Italians of the middle ages, of which Dante's *Canzone Voi ch'intendendo il terzo ciel movete* : and Camoens' "Elegy," beginning * *A piedade humana faltava*, may be taken as fair specimens. It has been revived in our days by a consummate master with all the startling effect of novelty, in an exquisite work, which, for angelic beauty, surpasses its fine models as much as Virgil's gold surpassed the refuse of Ennius. It is only when following the strange, ethereal, dreamy fancies of Shelley's "Epipsy-chidion," or the Mozart-like harmonies of his lyrical muse, that we perceive in what the very soul and essence of ideal poesy consist. Like the "Delia" of Tibullus, his muse, to whatever she turns, and to whatever subject directs herself, still exhibits the furtive grace that pervades her soul and animates all her motions, —

"Illam quicquid agat quoquo vestigia vertat
Componit furtim subsequiturque Decor."

A union of the pastoral with this platonic elevation marks some of Gonzaga's poetry and, notwithstanding we have been rather severe towards the rustic pipe, could we but succeed in rendering the charms of the Portuguese into our rude vernacular, we would not scruple to say with the shepherd in Virgil, "*In tenui labor at tenuis non gloria*." The concluding lines seem borrowed from those of Tasso, on his own imprisonment, addressed to his friend Stiglion, which cannot easily be translated into English verse, —

"Tu che ne vai in Pindo
Ivi pende mia cetra ad un Cipresso
Salutala in mio nome e dile a viso poi
Ch'io son dagl'anni, e da Fortuna oppresso."

* The following is a translation in prose. We have not attempted one in verse, remembering the words of Statius, which Lord Strangford forgot.

"Vive precor, neo tu divina Æneada tenta
Sed longe sequere et vestigia semper adora."

"Human pity failed me — friendly people turned aside from me. In this perilous state I no longer found a land toward which to direct my steps. Air was refused me, which all other beings respire — in fine, Time and the world abandoned me. What a profound and difficult secret to comprehend ! to be born to live — to behold oneself wanting in every thing which is necessary to pursue that existence, and yet be unable to lose it. And these ills I recall not like the man who, after a furious tempest, relates the circumstance in a favourable time. Uncertain Fortune carries me still towards such miseries that I fear to make a single step — I no longer seek to shun the evil which threatens me — I pretend no more to the good which fails me — I brave the wickedness of men, for I depend upon a Providence divine. In meditating on this truth I sometimes find a consolation to so many miseries. But, when swayed by human weakness, I cast my eyes over time, I can only obtain a remembrance of years already passed. Tears of sadness are then my only comfort ; and I cannot dry them, save by permitting my imagination to create for itself a fantastic image of joy.

"Ah ! if it were possible that Time could retrograde like Memory, that finds again the traces of our first youth ! If it were possible that, renewing the ancient history of my errors, it could transport me into the midst of those flowers in which I lived during my youth, and that then the resemblance of a long and melancholy sentiment should become my sweetest satisfaction ; that I could find once more the amiable conversation of my mistress ; that I could explain to her my new thoughts ; that I could once more behold the country, our walks, the signs of intelligence which she accorded me, her beauty, her looks, her charms, her grace, her affable politeness — that I could feel that sincere friendship removed from all base and terrestrial intention, such as I have never known since then ! Ah ! vain regrets, whither do you transport this feeble heart which cannot yet subdue the useless desire which you cause to arise.

"Say no more my Song, utter it no more. I could speak thus unconsciously for ages ; and if, by chance, any one should accuse thee of being long and fastidious, reply that I do not sing cold gallantries with the desire of praise, but that I unfold a simple tale of things which have happened to me. Would to God that it was a dream !"

It may perhaps add to the interest of the elegiac chaunt of Gonzaga to know that his sorrows were not feigned and that his fate was as tragical as that of Abelard. Implicated in a pretended conspiracy, forged for the purpose of confiscating the wealth of certain influential families in Minas Geraes, the unfortunate poet was torn from his mistress on the eve of marriage and plunged into a prison, whence he was transported to the coast of Africa, where he died.*

• "A PRIMAVERA.

"Eis torna a nascer o anno ferroso
Zephyro brando e doce Primavera."

"Hoar Winter's past and smiling hours now bring
The purple time of flower-unfolding Spring;
The black earth crowns with verdure every vale;
The Naiad lilies lift their petals pale;
The meads, beneath the rosy-fingered morn,
Laugh out in joy, when from her starry urn
She scatters flowers: afar the shepherd man
Pipes a sweet song to universal Pan,
Upon his syrinx in the ilex grove,
And Pastor Egon tunes his strain to love.
The merry mariners, o'er slumbering ocean,
Zephyr now wafts with undulating motion.
Now Bacchus leads his Menad band, each head
Vine-crown'd, with flowers and ivy garlanded;
And from their murmurous haunt the honied bees
Swarm in the hollows of the time-worn trees,
And build their odorous cells with busy care,
And all the many-voiced race of air.
The halcyons float around the foamless shores;
The swan in heaven aloft now sings and soars;
The swallow darts the arrowy stream along;
The nightingale tunes her accustomed song.
All come and sing, for ever as they fly,
How sweet is Love, whose very pain is joy!
It is the amorous hour when through all space
Mute silence reigns, and o'er the ocean's face
Night breathes her orison, and, with censer lit,
Swings out her incense, whilst the fire-flies flit,
Like winged stars, in twilight airy game,
Towards Vesper's wandering shrine of icy flame,
Shining with rays so cold and luminous
Athwart heaven's gloom. O, bright star, pray for us!
Now under heaven all shapes repose or love.
The murmuring waves towards the white shore move.
The flower droops on its stem; the tranquil deep,
Under night's canopy is hushed to sleep.
The velvet moss carpets the vale beneath;
The embowering ivy winds her tortuous wreath;
The breath of Ocean, faint from orange bowers,
Floats laden, with the lemon-scented flowers;
And gentle sounds re-echoing voice and lute,
Answer from far some lake-surrounding flute,
Die on the shore, or melt each liquid tone,
With the soul's music in deep unison;
And night might seem, in its tranquillity,
The bridal of the earth and sky to be.
Yon light which, rising from the foliaged trees,
Gleams faintly through their void interstices,
Is a last signal by the seamen given,
To guide us onward to our destined heaven;
And, as that lamp expires, is Hope consumed,
A Pharos, by the hand of love illumed,
To light us o'er the zones of storm and calm,
To isles where Hope once more may pour her balm:
Isles where, 'midst incense-blossoms ever bright,
A bower is built afar from every blight;
From sorrow, and from guilt and pain's unrest,
A new Atlantis of the purple West,

The name of Francisco Manoel next demands attention. The Portuguese already reckon this modern poet among the number of their classics, although he only died at the commencement of the present century, after having survived the earthquake of Lisbon and the familiars of the Inquisition. Although living for the greater part of his life in France, his knowledge and study of the Portuguese were so profound as to render him at once the Horace and Boileau of his country; and in his Epistles, the philosophy of Horace and Pope is exhibited, adorned with the graces of a poetry always simple, strong and harmonious. From the works of Cicero he has gathered those principles of study and taste, as well as those

It seems some portion of the earth which lies
Far distant from the world's polluting eyes.
Not folded ever in its gelid snows,
But a warm heaven of most serene repose.
Here first, when Winter leaves his chariot throne,
Spring, with her morning-winged feet has flown
Within a spacious wilderness of blooms:—
Flowers of all hue leap from their dormant tombs,
Lifting their languid leaves reluctantly
From out their odour-breathing sleep, to see
The sun rise, all their unexpanded buds
Unfold to light, and hear the solitudes,
The inviolable stillness of the mountains,
Reverberate the sound-exulting fountains:
Here, twilight lawns, with violet moss inwoven,
Are canopied by azure clouds, all cloven
By graceful trees, where, as they bend and sweep,
The birds, in love-dreams lull'd, are rocked to sleep:
Silence and Twilight, both twin-sisters there,
Lure to their haunts the Daughter of the Air.
The wand-like lily, which in fiery noon,
Looks cold and pale, like the infantine moon,
The hyacinth, with its dew-stars still dissolving,
The light-enchanted heliotrope revolving,
Still charmed by the dying orb's decline,
And all sweet flowers, and sounds, and smells divine,
Make, of our home, a beaming Paradise,
Where we may wander, when the pale stars rise,
'Midst mossy walks, and fountain-lighted caves,
Whilst heard, yet scarcely heard, the murmuring waves
Flow on beneath our sea-environed bowers;
And Hope and Fear, aloof from the high towers,
Lure us no more, as Youth is lured to Sorrow,
Joy Pain, Life Death, or Night the envious Morrow;
Till from Oblivion's cave the voice shall rise,
Which shall allure our steps to freer skies."

"My song, go thou, and in the numbers sooth
With courtesy thy daring reasons grace,
For thou the mighty in their pride of place
Must win with gentlest wisdom unto ruth.
And, if thou flyest to Pindus lofty crest,
Where hangs my harp upon a cypress bough,
Salute it in my name, and say that now
I am by Fortune and by years oppress.
Truth, to the chosen few seek thou to prove,
And them from evil custom strive to woo:
Salute, I pray thee, in the sphere of love,
Marilia, Marcia, and thy Mistress too,
Our Leonor — all that blest band above!
Tell them, from me, to love, and not reprove;
But those deaf spirits and blind flee far away,
Who from the path of Heaven have gone astray;
So, when no more you have me with you, ye
May live in peace and tender amity."

of eternal truth and conduct to which his life conformed. The result is, that he has imparted to the Portuguese language the elegant conciseness, euphony, and purity truly Latin, that shine in the ancient classics.

Denounced to the Inquisition as a philosopher, he succeeded in saving himself from its fangs by his personal intrepidity in forcing his way through the familiars, dagger in hand, and escaped on board a vessel bound to Havre. On board he was chased by the corsairs of Barbary, a storm cast him on the coast of the Azores, the rocks of Jersey exposed him to peril; finally, however, he escaped. The French Revolution then burst; that memorable event absorbed all thoughts and interests. Resigned henceforth to his lot, living in the deepest obscurity, Manoel found his consolation in letters, which, in his instance, justified the magnificent eulogium pronounced upon them by Cicero. They were his companions and resource by day and night, by land and sea, in the solitude of fields, in the city, and in the miseries of exile. During a banishment of thirty years, speaking a language not his own, he has so carefully preserved his feeling of the classical beauties of that of his forefathers, its elegance and purity, that not a single Gallicism can be detected in his works.

Poems, epistles, philosophical and critical satires, dythyrambics full of fire and strength, eclogues, metamorphoses, fables, tales, epigrams and sonnets, compose his works, as well as a translation of Osorio's excellent life of King Emmanuel. Among all the Portuguese poets it is only given to him to marry all the chords of his lyre and to leave behind models of more than one species of composition.

Among his contemporaries Diniz is an elevated poet, a lyric full of soul and impetuosity; but his lyre has but one chord. His talents are confined to the Pindaric ode and to the *Os magna sonaturum*. It is generally admitted in Portugal, that Manoel and Diniz are the two first poets of the eighteenth century.

Their rivals, the unfortunate Garzaon, whom we have already quoted, and Maximiano Torres, are true and elegant poets, sometimes elevated but always sweet. They very seldom departed from the limits of the philosophic ode, the cantata and the sonnet.

Francisco Manoel excels in lyrical poetry. It is there that he marches with a firm step in the traces of the ancients, and if in some happy moments of inspiration he treads close upon them, he owes it as much to the truly antique genius and flexibility of his language, as to the natural turn of his genius. When he is Pindaric, we are agreeably surprised to see that he is always so in the manner of Horace, blending the sweet with the grave and the pleasant with the severe even in subjects purely heroic.

The great Roman lyric is without rival in that species of ode in which he proposes for his subjects the smiling philosophy of Epicurus, the art of deceiving the flight of time, the joy of festivals, the charms of retired leisure and voluptuous carelessness, a sweet oblivion of the pains and shortness of life; that philosophy which sports with death, mingles roses with the cypress, and to excite us to enjoyment, sometimes places a tomb in the distant perspective of the most delightful landscape. In such subjects Manoel eminently possesses the secret of grace; we admire the ease with which he bends the language to the purest and happiest forms of the Latin muse; we divine the deep studies which the natural ease and the masterly flights of the writer betray; we feel that he has anointed himself long with the oil of the Athleta, but we see not the traces. Manoel has so well appropriated that which constitutes the manner of Horace, the turn and choice of his ideas, the harmony of the rhythm, the march and stop of the strophes, the mixture

of the styles, the colours, contrasts, elegant precision, the art of blending the graceful gradations training back the subject from the occasional flights, the just proportion of the parts and of the whole which have been felt in Horace by the Quarterly Review, that some of Manoel's best pieces appear but a new scholium of the divine poet. Manoel is Horacian, not by copying his master like a slavish pedant, but by adapting to modern times and the customs of his country those external beauties which belong to all times and all nations. We perceive that the poet of the Tiber would have thus expressed himself in the language of Camoens in the eighteenth century. This ode on the Sage struggling against adversity contains many personal allusions.

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum."—HORAT.

"Quem pôde aos pés lançar soberbas iras
Do Fado riguroso."

- "The man who braves outrageous Fortune's ire
And wrath of rigorous Fate;
Who fearless sees with unaverted eyes
The fickle-handed Power
That governs Antium, dealing good and ill;
He, noble Sage, despiser of the Fates,
Superior to their frowns,
Shall dauntless view the roaring waves o'er top
The crests of highest rocks,
Whitened with foam; the deep o'erladen bark
Yield her defenceless sides
To points of wrecking shoals and yet preserve
Inalterably calm
A tranquil heart within his manly breast.
- "Nor when great Jove enraged,
With forked lightning, death and ruin strikes
The towers and lofty oaks,
Lowers his eyes, or curbs with fear his neck;
Rather he constant waits
With firmest step, shipwreck and thousand shades
That wait the frown of death.
- "For he not so unjust the Hand Supreme
Deems as the vengeful bolt,
To launch against the heart that, pure from crime,
Nought fears and nought desires.
Who loses fortitude amidst reverse,
Is like the warrior vile,
Who, in the combat, casts aside his shield,
To haste with coward speed
To lift, dishonoured wretch, his captive hand
Unto the conqueror's chain.
- "Freire, dear friend! I saw with tranquil look
And soul of quenchless pride,
With arm upraised, her glittering poniard sharp,
Veiled Calumny direct
Against my breast, the ready chains prepared,
The dismal dungeons ope
Their yawning mouths, the infernal torches lit,
Nor yet mine eyelids turned.
- "I saw far off sharp Want and Poverty
Stretch forth their withered arms,
And evil Fame, and dark Obscurity
Unwind their mantle black,
To shroud me in the thick and heavy folds
Of the pretender's snares.
The orphan's groan, the widow's heart-broke sigh,
I felt at parting burst;

My country's wrongs, my dearest friend's embrace,
Nor shed one single tear ;
Nought stayed my steps, I marched with fixed resolve
To glorious exile doomed.

" So Coriolanus, persecuted, fired
By Envy's poisoned lie,
Strode furious through the public streets and gates
Of his ungrateful Rome.
The tears of mother, wife, the illustrious name
He and his children bore,
Stiffing within his full and throbbing breast ;
And the deserted gates,
That erst the hero's triumphs saw, all crowned
With laurelled victories,
Followed by spoils and slaves in countless train,
Groaned as they witnessed then,
Amid few friends, so downcast and so mute,
The illustrious Exile bear
To foreign household Gods his Virtues grand,
To be deplored by Rome."

It is to be regretted, that Francisco Manoel did not complete his *Fasti*, in which he attempted to imitate Ovid. We have also to notice his elegant translation of Wieland's *Oberon*. At the age of seventy-four he executed the most perfect of all the translations of Fontaine's *Fables*. A man of excellent sense as well as a true poet he knew the relative importance of the beautiful art which constituted his fame and his misfortune too well to exaggerate its political importance. Hear this ye poetasters !

" Poetry is not prose," says he, " and as verses are not absolutely necessary to society, but only an elegant luxury, a magnificent ornament of the social edifice, it is necessary under pain of justest ridicule that this luxury be grand, noble, or graceful, that these ornaments be pure, and the artist be truly an artist." He often quoted the passage of Voltaire, "*Ecrire en vers pour les faire mauvais est la plus haute de toutes les sottises*," and had continually under his eyes the passage of Petronius written on his desk, "*Multos O Juvenes, carmen fefellit !*" Molière's *Alceste* could not have given better advice.

Strength and grace are the predominating characteristics of his works. The Horace and Boileau of Portuguese literature, he is also its Anacreon and Tibullus by virtue of a number of Erotic pieces in which are found the somewhat too fresh colouring of Albano and too great an infusion of the spirit of Ovid into things in which the pure simplicity of Tibullus or the Bard of Teios ought to have been his divine model.

The best picture of his life and mind, of his prosperity and adversity is found in his works. We there perceive the enlightened man, the rational philosopher, the Sage of Horace moderate in his pleasures even in virtue, the sincere friend whose character as a man of integrity and citizen stands unsullied. Persecution, exile, poverty, perfidy of his countrymen, and the wrongs of strangers never shook the firmness of his principles: fortune struck but could not humble or abase him. Self-esteem, that source of true courage and dignity, gave him strength to endure without repining and with the calm resignation of practical philosophy the most overwhelming calamities. He deserves that we should apply to him those beautiful words of Cicero, "*Magna etiam illa laus et admirabilis videri solet, tulisse casus sapienter adversos, non fractum esse fortuna, retinuisse in rebus asperis dignitatem.*"

STUDIES OF UNDEVELOPED CHARACTERS IN SHAKSPEARE;

FROM SKETCHES AND SUGGESTIONS IN HIS PLAYS.

Introduction.

No attempt will here be made to discover new faculties in Shakspeare, or to tease and torture the original meaning of his words. His main plots and purposes, heroes, heroines, and most admirable characters with which the world is familiar, form no part of our present purpose; and we are equally indisposed to meddle with the powers that called them into being. That deep-centred spring, of which the pregnant streams overflowed and fertilised the fields of thought and action, evolving new forms of human and super-human nature, and thus adding to the history of the populations of the real and ideal worlds, new classes of the finest elements for the contemplation of the artist, the philosopher, the moralist, and the searcher after knowledge or amusement — no attempt will here be made to analyse or discuss. Abundance has been already done in that way, though but little of it will be likely to accompany the text in its self-illuminated journey through successive posterities. Our purpose is sufficiently humble. Comprising nothing beyond the author's materials and suggestions, these studies, from the backgrounds of the great painter of "many-coloured life," have the vicarious advantage of being rendered proportionately permanent.

The object of these papers is merely to draw forth from their dim, mazy labyrinths and incidental niches, in the devious progress of the dialogue and narrative of Shakspeare's plays, those rudiments of character which his prolific genius called into precocious life; but which, while holding fused the elements of greatness for his main design, he could not wait to complete. That many of them may never have "come to their colour," right vision and proper senses; may be deficient in a finger or a nose, or be otherwise curtailed of their "fair proportions," is undeniable. Their effigies "come like shadows; so depart;" — and frequently flit across our sight with a rapidity that would seem like a quaint endeavour and device, by cloak or hood, or vague and evasive outline, to conceal their various imperfections, and perhaps altogether escape the eye. Many, nevertheless, even of those most visibly imperfect, will be found essentially entire when examined by the light of their introducers, and compared with correlative circumstances.

Thus, for instance, we see clearly what manner of man Samson Stockfish, the fruiterer, must have been, though nothing whatever is said of his character. But then, Justice Shallow, that lean iteration of nothingness, to whom, as Falstaff says, "a treble hautboy-case were a mansion," and whose youth could never have been more racy than a pan of skimmed milk; this poor Shallow, in his imbecile exultation over his "mad days," says, that he fought with Samson Stockfish, when he was of Clement's Inn. Shallow does not say he thrashed him; if he had done so, we should certainly have heard of it. No doubt it was a drawn battle; they shook hands in mid volley, and agreed to share the victory; or, some old spinning crone parted them with a distaff because they trod upon her garden patch at the back of Gray's Inn, where they fought. Can there be any doubt as to what sort of a man he must have been whom Shallow could have stood against, and lived

to boast of the deed? His very name of "Samson" suggests antithesis, and was probably a nickname; independent of his being a born *Stockfish*. We do not clearly conjecture what they could have fought about; but we feel satisfied that it was mutually involuntary. They quarrelled over some such matter as the two names of a pippin — both being right — and the bystanders pushed them together.

Caliban's mother, Shylock's wife, Falstaff's grandfather, and Falstaff's horse, are open to a similar process of induction. In many other instances, however, the leading circumstances of the life, as well as the main points of character, are stamped beyond dispute by the sign manual of the author, though they have scarcely ever been so much as noticed owing to the strong light of the towering figures in the fore-ground. Had not these Titans occupied the soul and all its senses, we should long since have been better acquainted with such clearly defined characters as Old Double, whose sturdy nature it was so difficult to believe even death had mastered; or poor Yorick, though nothing is seen of him but the bare skull.

The reader will thus perceive, and is requested to bear in mind, that our purpose is not philosophical or critical, and that he is only invited to join in a novel and pleasurable excursion to hunt out and bring to light for the first time some of these hidden creatures who inhabit luxuriant wilds, and to "go a-nutting" through the deep woods and meadows green, where Shakspeare's procreant feet have trod.

NO. I. — *The Merchant of Venice*.

This play contains various undeveloped characters, with every one of whom we may easily have some acquaintance. With the majority we may become sufficiently intimate by a due contemplation of the masterly sketches thrown off from the poet's pen as he proceeds, and the rest are open to speculations, directed and instructed by the same authority.

Portia's father must have been a very extraordinary man. Possessing a subtle intellect, and a profound knowledge of character, he bent all his faculties to the construction of a trial and test for lovers, which should protect his daughter after his death both from rogues and fools. These two classes — they are pretty large ones — he resolved to blank at the very outset. But the prize of so much beauty and wit, no less than of immense riches, was certain to attract the foremost among *all* classes, and he accordingly set himself elaborately to work to counterplot every adventuring individual who came under any false pretences whatever. His plan insured his daughter a man of strong and single-hearted character, and one who moreover should be thoroughly sincere in his passion. Had Portia been subjected to the mere trial of the choice of three caskets, she would have been at the mercy of any man's good luck. It was the inscriptions upon them that acted as a metaphysical talisman. In all common cases of matrimonial alliance, even when a considerable degree of love is involved, people are invariably thinking of what they shall *get*. They expect to obtain so much affection, or so much money, or some of both. The gold and silver askets hold out rich hopes and promises; the leaden casket calls upon the lover to *give* all he has. The very permission to make a choice is also preceded by an oath expressly calculated to drive most lovers in a contrary direction. This oath, the reader will recollect, bound them, if they chose the wrong casket, not only to take their departure immediately, and "never to unfold to any one" which casket they chose, but "never to speak to lady afterwards in way of marriage." This was a "facer" to the host of mere

gallants and fortune-suitors of all ranks, and accordingly we find at the outset, no less than six noble admirers, who inform Portia of their determination,

“ — Which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition of the caskets.”

ACT I. SC. II.

Here are six noble gentlemen, of no very bold peculiarity in their form of courtship, who seem to have concocted a sort of round-robin of a letter, and sent it to Portia, expressive of their unanimous pouting, and determination not to submit to the “imposition,” but to go away. Their child-like helplessness is conveyed with ludicrous simplicity in the foregoing words.

Against even the most cunning adventurers has Portia's father “hedged her by his wit.” The three caskets being of gold, silver, and lead, a sufficiently puzzling calculation would be originated in a merely cunning mind, by the consideration as to whether the choice of the gold would be thought to betoken an avaricious, or an ambitious disposition; that of the silver, a lukewarm policy, very bad in a lover, or a *juste-milieu* wisdom, very commendable in a husband; that of the lead, a mean or a modest spirit, — points of view which could not be decided without knowing the eccentric idiosyncrasy of the lady's father. “Again,” quoth the cunning man to himself, “this old fellow may have fancied that many would choose the casket of lead, because they thought he liked humility, which they would thus assume in the selection, — therefore he placed his daughter's portrait in the casket of gold. But as this would be giving the prize to the off-hand lover of externals, therefore he took it out again, and placed it in the casket of silver. But why in the silver?”

Leaving the merely cunning man in this predicament, with the portrait dancing to and fro in his imagination from one casket to the other, let us add to his character a considerable degree of impulse and will, and into what a state is he immediately thrown? ‘He will bother his brain no more, but take the casket of gold! But now the inscription comes into operation, — “Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.” That, of course, must either mean riches or Portia. But since many lovers had seen this inscription, and tried their fortune, some of them must, in all probability, have chosen this casket; it is plain, therefore, her portrait could not be in it, or she would have been married long ago. Without more ado I shall therefore hazard upon the silver casket. What says it? “Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.” No, this is evidently an ironical bait for vanity and self-love; I will not be caught by such a trick, which is evidently a sort of covered threat, and an uncomfortable appeal to the conscience. What says the leaden casket? — “Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.” The terms giving and hazarding may be applied at the option of the testator; besides, they comprise every thing, even to one's very life, and still without promising any thing in return. I am here called upon to give and hazard *all* for the mere chance of choosing; not I. Which then shall I choose? I'll think no more. — I choose the casket of gold, for that promises best!’ Whereupon the cunning man finds a skull, with a sarcasm in its eye, *viz.* a rhyming scroll in one of the sockets, telling him to go about his business.

All this — and how much more! — must have passed through the imagination of Portia's father, in designing and constructing the test of a sincere devotion, and a good understanding for his daughter's husband. The deeper

we ruminate over the various sections of his plan, the plainer we discover that rarest of all intellectual characters — the practical metaphysician. Nerissa is so struck with wonder at the palpable results of his foresight, that she attributes it to some heavenly gift, calling him a "virtuous and holy man," who had "good inspirations" in making his will. The finer intellect of Portia alludes to the subtlety of his "hedging wit."

Against the admirable post-mortem practice of this "holy, virtuous, witty, inspired," and eccentric practical metaphysician, we beg permission to enter one protest. Involved and absorbed in the deep complexities of his many-sided manœuvre, he fell into the common error of taking a one-sided view of the result. He rather over-looked, or, we should say, endangered, the interests of the object, by too earnest and concentrated a devotion to the consummate skill required in its accomplishment. His daughter was a highly educated woman, (to be sure, she says, she is "unlettered and unschooled," but that is in speaking of herself to a lover whom she loves,) and she also possessed a naturally fine intellect, quick perception, and great personal address. Such a woman is certainly able to choose for herself, and must be a good judge of what is best for herself. Her father must have perceived her natural ability, and probably did much towards her education. His will, therefore, however subtly constructed, bears unjustly upon the freedom of choice to which such a woman was pre-eminently entitled. It also assumes a position, which we think doubtful. His plan insures (by the inscription on the leaden casket which contained her picture) a sincere lover for his daughter; — one who, unlike all the rest of the world, totally disregarding what he should *get*, is ready to *give* and hazard all he has. But as this cannot *necessarily* involve her sympathy, the assumption is that it is better to be loved than to love, or that the former is a sufficient guarantee for permanent happiness. This is questionable. He insured his daughter strength of character, good understanding, and a thorough devotion in her husband; but he might as easily have tried to insure an equal degree of personal beauty in him as to insure a return of affection to any given qualities. Thus, after all his manœuvres, the operation of fate and chance claims its share in the result, as we invariably see amidst mankind's wisest schemings. Howbeit, his will did more towards the *best* chances for his daughter's happiness, than that of any other "will for the good of an heiress" ever yet made public.

Portia's suitors — such of them as never appear on the stage, or among the *dramatis personæ* — are admirably described by her in Act I., Scene II. She hits off their ruling passions, and main peculiarities of character and appearance with graphic and class-sketching precision.

The Neapolitan prince is first on the list. Portia says, "Ah, that's a colt indeed;" for, "he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself." This crowned specimen of a man with one engrossing idea, suddenly suggests the cause to originate in an hereditary tendency, and we are accordingly presented with another not over-nice character, in the Mother of the Neapolitan prince. "I am much afraid," says Portia, "my lady his mother, played false with a smith." This smith, moreover, must have been a man of an aspiring genius; the plain spoken suggestion being that he had successfully aspired to a princess, while his "love of his profession" was so strong notwithstanding, that he had transmitted his smithy qualifications to a royal posterity.

The County Palatine comes next, distinguished by a frown. It is the business of his life to look big. He is a sort of royal bloater whose love is

dried and cured upon a state recipe. Portia anticipates a very showery old age for him, "being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth." She declares she would "rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth." It is rather dangerous to follow Shakspeare's wit. The two next,—Monsieur le Bon the French lord, and Faulconbridge the young English baron,—are masterly finished sketches. The Scottish lord is distinguished with a political hit, and the young German, nephew to the Duke of Saxony, is shown up in a style almost amounting to a libel on the gallantry no less than the sobriety of the country.

The Marquis of Montferrat, with whom Bassanio first came over to Belmont during the lifetime of Portia's father; and the "honest woman," Margery, wife to old Gobbo, and mother of Launcelot; and the Moor, or serving woman, who was "more than reason," and in conjunction with whom Launcelot Gobbo had previously accomplished a point less than pure reason; are mentioned in the course of the play. They are names, not characters. It is not our object to "force conclusions," and as nothing worth mentioning is said or suggested about them, we pass on to a more interesting person,—Leah, the wife of Shylock.

Leah, the wife, and we may say, the beloved wife of the not always fierce and bitter-souled Shylock, whose nature once alternated affectionate tenderness with his occasional fretfulness, or gusts of passion; Leah, mentioned only in a few passing words, and only upon one occasion, simply as Leah, a Jewish maiden who had given Shylock a ring in token of her love, is a character of touching interest, her mere name calling up innumerable thoughts and feelings, leading us back to Shylock's youth, to their early scenes of domestic life together, and to the influence they mutually exerted over each other's mind, habits, and general happiness. Leah appears to have been dead some years at the time of the play, and her daughter Jessica speaks of the "tediousness of the house" where she has so long been immured without any companion, her solitude being only enlivened by the odd merriment of Launcelot Gobbo. We once started the question to ourselves, as to whether Shylock had broken Leah's heart by his violent and irritable temper? The idea, however, was almost immediately discarded. We think Shylock was deeply attached to her; that between them existed a great affection; that her nature exercised a soothing and harmonising influence over him, drawing out the more kindly affections, and superseding, lulling, or absorbing the virulence, turbulence, and morbid spleen, the elements of which were inherent in his blood. When Leah died, it was all over with Shylock's humanity. He fell into loneliness, and selfishness, and accumulating, and grasping. Jessica was no comfort to him: she probably reminded him painfully of Leah by the force of contrast.

From the forced parallel Shylock draws between himself and the patriarch Jacob, in order to justify his usurious propensities, and from his swearing "by Jacob's staff," it would appear that in his own mind he regarded the patriarch as his model for character and conduct through life. Will it be considered a mere critical fancy if we suppose it possible that he was the more pleased with the idea from the circumstance of Jacob's wife (though his least favoured wife) being Leah; and that having arrived at a notion of the parallel to himself, he should cherish the idea the more upon the latter account. The thrift and shrewdness, however, of the patriarch were doubtless the qualities that originated the impression on his mind.

Shylock speaks with agonised bitterness of the rebellion of "his own flesh and blood." Jessica alludes to her mother, as well as to Shylock, without any affection, though he appears to treat her with kindness, and more

care than she was worth. Her robbing him of his ducats and precious jewels was bad enough in itself, and a bad sign of the sort of affection for a lover which could be associated with such baseness, and chiefly for the pleasure of squandering and gambling; but this act becomes heinously unfeeling when we find that she had stolen the ring she knew her father prized as a token of past affections, and set so little account by it that she gave it away for a chattering monkey! In the midst of Shylock's fury at the robbery and elopement with a Christian, and his grim glee at the ruin of Antonio, the recollection of Leah instantly softens him.

"*Tubal*.—There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break."

"*Shylock*. I am very glad of it. I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it."

"*Tub*. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey."

"*Shy*. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise: I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys."

ACT III. SC. II.

Tubal, however, calls him back from these feelings by saying, "But Antonio is certainly undone." Shylock evidently breaks off a painful train of thought with,—

"*Nay,—that's true—that's true!*"

This ring was evidently a most dear memento to Shylock's feelings; a little unlettered stone in which he could still read an epitome of the early history of his heart, and an epitaph on its now dead affections. It was exchanged for contempt, though to him it was beyond all price, because it had brought with it the love of Leah, his wife, now long since cold in the grave—her place unsupplied by any other sweet feeling in his desolate breast.

We are far from intending to try and make out a case in order to prove that Shylock was a sweet-tempered man, of regular habits, and well regulated passions. It is quite possible that the affection and tenderness he manifested towards Leah were, in a certain degree, the result of a reaction against outward circumstances and conduct, and a compensation to his own self-esteem for the splenetic humour he vented abroad. He was, no doubt, a "tiresome devil of a husband" at times, and a most difficult character to manage, or even to live with in an uninterrupted and unbroken course of harmony and happiness. He was always of an irritable disposition, with a morbid tendency to smouldering vindictiveness, and to brooding over and treasuring up the memory of offences, insults, injuries, and wrongs, as well as bad bargains. We will go so far as to admit, that we think the constant care and delicate management required on the part of Leah to deal with such elements, and the frequent inward emotions excited thereby, shortened her life. But this does not militate against the affection they entertained for each other; she, never uttering any complaints, nor, perhaps, having any express personal cause to do so; and he, not being aware of the constant anxiety and excitement he produced. If, therefore, Leah's life was something shortened, it originated in the natural difference of the characters and temperaments of herself and her husband;—Jessica, who is like neither of them, and cares for neither, being the anomalous product of the union.

After what we have said in illustration of the least amiable view of Jessica, it is only fair to propound a possible palliation. The whole of Leah's time and affection might have been so completely engrossed by Shylock—and no doubt she had "enough to do with him"—that, without intending it, she had always neglected her daughter. Jessica thus fell into a habit of no affection for her parents. If the cause thus originated, some excuses may be made for a young girl dwelling in such a house, and

under such ungenial circumstances, especially after *Leah's* death, when the evil genius of her father gushed out unrepressed and unsoothed. A critical friend has also started it as a question, whether the ring given for the monkey was really the turquoise; or, whether *Shylock*, the instant he hears that a ring was thus exchanged, merely makes an off-hand passionate assertion, in order to exaggerate her crime and his own misfortunes, which it only required the last disaster of the loss of *Leah's* maiden token of love to bring to a climax, and justify any desperation or anguish he might manifest?

Now, admitting there may be sound truth at bottom of the foregoing subtle query, and being willing to give *Jessica* the benefit of any further cause for doubt, we may as well offer the reader another query, albeit of a kind which will probably excite his risibility. It is this: if the ring — which one of *Antonio's* creditors showed *Tubal* — was not the turquoise, query, then, was any ring given at all; and, if not, of course there was no monkey given in exchange. In this case it is plain that the especial creditor was a mischievous wag — one who, perhaps, intended to mimic the prejudices of *Antonio* against the Jew; and being himself of simeous propensities, suddenly thought of a monkey, and “showed” *Tubal* “a ring” on his finger, and invented the story to plague old *Shylock*. All this, however, does not affect the fact of *Shylock's* “working himself up” with the belief that he had lost his turquoise by *Jessica's* unfeeling conduct.

It only remains to say a word or two about *Portia's* cousin — *Doctor Bellario*, otherwise the “learned *Bellario*,” or “old *Bellario*.” Truly he must have been a most good-natured judge. He joins in *Portia's* scheme of personating a “doctor of laws,” furnishes her with his legal opinion and advice touching formalities, and sends his gown and wig to back it. This is not all: he writes a grave-faced letter, declaring that he is “very sick,” and cannot come himself, but has dispatched a learned deputy, — adding, “we turned over many books together!” &c. The gravity of old *Bellario's* office and public character render the whole of this letter very ludicrous, though on the stage it goes off as if it were the dulllest reality. It is *Bellario's* composition, not a copy from *Portia's* rough draft; or, if partially so, the old doctor has humorously interpolated the excessive compliments to the “young doctor's” learning, as a private inostensible joke between himself and *Portia*.

The rudiments of characters, which are sketched and suggested in the *Merchant of Venice*, are as follow:—

Portia's Father.
The Neapolitan Prince.
The Neapolitan Prince's Mother.
The Smith.
The County Palatine.
Mons. Le Bon.
Faulconbridge.
The Scottish Lord.

The Young German.
The Marquess of Montferrat.
Margery Gobbo.
The Moorish Woman.
Leah.
Antonio's Creditor.
Doctor Bellario.
&c.

We have thus presented some additional instances of the prodigality of life which exists in every nook and corner of the writings of our great dramatic creator. These rudiments of character, which lie folded up in the poetry of *Shakspeare*, open a new field for speculation. Except in a very minor degree, and at rare intervals, they are to be found in no other dramatist, and in no other writer. Therefore, the novelty of the task we have undertaken, combining in itself much labour, however pleasing, and much difficulty, however cheerfully encountered, may excuse our soliciting, now and for the future, some indulgence in the execution.

THE PYTHAGOREAN SILENCE.

Τὸ σιωπῆν λόγος.

"Silence is words, and discourse, and proof, and it is even reason itself."

How does it happen, that we have no great men now-a-days? Why is it, that although the many are greater now than of old, the few, who are comparatively great, are not so great as were the great men of antiquity?

Concerning the superiority of the present times we hear discourses to satiety; perhaps even to sickness itself; if, indeed, that sensation could be produced in the modern stomach merely by the unceasing repetition of tiresome truisms. We are told much of the mariner's compass; a wonderful instrument, no doubt, and in truth so wonderful and inexplicable, that it is fatiguing to think about it; of chronometers, and of other matters, whereby navigation has been so far extended, and so many discoveries have already been made, that parts unknown are no longer to be discovered; every headland, every rock, and creek, has been seen and measured; the precise level of each yard of earth, the just soundings of each inch of sea, have been ascertained, and noted painfully in decimals of appalling minuteness. The village writing-master, the very weather-maker of some mean almanack, is familiar with many things in the science of geography, which were hidden from the renowned Claudius Ptolemy: and so it is in astronomy. Thales and Hipparchus would be eclipsed by the teacher of an ordinary boarding-school, or even by the least retentive young lady of her class. The entire surface of the globe and the surrounding heavens having been surveyed with perfect accuracy, the whole sum of information derived from that survey has been applied very successfully to facilitate the communication between the inhabitants of different regions; so that, if a letter be put into the post in London, or in any other city, it will surely find its way, at a moment to be predicted with surprising correctness, to any spot of land where one would choose to have a correspondent. The present ease and rapidity of transit and intercourse are frequently made the subject of laudation and of self-congratulation; and of contrast and comparison with former difficulties and tardiness. It is not to be denied, that all these things are admirable, however we may sometimes perhaps be permitted to regret, that the necessity of admiration should ever, through reiteration and continuance, become irksome. With respect to the steam-engine, our wonder is still fresh; and inasmuch as this invention is, as yet, in its infancy — a wonderful infant — an infant Hercules — it is impossible to exaggerate, or to estimate, too highly its importance. It may well be deemed to form an era and an epoch in the history of mankind; for it is plainly one thing to have lived before steam, and another to live after it; and if the Romans might properly reckon from the foundation of their city, others may reasonably compute their dates from the erection of the engine. But mechanical contrivances, how exquisite soever, and the fruits of the ingenuity of Dædalian artists, however precious, relate not to, nor do they indicate, the greatness, intellectual and moral, which appears to have deserted the men of modern times. The triumphs of the Press are more analogous with the subject of these remarks, for having been achieved in the sacred cause of learning, although they were mainly effected by the power of machinery, and are therefore to be deemed strictly mechanical, we may rightly assign them to the department of

mental improvement. The art of printing has prevailed to a prodigious extent in diffusing and preserving the sources of knowledge; and thereby also a thin coat and comely external show of learning has been spread indiscriminately over every surface that lay within the reach of the brush, which so liberally bestows on all sides its paint and varnish. It is possible, that the faculty of distributing instruction cheaply and readily may have been somewhat abused of late; nevertheless it is certain, that the vast resources of typography must rank amongst the most enviable distinctions and prerogatives of modern literature. Yet, however highly we may consent to esteem these recent advantages, in deference to the wishes of the partisans of the present age, it is impossible to concede, that learning and letters have reaped quite as much benefit from them, as might have been expected and desired. A large abundance of books has brought with it an equal abundance of authors, of whose writings, many are good, some very good; but the best fall short, by how immense an interval! of the antique excellence. The superiority of the compositions of the ancients is freely acknowledged by all, it is understood to a certain extent by every one who has any tincture of learning, and it is felt more sensibly and fully in proportion to the progress and attainments of the reader. It may be fit on another occasion to attempt to point out and to illustrate the evidences and the nature of this superiority; it will be enough at present to direct the attention to another striking difference between the modern world and the ancient, and to invite inquisitive and ingenious persons to take a few steps towards the investigation of the cause.

By way of preface and apology, let it be suggested, that to make any guess, be it ever so vain and impotent, tends more directly towards the solution of an enigma, than vaguely and listlessly to wonder at its obscurity and intricacy. Notwithstanding the manifold advantages enjoyed by the moderns, the importance of which is not to be denied, or extenuated, and has not been enlarged upon, only because a tale told a thousand times is tedious, it is certain that the ancients had greater writers than we have. It is at least equally certain, that they had greater men. Those who taught, whether orally, or by their writings, possessed greater power, authority, weight, and influence; and enjoyed greater reverence, admiration, and favour; and were adorned with more numerous and more considerable personal distinctions, than have ever fallen to the lot of more recent instructors. If posterity has been less grateful to their benefactors than their forefathers were, the claims upon their gratitude have been less strong, for tradition has handed down unimpaired the ancient deference for the ancient worthies, who were able to win it in their own olden time; and could they shake off their long slumbers, and come forth to accept the homage of our degenerate days, if such they be, they would find, that the names of Numa, of Pythagoras, of Socrates, of Plato, and of Aristotle, are not less revered now than of yore. There is gold enough in the mine still, for such as know how to seek for it! It would be easy to furnish many remarkable examples of the superior authority and influence of the great men of the ancient world, but it is needless to accumulate evidence of facts universally known and undisputed, to heap up citations, or to enumerate illustrious names in a long order and catalogue.

Amongst the most famous, none assuredly is more famous than Pythagoras; his reputation arose early, and continued to shine with unabated, perhaps rather with increasing, lustre, until a late period. It was exalted by the concurring testimony of numerous Greek writers; Cicero, and a crowd of Latins, exalt this most excellent philosopher; and in modern languages and modern times, even unto the present day, the most erudite and accomplished

scholars repeat the praises, that have been re-echoed for more than two thousand years. Several disciples, at various intervals, have earned for themselves a renown inferior only to the still more splendid fame of their admired master. The life and acts of the great teacher, and of certain of his apostles, have been carefully and copiously written by members of their school in a fine legendary style, which reminds the reader of the tone of the favourite studies of the middle ages — the lives of the saints. A noble credulity gives warmth to every page; and, although it may not be welcome to a critical and perverse generation, or strictly in accordance with the fashionable canons of history, it clearly demonstrates, that the biographer was much moved by his subject, and that the strong emotions could not have been produced without an adequate cause.

Of the remarkable events described in these writings it may well be, that a considerable portion are true, or more nearly true, than sceptics imagine; but, if it be assumed that the whole are unfounded, we may safely infer, that they were no common men, who were able to inspire an enthusiasm sufficiently engrossing to mislead the wise. The supposition, that the most learned and eminent philosophers of the age were jugglers and mountebanks, who condescended to amuse and to deceive the multitude by the paltry and transparent tricks of conjurors, is eminently ridiculous and absurd. No impostor was ever successful by such arts for a long term and upon a large scale; and if an obscure deceiver has sometimes deluded a few miserable people, he has eventually been detected and exposed, and commonly punished. The most unfavourable hypothesis, that can be maintained, is, that the same enthusiasm equally confused the perceptions of the master and of his disciples; the suspicion of actual fraud is alike unphilosophical and unfounded. Thus, with respect to the miracles, with which the voluminous legends of the middle ages are distended, and to which allusion has already been made, it rarely happened, that the alleged wonder was a fraudulent device, or that the hagiographer wilfully stated what he knew to be false; but a just sense of religion had degenerated, through the peculiar circumstances of the times, into a superstitious zeal; and the minds of writers, readers, and witnesses were alike ready to mislead, and to be misled. The history of enthusiasm in matters of religion is curious and instructive — that of philosophical enthusiasm is not less so; moreover, although an undue zeal in religion be in many respects hurtful, it must always be harmless, and indeed salutary, to feel and to inspire for learning and philosophy the most ardent and glowing zeal.

Some critics have suggested, that it was the good fortune of Pythagoras and of other great men to be born in a rude age, when a moderate share of knowledge and ability would produce far greater effects, than in times of superior refinement; that they were considerable only from being contrasted with the darkness of surrounding ignorance. But experience shows, that the ignorant are never the most ready to recognise merit, and that moderate attainments are more likely to attract suitable attention in times of general civility, when talents of every description are sought for and encouraged. The full vigour of transcendent genius alone is powerful to burst through the thick mists and black night of barbarism, and to rouse the stupid, listless indifference of half-savage men. Whatever character may properly be assigned to the age, in which Pythagoras himself flourished; according to Justin, he was the son of a rich merchant, *locuplete negotiatore natus*; and to the populace of that, or of any subsequent æra; it is certain, that his renown was not confined to his own age, nor did it proceed from the body of the people alone. The erudite, the accomplished, the eloquent, the powerful,

nobles and princes were in all times numbered with his disciples and admirers. The merits of the sect and of its founder are not to be gainsaid or denied; on the contrary, it is heartily and fervently to be wished, and indeed, if temporal good is ever worthy to be thus sought, strenuously to be prayed for, that by some profound reach of thought, by some felicity of conjecture, or by some surpassing effort of research, it might be certainly ascertained by what methods these proud results were produced. For the sake of learning and of learned men primarily, and secondarily and principally for the sake of all mankind, of those already born, or hereafter to be born, it is earnestly to be desired, that the exquisite discipline and modes of institution and information, unhappily unknown to the present generation, but familiar to more happy antiquity, whereby an intense love and reverence for instructors and instruction were kindled and kept alive, might be again revived amongst us. Meanwhile, it seems to be the duty of the well-wishers of the best interests of society to seek, by patient study, careful analysis, and judicious experiment, to discern the traces of the lost art of teaching.

The glorious doctrine of the immortality of the soul was triumphantly placed by the philosophers of the school of Pythagoras on high and secure ground; and it was guarded by peculiar tenets concerning pre-existence and transmigration, which are well worthy to be noticed apart. The notion of eternal life, which is so congenial with the best feelings of our nature, unquestionably tended powerfully to secure a popular reception to the sects, by which it was inculcated; and the singularities, wherewith this fundamental dogma was enriched and adorned by the Pythagoreans, captivated the fancy, and shed a poetic light and interest over a metaphysical subject. But we cannot justly ascribe the prodigious success of the Sage of Samos to this source. The innocent, salubrious diet, which he prescribed, was well adapted to the calm, regulated appetites of the student in philosophy; and it was conspicuous and attractive through its entire coincidence with temperance and humanity, and peculiarly agreeable under southern suns, and amidst a profusion of fruits and vegetables; accordingly, it was extensively adopted and long practised. If, however, the most ample benefits, which its votaries claim for the Pythagorean diet, be freely conceded to their bloodless repasts, namely, length of days, exemption from much pain, and from every acute disease, serenity of mind, evenness of temper, perspicacity of understanding, purity of manners and of morals, and the like — in short, every good and holy gift, all the choice and quiet blessings of peace and contentment, with health and ease — if all these be yielded, as the undisputed portion of abstemious philosophy, every ingredient of solid and rational happiness will have been copiously supplied, but the causes of a mighty influence will not have been explained. To attain to this a firmer texture is required; there is need of mental attributes of a longer staple, and a stronger fibre. A simple, harmless, guileless race would live happy in themselves, and in their own innocence; but with reference to others their weight would be small: in their foreign relations they would be rather contemned, than revered, through the spirit of pride, and through the hardness of heart engendered by a less spare diet and by less scrupulous habits. For the purpose of gaining authority over worldlings, the effects of the abstinent seraphic life would be altogether negative; some other instrument must be sought for, not only positively efficacious in itself, but strong enough also to counteract all opposite tendencies. Other sects insisted upon the immortality, and even the pre-existence, of the soul. The allegorical, fanciful, and fantastical adjuncts, with which the Italic sect ornamented or disfigured the great charter of man's spiritual constitution, would probably captivate the imaginations of

some hearers, but they might be distasteful to the understanding of others. We have no ground therefore to conclude, nor does history inform us, that especial strength for the conquest of the opinions, wills, and affections of their contemporaries was gathered from the promulgation and illustration of the assurance of a future state by Pythagoras, or any of his followers.

There is one very peculiar and remarkable point of discipline, which certainly merits more attention, than it has hitherto received from any modern writer, and which has been strangely slighted, at least for many centuries, by all who have discoursed of this most illustrious sect. A stupendous and unparalleled ordinance, which was unquestionably enforced for ages, has been treated of as lightly, as the precept to refrain from beans, or as any other regulation of obscure sense and trifling import; as the legend of the golden thigh; and as certain curious, instructive, and pleasing fables, illustrating the hypothetical metempsychosis. Τὸ μὲν πρῶτον, ἡσυχίῃ μακρῇ, καὶ ἀφανίῃ, καὶ πάντε ὅλων ἐτέων λαλέειν μὴδέν. The first step in the Pythagorean course of instruction, or reminiscence, after the preparatory mental purifications, says the jesting Lucian, who, although he girds with gibes whatever will take a ludicrous turn, shows a superior consideration for this sect in the midst of derisory laughter and biting jests, and consequently with entire sincerity, and, as it were, in spite of himself and his satirical propensities. The first step is a long silence and an utter speechlessness; and to say nothing whatever for five whole years. A terrible commencement indeed of a severe course of study: nevertheless, it is as certain, as any fact supported by the evidence and truth of history, that this astonishing proof of devotion to learning and philosophy was frequently given by the zealous neophyte. If the chaste Pythagoras was coeval with the chaste Lucretia and the last Tarquin, he exacted from many disciples the sharp test of standing mute for five years, and probably complied with it himself also, full five centuries before the Christian æra. In the first century of the same æra the famous Apollonius, of Tyana, underwent the like preparation of quinquennial silence, which was particularly described by his devoted admirer, Philostratus, in the second, or third, century. There were Pythagoreans after Apollonius, and even subsequently to Philostratus; it is probable, therefore, that many students paid the strong and hard penalty and pain of strict taciturnity after the times of Apollonius; and it is quite impossible to doubt that, during the long term of 600 years, which elapsed from the institution of the Pythagorean family by its illustrious founder to the epoch of the scarcely less illustrious disciple, very many were dealt with after the utmost rigour of the law. So illustrious, indeed, was the founder, that, after his departure from life, his house was consecrated as a temple, and himself worshipped as a god: *cujus tanta admiratio fuit, ut ex domo ejus templum facerent, eumque pro deo colerent*. So illustrious the disciple, that Flavius Vopiscus, to refer to one authority only, styles Apollonius a sage of the most renowned reputation and authority, an ancient philosopher, a true friend of the gods, and himself worthy of divine honours; *celeberrimæ famæ auctoritatisque sapientem, veterem philosophum, amicum verum Deorum, ipsum etiam pro numine frequentandum*. He asks, for what was there ever among men more holy, more venerable, more dear, more divine, than that person? *Quid enim illo viro sanctius, venerabilius, antiquius, diviniusque inter homines fuit?* and he describes the adoration and worship rendered by the Emperor Aurelian and by others. The full value was received from first to last; and, accordingly, it may be inferred, that the full price was always fairly paid. During six centuries at the least; during twenty generations—it may be even for some three hundred years longer, for nine centuries, and during

thirty generations — whilst the mute family subsisted, and the long tradition of the old philosophy was maintained from age to age in the venerable sect; during all this vast space and lapse of time, as there were continually in the prisons of the several states successive malefactors, reluctantly undergoing or awaiting the punishment of their misdeeds, so were there, in a perpetual succession about the colleges of the order, benefactors of their age and kind, always enduring with voluntary patience the dreadful sentence of the mild judge, meekly suffering under the silent system, and cheerfully anticipating a great reward. In every year, and at every season of the year, there might be found disciples, who, for a few weeks, or months, or days only, had borne the new restraint, and had just begun to perceive how irksome it was. There were others already in their third year, who had forsaken the practice of speech for more than two years, and whose youthful tongue, for more than two years longer, was yet doomed to wear its grievous gyves and fetters. There were others still further advanced, the objects of envy with those who had spoken lately; these, in a month, a week, a day, an hour, even in one little hour, would be free, and might give utterance to thoughts so long pent up. What did they say? What did they say? What course did the emancipated member run? What were the first words that broke at last the silence of five years? Why have history, and memory, and tradition, and all books, conspired together to hide from us what we most covet to know? At what moment was the thought conceived, that first found a passage in words — whether at the commencement of silence, or a minute only before it ceased, or at what point of the duration of the whole tedious interval? We have been too much accustomed to look upon the awful sacrifice of the noble gift of discourse, as if it were a light matter, like the denial of the use of flesh meat, of wine, or of beans; or jocularly perhaps, and incredulously, as on something promised and professed, but not performed; pretended only by an impostor to win pence from fools, or executed once, perhaps twice, in all, by some moonstruck madman, or sullen idiot. Our mind is weighed down by the magnitude of the subject; penetrated and awe-stricken when we contemplate the sober reality, the actual scientific praxis of men esteemed the wisest by the wise. But the labours of love are light; and this was a labour of love, self-imposed. Before the time of Pythagoras, philosophy was named wisdom; and philosophers, sophists, or wise men. He first introduced the word, philosophy, the love of wisdom; and the lover of wisdom was first called by him, the philosopher: it was not enough to be wise, it was necessary also to love to be wise, and to yield a protracted and painful proof of abiding love; besides, the proof of the love of wisdom was in itself the confirmation of wisdom. Begone, ye profane! with the bare proposal the pretender withdrew; the line of demarcation was laid down at once between business and trifling. Draw your sword, and come on! There was no room for parleying — simply to fight, or to run away; no time for dallying — immediate marriage, or instant parting. It was a practical method, and the practical men were at once selected and separated; the mystical fan blew the chaff aside. He was unquestionably in earnest; and, on that account, at least, deserved to attain to it, who entered upon the pursuit of knowledge under such hard conditions, and persevered to the end. But did any fail? How many fainted by the way? What a multitude of questions crowd upon our minds, when we view the first step in the course of reminiscence as one that was really taken! At what age, we inquire; did the silent noviciate commence? It was a yoke, laid upon the young, we read; but many old in years are young in science. With children the process would be impracticable, or pernicious; with mere boys useless: no length of time can ripen the contents of an empty cask!

If we would rightly understand the past, we ought to compare it with the present: let us assume therefore some stage of life, at which the Pythagorean rule might be conveniently adopted; let us suppose, that a young man of liberal education would commence his course of philosophy immediately on quitting the university. He would be silent then from the age of two, and twenty to the end of his twenty-seventh year. If the masters and rulers of our public schools were as exact and sedulous in the performance of their momentous duties, as they are notoriously and grossly careless and indifferent, the advancement of the pupil being commonly in proportion to the diligence of the tutor, the youth of eighteen would bring with him to college at least as much learning, as is now usually taken away at twenty-two by the more attentive academics. If the like reformation were effected in our two great universities, the young man of twenty-two years would reach a point of erudition, which is seldom attained to in these days within the walls of a college; namely, to as much learning as is acquired by one, who has obtained all that is now bestowed during the usual period of residence at Oxford, and who has continued his studies without intermission after quitting the university, and with increasing ardour, for three, or four, or five years. In conceding therefore that a man may be wise enough to hold his tongue, when he is only twenty-two years old, a new and imaginary state of things, a thorough reform of our schools and colleges, is pre-supposed. In the present condition of public instruction it is impossible to believe, that a student in philosophy, who had received a public education, could derive any advantage from the Pythagorean discipline, if he began to observe a strict silence before the completion of his twenty-fifth year. He would be silent therefore from the age of twenty-five to the end of his thirtieth year; perhaps, rather from the age of twenty-seven to the termination of his thirty-second year. The aspirant would be young enough, even at the last-named age, still to feel that youthful enthusiasm, if his nature were generous, which could alone induce him to make the attempt, and would carry him through it. If indeed the regimen be as salutary as the eminent physician, who prescribed it, affirms, a small residue of life, of life ameliorated, or enlightened, might compensate for the sacrifice that is required: ten years only of health and strength might be purchased cheaply by the patient, who had long been tormented by a chronic disease, if the price were only some additional discomfort for the term of five years. The mouth may well be closed from forty-five to fifty, or from fifty-five to sixty, if the tardy obmutescence procure twenty years of wise philosophy, or even ten years of sage and happy old age.

Not every one was permitted, or advised, to enter upon the solemn estate of silence. The art of Lavater was not unknown to the contemporaries of the proud Tarquin and of the prouder Junius Brutus. Pythagoras practised it, he physiognomized, *ἐπιστοιγισμὸν*, those who offered themselves to learn of him; seeking to discover the habits and dispositions of the applicants, *mores naturasque hominum*, not only, like the modern professors of the art, by observation of the face and countenance, *conjectatione quadam de oris et vultus ingenio*, but also from the proportion and carriage of the body, *deque totius corporis filo atque habitu*. Whoever was approved of, on inspection and examination, was admitted, as a disciple, and was enjoined to keep silence for a prescribed period. The same time was not appointed for every one, but a different term was assigned to each disciple, according to the quickness and extent of his wit, which was never shorter than two years: *Et tempus certum tacere; non omnes idem, sed aliud aliis tempus pro aestimato captu sollertie. Sed non minus quisquam tacuit quam*

biennium. Aulus Gellius, in describing the order and reason of Pythagoras himself, and afterwards of his family and successors, and of receiving and instituting his disciples, asserts that the period of silence was not uniform, but was never shorter than two years; and it is possible, that the founder, whilst his institutions were yet recent, and he was uncertain how far the submission and devotedness of his pupils might extend, occasionally suffered the full term of five years to be abridged; but it is very improbable that, after his decease, any person, inferior in authority to the philosopher, himself, presumed to shorten the accustomed quinquennial limit.

He, upon whom silence was enjoined, heard what was said by others; he attended the lectures, and listened to the discourses, orations, and arguments of the school, and even mixed in general society; but of course he was not allowed to ask any questions, if he did not fully understand what he had heard, nor to make any remarks whatever: *Neque percunctari si parum intellexerat, neque commentari quæ audierat fas erat*. Nor might he commit to writing any portion of what he had heard, or his own observations upon it. But when the new disciples had learnt thoroughly the most difficult of all things, that is to say, to preserve a strict silence, and to listen with attention; and had begun to be instructed, and even learned, through the philosophical silence, of which the technical name was, *ἐχεμύθια*, they were then empowered to speak and to ask questions, to commit to writing what they had heard, and to make public their own opinions. *At ubi res didicerant rerum omnium difficillimas, tacere audireque, atque esse jam cæperant silentio eruditi, cui erat nomen, ἐχεμύθια, tum verba facere et querere, quæque audissent scribere, et quæ ipsi opinarentur expromere potestas erat*. The seriously disposed, devoutly inclined, devoted students, who thus imposed upon themselves observances and obligations, apparently of so much difficulty, unlike the modern novices, who suddenly come, with unwashed feet, to take up their abode among philosophers, were first prepared for the grand preparation of silence, by previous purifications and other preludes. It is manifest, that the long estrangement from men, the laying aside articulate speech, the absent presence, and present absence, could not be undertaken without various instructions given and received, and sundry preliminaries and manifold arrangements; for it is not easy to live in the world, as being not of the world. Many inconveniences, however, were provided against at the first formation of the sect by the foundation of a college, community, or body corporate, called *κοινὸν*, *cœnobium*, living in common. The first cœnobites, in their inseparable society and ancient fellowship, would enjoy, during their mute probation, the aid of free and accepted brethren, who would carefully watch over their safety, and would supply their simple wants; and the time of taciturnity being accomplished, they would requite the kindness of their seniors by protecting and ministering to their juniors. Thus each generation in turn repays to its children, by a like attention, the assistance which it received, during helpless and speechless infancy, from the foregoing age. The five years silence of a most illustrious Pythagorean have been minutely described by an admirer and worshipper. How interesting a full journal would be of the daily experience, and hourly joys, or sorrows, of a disciple during his entire *echemythia*! or if no dispensation could be granted to permit and legalise so wide a departure from the laws of silence, as a journal would demand, how grateful to the curious reader the fresh reminiscences, hastily committed to paper with copious particularity, as soon as the moral impediments of speech ceased!

“The god-like man, for thus was Apollonius of Tyana commonly styled,

spent the times of his silence in travelling, sometimes in Pamphylia, and one while in Cilicia; consequently he did not lead a monastic, or eremitical life, but went forth amongst men, and upon distant journeys. Nor was he ungracious in society, his biographer writes, or unpleasant, during the period of his silence; but in answer to what was addressed to him his eyes replied significantly and sensibly, or his hand, or an inclination of the head: nor did he ever seem otherwise than cheerful, or of a sour aspect, being moreover by nature very sociable, and of a most companionable disposition. On this account, it is said, he found that kind of life exceedingly painful and difficult when he practised an ascetic and philosophical silence during five whole years; for, having very many things to say, he could say nothing; and hearing many things to provoke him to anger, he was constrained, as it were, not to hear them; and being often moved by things worthy of reproof, he said to himself, like Ulysses in the *Odyssey*, τέτλαθι δὲ κραδίη —

“ ‘ Poor suffering heart, he cried, support the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.”

And although many observations and attacks roused him, he wholly refrained, for the time, from refutation and reprehension.”

The noble and masculine eloquence of the Pythagoreans was long famous; and if action be indeed the soul of oratory, they certainly had unequalled opportunities of acquiring it in perfection, since, for a long period, and often perhaps on very trying and urgent occasions, they might use no other words, than speaking, moving, asking looks, and persuasive, expressive gestures. Their action would be the more admirable, because it would not pass the limits of modesty and sobriety; it being impossible to doubt, that pantomimic movements, imitative gesticulation, and an excess of signs would be accounted a breach of the ascetic initiatory silence. Still less doubtless would any palpable evasion of the law be tolerated, as by conversing with the fingers, or by concerted signals. The use of writing was interdicted, as has been stated; nevertheless, upon an extreme and extraordinary emergency, a very short note was once deemed to be no infraction of silence. The inhabitants of the olive-bearing Aspendus, a populous city of Pamphylia, being sorely pressed by famine, earnestly besought, with prayers and tears, “the divine” Apollonius to speak a few words on their behalf to the corn merchants, whose monopoly was the cause of the public distress. This was impossible, so profoundly did the philosopher reverence silence; but he consented at last to write a line, or two, to the engrossers, and so potent were the five and twenty words which he deigned to address to them, that the rogues in grain forthwith filled the market with corn, and the city revived. The letter was in these words: — “The earth is the mother of all, for she is just; but you are unjust, and would make her to be the mother of yourselves alone: if you will not forbear, I will not permit you to remain any longer upon the face of the earth.” No papal bull was ever so drastic; the most superstitious of the subjects of the most Catholic prince never yielded more implicit obedience to God’s vicar on earth. O rare silence! Yet the spirit of commerce was ever obstinate; and corn-dealers doubtless were hard, even before the trade fell altogether into the hands of Quakers and Scotchmen.

A more striking instance could hardly be selected of the prodigious authority, to which the great men of the olden time attained through their reputation for learning and philosophy. Many examples are afforded of the influence of Apollonius by Philostratus, who informs us, that he calmed popular commotions and tumult by his countenance, gestures, and aspect,

maintaining the same strict, solemn silence, that is observed during sacrifices and other religious rites, and at the celebration of the mysteries; and other instances are not wanting. How irreverent and credulous soever the present age may be; however little disposed to confide in any pretensions, save those of political impostors, it is hard to believe, that a lively interest, and a powerful sensation, would not rapidly arise in favour of a silent philosopher; by the appearance of a young man of a dignified aspect and an intelligent countenance, of respectable station, acknowledged ability, and, after the scanty measure of the times, of considerable attainments, who was resolved to become wise, and quite determined to keep silence. He had made his last, but not his dying, speech, on the last day of November, 1837, and his voice would not be heard again until the first of December, 1842; when, if his life be spared, his mouth will again be opened. Some would be incredulous; — it is not to be believed; it is nonsense; he has not been silent a whole year; he talks in secret; he will never hold out four years longer. Some would be jocose; — Pythagoras has come again; he has the golden thigh; and the like. Many would be angry; — he is mad; a fool; a cheat; it is quite wicked; it is tempting Providence; he ought to have a locked jaw; to be struck dead; beaten; sent to Newgate; to Botany Bay; out of the country. Nothing can vanquish an obstinate silence: on the contrary, it must overcome every thing; incredulity, jesting, anger, threats, scandal, experiments, conjectures, falsehoods, all must yield at last. Even the ladies themselves, who would oscillate for a long time between anger and regard — alternately exclaiming he is very provoking, but very interesting — would acquiesce in the end: —

“*Est et fidei tuta silentio
Merces*” —

But such topics are set apart by the most reserved sect for mute meditation; notwithstanding, it must not be forgotten that there were female Pythagoreans of considerable celebrity. It is not recorded, whether these learned ladies covered themselves with glory after the customary preparation of silence, or without that painful ordeal; in either case the fact of their renown is remarkable. It is a surprising thing that the female tongue should have been coerced within the strait bounds of five years silence; nor is it less surprising that they should have gained such eminence in philosophy, without the aid of a course of discipline, which was accounted indispensable for the other sex. The voluntary renunciation of the sweet uses of speech, the long renunciation of one moiety of all converse, the painful inhibition of the breath, — this waking sleep, this living death, would doubtless attract notice, if an example were to occur in our days, in a cold climate, and a colder, calculating, sceptical age; for even the dark fogs of November, the thick mists of doubt, the impenetrable smoke of money-making machinery, and all the ceaseless chaffering cheivance of commerce cannot quite quench, suppress, and stifle the eager enthusiasm of the human soul. Under brighter skies and warmer suns, and in far different times, we learn from history, and our imagination can in some degree conceive, how powerful were the influences of sufferings voluntarily undergone by the mute martyrs of philosophy.

It would be long, and perhaps tedious, to speculate upon all the benefits, which the student might perchance obtain by a steady perseverance in silence. The dumb rhetorician would surely learn the genuine, stirring eloquence of looks and gesture; the orator's tongue, long inured to restraint, would be thoroughly purged of all perilous rashness; and from his

heart, habituated to endure, the black drop of anger would have been wholly extracted by continued pressure. What rare, and pure, and clarified discretion of a most mature and ripened judgment ! what sound and solid sense, condensed, inspissated, and concentrated by uninterrupted meditation ! How agreeable the society of the emancipated Pythagorean ! how amiable and engaging would he be as a companion ! The masters of the art of conversation all inculcate the paramount duty of listening : to hear what is said, is, say they, the first principle and source of excellence ; but in spite of exhortations and demonstrations, corroborated by hourly experience, it is hard to listen well ; so hard, indeed, that few arrive at even a moderate proficiency. The person addressed, instead of attending to what is said, thinks wholly of what he shall say himself ; instead of hearing all, he hears so much only as will just admit his answer ; instead of coveting the real meaning of the speaker, he desires such a sense as will best serve what he would superimpose ; instead of patiently waiting for the end of the discourse, that he may know whether it requires, or deserves, any notice, he lays hold of the first brief pause, as an occasion for interruption, and in like manner is interrupted himself at the earliest opportunity. Thus is conversation marred, perverted, and distorted, and men choose rather to heap up misinterpretation on misinterpretation, and misconception on misconception, than to listen well. But it is otherwise, where the unruly tongue cannot usurp the province of the honest ear, and is not permitted by ringing a bell, or springing a rattle, or by other unmeaning sounds, to intercept truth in its quiet passage to the understanding. The Pythagorean alone of all mankind was constrained to receive the full sense of whatever was said to him for five whole years ; an infliction, be it painful or profitable, which few besides are content to suffer for five minutes ; and he was commonly thus constrained at a season, when the restless and volatile temper of youth would gladly stave off the trouble of attention, even by whistling. Thus, a valuable habit is formed, whilst the pliant mind can take an useful and lasting bent. Assent or dissent, hearty or slight, with or without pain or pleasure, doubt, indifference, or lack of comprehension, may be readily conveyed by the looks and gestures of the tacit listener. If the habit of close attention be estimable in ordinary conversation, it is of far greater worth with referencé to those communications, of which the sole object is to impart instruction. The young student, who attends a course of lectures upon some abstruse science, is too much disposed to pick up some small scrap, a glittering fragment, a scarlet rag of doctrine — a few phrases, enough to talk about — to enable him to make just so much noise as will distract his thoughts, and will dispense with the necessity of constant heedfulness. He is apt to believe, and publicly to make profession of belief, before he knows the grounds of believing, or what is credible. He is ready to doubt still more rashly, and to proclaim his scepticism, whilst utterly uninformed touching the doubtful and the indubitable. Prone to criticise, although he has not yet acquired the critical faculty, being unskilled in the laws and canons of criticism, and imperfectly acquainted with the matter upon which he would confidently pronounce judgment ; and eager to dispute and to argue illogically, ignorantly, and inconclusively, upon all subjects, before he has mastered any one ; nothing loath to commit and pledge himself irrevocably to uphold, or to resist opinions, however scantily informed as to their grounds and consequences.

To the root of how many and what great evils does the discipline of Pythagoras lay the axe ; how many noxious weeds does it not utterly extirpate and eradicate ! It is, perhaps, vain to enumerate the advantages to

be derived from this rigorous system of education, partly because they are manifest and self-evident to every one, who contemplates it seriously, as a real institution, now obsolete, but formerly of very extensive operation; and partly and principally because, from its extreme rigour, it is utterly unsuited to the indolent and indulgent temper of modern times, and on all accounts quite impracticable; because the benefits, whatever they may be, or how precious soever, are not worth the price that is set upon them. Yet it is pleasant, and not always unprofitable, to speculate upon the remarkable usages of antiquity, although they may not be adapted for our use, and it be highly improbable that they should ever be recalled. It would certainly argue a numble fancy, and a strange insensibility to ridicule, seriously and earnestly to exhort men to wear no other clothing than linen — to suffer the hair and beard to descend to the middle — to adhere exactly to a diet composed wholly of fruits and vegetable substances, or to adopt other antique rites and customs. But, on the other hand, it would be the part of an undue confidence to affirm, that no men will ever again resume any of these bygone practices. If it would be absurd to seek to persuade a student, ambitious of distinction, to set upon his neck the yoke of quinquennial silence, it would possibly be superfluous to endeavour to dissuade the projector from the attempt, who, in an age of experiments, should seek to try again long-forgotten experiences. Besides, it would be difficult for any one, who is not wholly ignorant of the grand results which ancient writers have ascribed to a full course of silence, to be wholly indifferent to the success of the project, if it were undertaken with good auspices, and not to feel a certain curiosity, that faint interest, at least, which waits upon philosophical inquiries, whereof the consequences are doubtful and unknown.

However these things may be, it cannot be doubted, that the men, who are accounted great in the present times, are not now esteemed so great, as were the great men of antiquity. It is not to be expected, or desired, that any one, learned, ingenious, and admirable although he might be, should receive divine honours, and should be worshipped as a god,— the notion is altogether detestable and absurd, and as contrary to modern usages and to common sense, as to religion. But, if the ancient tokens of reverence are to be fairly interpreted, according to their true signification and the understanding of our own days, they will denote that as much honour and respect were then paid to the most eminent men, as could possibly be rendered to them by their fellows, without impropriety or impiety. So much, it appears, was yielded of old, but so much has not been given of late: How does this happen?

NOTES OF A LOVER OF BOOKS.

No. IV.—LOVE AND WILL.

Particulars of Steele's "Lover."—Tragical Termination of an Intrigue in Germany.—Reverse of the Feeling that caused it in one of Shakespeare's Sonnets.—Good Writing proportionate to the Writer's Faith.—Passages from Burns, Ariosto, and Marot.—Cases of Suicide and Love-Stories in the Newspapers.—Love modified by the prevailing Quality of the Mind.—Charity needed by all.

FINDING, upon inquiry, that Steele's little periodical paper, called "The Lover," is still less known than we supposed, we shall here give some account of it, and then proceed to some other reflections to which it has given rise. We have already intimated, that it was one of the numerous publications of the kind to which Steele's necessities and lively impulses united gave birth, and which, for similar reasons, were speedily brought to a close. Tonson collected the forty papers of which it consisted into a duodecimo volume, in which he included a political paper, intitled "The Reader," which reached only its ninth number; and this is the book now before us. The dedication to Garth is surmounted by one of those rude little woodcuts, or copper-plates, half flower and half figures, formerly, we believe, called head-pieces (perhaps still so, otherwise we know not the technical word). It presents us with Sir Samuel's coat of arms (two lions passant gardant between three cross crozlets) supported, or rather attended, by two Cupids; one with a lyre for the doctor's poetry, and the other holding his professional emblem, the staff of Æsculapius. The first number is, in like manner, graced with a head of Queen Anne, and so is that of "The Reader." We reckon upon our own reader's not being averse to the mention of these amenities, partly from his love of any thing connected with books, and partly because they help to show the manners and feelings of the times; and we confess we have another regard for them ourselves, owing to school recollections, and to the minutes of bliss we snatched, during the hardness of our tasks, from those figures of Venuses and Amphitrites, which sail along the tops of Ovid and other classics in the edition of Mattaire.

Steele, whether as an attraction, or a blind (if the latter, it was the most transparent of all blinds), put forth his "Lover," as "written in imitation of the Tatler." He supposes himself to be one "Marmaduke Myrtle," a tender-hearted and speculative gentleman "about town," crossed in love, assisted in his lucubrations by four others, who have met with various good or ill success in their honourable passion for some lady, particularly one Mr. Severn, a young gentleman who is his "hero," and whom he describes in the most exquisite manner of "The Tatler," as one that treats every woman of a "certain age" so respectfully, "that in his company she can never give herself the compunction of having lost any thing which made her agreeable." Of this hero, however, we hear nothing further but in one paper, and the author makes but the like mention of one of his other assistants. In short, beautiful as some of the papers are, and touched with equal knowledge of the world and delicacy of feeling, it did not "take," and Steele soon got tired. It went upon too exclusive a subject, and professed too open an intention of discountenancing the town ideas of love, to be acceptable to those who could have brought a man of wit his greatest number of readers; while, on the other hand, Steele had such a healthy and unhypocritical sense of the corporeal as well as spiritual part of the

passion, that he offended such of his readers as had chosen to take him for a kind of sermonizer on love. - In one of his papers is an account of an accident which happened to a young lady on horseback in the cross-country road, between Hampstead and Highgate, and which, with an exquisite mixture of playfulness and delicacy, he represented as furnishing a sort of compulsory, but charming, reason, why the young gentleman who happened to be with her was to be accepted as her husband. With this anecdote some "heavy rogue," as he truly calls him, in a contemporary publication, chose to pick one of those quarrels which, by the degrading turn of their thoughts, and the stupidity of their ostentation, create the indecency of which they complain; and this, no doubt, did him a disservice with the dull and commonplace, and added to the perplexity arising from his own mixed pretensions. To complete his causes of failure, he was a zealous politician, and before he had written a dozen papers, could not help falling foul of the Tories; which, in a gentleman so absorbed in the *belle passion* as Mr. Myrtle, was certainly not so well, and must have frightened such of his fair readers as patched their cheeks on the Tory side, and could only fall in love on high church principles.

In our last number, we extracted from this book two charmingly pathetic letters, which brought the reader acquainted with a pair of real lovers. It shall now furnish us with a tragedy of a very different sort, though pretending to be equally founded on love, and (as the paragraph advertisements say) of "startling interest." Steele says he had it from a gentleman, who was "an eye-witness of several parts of it." The relief which the feelings experienced amidst the terrors of the former story arose from the sweetness of its affections. In the present, the love is of as bitter a sort as the catastrophe, but consoles us by driving matters to a pitch of the ludicrous in the very excess of its will. The heroine is a great spoiled child, who insists upon tearing her lover's breast open, and taking him with her into the other world, just as a smaller one might its drum.

"About ten years ago," says Steele, "there lived at Vienna a German count, who had long entertained a secret amour with a young lady of a considerable family. After a correspondence of gallantries, which had lasted two or three years, the father of the young count, whose family was reduced to a low condition, found out a very advantageous match for him; and made his son sensible, that he ought, in common prudence, to close with it. The count, upon the first opportunity, acquainted his mistress very fairly with what had passed, and laid the whole matter before her with such freedom and openness of heart, that she seemingly consented to it. She only desired of him that they might have one meeting more, before they parted for ever. The place appointed for this their meeting was a grove, which stands at a little distance from the town. They conversed together in this place some time. when on a sudden the lady pulled out a pocket-pistol, and shot her lover into the heart, so that he immediately fell dead at her feet. She then returned to her father's house, telling every one she met what she had done. Her friends, upon hearing her story, would have found out means for her to make her escape; but she told them she had killed her dear count, because she could not live without him; and that, for the same reason, she was resolved to follow him by whatever way justice should determine. She was soon seized, but she avowed her guilt; rejected all excuses that were made in her favour, and only begged that her execution might be speedy. She was sentenced to have her head cut off, and was apprehensive of nothing but that the interest of her friends would obtain a pardon for her. When the confessor approached her, she asked him where he thought was the soul of the dead count? He replied that his case was very dangerous, considering the circumstances in which he died. Upon this so desperate was her frenzy, that she bid him leave her, for that she was resolved to go to the same place where the count was. The priest was forced to give her better hopes for the deceased, from considerations that he was upon the point of breaking off so criminal a commerce, and leading a new life, before he could bring her mind into a temper fit for one who was so near her end. Upon the day of her execution she dressed herself in all her ornaments, and walked towards the scaffold more like an expecting bride than a condemned criminal. My friend tells me that he saw her placed in the chair, according to the custom of that place, where, after having stretched

out her neck with an air of joy, she called upon the name of the count, which was the appointed signal for the executioner, who, with a single blow of his sword, severed her head from her body."

What a woman ! and what a love, to stick to the poor devil of a count to all eternity ! Very lucky for him was it, that she could not settle matters in the next world with the same tragical nonchalance as in this ! though, in the excess of her vanity, she seems to have taken for granted that she could ; and that the *angels* were all to tremble before her, as the poor foolish people had been accustomed to do in her father's house. For, observe, she reckons confidently upon going to heaven, instead of "the other way." The very mention of the latter puts her into a frenzy, to which the priest himself is obliged to accommodate his last offices, before he can bring her mind to a temper fit to die in. It is impossible her "dear count" can go to the devil, precisely because she has made up her mind to go elsewhere ; — such an erroneous proceeding is not to be thought of : she has taken him from his new mistress (upon the contrast of whose mild manners he had just been hugging himself) — has given him his directions with a pocket-pistol which way to go, as much as to say, "There — get you along first," — and then sets out for heaven after him by the execution-stage, shaking her loving fist towards the stars, and resolved to have him all to herself, till time and termagancy shall be no more !

This is, perhaps, the most extraordinary sample on record of the modesty and tenderness of self-will — of the having the "reciprocity" (as the Irishman said) "all on one side." I love you, says the lady, therefore you must love me ; or it is no matter whether you do or not, compared with my treating you as if you did, and tormenting you if you don't. You are very amiable, therefore be so to me above every body else, whether I am amiable or not. You have a will and wishes of your own, perhaps, as well as other people ; but yours and all other people's must of course give way to mine ; for that is but reasonable : all are fools and scoundrels who "offer to believe otherwise," and I could knock them all on the head, if I cared for them enough to do so ; but that is a favour which I reserve for yourself. So there (*shoots him through the body*) — and now, with this new wound in your heart, come you along with me, and be delighted with me and my company, world without end !

To go to the other extreme of lovely generosity, how different is the wish expressed by Shakspeare, in the contemplation of his own death : of Shakspeare *himself*, observe — not of the dramatist speaking in the person of another, but of the great poet and human being speaking in his own person — of the creator of the characters of Imogen and Desdemona — and of the man who *could* create those characters, because he felt as he spoke in uttering these sentiments. How else, indeed, could he *so* have spoken them ? Observe the simple words — the pure and daring trust in the belief of his reader — the great and good mind, that in spite of its having run the whole round of experience, or rather because it had done so, could retain feelings so enthusiastic and generous, as pearls above all worldly price.

" No longer mourn for me, when I am dead,
 Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell :
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it : FOR I LOVE YOU SO,
 THAT I IN YOUR SWEET THOUGHTS WOULD BE FORGOT,
 IF THINKING ON ME THEN SHOULD MAKE YOU WOE.

Oh, if, I say, you look upon this verse,
 When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me, after I am gone.

What beautiful writing! What common, every-day words made divine by love! But it may be said that the poet may have written all this, without exactly feeling what he said; that other poets have done as much who were notoriously no very admirable lovers; that it is imagination — an art — fiction.

Do not believe it. Put no faith in the envy, or the *want* of faith, that thus attempts to level performance with pretension. You might as well proclaim truth to be a lie. No poets have *so* written who have not thoroughly felt what they professed to feel. If they had, if incompleteness could thus be completeness, we should have had a thousand Shaksperes instead of one — a thousand Chaucers, a thousand Homers, a thousand *Burnses* — for we do not mean to say that in every instance the very greatest genius must accompany the truest feeling. It is sufficient that there is entire truth in the feeling to be expressed, and genius enough to express that truth.

“ Here’s a health to ane I lo’e dear,
 Here’s a health to ane I lo’e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear — Jessie.

“ Although thou maun never be mine,
 Although even hope is denied,
’Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside.”

And so he goes on through the whole of that exquisite song, the last but one that he wrote (so unwitherable is the heart of a true poet). Hear a verse of another: —

“ Yestreen when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed through the lighted ha’,
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard or saw;
 Though this was fair and that was braw,
 And yon the best of a’ the town,
I sigh’d, and said among them a’
Ye are na Mary Morison.”

And again, in a lighter strain, —

“ The deil himself he could na scaith
 Whatever wad belang thee;
He’d look into thy bonnie face,
And say, ‘I canna wrang thee.’ ”

Burns and Ariosto had here hit upon the same thought, because they had received the same truthful impression of the power of a beautiful face to turn away injury.

Stese la mano in quella chioma d’oro,
 E strasimollo a se con violenza;
 Ma come gli occhi a quel bel volto mise,
 Gli ne venne pietade, e non l’uccise. — *Orlando Furioso*, Canto 19.

“ The warrior thrust his hand into those locks of gold, and fiercely dragged back the youth; but when he set eyes on that sweet face, pity came into his heart, and he did not kill him.” Which Mr. Hoole (the most pre-

sumptuous of translators, but the most pardonable in his presumption, because the dullest), thus *defaces*, as if no such feeling had existed. (It should be mentioned that the youth had been begging a respite from death, in order to bury his prince's body; otherwise the reader would see *no reason at all* for his being spared !)

" Zerbino soon, his wrath decreasing, felt
His manly soul *with love and pity melt* ! "

Not a word of the face ! not a word of the dragging back, nor the locks of gold, nor the whole beautiful picture ! (When will the booksellers cease to give us editions of this absurd versifier ?) We have not at hand the old translation of Sir John Harrington (better, at all events, than Hoole's), nor the new one of Mr. Stewart Rose, who is a man full of sympathy with his species, and therefore has doubtless loved this passage as it deserves.

What has made Marot almost the only French poet till the days of Beranger, that an Englishman or Italian can read with thorough faith in *his* faith, but such passages as the following, simple and straightforward as those of Shakspeare —

*Où sont ces yeux, lesquels me regardoyent
Souvent en ris, souvent avecques larmes ?
Où sont les mots, qui tant m'ont fait d'alarmes ;
Où est la bouche aussi qui m'appaisoit,
Quand tant de fois et si bien me baisoit ? "*

" Where are those eyes which used to look at me, often in smiles, often with tears ? Where are the words which made my heart beat so ? Where the mouth which gave me peace, when it kissed me so often and so well ? "

Compared with such writing as this, and some passages in their very greatest dramatic poets and Madame des Houlières, the whole French Parnassus up to the present day, in their most serious moments, seem never to have had a thorough belief in what they were saying, apart from that curse of all half-performance, the wish to produce an effect ! They could not love a woman, without beseeching some by-standers to admire them ! nor go into solitude itself, unaccompanied by a pocket mirror to adjust their wigs in !

It is thus, whether in word or deed, that the something true is spoiled by the something impertinent — something that does not belong to it. The writer, who is only half in earnest, wishes to produce a whole true effect, and of course cannot do it, any more than half a motive is sufficient for what is wholly to be moved. The love that is not wholly love pieces itself out with vanity, with will, with fury, perhaps is more than half made up of it, and yet expects wholly to be loved. Nay, the more expects it in proportion as it is violent instead of strong, and demands instead of deserves. It is for this reason we ought always to be cautious how we bestow our sympathy on the profession of one passion, while the demand is evidently made upon us by another. Even in those unhappy cases of suicide, for instance, which so frequently appear in the newspapers, how manifest is it that, in nine cases out of ten, the claim is of very equivocal worth indeed ! The hasty pity of society (we are the last to quarrel with it; we would only have it not misbestowed) is too apt to take for granted that so violent an end proves whatsoever is charged against the party living ; whereas all which it unanswerably proves, is the violence (one way or other) of the suicide's feelings ; and it would be generally found, we suspect, on due inquiry, that this was the very feature in the character, which produced the alienation on the part of the supposed offender. Often do these poor wretches, whether

male or female, threaten the catastrophe long beforehand, in order to substitute their will for that of the person threatened. Often do they declare, in loud or sullen tones, their determination to repeat the attempt when it is prevented. Sometimes they abuse the people that help them out of it, and not seldom are suicides committed out of avowed spite and revenge, and for the most trivial contradiction. We have read of a girl who threw herself into the water, because her sister had refused her some more bread and butter! All this has nothing to do with so gentle, and generous, and enduring, and sweet-seeing a passion as love; which, like charity, makes the best of what it cannot help, tends to repose on all loving aids and patiences, and desires above every thing the happiness of its object — not indeed as its every-day wish (that would be too much to expect of human nature), but certainly as its preference in the last resort, if it is to bequeath miserable or consolatory thoughts to its object.

“ For I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.”

Not that he desired to be forgot; oh no, — he desired infinitely to be remembered, but not

“ If thinking on me then should make you woe.”

In that case, he desired that the object of his love, whom he would fain think of in his grave to his last dust, should clean forget that ever there was such a being as one William Shakspeare, whose love had brought tears into her eyes, and with whose memory she might associate perhaps something to blame in her own treatment of him.

The newspapers now and then give an account, sometimes touching, sometimes provoking, sometimes as ludicrous as a scene in a farce, of some enamoured youth or female who follows the beloved object about with an inveteracy of passion that leaves it no repose, — some romantic potboy or milkmaid that besets the other's door or person, and at length brings the neighbours about it, to the destruction of business on both sides, and sometimes of the windows. In proportion to the violence or gentleness of the suffering in these cases, you may know whether there is any real love or otherwise. If there is, the object is pursued in so much the better taste accordingly, and the pursuer is content with eternal gazing and a reasonable quantum of the self-pity of tears: in short, the love may be altogether true in that case, however fantastically set; for love is in the heart and imagination of the lover, and not of necessity founded on real merit in the object. But if there is no real love, but simply a childish or fierce desire of having “one's way,” then the tears, the noise, the visitations, are violent accordingly, and the happiness of the object is clearly of no importance whatever in the persecutor's eyes, compared with the ridiculous assumption that it must, and shall, arise from nothing but the happiness of the persecutor! — of that sole and modest individual, who is taking such pains to show an utter unfitness for the task of making happy.

Love, in every mind, is coloured by the prevailing passion or quality of that mind; and in proportion as the latter is more or less loving, so is the love. Thus pride will fall in love (as far as it can) on account of something to be proud of in the object; mere animal passion for mere animal beauty; sentiment with sentiment; and a violent will shall ardently desire to become master or mistress of a character totally the reverse of itself, out of the

same will and pleasure with which it shall please it to desire any thing else that is the best of its kind, and the attainment of which is a confirmation of power. "How dearly I love *my own sweet Will!*" said the lady in the epigram; and the husband doubted her not. "I would rather see my husband *dead*, than guilty of the crime of infidelity," said a lady of what has been happily termed "outrageous virtue." It was the selfish Abelard who made Eloisa shut herself up in a convent, when she could no longer be his property. The stupid monster Caligula delighted to handle the little throat of his favourite wife Cæsonia, and to think of the power which his throne gave him to order it to be cut off, wishing that all Rome had but one such throat, that he might enjoy the greater idea in the less. Henry VIII., the beast of prosperity, did cut off *his wife's*, — nay, two of them; and was within an ace of doing as much for a third; — in the last instance, for the lady's differing with him in theology! Yet all these people, when it suited them, thought themselves in love; and they were so after their respective fashions; that is to say, with their "own sweet wills." It is impossible for such natures to love any body but themselves. When the question comes, which is to get the better, the sense of their own self-importance, or the happiness of the supposed beloved object, down goes the happiness, like a thing kicked and despised. Its very worth becomes an aggravation of the offence. The despot's charming little beauty is sent to the scaffold. The heart that would have endeared thousands is thrust into the nunnery, —

"Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon."

God forbid, for our own sakes as well as theirs, that any of one's fellow-creatures should be denied such merits or excuses as they may have, let their natures otherwise be as provoking, or even revolting, as they may — much less that all impulses to suicide should be confounded, and the fascinated terror of a gentle mind like Cowper's be dealt with like vulgar rage and resentment, or the desperation of a Nero. The Neros and Henrys themselves were the growth of circumstances. Many a disturber of the peace of private life — nay, all — *must* have had causes for being what they are, apart from their own full-grown wills and mistakes; otherwise there would be no such things in the world as parents and ancestors, and educations, and breedings, and nurses, and imperfect laws, and all that makes society what it is — a commonplace so obvious, that it would be ridiculous to repeat it, did not intelligent people sometimes startle you with arguing as if the case were otherwise, only showing, all the while, one of the consequences of their own breeding, and thus confirming every word they think they are refuting. Our heroine who murdered her "dear count," had an energy which might have been turned to better purpose; she evinced a taste for a companionship better than her own (for we may suppose the count to have had no mean attractions that way); and, at all events, she did not mind going through pain and death, to secure, as she thought, the society of another fellow-creature. There was probably no little need of our charity on the count's own part, if we knew all the story. Where indeed is the fellow-creature who shall say he has none? And how ill would it become those whose need is the least, to be finally bitter against such as have had the misfortune to want more. The editor of the new "Pictorial Edition" of Shakspeare (by the way, we adopt with him that new spelling of the name, happy to do the least and most trivial thing as Shakspeare himself appears to have done it) has well defended the great poet from the strange charge brought against him of being too charitable. The sky might as well be accused of bending

too equally "over all." If the very representative of nature must not be as charitable as he is inclined to be, then would it be no inclination of nature herself; and what an awful consideration for us, in the last resort, would that be! But the great mother is "justified of her children;" and no depth of the human heart was ever sounded to its extreme point, in which the rod did not pierce through sweet waters, as well as through stubborn clay.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ANNUALS UPON ART.

THE plague of "Annuals" is stayed: for nine months to come we are freed from the pestilent visitation of gilded flies, that at this season swarm over the stream of literature, glittering in the sunshine of their brief day of fashion. So long as they were limited in size and numbers the tiny creatures were tolerable: the little toy-books, such as "The Forget-Me-Not" (ominous name!) once was, made a pretty addition to the elegant litter of the drawing-room; but since they have cast their chrysalis case and expanded into great gaudy butterflies — only with less variety and without the attraction of colour — they have become a nuisance that calls for abatement. We have been at the pains to rake together the produce of the present season only, and the sight of such a heap of tawdry rubbish is absolutely nauseating. As they came out singly, shining with the gloss of novelty, in strange and fantastic covers, embossed with dainty devices, and sparkling with picturesque blottings of black and white, lined and stippled in the most minikin manner of engraving, disclosing here and there a glimpse of nature amidst the bevy of insipid inanities (looking no better than they should be) tricked out in alluring costumes and all the meretricious finery of the easel, good taste was not so utterly offended by them; they provoked a fleeting curiosity, and left behind a transient impression, such as might be produced by a breath of perfume, or the display of a new hand-screen, an old fan, or any other trifle that is looked at with vague interest for a moment, and thrown aside. But take up one of them afterwards — regard it critically, in cold blood — it is as *effete* as flat champagne, a faded flower, or a newspaper of last year; and viewing them in the aggregate, as we do now — the library-table seems degraded to the condition of a laystall of literary and pictorial trash — the groups have the deadly-lively look of faded waxwork figures decked in tarnished tinsel and soiled satin — all is stale, flat, and unprofitable.

This, it may be said, is not the light in which to regard productions that are designed only to attract the eye of the purchaser — made to be bought and given away: but such worthless gift-books, be it remembered, not only keep better ones out of the market, but corrupt and debase the taste of those who try to be pleased with them out of courtesy to the givers. If, indeed, the beneficial effect that these gauds of art are alleged to have produced on the popular taste be one ground of defence for their publication — it is urged that they have created a popularity for books and pictures in preference to Tunbridge toys, trinkets, and frippery — let us endeavour

to answer the oft-repeated question, "What have the Annuals done for art?" Passing by their literature with the remark that the brains are often too good for the painted masks to which they give sense and vitality, we will view them as books of pictures only, and as dispassionately as we can.

"The Literary Souvenir" was the first attempt to raise the "Annual" above a mere plaything, and to give to its embellishments a high character as works of art. "The Forget-Me-Not" and "Friendship's Offering," though somewhat deteriorated, have preserved pretty nearly their former level of mediocrity: they never made pretensions to surpassing excellence, and aimed only at pleasing by variety and prettiness. "The Literary Souvenir" in the hands of its editor, Mr. Alaric Watts, assumed pre-eminence in its pictorial features; and for a while the best pictures of the previous year's exhibitions were engraved in miniature with exquisite skill; but soon the selection of paintings grew less choice, the engravings less perfect, and in the end the work became extinct. "The Amulet," which, under Mr. Hall's management, ran a race of competition with "The Souvenir," shared the same fate. In short, those annuals that depended upon their intrinsic excellence for public encouragement failed, except "The Landscape Annuals," whose interest is renewed every year by the change of scenery and painters.

The expense of getting up highly-finished engravings from first-rate pictures can be repaid only by an enormous circulation; and extensive as was the circulation of such volumes, it yet fell short of the point of profit. Diminution of outlay produced its inevitable concomitant, inferiority: purchasers decreased, and the decline of the sale was in the usual increasing ratio of falling bodies. We will not disturb the ashes of "The Bijou" and other 'pretty abortions; but "The Anniversary" — which never lived to realise its title — is too remarkable an instance of signal failure to be omitted. It was got up by that ingenious and tasteful purveyor of embellished books John Sharpe, formerly of Piccadilly; and was distinguished above all its compeers by the judicious selection of designs, the beauty of the engravings, and the excellence of its literary contributions, as well as by its superior size: such a splendid book, indeed, has rarely been seen — but it did not sell. Turner's "Annual Tour" struggled through an existence of two years; but though its landscapes were prodigal in variety and beauty of effect — which the English appreciate too highly — it was not bought. Turner's painting, *outré* as it is in colours, translates into black and white inimitably. As a set of pictures these miniature views rank among the choicest products of modern art. Turner's name was then more popular than now; yet the project was abandoned for want of success. How is this to be accounted for? Not by the fallacious reason pertinaciously thrust forward by interested dealers in trashy things made to sell — that they were too good for the public: no, they were too good for the *entrepreneurs* — that is, they cost too much and returned too little. It is an axiom in publishing, that the best works require the greatest efforts to disseminate them; and, unfortunately, it is a fact that they have the benefit of the feeblest exertions: in proportion to the intrinsic worthlessness of the thing is the energy and activity of the speculator to get rid of it. He not only feels the necessity of doing his utmost, but is secretly pleased to see a good thing fail, even if it be a venture of his own; because it serves as a perpetual, though solitary, instance of his disinterested love of art, and the perverse preference of the public for the ephemeral productions which are to be had plenty and cheap, and can be got up to order "at the shortest notice."

In proof of this we have only to look at the present state of the "Annual" publications. The two great engravers — or rather print-manufacturers — Charles Heath and the Findens, have nearly all the trade in their hands. Mr. Heath especially is quite a monopolist in his way: from him emanate "The Keepsake" — once pre-excellent as well as pre-eminent of its kind — "The Book of Beauty," "The Picturesque Annual," and occasional ventures of more fleeting popularity. Moreover, other experimentalists get up some showy volumes, with costly binding and a trinket title, such as "Pearls of the East," "Gems of Beauty," "The Diadem," — or with a millinery appellation, "Beauty's Costume," "National Costume," — "The Book of the Boudoir," — or a sentimental one, as "The Book of the Passions," "The Book of Royalty." That people should be found to buy them is to us a marvel: a large vent, to be sure, is found for them in the foreign markets, where any thing European, from Blacking and Porter to Fashions and Pictures, finds ready sale. "The Book of Royalty," and "The Children of the Nobility" are no doubt the rage in republican title-worshipping America; while the "Gems" and "Costumes" find equal favour in pomp-loving India. Publishers, it is to be remembered, can always find means to force a gorgeous book, or print, through the myriad branches of their connections by high pressure at the fountain head; and the wholesale engravers employ so many hands, that what would be a losing game to any one else, is profitable to them.

Such is the machinery of circulation: let us lift the curtain a little more and reveal some of the secrets of the manufacturing process. It will have struck any one, who has taken the trouble to bestow a thought on the matter, that the works of the greatest living artists are never seen in these Annuals: the name of Chalon, or Landseer, is an essential point of attraction to an annual of any pretensions; and an occasional design of M^cClise, Herbert, Cattermole, or Dyce, is interspersed; but now we rarely see a picture by Leslie, Hilton, Eastlake, Briggs, Etty, or Mulready, or artists of this stamp. They are in the habit of bestowing thought and labour on their designs, and require to be paid for their works; whereas thought is a process that would be fatal to the production of an "Annual" plate: when a stray picture, manifesting that superfluous quality, finds its way into one, it seems out of its element. The favourite "designer" of the day is a Mr. Perring, who arranges groups with about as much exercise of fancy as a little artificial flowermaker displays in twining a wreath for the Burlington Arcade mart, or a "draper's assistant," of lively invention, in dressing his master's shop-window. He has supplanted Mr. Parris in the "Beauty" manufacture; and outstrips all competitors in speed and quantity, by superseding altogether the tedious process of thinking. Edward Corbould has also come out as a designer in the academic style, and with a more warlike and melodramatic character than Mr. Perring, who deals chiefly in the domestic picturesque, and dispenses with correct drawing. Judging from their productions, the terms of the commission to such artists should be, in trading phrase, "a dozen designs, sorted, various:" indeed, so generally recognised is this mercantile principle, that we think "drawings" ought to find a place in the price current and the state of the market. For instance — "costume sketches — coloured — very lively:" "sentimental designs — rather heavy:" "historical scenes — no demand:" "dramatic ditto — no quotations:" "character heads — looking up."

The question, "What have the Annuals done for Art?" is soon answered so far as painting is concerned. They encourage only the most vulgar, superficial talent, and employ only those artists who labour cheapest and quickest — tha

is, with the least expenditure of mind, and at the smallest risk of reputation. Such nothings soon satiate; and the favourite of one year gives way to the next comer, who parades before the public eye all his flaunting lay-figure finery for his hour, and then is heard of and seen no more.

The system is equally injurious to the progress of engraving. The little time and low prices allowed for producing a plate are a serious injury to the improvement of engraving, the beauty of which depends on well-considered precision and elaboration, as much as on finish and brilliancy. Effect is the one thing aimed at by a superficial delicacy and smoothness, cleverly alternated with blackness, so as to give the appearance of a vigorous and dashing style — a factitious attraction is produced that the eye glances over, pleased with the vague impression, but deriving no permanent satisfaction. The custom of instructing pupils to work particular parts of plates — one being practised in “darks,” another in “lights;” some in “foregrounds,” others in “back-grounds” — has a very pernicious influence. Instead of artists, thoroughly well-versed in all the several stages of the art, a race of mechanics is springing up, who are to the accomplished engraver, what the Russian horn-player, perfect in producing a single note by dint of sounding no other, is to the complete musician: what hope can we entertain of having future Sharps and Woollets, or of seeing worthy successors of such men as Doo, Burnet, Watt, Robinson, Goodall, Miller, Rolls, and others, from the operation of such a system? Yet this is the means whereby the tribe of Annuals increase and multiply.

Competition commonly stimulates the production of variety as well as excellence; but the Annuals, in which, as being decorative books, we naturally expect to find every novelty of art in perfection, have a sameness commensurate with their dullness, and are equally monotonous and insipid in their general features. Their pictures — the scenic views always excepted, for in them we recognise the likeness of nature, though often too much disguised by art — are made up of suits of clothes (forms they are not) surmounted by faces devoid of character and meaning, features, deemed the perfection of beauty, caricatured into deformity, and wreathed into a sickly affectation of sentimentality, to which a healthy ugliness were far preferable: these are wrought up to a polished neatness, so that they glide past the sense like empty well-rounded periods, leaving no impression, for no ideas are awakened; and thus eluding the detection of their frivolity and falsehood.

Neureuther, and other German authors of the Dusseldorf school, have introduced a new modification of the old arabesque in some fanciful illustrations of their national ballads; in which the foliage, instead of taking the architectural form of an ornamental scroll, runs wild with the prodigality of nature, its vagrant growth giving birth to pretty home scenes, or visionary imaginings, and each blossom bearing human fruit, and the tangled stems and tendrils supporting birds and insects, or chimera, as the subject requires, the whole teeming with lavish invention, as if the artist in his delight knew not where to stop. Then the French have brought to perfection a style of emblazoned printing in lithography, by which the gorgeous hues and quaint devices of “illuminated missals” are imitated to perfection; but neither of these elegant improvements have been hitherto made available to vary and enrich the “Annuals;” nor even those more common adornments, the little woodcuts, that inlay the pages of the cheap reprints of classics with illustrative embellishments. The reason is, that the producers belong mostly to one craft, and the publishers are content to follow in each other’s track,

like a flock of sheep. The risk to an enterprising speculator, not having the facilities and resources of a "manufactory" of art, and the command of all the channels of distribution which an extensive machinery of publication influences, is so great, that (the recommendations of talent and ingenuity being insufficient), publications based on their own intrinsic merits are few, and rarely successful. The very name of "Annual," too, implies a fleeting interest, and a brief existence: the volume of last year is a thing out of date; and this limited career is fatal to permanent value. Its very nature includes the seeds of speedy dissolution. The only legitimate purpose of utility that an "Annual" can have, is that of a register of events, a biographical obituary, a picturesque illustrator of the occurrences of the year, an embellished calendar, or some other kind of year-book. But even these useful objects are disregarded: almanacks are improved in matter, but owe less than ever to ornament; "Annual Registers" are as lifeless and unsightly as of yore; the "Annual Obituary" has chronicled its own decease; and we have no such thing as a Picturesque Chronology.

We wish these suggestions should have the effect of diverting the stream of capital into more useful currents. Annual visitations of this kind would be as welcome as the return of fruits or flowers in their seasons. We war not with yearly publications, but with the vapid trash that is substituted for solid information and real elegance. An Annual that should truly reflect the state of the fine arts for the past year in a series of designs by artists of established fame, or of rising reputation, so that each successive volume would mark the progress of painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving, would be a noble undertaking, and possess perennial value; but it must consist of spontaneous and careful productions, not forced contributions, the spawn of mercenary labour, at once a libel on the taste of the public and the talent of the British school. As they are, the Annuals are not even fair sample-books of the existing state of any of the arts but the one of binding: the exercise of ingenuity extends no further than the outside.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

IN the present state of affairs in Canada every contribution, however slight, to our stock of information, every new opinion that is set afloat by individuals who have actually visited the country, and judged for themselves, no matter how partial might have been their opportunities of observation, or how inadequate their capabilities for a task so difficult and perplexing, must be received with interest and curiosity. We want facts, not speculations. The subject is no longer fair game for theorists and political economists. It has been resolved into an appeal to arms, and the time for experiments is over. We may remodel the whole machinery of Canadian government, and confer a constitution upon the two provinces more perfect than that under which we live ourselves, yet leave the discontent of the people exactly as we found it. The solution of this curious and vital problem is to be referred to two striking but very different truths: —

First, That there is one party in Canada which complains of grievances that are, for the most part, purely fictitious, and that cannot, therefore, be appeased by any changes whatever.

Second, That there is another party in Canada, which complains of real grievances, that enter into the daily business of life, involving personal feelings and interests rather than general principles of liberty or legal justice, that can hardly be reduced to specific shapes, although they deeply affect the prosperity and shake the allegiance of thousands, and that cannot be met by any other means than a close, careful, and vigilant attention to the details, and, above all, to the *tone* of the administration.

The French party — which is most numerous in Lower Canada — detest the British authority, and are fertile in expedients for embarrassing it. The actual grounds of their dissatisfaction are narrowed to the smallest conceivable point, but their *animus* supplies them with abundant pretexts for disaffection. They apply the torch to the foundations with their own hands, and then complain that their houses are set on fire. Enjoying under the government of England more substantial freedom, and a more liberal charter than ever they enjoyed before, they agitate for privileges inconsistent with the responsibilities of citizenship, and utterly incompatible with the very existence of the British rule. Failing in these unreasonable and mischievous demands, they make out a case of oppression, and look for the sympathies of their raffish neighbours on the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence as a last resource. It is a pity that the corporation of Jesuits is not revived at Montreal in all its original rigour, that they might taste a little of the grinding tyranny from which the cession of the country to England released their fathers.

The English party, on the other hand, have strong reason to complain of neglect and want of protection. In the constant desire that has been shown by governor after governor to conciliate the *nation Canadienne*, the British settlers have suffered much injustice. Their claims have been set aside or negatived — their attachment to the mother country has obtained them no other advantage than the honour of martyrdom on her behalf; — and while a *clique*, a sort of *imperium in imperio*, has been allowed to usurp the functions of the executive, the great bulk of the English population has been exposed to a constant struggle for self-preservation, and suffered to expend their loyalty in vain remonstrances against the compromising policy of successive administrations.

Such are the prominent features that present themselves upon the surface of the Canada question. They cannot be softened down by general enactments, declarations of principles, or legislative reforms. They must be dealt with in the localities where they arise, earnestly, patiently, and with sincerity. And to do this, facts and an intimate knowledge of the scene of action are not only important, but indispensable.

The only work bearing upon this subject that has appeared of late is Mrs. Jameson's "*Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada.*" It is not to be expected that this graceful writer, whose tastes run into very different channels, should communicate much information of a strictly political nature, or that she should have possessed the means of investigating the domestic evils, real or imaginary, out of which the agitation has arisen. But, while she judiciously disclaims all pretensions to the character of a commentator on passing events or their causes, contenting herself with simply describing the impressions made upon her mind by her own personal experience, she gives us some incidental views of the state of society — especially in the Upper Province — which develop clearly enough the general condition of the people. Mrs. Jameson's work is essentially pictorial, descriptive alike of scenery and indoor life. She had no previous theory to substantiate, was perfectly free from prejudices, and visited the country entirely as a spectator, and not as a partisan. Hence her testimony, as far as it goes, has the great advantage of being thoroughly dispassionate. She made her passage in the midst of the winter from New York to Toronto, and when she was safely housed there, had plenty of leisure to contemplate the miserable scene around her, being literally confined to the town, and such intercourse as it afforded, by the extraordinary severity of the season. In this way, and by mixing with the best society in the place — the military and official people — she obtained a gradual insight into the classes and characteristics of the population. The account she gives of the settlers and of the men in authority is as disheartening as her account of the climate. Without going out of her way to look for them, many facts illustrative of the disorganised state of the colony were pressed upon her attention; and, although she does not follow up the considerations they suggest, and, indeed, seems to avoid such matters with a natural womanly instinct, we are enabled to collect from her pages a few points that are well worth the consideration of the reader.

It might have been hoped that whatever insurrectionary course the *habitans* of Lower Canada might have taken, the loyalty of the British settlers of the Upper Province would have been fostered as a counterpoise. Throughout all past periods of agitation the emigrants from the mother-country have exhibited their anxiety to preserve the connection with England. It was obviously their interest to preserve it, but they were actuated by loftier and nobler motives — love of country, ties of blood, and old associations, that rendered the bond sacred. To cultivate this attachment would have been the best security for our possessions in that remote and unfriendly region. Yet former governments, with inexplicable impolicy, betrayed the most culpable indifference to the wishes and feelings of the English population, permitting a deep sense of wrong to take root in that generous soil of devotion and ardent allegiance. Notwithstanding, however, the coldness with which their representations were received, the repulses they met from the local authorities, and that discouraging neglect which by small degrees wears out the strongest zeal, they still maintained their principles with integrity and firmness; and at great cost and hazard to themselves were, at all moments of emergency, prompt to

show that the injustice of the government had not obliterated their affection. Mrs. Jameson gives some very touching instances of their devotion to the old country, a sentiment which pervades not only the recent settlers, but the descendants of former generations of emigrants. With the latter it is like a tradition that exercises a superstitious influence over the imagination, and with the former it frequently assumes the nature of a melancholy yearning for home. She observes that she *heard* of only one lady who was contented with her residence in Canada, and that all those she met invariably expressed a longing desire to return to England. These slight indications of the state of feeling exhibit the true character of that attachment upon which the government might at all times, and may still, calculate with confidence. The love of England is a passion in the heart of the emigrant which cannot be very easily extinguished; if it could, there were not wanting provocations to convert it into bitter jealousy.

"Upper Canada," observes Mrs. Jameson, "appeared to me loyal in spirit, but resentful and repining under the sense of injury, and suffering from the total absence of all sympathy on the part of the English government with the condition, the wants, the feelings, the capabilities of the people and country. I do not mean to say that this want of sympathy *now* exists to the same extent as formerly; it has been abruptly and painfully awakened, but it has too long existed. In climate, in soil, in natural productions of every kind, the Upper Province appeared to me superior to the Lower Province, and well calculated to become the inexhaustible timber-yard and granary of the mother country. The want of a seaport, the want of security of property, the general mismanagement of the government lands—these seemed to me the most prominent causes of the physical depression of this splendid country, while the poverty and deficient education of the people, and a plentiful lack of public spirit in those who were not of the people, seemed sufficiently to account for the moral depression every where visible. Add a system of mistakes and mal-administration, not chargeable to any one individual, or any one measure, but, to the whole tendency of our colonial government; the perpetual change of officials and change of measures; the fluctuation of principles destroying all public confidence, and a degree of ignorance relative to the country itself, not credible except to those who may have visited it: add these three things together, the want of knowledge, the want of judgment, the want of sympathy on the part of the government, how can we be surprised at the strangely anomalous condition of the governed? that of a land absolutely teeming with the richest capabilities, yet poor in population, in wealth, and in energy!"

In this passage the general grounds of English discontent are very fairly stated: and it is to these points, rather than to the extravagant demands of the French Canadians, that the attention of the government ought mainly to be directed, with a view to the restoration of tranquillity and security in both provinces. The English population alone yield the materials out of which a prosperous and happy community can be formed—intelligence, activity, commercial habits, and sympathy with the modern progress of nations. The French population, on the other hand, retain all the characteristics of the old feudal system; they belong to the times that preceded the revolution; they cling to their seigniorial privileges, their agricultural usages, their badges of slavery; they are incapable of appreciating rational liberty, and do not know how to avail themselves, except for evil, of the rights conferred upon them by free institutions. Between these opposite social elements there is no middle course of action. We have too long paltered with justice in the vain hope of conciliating an intractable race. That abuses existed in the administration of the government, especially in the legislative council, is admitted; but the statement of such abuses always received attention, and always led to the adoption of the requisite reforms. When the insurgents, however, demanded the annihilation of the legislative council itself, they required a concession which was incompatible with the security of the British residents, and which was, in fact, equivalent to the surrender of the colony altogether. Upon this final question, the government is justified in making its stand, whatever the results may be. Treat the disaffected

with lenity, but crush the rebellion firmly and completely. Let there be no more negotiations. The good faith of the home government is pledged to our countrymen who have invested their property in Canada, and who are entitled to protection. This is the British view of the subject, fortified by justice, by national honour, and the principles of constitutional liberty. We get at the real state of things only by direct intelligence from settlers who have lived for some years in the country, who have been mixed up in the actual labour of colonisation, and who have suffered in a multitude of ways from the erroneous system of conciliation that has hitherto been so unwisely acted upon. We are enabled to illustrate the feelings of the English population by the following extract from a private letter, written without any view to publication, and throwing out in the freedom of confidential correspondence a few careless indications of the sentiments universally entertained by the British party. The writer of the letter is a gentleman who purchased a tract of land in Upper Canada a few years ago, who has incurred a considerable expenditure in clearing and improving the district in which he resides, and who, notwithstanding the claims that might be supposed to attach to his position, and the further advantages of carrying out letters of introduction from some of the highest functionaries in this country, has never been able to overcome the withering influence of that party incubus which paralyses the movements of the local administration. The letter from which we take the following passage was written towards the end of last February, before the arrival of Sir G. Arthur. Perhaps, as Mrs. Jameson observes, the want of sympathy does not exist *now* to the same extent: but it is useful to put facts of this kind before the public.

"The abortive attempt at rebellion in this province," says our correspondent, "is at an end. In fact, any thing so absurd as the movement turned out to be I have never read or heard of. The rebels were so few in number, and their leaders so ignorant, that no resistance was offered by them except for a short period at Navy Island. *Although I was a zealous reformer at home, yet here I am a strong conservative.** The truth is, there are no grievances to complain of but such as might be easily removed without an appeal to physical force. *There is certainly a dominant faction in this province who overrule the government, and are decidedly hostile to all settlers from the old country.* A similar party at one period oppressed Ireland, and ultimately drove it into rebellion. The power of the government is solely at their disposal, and the governor is a mere puppet in their hands; yet they are contemptible in point of numbers, and utterly deficient in moral energy. The rebellion was suppressed by the emigrants from the old country; and the "sons of the soil," as they are called, would have made a miserable affair of it if they were left to their own exertions. Our settlers here — all English and Irish — turned out to a man in favour of British connection, and by their voluntary efforts and sacrifices preserved the colony." [The writer here details his personal experience of the want of sympathy on the part of the local administration, and then proceeds.] "Probably our new governor, Sir G. Arthur, may act more independently and impartially. Should he do so, he will bind to himself and his government the only party (the British) that can maintain securely the connection with the parent country."

The true policy of the government is clearly indicated in this hint which comes with the weight of practical experience of the old system, and mature reflection upon its consequences. The error we have committed in Canada is evidently that of overlooking and treating with indifference the interests of the British party. Take, as an example, the miserable state of the roads,

* In this emphatic sentence we have the epitome of a thousand newspaper discussions and parliamentary speeches. There is a party in England that obstinately applies to Canada the same doctrines of reform which they apply to England — taking the measure of a rising colony, with its conflicting interests, its mixed population, its jumble of property laws, and all its other anomalies, by the same rule with which they measure the old country, with all its usages of antiquity, corruptions of time, settled classes, and solid prosperity. The cases are exactly opposite. The reformer in England becomes a conservative in Canada: he finds himself placed in new circumstances, and discovers that the way to work out the welfare of the multitude is to sustain the authority of the mother country. In both cases he is pursuing precisely the same end, but he sees clearly that in each he must take a different route.

notwithstanding the sums of money that have been voted for their construction and repair. Both parties, it is true, would have benefited by improvements of this description, upon which so much of the vital welfare of an industrious community depends, and both parties were entitled to the advantages of such facilities; but the French Canadians could better dispense with these agencies of advancing civilisation than the British settlers, to whom, with their active English habits, and their superior knowledge of trade, of manufactures, and the arts, the means of transit and intercourse were absolutely essential to the success of the enterprises in which they were embarked. The French population — who had never been accustomed to good roads, and who probably regarded such inventions as checks upon their manœuvres, intrigues, and conspiracies — clamoured for the abolition of the council, and a new form of government, and thus effectually diverted the attention of the administration from those measures of practical utility, which would have strengthened the power of the British population, and, in the end, indirectly subdued the revolutionary spirit. We instance the want of roads merely as a single proof of the misdirection of the time and sympathies of the local authorities, which, instead of being addressed to matters of real importance, were wasted upon theoretical and fictitious grievances. We might cite a variety of similar facts, were it necessary further to develop the nature of the struggle going forward in Canada; but recent events have rendered the case sufficiently evident to every body, and established this truth beyond all controversy, that the only mode of preserving the British rule in these provinces, is to cultivate the allegiance of the settlers from the old country by acts of justice — to render the French strictly amenable to the laws — to encourage the progress of industry by all available means — and to inspire a general confidence in the impartiality of the administration, by dealing out protection alike to all, and dismissing from its councils the clique that has so long secretly controlled them. Temporise no longer — make the law paramount — and, however sanguinary the conflict may be, it must terminate in the triumph of order.

The reader must not suppose, because we have digressed into this slight passing notice of the state of Canada, that Mrs. Jameson's volumes do not offer much pleasanter topics for criticism. The seasonable appearance of the work rendered some reference of this kind unavoidable; but the staple of its matter is of a more miscellaneous character. It consists of a variety of detached sketches, reflections, and notes, and is literally a diary kept by the writer to while away the tedium of her residence in a rigorous climate, or, in the sunny intervals, to describe the scenes and persons she visited. Some of the most picturesque passages occur in the description of an excursion upon the waters of Lake Huron, to visit the Sault St. Marie, which is the boundary of civilised man in that direction. The Sault St. Marie*, or Falls of St. Mary, are remarkable, not only for their extreme beauty, but for the intense solitude by which they are surrounded. A few fur traders and Chippewa Indians form the whole population of that remote and insulated spot, of which Mrs. Jameson gives a very striking picture. Niagara disappointed her: she went to see it in the depth of the winter, and was, perhaps, not in the mood to enjoy it; but the desolation of the whole country, sunk under a vast sheet of snow, must have deprived it of much of its scenic grandeur. Amongst other very interesting and curious experiences she relates, is her visit to the Talbot country, an immense dis-

* The word *sault*, observes Mrs. Jameson, comes from the French word *saut* (*leap*, equivocal to our *fall*); but this is an oversight. The word *sault* is the old French word, from which *saut* has descended.

trict, so called because it belongs to Colonel Talbot, who purchased it from the government at the beginning of the present century, on condition of placing a settler in every 200 acres. It lies close to Lake Erie, and is one of the most fertile places in the province. When Colonel Talbot went over to take possession of his territory in 1802, he found it a complete wilderness, without a solitary human being, except some wandering Indians, who occasionally traversed its luxuriant woods. Setting himself laboriously to work upon the reclamation of the land, he succeeded at last in forming a thriving district about him, but it cost him many years of seclusion from society, and of almost incredible hardship. All this time the fatigue and loneliness, however, appears to have been suited to his taste. He gloried in being the forest lord of 100,000 acres, of being the law-maker, magistrate, and, upon some occasions, the priest of his subject settlers; he built a house on the summit of a cliff overlooking the lake, where he has continued to reside ever since; and, rejecting all companionship, it was not surprising that he should have acquired the reputation of a woman-hater. This dark imputation upon his fame, however, was a mere ignorant rumour. He lived alone, it is true, but he received Mrs. Jameson with a marked politeness that showed he had not foresworn the sex, although he did not deem their society essential to his happiness. The entire episode about the Talbot country forms one of the most attractive features of the work.

Interspersed throughout the narrative, are numerous criticisms and ruminations upon German literature, which interrupt the interest without yielding a sufficient equivalent in pleasure of another kind. They are, for the most part, written with taste and feeling, but they are sadly out of place, and have an air of pretence and display in them that offends and disappoints the reader. Upon the slightest excuse — the coldness of the day, or the solitariness of the scene — Mrs. Jameson takes up a German book, and indulges in a dissertation on its merits, which generally ends in a discursive essay upon a multitude of German topics. However excellent such things may be in themselves, they lose much of their charm and freshness by being thus irrelevantly drawn into the body of a work with the prevailing subjects of which they have no affinity whatever. These passages, and others of a still more objectionable kind, occupy a larger space than ought to have been taken from the engrossing topics that presented themselves to the author; but, notwithstanding all deductions on the score of superfluity and caprice, the work is full of entertaining qualities, and bears the visible stamp of that graceful genius to which the public are already indebted for some very delightful productions.

From the frozen shores of Canada, we are invited to the sunny fields of Italy by a recent traveller, in a little book, entitled "Notes on Naples and its Environs." In this age of steam the reading world is impatient of European tours. The locomotive facilities we have acquired within the last few years render the public *exigent* in their demands upon travellers. Something more remote is looked for than descriptions of well-known places, and a work of this class can hardly hope to obtain favour unless it contain a history of a race, or a country, that was never heard of before. The least that is expected by your devouring reader is a discovery of some kind, and even a discovery will not do much for the author, unless it be a very extraordinary one — such as a tribe living upon air, or a submarine population. This rather unreasonable species of requisition may fairly be traced to the periodical critics, who, becoming wearied day after day by repeated books of travels, languish for novelty, and do not hesitate to say so, thus communi-

cating to the masses at large their own sensations of fatigue and *ennui*. But it ought to be remembered that, although the critics read all the books, or affect to read them, the public do not, and that, therefore, the last account of scenes previously delineated must be new to the majority of persons who, in the ordinary way, take up a volume *pour passer le temps*. Besides this, it is absurdly unphilosophical to assert that, because a country has been described over and over again, it may not furnish fresh materials for observation from day to day. No two men see the same objects in the same light. Previous studies, particular views of life, habits, and predilections, tinge with a different hue the various speculations of individuals, so that, while the materials with which they deal are precisely the same, the use they make of them is wholly dissimilar. For example, take Burckhardt and Welsted, Belzoni and Lamartine, treading the same soil (as far as they go together) and describing the same scenes, yet presenting pictures with atmospheres of thought and feeling as distinct as the climes of frigid Sweden and voluptuous Persia. Why therefore may not the traveller of to-day in Italy produce a book full of agreeable novelties, notwithstanding that Eustace, Forsyth, Viesseux, and twenty others, have already traversed the entire region from the Alps to Cape Spartivento? The author of "Notes on Naples" enters into a preliminary vindication of his appearance as a tourist in so beaten a track, but he might have spared himself the trouble of making ingenious excuses for a performance, which really stands in need of none.

The speck of Italy taken into this volume is the road lying between Rome and Naples, and the places adjacent to the latter city. The journey through the Campagna, Velletri, Terracina, Gaeta, and Capua, is carried on in a sort of soliloquy, the author indulging in such references to the glories of former times, or the decadence of the present, the ruins, costume, skies, and foliage, as happen to be suggested to his mind as he proceeds. This mingling of commentary and rhapsody opens freely enough the thoughts of a stranger who, conscious that an exact inventory of sights would be a work of supererogation, develops nothing more than the immediate impressions and effects they produce upon himself. When he gets to Naples he becomes a little more communicative; visits Castellamare and Amalfi; wanders through the excavations at Pompeii; makes an excursion, as a matter of course, to Pæstum; and what, with a few glances here and there at history, some scraps of local stories and monkish traditions, miniature narratives of posting and road-side houses, and descriptions of architecture, reliques, and picturesque nooks, caves, and rocks, supplies a fund of very readable and amusing details. The book is strongly marked by a certain individuality in the treatment that takes it out of the catalogue of common travels. The author throws his own nature into it, and describes what he thought and felt rather than what he saw or learned. It is not so much an account of Naples, as of the author's impressions in Naples; and for this reason, and because, in the midst of all this recurrence to personal feelings, the work is perfectly free from egotism, we like it better than if it were more elaborately designed, and more comprehensive in its reach. The writer is evidently a man of a poetical temperament, although he takes some pains to subdue its expression. His diction is carefully chosen, and his style is musical even to excess, sometimes losing the very beauty at which he aims by the employment of elliptical forms for the sake of an imaginary charm of rhythm. He frames his sentences with too much labour, grows formal where he intends to be pungent and striking, and sacrifices freedom and simplicity to ornate turns and epigrammatic terseness. The fault is not that of over-refinement, but of a want of ease and boldness — perhaps of practice. The writer possesses

an ear for measure that misleads him in writing prose, which is most melodious when it is most fluent and unfettered. Take the following passage at random as an instance :—

A houseless, shrubless, treeless, lifeless waste, a lava wilderness, where the broad streams of what were cataracts of fire once are stricken now, as water into ice, to hardened cinder and to blackened rock, but broken all and furrowed, &c.

By the simple process of breaking up the lines, this passage becomes converted, wanting a single foot, into blank verse. Thus :

A houseless, shrubless, treeless, lifeless waste,
A lava wilderness, where the broad streams
Of what were cataracts of fire [] once
Are stricken now, as water into ice,
To hardened cinder and to blackened rock,
But broken all and furrowed —

and very good blank verse it makes. But notwithstanding the prevalence of this regular rise and fall in the composition, the work is a very elegant production, informed throughout with a spirit of pure literature.

The author of “Random Recollections” has not yet exhausted the rich mine of the metropolis, and, after having already committed sundry volumes of sketches and reminiscences of London, comes out afresh with another series upon the same eternal subject. He seems to have been put to the last expedients of his invention for a new name for the same sort of ware; and, in want of a better, he gives his last production the post-chaise title of “Travels in Town.” This resident traveller is really an indefatigable “snapper up of unconsidered trifles.” The things he describes are to himself as *fade* as an old pair of gloves, or a weather-beaten umbrella, or any thing else that he has been in the habit of handling into disuse; it is not very surprising, therefore, that his descriptions should be wholly destitute of freshness, vivacity, of the slightest colouring of curiosity or novelty, of vigour, or even picturesqueness. He deals in London sights with the feelings of a mechanic. He regards them merely as an affair of manufacture, and gets them up in books for the market, without a solitary gleam of artistical sentiment. The fact is that he has no more imagination than a tortoise. He has not even the lawless freedom of a sign-painter, which takes off something by its very ludicrousness from the coarse vulgarity of the expression. “Travels in Town” consist of insipid details about the streets, about the parks, Tattersall’s, and other places within the bounds of the capital, related in a crawling, flat, and monotonous tone, with a sort of empty pomp in the display of trifles that only exposes the more effectually the worthlessness of the writing. The mission of this author is undoubtedly of the humblest kind in his generation, and appears to be limited to the diffusion of such facts as — that London may be entered from the west, east, north, or south; that some of the houses are built of brick, and others of stone; that there is a post-office and a custom-house; that there was a grasshopper on the top of the Exchange; and that a man, standing in the centre of Westminster bridge, may have a view of the Thames up and down as far as his sight will carry him. For revelations of this nature the work is unrivalled: and if we add, that it exhibits in perfection the art of blowing the largest bubbles out of the smallest possible quantity of soap, we believe we shall have fairly and fully described its peculiar merits.

Many attempts have been made from time to time to rescue from the oblivion of library collections, and a language sealed to the multitude,

those treasures of song and legend that are known to exist in the ancient literature of Wales. The difficulties in the way of success were found to be almost insurmountable. The few persons who were sufficiently acquainted with the characters of the old MSS., and with the genius of the language, to enter upon the task, were otherwise more profitably engaged, or were indifferent to the object, or deterred from embarking in so laborious an undertaking by want of encouragement. In order to produce translations of that description, two conditions were indispensable: erudition and patronage. The requisite erudition, perhaps, might easily enough have been commanded, but where was the patronage to be found? The sale of such publications could never repay the expenditure of time and capital, the toil and research incurred in their production. Happily for the interests of our old literature, the unusual combination of taste, knowledge, and power, in one individual, has been brought to bear upon this grateful labour by a lady who has recently executed a work, which is honourable alike to her talents, and her munificence. The design which all Welsh scholars have so long ardently desired to see accomplished has been commenced by Lady Charlotte Guest, in a spirit of exquisite beauty and commensurate liberality. Her ladyship, who has but recently become acquainted with the principality of Wales and its traditionary lore, has given to the world a brilliant earnest of her determination to carry out a project which her predecessors in this track of poetical reliques contented their nationality with planning, sketching, and abandoning. The book in which this translation from the ancient Welsh MSS. appears, is entitled "The Mabinogion." It contains a charming legend, called "The Lady of the Fountain," taken from the "Llyfr Coch o Hergest," or "Red Book of Hergest," an antique MS., forming a folio volume of 721 pages, written in double columns upon vellum, and preserved in the library of Jesus College, Oxford. "The Mabinogion" may be described as chivalric romances, full of the spirit of the old ballads expanded into more lengthy narratives. Some of them celebrate the heroes of the Arthurian Cyclus (the congenial soil of the elder chivalry), and others bear the impress of a higher antiquity, both in the manners they depict, and the style in which they are written, and refer to personages and events of a period antecedent to that of the Round Table. It has been supposed that the "Llyfr Coch" was written by the bard Lewis Glyn Cothi, who flourished towards the close of the fifteenth century. This supposition rests upon the fact that, at the end of the book, there are some poems inserted with his name, but Lady Charlotte Guest thinks it more probable that the handwriting is that of professed scribes, an opinion which is borne out by the evidence it bears of having been written at different times by different persons.

"The Mabinogion," which form only a part of the "Llyfr Coch," was copied about twenty years ago for Mr. Justice Bosanquet, by the Rev. Mr. Lowe, of Christ Church, Oxford; and it is from a transcript of that copy, carefully compared with the original, that the translation now given to the public was made. An accurate and singularly beautiful fac-simile of the old MS. is attached to the work, in which not merely the stained initial, the colour of the ink, and the formation of the characters are very exactly imitated, but also the tint of the vellum on which it was written. But the labours of the translator did not terminate here. In the archives of the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris there is deposited a MS. of the date of the twelfth century, attributed to Chrestien de Troyes, called the "*Chevalier au Lion*," which has never appeared in print, which relates the same story as "The Lady of the Fountain," and upon which is founded the metrical version of "Ywaine and Gawin,"

published by Ritson in the first volume of his metrical romances. Lady Charlotte reprints the whole of the "*Chevalier au Lion*," transcribed from the original, and gives also very curious fac-similes of that MS. and the MS. of "*Ywayne and Gawin*" from the British Museum. Her notes are full of matter, historical and critical, and considerably enhance the value of this very interesting and curious publication.

Such readers as may happen to be familiar with Ritson's metrical romances are already in possession of the main thread of the story of "*The Lady of the Fountain*;" for, although there are, here and there, some slight variations in the incidents, the principal sources of the legend are the same. It opens with a description of King Arthur, at his palace at Caerlleon upon Usk, surrounded by three of his knights, and his Queen Gwenhwyar (better known to the English lover of the old traditions under the name of Guenever) and her handmaidens at work. Arthur is seated upon a "seat of green rushes, over which is spread a covering of flame-coloured satin, and a cushion of red satin is under his elbow,"—all of which accessories are strictly in keeping with the habits of the period. The king, being desirous of a little repose while he is "waiting for his repast," desires his knights in the meanwhile to entertain themselves with tales, and then he goes to sleep; accordingly one of them relates a terrible adventure he had at a certain castle, where, going in search of a knight (as was the wont of Arthur's followers) who should be able to vanquish him, he encounters a black knight in a wood, near a certain fountain, after the strangest storm of hail that ever assailed a valiant man, accompanied by other strange phenomena, and is fairly unhorsed and disabled by his unknown antagonist. Fired by this narrative, Owain, one of the listeners, resolves to try his fortune with this mighty champion, and sets off for the castle the next morning. He passes through precisely the same adventures as his predecessor, and is entertained in a sumptuous style at the castle before he goes forth to meet the black knight. The reiteration of the same circumstances, and the increasing wonder that grows upon their repetition, possess a singular charm of antique simplicity. As a brief specimen of the manner of the work, and the gracefulness and closeness in words and spirit of the translation, here is Owain's arrival at the fountain, and encounter with his stalwart opponent.

"The next morning Owain found his horse made ready for him by the damsels, and he set forward, and came to the glade where the black man was; and the stature of the black man seemed more wonderful to Owain than it had done to Kynon; and Owain asked of him his road, and he showed it to him, and Owain followed the road as Kynon had done, till he came to the green tree; and he beheld the fountain, and the slab beside the fountain, with the bowl upon it; and Owain took the bowl, and threw a bowlful of water on the slab; and, lo! the thunder was heard, and after the thunder came the shower, much more violent than Kynon had described, and after the shower the sky became bright. And when Owain looked at the tree there was not one leaf upon it; and immediately the birds came, and settled upon the tree, and sang: and when their song was most pleasing to Owain, he beheld a knight coming towards him through the valley, and he prepared to receive him, and encountered him violently. Having broken both their lances, they drew their swords, and fought blade to blade: then Owain struck the knight a blow through his helmet, head-piece, and visor, and through the skin, and the flesh, and the bone, until it wounded the very brain. Then the Black Knight felt that he had received a mortal wound, upon which he turned his horse's head and fled; and Owain pursued him, and followed close upon him, although he was not near enough to strike him with his sword; thereupon Owain descried a vast and resplendent castle; and they came to the castle gates, and the Black Knight was allowed to enter, and the portcullis was let fall upon Owain, and it struck his horse behind the saddle, and cut him in two, and carried away the rowels of the spurs that were upon Owain's heels; and the portcullis descended to the floor; and the rowels of the spurs and part of the horse were without, and Owain with the other part of the horse remained between the two gates, and the inner gate was closed, so that Owain could not go thence; and Owain was in a perplexing situation."

One might almost suspect that Baron Munchausen had got a sight of the old MS., and pilfered this scene, for he describes, as having happened to himself, the very same dilemma, which the ancient bard relates as having occurred to the gallant Sir Owain, with some marvellous additions, however, which the purer taste of the elder poet never could have entertained. Owain is not long kept in this perplexity. A maiden with "yellow curling hair, [how fond those imaginative poets were of yellow hair !] and a frontlet of gold upon her head, and clad in a dress of yellow satin, and with shoes of variegated leather," approaches the gate, and contrives to give him a ring with a stone in it, by pressing which, he can render himself invisible. Through the aid of this sympathising maiden, he is at last conveyed safely into the castle. She waits upon him with a tenderness that gives her at once, to the reader's thinking, a title to his love; but he is destined for a higher pledge. The Black Knight, who is the lord of this vast castle, dies of his wounds, and his widowed countess — the Countess of the Fountain — who holds her possessions only by the force of arms, is plunged into grief for the loss of so valiant a warrior, and in despair of finding some one capable of supplying his place. This is a fortunate chance for Owain. The conqueror of the Black Knight must be a braver and stronger man than the Black Knight himself, and so, after some coquetting with her sorrows, the Countess of the Fountain is married to Owain. Three years now pass over, during which King Arthur is sore troubled for the loss of Owain, and taking Kynon as a guide, he sets forth with three thousand attendants in search of him. They arrive at the fountain in the green glade, and pass through the same adventures as befell those who went before them, Owain now defending his possessions as they were formerly defended by the Black Knight, to whose rights and responsibilities he has duly succeeded. Day after day he vanquishes knight after knight, until they are all overcome except one and the king himself. With the last knight the combat is long and equal. They fight from sunrise to sunset, and renew the struggle on the second and the third day, when Owain, chancing to discompose the visor of his antagonist, discovers who he is, and immediately offers to surrender his sword; but Arthur interposes, and declares that neither has vanquished the other, and the meeting ends in an adjournment to the castle, where Arthur and his followers are magnificently entertained for three months. Owain now obtains permission to visit the island of Britain for a term of three months; but forgetting his vows, he remains for three years. At the end of that time a damsel comes to him on a bay horse, and reproaching him for his falsehood and treachery, deprives him of his magical ring — the same she had, in truth, given to him in the hour of his distress. Smitten with remorse, he forsakes his pleasant haunts, and wanders away into remote regions, until his apparel is worn out, and his body wasted, and his hair grown long and wild. During this interval his knighthood is invoked by a lady who is persecuted by a certain earl, and after freeing her by his valour, he hides himself again in solitary woods and mountains. A lion becomes his familiar companion, and follows him everywhere he goes, and ultimately acts a very prominent part in his subsequent fortunes. At length he comes to a place where the handmaiden of the Countess of the Fountain is imprisoned on his account in a stone vault, with an impending sentence of death to be executed on a certain day, unless he should come to rescue her. The sequel of the tale may be anticipated. He releases the maiden, is restored to the beautiful Countess, and finally takes up his abode in the court of King Arthur, where for the rest of his days he is covered with honour and prosperity.

In this tale we have a perfect image of the ancient chivalric romance —

the true knight-errantry — the wonderful prowess of the dauntless heart, and the victorious arm — the feasting and supernatural terrors — the love-rescues, and the deeds of virtue — the broken vow casting its shadow over the purity of the brave champion — the grief and repentance, and voluntary mortification that follow — the ample reparation — and the burst of sunshine at the close that exhibits all the characters in the enjoyment of that happiness to which their lives, throughout a multitude of vicissitudes, were naturally and inevitably tending. The fine morality, the touching pathos, the simple grandeur, and the noble nature of the original, are felicitously preserved, and faithfully rendered by Lady Charlotte Guest, whose poetical enthusiasm could scarcely have been devoted to a worthier subject. We ought to observe that the volume is printed with extraordinary care and splendour, and, coming from Llandovery, may be said to be the most finished specimen of typography that was ever issued from the provincial press of England. In addition to the facsimiles, the volume is enriched with several tasteful and highly-finished wood engravings.

Mr. Plumer Ward, after a long interval of silence, has appeared recently in that department of didactic fiction (if we may be allowed such an expression), in which he formerly distinguished himself. The new work, "Pictures of Human Life," contains three separate tales, essentially different from each other in plan, aim, and treatment. The first of these, "Sterling," is the most likely to obtain favour with the majority of readers, because it enters more familiarly than the others into the actual business of society, presents a more active development of Character and Passion, and is less interrupted in its progress by philosophical and political digressions. It is the story of a life not very uncommon, and full of practical suggestions and useful homilies. Sterling, the son of a city knight, is a person of extreme sensibility, acted upon by a morbid ambition to ascend to a sphere superior to that in which he was born. His university education, by throwing him into immediate collision with some of the younger branches of the aristocracy, helps to nurture this wasting desire in his heart, and exposes him to a thousand humiliations and vexatious disappointments — the natural fruit of a foolish and contemptible struggle with his real position. His subsequent experiences, his perpetual conflict with circumstances, his secret misgivings and brooding humours, the repulses he encounters, and his fretful vacillations between his own class and the class to which he aspires, are truly and forcibly delineated. The bitterness of the situations into which Sterling is thrown are of his own making, and are not heightened by any needless satire on the part of the author, who, whatever may be his predilections for artificial distinctions, and the maintenance of the fortuitous advantages of birth, does not betray them in this clever tale. Sterling is not a vulgar *parvenu* : he is a man of refined tastes, and of an extremely delicate mental organisation ; one who, lacking strong working sense and knowledge of the rough ways of the world, might be supposed to repine at having been cast in a lot beneath his genius, and his sympathies. Had he, however, been a man of resolution and fixed principles, he might have carved out of such a lot the noblest triumphs — and here, we must observe, the final moral of Mr. Ward's story fails. But even such a man must not hope to elevate himself to a level with the aristocracy in this country. The city knight purchases a mansion in vain in a square at the west end. Wherever he goes he carries with him the atmosphere of the Stock Exchange and the Common Council. He cannot get rid of it : his mind, manners, and habits are moulded in the fashion of the trading community with which he has always mixed ; he cannot shuffle off

the coil of the city by removing to Cavendish Square, or the Regent's Park : like the oak of the forest, as was said of Grattan when, on the breaking-up of the Irish Parliament, he took his seat in the Imperial Legislature, he is too old to be transplanted at fifty ; and this odour which attaches to him, and which no wealth can neutralise, descends to his sons and daughters with inevitable certainty. The son may frequent Tattersall's, and purchase the countenance of the young nobility by allowing himself to be made their dupe — the daughters, if they have large fortunes, may marry needy peers or baronets — but both in the end become the victims of their false position, and the impassable barriers of society upon which they are ultimately impaled. Sterling, the son of a city knight, after a hundred proofs of the vanity of his wishes, sinks at last quietly into a lay-fellowship at Oxford college — a post which ought to satisfy the longings of any man of good sense similarly circumstanced, but which fails to content the stricken heart of him who made a shadowy, insubstantial, and unattainable object the idol of his life ! The second story, "Penruddock," is of a different complexion. It is English also, and thoroughly English in some parts, but having political disquisitions upon the state of parties for its basis. Mr. Ward's conservatism is abundantly displayed in this narrative ; and we are bound to say that, notwithstanding some, in our estimation, very glaring fallacies as to democracy and aristocracy, the tone and temper of the whole must be described as being distinguished by candour, earnestness, and love of country. We will not here, for it would be misplaced, enter into an examination of the right of the people to resent misgovernment, and demand such changes as they may consider to be consistent with the alterations that are silently and continually going forward in the condition of the population ; but we may observe that others, who maintain the sacredness of that right, may be quite as sincerely impressed with the advantages of order, and the necessity of preserving it, as Mr. Ward — the only difference being that the doctrines inculcated by our author have a clear tendency to preserve order by keeping things as they are, while the doctrines espoused by the opposite party have a tendency to preserve order by removing the causes that are likely to disturb it. So long as abuses of any kind exist, discontent and popular protests must take place ; and unless Mr. Ward's prescription of quietness and tacit endurance can really still these elements of turbulence, we submit that it is idle to enunciate its virtues. He may be right, or he may be wrong, in reference to what are called abstract principles, but he is practically in error. There is a dash of dramatic mystery in the tale of "Penruddock" which comes in to relieve the weight of these political arguments, and which is managed with more adroitness than might be expected from a writer who has so rarely trespassed on the domains of romance. The third story, "The Enthusiasts," is the most gloomy of all literally. It consists, to employ the prefatory language of the author, of a long discussion of political ethics founded upon a tale of fiction. The slight vein of narrative that threads the pages of this elaborate essay on the French revolution — for such it is — will hardly sustain the interest of the mere novel reader ; and readers of another order will probably consider it rather a hindrance to their enjoyment. However that may be, the entire piece is composed of fragmentary arguments upon the state of France during the terrible period of the first revolution, and the principles evolved in the progress of the dethronement of the Bourbons. Its value as a treatise is not much. Such events are not likely to occur again ; and whatever was erroneous or dangerous in the doctrines of the revolutionists, has long since been exposed and admitted. The spirit of the nations has undergone

a vast change since that time ; and that tremendous explosion has bequeathed to mankind a lesson of wisdom, which requires no illumination of this description to make it more lucid or impressive.

“The Huguenot,” by Mr. James, is a new accession to the list of historical romances. Mr. James’s recent researches in the annals, memoirs, and biographies of France for the materials of his life of Louis XIV., appear to have suggested to him the subject of this story, which relates to the persecution of the Protestants at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantz. The immediate hint of the plot is derived from the *Mémoires Historique sur la Bastille* ; and it may therefore, in a limited sense, be said to be founded upon fact, although the names of the personages are fictitious, and the scenes are changed at the convenience of the author. Throughout all Mr. James’s former novels and romances, the ascendancy of mere description over the portraiture and development of character was a prevailing fault. He surrendered up too much to costume and the embellishments of scenery. His personages wanted vitality, motive, energy, consistency : they moved through the events like figures without pith or life. Of course we speak generally : here and there exceptions might be found, and passages of great truth and vigour, full of natural pathos and reality ; but on the main such was the predominant characteristic. In “The Huguenot” we perceive a visible emancipation from this surface colouring—the picture is animated by considerable boldness in the grouping, remarkable breadth and freedom in the *ensemble*, richness of design, and powerful individuality in detail. The attainment of these desiderated requisites in a tale of considerable interest, leaves nothing to be desired. The character of Count de Morseuil, the Huguenot, is forcibly drawn, and ably sustained under a variety of vicissitudes and trials ; and, through this machinery of action a crowd of persons is introduced, each of whom contributes something to its onward progress, and becomes immediately or remotely blended with its close. Perhaps in the management of the story there are too many expedients employed for effect, some of which are not very probable, and others rather commonplace : but this is a sort of necessity in a modern romance, and a reasonable allowance must be made for the sacrifices an author makes to an established fashion in fiction, where it does not affect the current of nature that flows through the whole. There are a few melodramatic situations in “The Huguenot,” and a few adventures, and artifices—especially wherever the count’s ingenious valet has a hand in the business—that might have been spared ; but of these, as of all things which, however striking in themselves, are not reconcilable with likelihood, it may be said that they give a zest to the better parts of the narrative for readers who look merely for amusement, and have no notion of the deeper purposes that lie concealed from the multitude in tales of this kind. So far as historical allusion is concerned, Mr. James has acquitted himself with judgment. He passes cautiously through a period of unusual excitement, presenting temptations to excess, and strewn with prejudices, which few writers could have altogether escaped. He sees humanity in its mask of convention on both sides, and deals with Catholics and Protestants in their true natures of flesh and blood, without misrepresenting either out of a spirit of theological revenge. In every point of view, we consider “The Huguenot” to be the most successful of Mr. James’s novels. It has more actual life in it than any of its predecessors ; the interest of the story never flags ; and it skilfully illustrates one of those passages in the history of France, about which the world will always be curious, and, perhaps, unsatisfied.

In addition to this novel, another work by Mr. James has appeared within the last month—a richly embellished volume, called “The Book of the Passions.” The design of this production is neither very original nor very meritorious. It contains a series of tales, each of which is intended to exemplify a particular passion, such as love, revenge, &c., but none of which can be said to carry the exemplification beyond the ordinary intensity of that mob of stories which at this season of the year come so thick upon us in the *Annals*. Several costly plates accompany the narratives; but whether the narratives were written for the plates, or the plates executed for the narratives, does not appear, nor is it indeed of much consequence. So far as the external splendour of the production goes, the book will be found a befitting ornament for the boudoir table; and the author does not seem to have contemplated for it any higher destiny.

“Eve Effingham,” by Mr. Cooper, is an American novel (published at the other side of the Atlantic, we believe, under the title of “Home as found”) and contains, although it does not complete, the story of “Homeward Bound,” to which it is the sequel. The literary progress of Mr. Cooper would afford a curious topic for investigation, upon which we may be induced at some future period to enter; but, without touching it here, we may observe that, after having assailed the institutions of France and England in former works, he appears in these volumes anxious to balance the account by exposing the inherent littleness, vulgarity, and empty pretensions of American society. Any one who takes the trouble to compare his previous publications with “Eve Effingham” will detect a series of contradictions of opinion, of irreconcilable assertions, and singularly cool inconsistencies, worthy of Sergeant Eitherside, or the Vicar of Bray. It is not worth while to inquire, how this comes to pass, or what are Mr. Cooper’s motives for so extraordinary a turning inside out of his own professions: but, since it is evident that both sides of his judgment cannot be correct, we may be excused for not venturing to believe in either. Formerly he attacked the hereditary principle, the ancient titles, the ceremonious intercourse of private life, and the pomp of the old countries; now he turns round, and satirises the impertinent curiosity, the noisy routs, the glare, tattle, and coarseness of republican America. Formerly monarchies and aristocracies were too refined and exclusive for him—now the meddling democracy is too familiar and obtrusive. Yet, throughout all this, he preserves a certain air of individual ostentation, that makes him ridiculous amongst the republicans, who cannot see why he should lord it over them, and contemptible amongst the aristocrats, who will not permit him to claim an equality with them. He has the tone of one who was born to rank, and he affects to make himself even superior to it by affecting to despise rank as an accident. This is worse than the worst despotism of nobility: it is the pitiful arrogance of a mean pride that mocks the honours it cannot clutch. A man who is born to a title may be in some measure excused for the foolish vainglory that is more or less attached to his position: but a man who is not thus educated into ascendancy, and who starts with abstract notions of equality inimical to all conventional distinctions, and who yet asserts the same sort of superiority over the rest of the world, wants only the power to carry out to its utmost limits that extravagant social tyranny which he pretends to condemn. He is neither a republican nor an aristocrat, but just so much of each as would lead him, if he could, to destroy both, the one for the sake of the other, and both for the sake of acquiring a solitary elevation for himself. The Americans

are scandalised by "Eve Effingham," and treat it and its author with bitter and contemptuous feelings. They charge him in their journals with having intended for himself the character of Mr. Effingham, who is represented as a clear-headed, mild, philosophical, handsome gentleman, who, moreover, lays claim to great antiquity of descent, upon which they twit Mr. Cooper by reminding him that his father was a wheelwright, a "respectable hard-working Jersey meehanic," who had no false pride, and who never dreamt that his son would affect to be descended from a noble English family. As a novel, "Eve Effingham" is shallow, dull, and pointless; and as a description of manners it is not trustworthy. We do not believe that American society on the great scale is either cultivated or intellectual; but we are tolerably confident that it is not so ridiculously vulgar, so meretricious, or so ignorant, as it is represented by Mr. Cooper. Had the book been written by an Englishman, it would be called a libel — but how ought it to be described, written as it is by an American?

An interesting tale, in a single volume, called "The Roman Lovers," carries us from the new world to the old, from New York to the Imperial Mistress of Empires — and the transition is a relief. This story is written, like "Aurelius," which we recently noticed, in the form of letters, and develops the melancholy history of two Roman youths who loved the same lady, and in the pursuit of the prize lost their lives. One of them, the first suitor, employs the other to plead his cause with the lady; but the advocate subsides into the lover, attempts to carry off the lady with her own consent, is intercepted by the friend he has betrayed, and in the rencontre both are slain. There is some delicacy and poetical beauty in the letters, and if they are not remarkable for that severe tone of classical antiquity becoming such compositions, they are touched with a natural truth that compensates for the deficiency. The actual incidents are few, but the delineation of the growing passion, of the jealousies, struggles, and staggering faith of friendship giving way before a stronger sentiment, is conducted with some art and knowledge of human nature.

A volume of essays and other papers, collected from the scattered productions of Hazlitt, has lately been published by his son, and will be welcome to all lovers of English literature. These essays are not amongst the most careful or thoughtful of Hazlitt's works, and have not much of his fine critical and exploring spirit in them; but they are stamped on every page with marks of his genius that cannot be mistaken. It would seem that a taste for such writings is beginning to revive, and that whatever might have been the injustice with which Hazlitt living was treated, Hazlitt dead is likely to receive a full measure of sympathy. These are ungrateful subjects to dwell upon, and we gladly pass away from them to topics of a pleasanter cast. When Hazlitt shall come to be more generally read — when his exquisite criticisms on Shakspeare, his lectures on English poetry, his notes on Art and the Drama, and his characters of his own times, shall come to be appreciated by the entire public, freed from all mean and unworthy prejudices — there is little danger that ample honours will be done to his memory in atonement for the neglect and hostility of his contemporaries.

We have two volumes of poetry — the one by Mr. Standish, containing three narrative pieces, and the other by John Player, called "Home, or the Months." The chief merit of Mr. Standish's verse is its distinctness; it owes nothing to affectation of any kind, and pursues in level, plain, and

simple lines the threads of story it illustrates. If it be deficient in fancy and invention, the want is balanced by its perfect freedom from pretence and false taste. Of Mr. Player we cannot say so much: his poem is addressed to domestic and loveable country topics, traced throughout the year in a particular locality from month to month. An amiable disposition is every where evident in his verse; but, unfortunately, his power to render it into fitting poetry is not equal to his will. He has chosen, too, the most difficult form in our language — that of blank verse — and breaks down under its weight.

A very sly specimen of dry humour has appeared in the height of the "run" of the lions at Drury Lane, called the "Life of Van Amburgh, the Brute Tamer." The narrative is replete with lurking pleasantry upon the exploits of that magician of the forests; and exhibits him in a succession of circumstances through which his peculiar genius might be supposed to have grown up to its present wonderful stature. The best of it is, that the author never betrays his own jest, and carries it on in a tone of incomparable gravity, as if it were all downright matter of fact, while the reader is all the while, according to the profundity of his penetration, either wondering "that such things are," or, like Falstaff, tickled into roars. It is a capital model for imaginative biographies of "great men."

"The Comic Almanack" has, since last month, been added to the list of year-books. With the usual ephemeris "in earnest," it provides a fund of drolleries, from the pencil of Cruikshank (inimitable in his art of catching the broad features of the time), and of jokes from a congenial pen that abundantly justify its title.

THE THEATRES.

THE theatres have of late furnished little material for record or criticism. Several new farces and melodramas have been produced, chiefly at the minors, but none of them so very good or so very bad as to be worth remembering. Van Amburgh has continued in the ascendant at Drury Lane, and Shakspeare at Covent Garden. The interval of repose from fresh dramatic excitement happily prepares us for a most uncritical enjoyment of the Christmas Pantomimes. It also affords opportunity for a glance at the present state of the theatrical world.

The season at Covent Garden has hitherto been remarkably successful. We believe there has been no precedent for very many years of so profitable a time between the re-opening and Christmas. This fact augurs well for the national drama. The attraction has consisted almost exclusively of the revived plays of Shakspeare; the scenic arrangements of those which were brought out last season having, in many instances, been rendered yet more complete; and for popular and striking effects, *The Tempest* having surpassed them all.

The plea, not long ago put forth, of the unattractiveness of Shakspeare, and the need of melodrama and spectacle, to ensure a return for the outlay of theatrical capital, is, therefore, triumphantly quashed. So far as the circumstances allow, the public has redeemed itself from the implied imputation. Whenever urged in future, it will be taken for what it is, — a confession of grovelling intelligence, corrupt taste, and unscrupulous cupidity.

If, indeed, Shakspeare be represented by a *corps dramatique* altogether inadequate to the personation of his characters, and with none of the concert and pervading unity that are requisite to realise a scene, whatever may be

the merits of one or two principal performers — if unskilled and awkward supernumeraries render ridiculous the combinations in which their numbers, grouping, and action, should be subservient to the grandest effects — if the costume, appointments, and pictorial accessories be disgustingly paltry or obtrusively incongruous, while lavish outlays on glittering armour, glaring scenery, and long processions, furnish an unmeaning gratification for vulgar eyes, with no demand on intelligence or feeling, either in actors or audience — then it may happen that Shakspeare will not shine in the treasurer's books, but a larger profit be exhibited, as derived from the depraved taste, which has become yet more depraved, by mercenary pandering and cherishing. Such we take to be the secret, in part at least, of the avowed discrepancy between the experience of the two large houses, as to the profitableness of enacting Shakspeare.

One circumstance connected with the success at Covent Garden deserves to be particularly noted — we mean the extent of its action upon the public as a mode of artistical and poetical training. There had formerly been considerable approximations towards correctness of costume, occasional splendour of theatrical adornment, and striking displays of individual talent; but the systematic illustration of the drama, represented through all its phases, from the philosophical truth of its grandest personation to the pictorial arrangement of form, colour, and grouping, was a novelty; and novelty of such a nature uniformly requires time to insure its proper appreciation.

All great poetry, all high art, while implying a certain previous advance in civilisation, has yet rather created than found the taste for its own enjoyment. Only by degrees have people come to understand what was done, and how much was done, in the recent revivals. The restoration of the Fool in *King Lear*, and the exclusion of Hippolyto and Dorinda from *The Tempest*, were courageous experiments. Now, it would imply some hardihood to revert to the stage corruptions that for so long a period were regarded as a needful concession to the bad taste of audiences. The standard of the acting drama has been elevated. The audience has evidently become more discriminating — more appreciating. An effect has been produced analogous to that which is wrought on the young painter when he is sent to Rome, to live only in the familiar contemplation of the production of the great masters of art. A purer and loftier tone is imparted to theatrical enjoyment. This influence may be seen in many ways; in the mode in which a performance is taken, the fineness of the points which are marked for approbation, the degree of earnest attention, and a thousand indications of growing perception and refinement. The dramatic art thus inweaves itself with the progress of civilisation, and vindicates its claim to rank amongst the agencies of improvement.

Wise would it be in a popular government, in an enlightened aristocracy, and in royalty, to strengthen such an agency, to assist its resources, and to extend its influences. It certainly cannot be the *duty* of a court and aristocracy to enjoy the grandest dramatic poetry and the most exquisite dramatic art which has been produced in the country to which they belong. No blame, on the score of personal taste, can be attached to a preference for excitements at once less intellectual and less national. But so long as a refined populace is safer than a brutal one, as the base of the column by which the Corinthian capital of Society is supported, it must be a question of prudence, if not of benevolence, whether patronage is wisely confined, or nearly so, to opera, ballet, and the menagerie. There is nothing factitious in the recent successes of the national drama. Even the intellectual aristocracy of the country, long driven from the theatre by the

degradation into which it had fallen, only begins to feel the charm that recalls its presence. But the very fact of the hold obtained, without aid, countenance, or patronage, upon the public mind, indicates the course to which those whose privileges are only sustained by opinion should be directed by an enlightened sense of the nation's interests and their own. "I don't read Shakspeare myself," said a Stratford farmer at a recent jubilee, "but I say he ought to be *kept up* for the good of the town." There is, doubtless, reason for gratulation to all lovers of the drama in the independent character of the success that has been attained; but it is not the less disgraceful that a great national project should have been left to sink or swim like the most commonplace individual speculation.

The only patronage accorded to Covent Garden Theatre is the very questionable one, also enjoyed by Drury Lane, of the exclusive patent. To a competent manager this is no privilege at all. His best patent is in his own judgment and genius. It would be an advantage to such an one that the representation of Shakspeare's dramas should be attempted elsewhere. The attempted rivalry would facilitate the comprehension of what he effects, and cultivate the taste for its appreciation. Why this monopoly should be continued to Drury, is not very obvious. Its action is now simply prohibitive. It is a law against the performance of the national drama—a penalty upon acting Shakspeare. We are reminded of the prohibition of tobacco cultivation, enacted for the benefit of Virginia when Virginia was British, and perpetuated after Virginia became rebellious and independent. A menagerie inherits the privilege that was bestowed as the endowment of a national theatre. We question not Mr. Van Amburgh's merits as a tamer of tigers; we can have no objection to the lessee's speculating in lions rampant, or any other rampant animals; but not for such exhibitions, nor for such better ones as it yet can boast, does Drury Lane Theatre hold its legal superiority over the minor theatres. Not for such purposes was it vested with the power to prevent their producing the legitimate drama. Opera, horsemanship, and beast-taming are amply provided for elsewhere. There is no propriety in the exclusiveness remaining, when from Drury Lane itself the legitimate drama is practically excluded. We do not advert to this point merely on the score of justice; though never was privilege more foully forfeited;—nor on account of the other theatres; though they are most unfairly treated;—but because the present effect of the patent is to degrade the art and its professors, and so eventually to injure the public. To the two great theatres those who have devoted their lives to the dramatic art in its highest forms look for employment. On the competition of those two establishments they mainly depend for that enhancement of the worth of their exertions which in any ordinary mechanical occupation is ensured by the free rivalry of unlimited numbers. The caprice or sordidness of one man, armed with the power of the patent, may turn the half of them adrift in the world, and leave the other half with no remedy but to take whatever is offered them. He may convert the stage into a circus. He may fit it up as a caravan. He may people it with horses and wild beasts. Enthroned on his showman's cage, he may say, "here is my company; you and Shakspeare go to the — together." There is no remedy. The actors cannot do what journeymen carpenters treated in a like summary manner might do. They cannot combine and open an opposition shop of their own. The law forbids. To exercise their art, however skilfully, however unexceptionably, however acceptably to the public, would infringe the patent rights of the zoological lessee. They must cringe, or starve; perhaps both. Insolent conditions may be enforced on them. They may be degraded; and in them, their art; and in that,

the public taste. What other class of persons is there, throughout the whole British Empire, whether educated or uneducated, employed in works of the highest intelligence, or of the simplest mechanism, that is placed in so unjust, so cruel, so intolerable a position? It would be difficult to devise (had that been the object) a more atrocious expedient for degrading, if not totally crushing, a liberal art.

And it should not be forgotten that acting is a liberal art. Something at least of mental cultivation, of refinement, of the capacity for perceiving and expressing the purposes of genius, is implied in all who are qualified for its exercise. Its successful votaries must be marked out by nature, and matured by long study and training for their vocation. And yet this misnamed and preposterous privilege robs them of rights that are held sacred in the rudest artizan. The hewer of wood and drawer of water has a free market for his labour; but to replenish the golden urn of art from the Castalian fount, and mould in the living frame the forms of Shakspearean creation, is work inhibited, save on condition of entire dependence upon individual interest or caprice. The restriction and dependence are capable of being pushed to an extreme without parallel even in the annals of monopoly. The two patent theatres may be, as they have been, in the same hands; or they may both be held by lessees alike ignorant, insolent, and sordid. In such a state of things, it is not at all an impossible, it is not even an improbable supposition, that the most accomplished professors of the art may find no managerial demand for their exertions, and have only the choice of a provincial life, retirement, or expatriation. The popularity of an actor, the desire of the public, are no protection against the sinister interests of a patent monopoly.

An honourable effort has been recently made by the profession to enhance its respectability, in the formation of the "General Theatrical Fund Association," which will not only come well in aid of the older institutions, but is advantageously distinguished by its comprehensive and independent spirit. The absence of all invidious distinctions or jealous feelings, the mutual sympathy and respect, the unassuming self-reliance, the business-like care and yet generous thoughtfulness, manifested in its preliminary proceedings, are highly creditable to the members. But however valuable as a palliative, it can be no more than a palliative of the one great evil, the patent monopoly. There is the millstone on the neck of the profession, of its respectability, its character, its comforts, and its social rights. A free trade in the art is the one thing needful. Without it, the actor can never take the position to which, as a man, he is entitled; nor the public have the certain and continuous prospect of an acted drama not unworthy of the unfading glory of our dramatic literature.

We have been led to these suggestions, somewhat out of our usual path of criticism, by its happening just now that the nascent prosperity of Covent Garden Theatre is the only remarkable particular in the dramatic department, distinguished from the musical productions of the stage, which we notice apart from its literature. Heartily glad are we to contemplate any degree of prosperity, in any and every theatre, pursuing its proper object, by honourable means. Every form of drama has its worth and its charm, and while theatres are what they profess to be, we rejoice in them all, large and small, majors and minors, and in all their managers, and companies, and orchestras, and scene-shifters. Bless them all; —

Send them victorious,
Happy and glorious: —

and now, hey! for the Christmas pantomimes.

"GUILLAUME TELL," AT DRURY LANE.

DRAMATIC music, as far as it regards the getting up of extensive and complicated pieces by the theatres, and the reception of them by audiences, is making great progress among us. The representation of "Guillaume Tell" at Drury Lane is conclusive as to that fact. We have attended the performance of Rossini's masterpiece with the greatest delight; we have heard so many beautiful effects resulting from one pervading and accurate conception of the whole, and have witnessed with so much pleasure principal singers avoiding clap-trap, and merging their individual pretensions to favour in behalf of the general success of the piece, that we are in no disposition to detect small faults, or suggest improvements: this may be done at leisure; at present we will merely record our conviction, that an advance beyond the most sanguine hope has been made, not only in general skill and power by the whole vocal *corps* of the English theatre, but also in the taste and judgment of the direction. A musician must indeed be fastidious who refuses to be pleased at such a performance as that of "Guillaume Tell." Even the uninstructed and most miscellaneous audience (partly, we fear, attracted by Van-Amburgh's lions) have the instinct of something above them — they listen, and are silent. Fine music requires no other homage.

Our readers are probably aware that a considerable section of the present opera was produced some years ago in the manufactured drama of Hofer, the joint work of Mr. Planché and Mr. T. Cooke. The selected movements, consisting chiefly of choruses and concerted pieces, were, indeed, some of the best compositions in the original; — they were, at all events, the most German in style; and these pieces wanting the connecting links of the principal songs, and the illustrative points of style which they furnish, raised the idea that Rossini had effectually *Germanised* himself in "Guillaume Tell," even more so than he had done in composing "Zelmira" for the Viennese. This error is dissipated in hearing the whole four acts, which, with a few slight exceptions, and no interpolations (the bitterest ill-usage of all), are now given at Drury Lane. The style is still Rossini's, but it is Rossini elevated in fancy and feeling, retaining nothing of his former self but a certain sportive and tender grace; — and what a musician this leaves us! When this composer of sensation lays aside all the means he has hitherto chosen to employ for mere animal gratification — all that singular art of captivation by which, for a series of years, his caprice has triumphed in defiance of common sense — when, sacrificing this, the *popular* Rossini enters upon the same dramatic ground as Mozart, Beethoven, and Cherubini, seeking severest truth in the expression of sentiment and situation, the completeness of his success not less raises wonder, than the fact that that success has been followed by a long period of oblivion to his profession. The history of music has no parallel instance of a man with a great and imperishable name at his command — with a public eagerly expectant of any promised novelty from his hand — thus obstinately maintaining his condition of silence and inactivity.

In the other serious operas of Rossini, even in *Semiramide* and *Otello*, we may observe much that is in a great and commanding style, chequered with those incomprehensible trivialities that have become almost as proverbial as

the mannerisms of the master. Who can forget the prelude he has given us to the murder of an innocent and faithful wife in the subject of the Allegro of the Overture to *Otello*? To such a writer one would think that strangulation appeared the prettiest bagatelle conceivable. None of the like discrepancies of style disturb the impression of "Guillaume Tell." The mad Italian of whom M. Beyle relates, in exemplification of Rossini's extravagant inclination to buffoonery, that he once made a whole orchestra of violin players mark the commencement of every bar by a rap on their tin candlesticks, no longer appears — we have here the "sage and serious" musician.

Circumstances which not only modified the genius of the author, but were peculiarly favourable to all the details of *Tell*, may be well remarked. If our memory be correct, "Guillaume Tell" succeeded at a tolerably long interval "*Il Conte Ory*." At all events it was produced when the composer, domiciled in Paris, and surrounded by the flattering offerings of its choicest wits, had enjoyed just repose enough to invigorate him; had mingled with men of genius sufficiently to be ambitious of a better claim to their distinctions; and when familiarity with the powers of the brilliant orchestra and chorus of the *Academie Royale* had assured him what might be done in concentrating the powers of both on some popular subject. Guillaume Tell was influenced by each of these causes, and the last rendered it the most brilliant, and certainly the most difficult score of modern times.

An orchestra, of which every individual violinist was a solo player of strong and brilliant execution, would alone be able to do full justice to the exaggerated rapidity of some parts of the accompaniments. The Drury Lane band contains able players; but in the execution of these traits of the original there wants much of the distinctness of a perfect *ensemble*. For the full effect of these passages, as Habeneck, the able Parisian director, would insist upon them, we need a greater correspondence in the *coups d'archet*. Our English orchestra is lamentably deficient in this nicety of musical execution, without which the highest clearness and the most decided expression are quite unattainable. It has an almost comic effect to see the two first violins, Blagrove and Eliason, take the passages in a way the most dissimilar that can be imagined — one bow going up, the other down — the one playing short notes with the tip, the other with the contrary extremity of the bow; in short, the most striking opposition in the conception of the passage, often in the comparison, to the disadvantage of the English player. This want of unity, rendered absurdly conspicuous by the position of the two principal violins, should be remedied in every orchestra in which it prevails — if perfection be aimed at. Poets and musicians have been praised for having *a devil*; we wish we saw any so desirable possession in Mr. Blagrove; but, in truth, his coldness and phlegm as much unfit him for the orchestra, as his perfect facility and beautiful tone render him delightful in chamber music.

The wind instruments in "Guillaume Tell" are put upon hard duty, the execution of which, as we have begun to speak of the performance of the opera at Drury Lane, we may applaud. It was an easy time for the more exhausting class of instruments, horns, &c., when the players enjoyed a systematic repose during the accompanied recitatives at least. But in "Guillaume Tell," throughout the four entire acts, the most strenuous attention is required; for though the wind instruments have, of course, a fitting intermission to produce their effect, yet they are used so frequently here and there, wherever the composer felt disposed to introduce a breathing chord, and in so capricious though tasteful a manner, that nothing short of the most inveterate application on the part of the players would make the

whole go correctly. Even the drums and the ophicleide have many features of importance, which require to be rendered with great expression and care.

If such be a representation of the orchestral duty required by Rossini in this colossal work, we shall certainly not find a less studious and artful disposition of the choral force collected on the stage. Every thing in the way of new combination that the experience of the practised composer, rich in means for the carrying out of his designs, can suggest, is there put in practice. Single, double, and triple choruses, choruses of men alone, choruses of women alone, choruses of both in combination, choruses accompanying solos, dances, &c.; in short, a constant variety in the forms of vocal harmony, which preserves the ear from fatigue, is kept up. The choral part is not elaborated; on the contrary, it is broad, simple, and massive, abounding in striking effects of the unison, and sometimes, as in the meeting of the cantons in the second act, approaching the sublime; and this simplicity, in contrast with the luxuriance and fiery energy of the orchestra, is the source of enchanting effects.

Let the choral music of the drama be, however, simple as it may, still, when accompanied by an orchestra in which new and perplexing accents and extravagant passages are constantly heard, it will always remain a matter of great difficulty to ensure, amidst a hundred choristers either engaged in action or in forming picturesque groups, that perfect recollection of the entrance of their parts, and precision in taking them up, which are essential to complete effect. This effort of memory ought really to engage us in a higher appreciation of the art of that humble and much undervalued class of musicians—the operatic choristers. Exquisite combinations and effects, such as they produce in the present opera, can only be obtained by the whole knowing as one man, not merely the notes, but the expression and character of their parts. If there were any prevailing defect of memory—any timidity, or reliance of one upon the other for the cue, disorder would soon prevail, and the pleasure of the audience would suffer in proportion.

We have heard from the Drury Lane chorus, both in *Benedict's Opera*, and in "*Guillaume Tell*," more beautiful specimens of singing than a few years ago we could have believed possible from such a class of musicians; and it is but the commonest justice to confess that their general performance far exceeds in its intonation, light and shade, expression and correctness, any thing we have yet heard in the theatres of London—the Italian Opera included.

In estimating "*Guillaume Tell*" it would be wrong to suppose the harmony carried to an excess at the expense of the melody. On the contrary, there is no modern work which captivates the ear by a richer succession of new melodious phrases in a variety of styles. A more delicious pastoral movement than the introduction to the opera cannot be heard; and the dance music which accompanies the ballet in the first act is of exquisite piquancy, novelty, and grace. In the former the ear reposes on the most beautiful chords, in the latter we perceive unusual accents imparting to the lowest department of composition a perfect charm. The national music employed just gives the necessary colouring to the whole, without suffering it to degenerate into monotony or feebleness.

Several admirable solos occur in the parts of *Guillaume Tell* (Braham) and *Matilda* (Miss Romer); but the observation of these singers on the choral character of the whole work, and the intimate dependence of both chorus and solo on each other for general effect, restrained in both a disposition to display. The consequence was that both most ably supported the piece. Braham's voice, it is known, has fallen much lower in its scale; but

as he now husbands his resources, he sings better in tune, and is actually a more agreeable performer than he was ten years ago. If Miss Romer possessed as much art in the management of her full and powerful voice as the organ itself for its magnificent quality deserves, she would leave nothing to be desired. In her grand duet, in the second act, with Mr. Allen she completely outsings that meritorious gentleman, especially when he mounts into his falsetto, and feels his physical strength overmatched by the spacious area and the formidable orchestra with which he has to contend. The ear of Mr. Allen is quite irreproachable, which is saying much for a tenor, and in a less extended *locale* he may be tolerably sure of the good opinion of musicians. Here, however, an uneasy effort is perceptible. The fine duet between Braham and Allen, best known in concert rooms as *Dove vai*, wanted a character in the lower part, sustained by Braham, which such a singer as Phillips would have given to it. Slight defects of this kind, with the want occasionally of a more subdued accompaniment in the orchestra, were the only points of objection that occurred to us; and these were so overpowered by the success of the whole, that we who have spoken freely of Mr. Bunn's management in regard to the operas of Balfe and Barnett, and of the *ad captandum* system adopted in the music of Drury Lane, are most anxious to render the director full justice when his efforts tend to the improvement of taste and the advancement of the art. Even Miss Betts, whose sole recommendation as a dramatic singer lies in her general ability as a musician, and little Miss Poole, whose music comes in aid of an intelligent face and the most promising histrionic talent, appeared in the softening light of the whole to be unusually deserving and effective.

The principal strength of the composition certainly lies in the two first acts of "Guillaume Tell"—though there is no palpable deficiency of interest or falling off in the two others. But in the oath chorus in the finale to the second act, Rossini reached a climax of unwonted grandeur far beyond himself, and the excitement which the excellence of this movement creates may throw a coldness on the subsequent parts of the composition. Still there remain admirable things. The rebellion against Gessler affords a highly spirited incident for the finale of the third act, when engrafted upon the original situation, a festival, in which the stage is crowded by its entire force. In the fourth act a delightful trio, sung by Miss Romer, Miss Betts, and Miss Poole, with a female chorus, principally sustains the interest, and rivals that sung in the second act by Messrs. Braham, Allen, and Stretton. The impression at the conclusion of all is, that Rossini might sacrifice all his former works for a dozen operas of equal power and earnestness. In "Guillaume Tell" we may observe in what school Bellini had studied the breadth and grandeur which distinguish the choruses of I Puritani. Here undoubtedly is the model of that pealing, long-noted, church-like magnificence.

We found in "Guillaume Tell" some apology for Van Amburgh's lions. If a manager, single-handed, is to support the expense of getting up such an opera as this, he may be excused for extracting from the gaping curiosity of the public that aid which in France results from the enlightened patronage of the arts by government. Music, the most costly of all, and probably the most influential on pleasure, is left to struggle on by itself and achieve its own victories. If it ever reach perfection in England, the greater the triumph.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE IMP OF THE PALACE. — The excellent fiction of the "Devil upon two Sticks" seems to have taken the shape of a ludicrous fact during the past month. In these days, we are made so hard-headed by the onslaught which science has made upon romance, and so wise by the subjugation of poetry before the iron rod of political economy, that we would almost as soon die ourselves, as give the slightest credit to the biographer of a ghost; while the historian of a haunted palace would be likely to originate no better conviction in our minds, than that he was a dealer in contraband *spirits*, who was anxious to keep a clear coast for the "walking" of his merchandise. But mankind need continual excitement — our imaginations and our energies *must* have excitement from outward circumstances, or they react upon the inward man, and produce morbid, and perhaps disastrous, results. Therefore it is good to have excitement, and have it we will. When lo! — the fiction of ghosts, and imps, and hopping elves, being snatched away from the delighted credence of imagination, — swift to the need, and bowing to the Genius of the age, like a carpenter's rule at an angle of forty-five degrees, forth issues a Matter-of-fact, as quaint, ominous, and grotesque as any fiction that ever pranked from the seething brain of Le Sage, or the vision-breeding Germans. We take the following from the newspapers.

"*Edward Cotton*, a boy about thirteen years of age, whose appearance was that of a sweep, was placed at the bar of the Queen-square Office, by Inspector Steer of the A division, charged with being found concealed in the New Palace, and with stealing a sword and other articles, the property of her Majesty. — William Cox, porter at the Equerry's entrance, stated, that a few minutes *before five o'clock in the morning*, he was sitting in his room, which adjoins the hall, when he saw his door opened half-way, and a boy, having the appearance of a chimney-sweep, thrust his head and part of his body in, and looked round the apartment. Their eyes met. Witness asked what chimney he had come to sweep? Whereupon the figure disappeared — the door slapped too, — and witness distinctly heard the sound of feet scampering away." It is worthy of observation, that the early hour of five in the morning, at which time the porter happened to be sitting in his room, rendered the idea of chimney-sweeping perfectly natural to one who suddenly encountered the sweep-apparent to the crown; and it was also an hour at which the said dislodger of soot-royal might well expect to enjoy his ramble unmolested and unseen. At sight of the porter, however, off he brushed. "This alarmed the witness, who immediately gave information to the police. As he was returning along the passage, he saw a sword and other articles made up in a bundle, and placed there as if for the purpose of speedy removal. On the prisoner's person being searched, *two letters* were found, one directed to Her Majesty, and the other to Sir Charles Murray. There were also two books belonging to Mr. Broom, the valet to Sir Charles Murray, and other articles, of trifling value. It appeared that most of the articles were the property of Sir Charles and his servant; and the apartments occupied by the honourable gentleman were inspected, to see if any thing more valuable had been taken away. The bed was found to be in confusion, the sheets being covered with soot, *as if a person had lain in it in sooty clothes*, the curtains were also sooty, as also some of the furniture. Sir Charles Murray was at present in attendance upon the Queen." — The imagination of the urchin being fired by the idea of what wonders might be contained in letters addressed to Her Majesty, and one of Her Majesty's suite, sinks into a mere vision, when compared with the practical trial of how the bed *felt*, and how delicious it was to have a good dream there. It reminds us of one of the stories in the Arabian Nights. But mark how much more follows: — "James Stone, 81 B, stated, that having arrested the prisoner, he found *hid in the bed* in Sir Charles Murray's apartment, *a pot of bear's grease*, to which, from the appearance of the prisoner's hair, it would seem he had *copiously helped himself*. — Mr. White then asked the prisoner who and what he was, and how he could account for the situation in which he had been found. — The prisoner, who is an intelligent, and appears to be a tolerably well educated boy, said: I came from Hertfordshire, in the month of December last, and was let into the palace by a man dressed in fustian. — Mr. White: Why did this man let you in? — Prisoner (with *naïveté*): Oh, I can't account for that. — Mr. White: Do you mean to say you have been in the palace previously to this? — Prisoner: Yes, *and a very comfortable place I've found it*. I used to hide behind the furniture and up the chimneys in the daytime; when night came, I walked about, went into the kitchen, and got my food. *I have seen the Queen and her ministers in council, and have heard all they have said.*" — What sudden feelings of astonishment at the imp's unparalleled temerity; what dismay at the profound state secrets he might have overheard, and perhaps already have divulged; what anxiety to ascertain the nature of those secrets, in order to apprise his royal mistress

and her ministers of a darkly-concealed, though sweeping branch of *lèse-majesté*, must have agitated the bosom of the faithful magistrate! With the rapidity of instinct he put a searching question, which could not have been surpassed by the profoundest calculation. "Mr. White: Do you *mean to say* you have worn but *one shirt all the time*?—Prisoner: Yes; when it was dirty I washed it out one night in the kitchen." It is hardly necessary to state, that the court was convulsed with laughter. Re-examination thus proceeds:—"The apartment I like best is the drawing room. (Loud laughter.)—Mr. White: You have not told me *from what town* you came(!) or if you had any relation.—I came from the city of Hertford, and I lived with Mr. H. Cotton, shoemaker, and a householder there.—Mr. White: Is he any relation?—Prisoner: *Only my father.* (Renewed laughter.)—Mr. White: You are not a sweep, are you?—Prisoner: Oh no, it's only my face and hands are dirty: that's from sleeping in the chimneys. I do not know the names of any of the servants, but I know my way all over the palace, and have been all over it, the Queen's apartments and all. *The Queen is very fond of politics.*—Mr. White said he should remand the prisoner until Wednesday." The questions of the magistrate have almost as much *gusto* (in their way) as the answers of the boy. As to the petty thefts which it seems he had contemplated, we find it difficult to regard the thing in the serious light of vice and depravity; but rather as a part of the extraordinary circumstances of fairy-like temptation in which he found himself placed. And supposing all his statements to be unfounded—a fact since ascertained—what does the whole affair prove? Why, that in the midst of all our science and matter-of-fact, we are still disposed to give credence to the romantic, because it excites our imaginations, and gives a fillip of novelty to our daily rounds. We say nothing of the juvenile fabricator of the tale. A clever young imp must he be, and naturally incorrigible—however corrected.

GRACE DARLING'S LEVEE.—The presentation of 50*l.* to the Darlings from Her Majesty, was a kind and sensible gift; so was the present from the Duke of Northumberland; and the gold medallions from the Royal Humane Society were well bestowed, as tokens of honour, and testimonials of the noble and heroic humanity of Grace Darling and her father. But while we demur to the beneficial *effect*, or consequences, of the gift of a splendid shawl, from her Grace of Northumberland to Grace Darling (as tending to occasion a ruinous change in the rest of her attire), we have no doubt of the pain and annoyance suffered by these meritorious and single-minded individuals, from the gross curiosity and absurdity with which they are constantly beset. A Newcastle paper informs us, that—"as soon as it was known that they were residing with their relative, Mr. M'Farlane, of Narrowgate-street, people began to assemble, and many ladies and gentlemen of the town were gratified with an *audience* of them." And the "audience" was readily vouchsafed by her Grace of Darling. We are also informed that "the manner in which *they bore the searching curiosity* of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and their *numerous* visitors, as well as that of the *people at large*, was truly worthy of the gentle heroine and her heroic *sire*." What must the worthy old man and his interesting daughter think of all this searching curiosity, which it required so much fortitude to bear? Moreover, must they not resent—or should not we resent it for them—the attempt to reduce their natural nobility down to something "genteel?" One Newcastle paper, in speaking of Grace's "sire," tells us that "Mr. Darling is a very fine *military-looking* old man." We expect soon to hear it added, that he has very much the appearance of a general officer. Grace is also beginning to "rise" into *Miss* Grace Darling, and a swindler has actually been going round the suburbs of London collecting money for a piece of plate to be presented, as he affirmed, to this "young lady." Something might be said of the prints that have been published at the top of songs, wherein Grace is depicted in an elegant *negligee*, "waving her lily hand" as a signal, and gently touching an oar with a finger and thumb of the other hand, while the boat beneath her operatic toe, is equally poised on the tip of an infuriate sugar-loaf billow;—but really this is too absurd.

CLERICAL DUSTMEN.—The triumph of the widow Woolfrey over the sanctified curate of Carisbrook, who first "flew at" the pious and feeling inscription she chose to have upon her deceased husband's tombstone, was followed up by another disgraceful affair of a more substantial kind, in which the widow of a village blacksmith protested against the rising tide of fees demanded by the Rev. J. Tomkyns, for the grave-ground, surplice honours, bricking, arching, &c., consequent on her husband's interment. The *Morning Chronicle* gave the full statement, and the *Examiner* acted as expounder and commentator in its best style. "It is much to be desired," said the writer, "that the Rev. J. Tomkyns would edify the world by the publication of his *Meditations among the Tombs*. The subject has already been handled by the moralist" (and florist?); "but we should like to see it also treated by the Churchman; and from the sample before us, of the literary skill and clerical spirit of Mr. Tomkyns, *Meditations among the Tombs* from his pen would be a curiosity indeed. In meditating on the tombs, the thoughts that must occur to the Tomkyns' mind, must be, how much each had brought, or should bring, into his pocket. He would look at the brick

grave as worth 6*l.* 2*s.*; at the head and foot stones, as worth 1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*; at arches turned over the same, as worth 1*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; and at a poor man's grave, as complete as the affection of a mourning widow could make it, in the churchyard of the Poor Man's Church, as bringing him in, surplice fees included, the handsome sum of 10*l.* 2*s.*" This reminds us of a custom said to have been practised by newspapers of the olden time, with respect to the fees then demanded for insertions in their obituaries. The scale was something like the following:—For the announcement of a simple death, 1*s.*;—for the death of a gentleman or lady much lamented, 1*s.* 6*d.*; for having the painful duty to announce the same, 2*s.*; for the death of a lady who was a pattern of all Christian virtues, 2*s.* 6*d.*;—for taking up the pen with the deepest regret, in order to fulfil the painful duty of announcing the same, 3*s.*;—for the death of a gentleman who was a kind father, a devoted husband, and a blessing to the surrounding neighbourhood, whose funeral was conducted upon the most expensive scale, and who was followed by the lamentations of thousands, 10*s.* 6*d.* Preposterous as this may appear, the letter of the Rev. J. Tomkyns quite equals it. But after all, the main error lies in the legal right which the state-clergy possess of compelling people to "down with their dust" in this way. The Rev. Tomkyns argued quite justly, according to the terms of his monopoly, when he demanded an extra fee for turning a brick arch over the grave. The reason is plain; for the brick arch would render the grave as good as a tomb; and whereas in the case of an ordinary poor man's burial, the ground can generally be used over again in less than seven years, the brick arch would not be likely to fall in for fifty years; nay, might probably last a century, during the whole of which time the ground-capital would be lying dead, instead of the interest producing a fresh crop of fees every seven years!

PRAYING IN CHURCHYARDS, AND STAYING FROM CHURCH.—The friends of the Establishment agree, by this time, with its opponents, in thinking that it was injudicious to raise the question as to the legality of quoting a verse of Scripture upon a tombstone. Otherwise, we should have heard something of a subscription to reimburse the Rev. Mr. Breeks for the heavy costs to which the Court of Arches has put him, in baffling his attempt to inflict some unknown pains and penalties on a poor widow, for inviting all wanderers in Carisbrook churchyard to pray for the soul of her deceased husband. Undoubtedly, the Church, which is supposed to charge highly for its prayers within doors on behalf of the living, is consistent in opposing these cheap and involuntary prayers in churchyards on behalf of the dead. It must be very convenient to discountenance the doctrine of supplicating mercy for the departed, lest sinners should postpone their penitence, and hesitate to seek the church's intercession while they may. As clergymen are appointed for the "cure of souls," it is natural they should regard souls that are gone as "past cure," and decide upon having nothing to do with them. Still it would be as well if they would lay down some clear and distinct line by which the survivors of those who have stood in need of prayers may walk in safety through the winding paths of the burial-ground, and not stumble against the odd corners of the church—to the equal injury of their own bones and the sacred edifice. It is unquestionably good to protest against popery; but is it a less excellent thing to protest against protestantism, when it comes in so questionable a shape that we cannot distinguish its venerable form from that of persecution? It cannot be wrong to protest against that which speaks with two voices, the one contradicting the other. The protestant establishment thus speaks, when it contains within its doctrines much of what it most abhors—when it denounces us for simply obeying precepts of scripture, or for acting upon the sacred lessons taught in its own book of prayers. For example, what is more decidedly repudiated amongst us than the Romish doctrine of absolution—of priest-pardon—of periodical forgiveness to be had on paying for it? And yet, in the "Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the Church, according to the use of the United Church of England and Ireland," do we not find that the minister visiting the sick shall move them to make a special confession of their sins, if their consciences be troubled with any weighty matter; and shall, after such confession, absolve them—the form of prayer being, "Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to his church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy forgive thee thine offences: And by his authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of," &c. &c. Little practical harm can ensue from appealing for a prayer for the dead; but much may result from picturing to the minds of the living the luxury of entire absolution. Yet what are we to think when we see this doctrine so solemnly sanctioned as the adopted of the Church of England—and when we find one of the religious societies exulting in having sent forth during the past year more than a million of these prayer books, each containing this awful misrepresentation? We want a "reform" in this respect—something explicit, definite, distinct, like the alteration proposed in the denounced inscription—"Don't pray for the soul of Joseph Woolfrey—it is *not* a wholesome thought to pray for the dead;"—definite, distinct, and explicit, as is the other suggestion for a tombstone to be hereafter raised—"Pray for the feelings of the Rev. Mr. Breeks—it is a wholesome thought to pray *for* the dead."

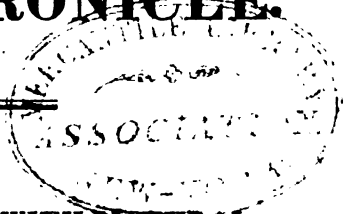
From the churchyard, we pass into the church, where we do not find the churchwarden

of the parish of Llanelly, nor his dissenting brother, of the parish of Llanona. These two unfortunate Welshmen are to be found in Carmarthen gaol; thither sent, as having been guilty of the crime of absenting themselves from church! Why; because they preferred spending the hours of divine service in the beer shop? No. Or because they chose to devote the sabbath to field-sports or mercenary trading? No. Or because they in any way lent themselves to a desecration of the holy day? No.—But simply because they conscientiously differed from the tenets of the church to which they were summoned; because, in short, their consciences told them that they ought to worship God in their own way. For this they are prosecuted at the suit of the Rev. Ebenezer Morris; and for this they are admonished, and adjudged to pay the costs of the action, in default of which they are committed to the common gaol. The existing statute which authorises this extraordinary proceeding, had its origin among those that were passed in the reign of Elizabeth, for the coercion of dissenters, who were driven to church on pain of imprisonment or transportation. About twenty years have elapsed since it was last forced into operation. If there be many Morrisises alive, it is plain that the first thing we must do, is to erect new prisons for the non-church-goers, or lunatic asylums for the clergy. Yes, chapels must be changed into gaols; and rectories converted, not into gin-palaces (a transformation that has actually occurred within the walls of the city), but into retreats for the incurably insane. By the way, if this old law can be put into execution against churchwardens, why not against clergymen? How many are there in England, to say nothing of Ireland, who never even saw the pulpits from which they are supposed to deliver homilies on the observance of religious duties! If non-attendance at church be an offence punishable with the felon's fate, we ought to see a few parsons in fetters!

NOTES ON THE MONTH. — To the Deity who maketh fruitful are the firstlings offered, and therefore the first day of each month, and the first month of the year are dedicated to Juno. This is the janua or gate, or portal month, and is dedicated also to the two-faced god, or the power of prospect and retrospect. Although Romulus, in his year of ten months, may have paid little respect to the hagamana, the holy month, yet Numa Pompilius assigned to it the place it has maintained for 2511 returns. It began the consular and the Julian year during the last 1884 revolutions of the sun, and only claimed to be more established in power in the year 1752, when England, the last of all the countries of Europe, save Sweden, to adopt the New Style, conformed to the general custom. It was on Thursday, the 1st day of January, 1801, that the imperial parliament first assembled, in honour of the union with Ireland, which it was then prophesied (no doubt by some repealer in prospect,) would not endure for forty years! Then it was that the quarterings of France were expunged from the arms of England, which, according to certain matrimonial, but not very popular rumours, are not unlikely to be restored. On this day in 1349, Edward III. rewarded with a *string of pearls*, the gallantry of Eustace de Ribeaumont, his antagonist; and the no less chivalrous Edmund Burke, was born on the 1st of January 1730. On the second, in the year 1492, Ferdinand V. expelled the Moors from Spain, and restored internal peace to that long harassed nation; what a pity that the Isabella of our day is not supported by such a Ferdinand! It was on this day, in the year 1727, that General Wolfe was born, to yield his brave spirit on the plains of Quebec, before he reached his 33d year, — not, we fear, the last sacrifice that Canada will demand of England. Ovid and Livy both died on this day, in the same year (A.D. 18). Cicero was born on the 3rd (B.C. 107). Josiah Wedgewood, a patriot as pure, and more practical, died on this day in 1795; in the spirit of Hamlet's reasoning, Wedgewood might have made a teapot out of the clay of Tully. On the 4th, in 1291, Edward I. wrote an account of the death of Eleanor, on whose tomb, at Westminster, tapers burned for 200 years afterwards, and to whose memory were reared the splendid crosses of Waltham, Northampton, &c., still existing, and that of Charing, which has long ceased to exist, except as the golden sign of a great coach-office, or, as we must soon write, a great railway depôt. On the 5th of January died Edward the Confessor (1066), Charles the Bold (1477), and Frederick, Duke of York (1827). The 6th, old Christmas-day, the Epiphany, twelfth night, the anniversary of the avatar of the Egyptian Isis, the new year's day of the Druids, and the Christmas-day of the Greeks and Russians, is so full of its own honour, that we need not record any accessory incident to make it more remarkable. The 7th is St. Distaff's day; on the 7th January, more than half a century ago (1785), Blanchard and Jefferies passed from Shakspeare's cliff to Guinnes in a balloon, from which period to the last trip of the Great Nassau, little progress appears to have been made in the navigation of the air. Galileo, on this day (1610), discovered his Medicean stars, the satellites of Jupiter. On this day, in 1549, Cranmer's prayer-book was established by law. Galileo died on the 8th of January, 1642, the day of St. Gudule, to whom is dedicated the superb cathedral of Brussels. On the 9th, the funeral of Nelson was celebrated in 1806, and on the same day, Sir David Baird took possession of the Cape of Good Hope by capitulation, on the defeat of General Janssens; in the Roman calendar, this was the *agonalia*, a day dedicated to the god of business. The 10th was the first day of the ancient Swedish year; on this

day, in 1628, Oliver Cromwell took his seat in the House of Commons as a member of the third parliament of Charles I. The 11th of January was dedicated at Athens to jollification, and at Rome to connubial felicity; in England, the first lottery was drawn on this day (1569), at the great west entrance to St. Paul's church. Linnæus (1778), Sir H. Slouane (1752), Roubilliac (1762), and Schlegel (1829), died on the 11th January. On the 12th, Benedict Biscop, the great Northumbrian instructor died; he *glazed* the windows of his church of Jarrow on the Tyne, before the year 680; Andrew Alciati, whose ingenious *Emblemata* are still admired, died also on this day. It was in London, and, indeed, all over England, a midnight at noon in 1678. The 13th is the Greek and Russian new year's day. In Rome, on this the ides of January, the soldiers who rallied under Romulus, were honoured up to the year 27 B. C., when Octavius Cæsar received the name of Augustus on this day. It was in 1749, the birthday of Charles James Fox; it is the morrow of St. Hilary; Sir Philip Sydney was knighted on it in 1583. John Evelyn was born on the 14th of January, 1654; the 14th is, on an average, the coldest day of the year; this is the mallard-night at All Souls' College, Oxford; it was the star-day of the Greeks, and was held propitious to the fair sex. On the 15th, in 342, died the first Christian hermit; the day was remarkable, in 1362, for a tremendous storm; in 1559, for the coronation of Elizabeth; and, in 1784, for the foundation, by Sir W. Jones, of the Asiatic Society. Edmund Spencer died on the 16th of January, 1599; it is a day dedicated in the ancient calenders, to concord; the battle of St. Vincent (1780), and that of Corunna (1809), were fought on this day. On the 17th, Benjamin Franklin (1706), and Victor Alfieri (1749), were born; on the night of this day, 1806, a part of Yorkshire was illumined by a splendid lunar rainbow. Henry VII.'s chapel was consecrated on the 18th of January, 1502; on the same day in 1486, he had married Elizabeth of York, and "joined the roses, red and white, together;" this is in Rome the festival of St. Peter's chair. The 19th (1736), was the birthday of James Watt, and the death of Congreve (1729). David Garrick in 1779, and John Howard in 1790, died on the 20th of January, the day on which, in 1783, Great Britain acknowledged the independence of her (then) American colonies; this was, in 1793, considered the first day of the fifth month of the French Republic. The Plague broke out in Edinburgh on the 21st of January 1647, which destroyed thirty-nine fortieths of the people. On the 22d, in 1561, Lord Bacon, and in 1788, Lord Byron, were born. This is St. Vincent's day, and on it the island so called was discovered. On the 23d, in 1806, died William Pitt; and on the same day, in 1820, Edward Duke of Kent, the father of her Majesty the Queen: the Royal Exchange was dedicated by Elizabeth in 1571, and in 1794 the Agricultural Society commenced its sittings. On the 24th, B. C. 335, Philip of Macedon was assassinated; and A. D. 41, the career of Caius Caligula was similarly closed. Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1795: it is the anniversary of St. Paul's conversion. On the 26th, in 1823, died Dr. E. Jenner; had every individual who has profited by his discovery, offered in gratitude a single halfpenny towards his monument, it would have outsoared the memorials of the mighty: the great fire in the Temple occurred this day, in 1679, by which the Ashmolean Library, and its numerous and valuable coins, seals, &c., were destroyed. The 27th is the day of St. John of the Golden Mouth (Chrysostom): Lady Catherine Grey died at the Tower on this day, in 1567; in 1719 the South Sea Company proposed to parliament their scheme for paying off the national debt of 30,000,000*l.* sterling. Among the obits of the Latin church for the 28th of January, occurs (804), the name of Charlemagne; Henry VIII. was born (1491), and died (1547) on this day; on which day died also Sir Thomas Bodley (1612), to whom Oxford owes so much; and (1596) Sir Francis Drake, a glorious name for England: on this day in 1410, Thomas Chaucer, chief butler to the king, and son to the immortal Geoffrey, was "elected speaker of the Commons," as we should now say of his presentation. Mr. Angerstein, who founded the national collection of pictures, and George III., who collected the national library at the Museum, died on the 29th of January, the former in 1823, the latter in 1820: Westminster Bridge was founded on this day in 1783, and was afterwards raised by lottery. The death of Charles I. (1648), distinguishes the 30th; on this day in 1790, was the Life-boat first used. On the 31st, in 1606, Guy Faux (Guido Fawkes) was executed at Westminster; it is also the ominous anniversary of another act of political vengeance (in 1692), the massacre of Glencoe. Until the horrors of the Spanish civil war, and certain recent incidents in Canada, had painfully dispelled the sweet illusion, we had hoped that the progress of intellect had purged that gentle weal of the great curse of the dark ages—murder in the name of political vengeance.

THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.



THE SCIENCES CONNECTED WITH NATURAL THEOLOGY.

Dissertations on Subjects of Science connected with Natural Theology: being the concluding Volumes of Paley's Natural Theology. With Illustrative Notes, &c.
By HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S., and Member of the National Institute of France. 2 vols. London: 1839.

THESE volumes recall to our memory the beautiful tract on the Pleasures and Advantages of Knowledge*, which, about eleven years ago, harbingered the first series of cheap publications which emanated from the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The name of the author was not prefixed to that celebrated discourse; it was needless;—and equally unnecessary was it to inform the reader of the present volumes to whom he is indebted for the pleasure and instruction they afford. There is only one individual living who could have produced them.

These volumes contain a series of Essays illustrating the attributes of God by examples drawn from his works, and vindicating the Divine policy by analogies and reasonings based on known and admitted phenomena of nature.

The first volume is devoted to the Instinct and Intelligence of the lower Animals, and is written in the form of dialogues between Lords A. and B. (Althorp and Brougham); with notes and appendix, containing an account of some original experiments made by Lord Brougham on the form and structure of the cells of bees, the mathematical details of the theory of that structure, in which it is demonstrated that the bee is a more profound geometer than the most illustrious mathematicians, ("and no wonder, considering who was her Teacher"!) and other matter not of a sufficiently elementary nature to be admitted into the text of the work.

The second volume contains a dissertation on the Origin of Evil, a fascinating *précis* of Cuvier's labours in Fossil Osteology, and an attempt to reduce some of the investigations in which the vast discoveries of Newton are developed, to a form in which they can be comprehended by persons of the most moderate acquirements in elementary mathematics.

When once we overstep the limits of science purely physical, and have to deal with mental and moral phenomena, nay, even when we entrench upon

* In the summer of 1830 we happened to travel in the Southern countries of Europe, throughout which we saw the walls of the towns, even of the smaller class, placarded with advertisements of translations into their several languages of this Discourse at a price and in a form which proved that its readers included all who could read.—A rare and enviable tribute to genius.

those which may be regarded as lying between the physical and metaphysical, — the phenomena connected with and dependent on organisation and vitality—we become embarrassed by the want of clear and settled definitions. No terms can be more familiar than “Instinct,” and its derivatives, “Instinctive,” “Instinctively,” &c. &c.; yet if we attempt to define it, how obvious will be the objections to almost every form of definition which may be adopted. Instinct has been defined to be that power or faculty which in brutes supplies the want of reason. But to this it may be objected, first, that brutes *have* reason and intelligence, and some have them in no inconsiderable degree. It may, however, be admitted that no act can be properly ascribed to Instinct, unless it can be made plain that it cannot arise from the dictates of intelligence. The kind of negative proof here required is difficult, and, perhaps, must after all come to the impossibility of conceiving how such or such an act in such or such an animal can proceed from intelligence. Lord Brougham thinks that this negative proposition is capable of demonstration. “How,” asks Lord Althorp, “do you prove that the bee (in the formation of the comb) does not reason and will?”

“*Lord Brougham.* I do not say we have the proof of the negative as clearly as we have of the affirmative. But, beginning with laying aside those actions of animals which are either ambiguous, or are referable properly to reason, and which, almost all philosophers allow, show a glimmering of reason; and confining ourselves to what are purely instinctive, as the bee forming a hexagon, without knowing what it is, or why she forms it; my proof of this, not being reason, but something else, and something not only differing from reason in degree but in kind, is from a comparison of the facts — an examination of the phenomena in each case — in a word, from induction. I perceive a certain thing done by this insect, without any instruction, which we could not do without much instruction. I see her working most accurately, without any experience, in that which we could only be able to do by the expertness gathered from much experience. I see her doing certain things which are manifestly to produce an effect she can know nothing about; for example, making a cell, and furnishing it with carpets and with liquid, fit to hold and to cherish safely a tender grub, she never having seen any grub, and knowing nothing of course about grubs, or that any grub is ever to come, or that any such use, perhaps any use at all, is ever to be made of the work she is about. Indeed, I see another insect, the solitary wasp, bring a given number of small grubs, and deposit them in a hole which she has made, over her egg, — just grubs enough to maintain the worm that egg will produce when hatched; and yet this wasp never saw an egg produce a worm, nor ever saw a worm, nay, is to be dead long before the worm can be in existence; and, moreover, she never has in any way tasted or used these grubs, or used the hole she made, except for the prospective benefit of the unknown worm she is never to see. In all these cases, then, the animal works positively without knowledge, and in the dark. She also works without designing anything, and yet she works to a certain and defined purpose. Lastly, she works to a perfection in her way, and yet she works without any teaching or experience. Now, in all this she differs entirely from man, who only works well, perhaps at all, after being taught; who works with knowledge of what he is about, and who works, intending and meaning, and, in a word, designing, to do what he accomplishes. To all which may be added, — though it is rather, perhaps, the consequence of this difference, than a separate and substantive head of diversity, — the animal works always uniformly and alike, and all his kind work alike; whereas no two men work alike, nor any man always, nay, any two times, alike.” pp. 16—18.

Instinct supposes an *agent* doing something for the attainment of an *end*. It also supposes the agent to be ignorant or unconscious of the *end* to be so attained by the action he performs, or by the *means* he employs. This is true; but it does not appear to us that it is *enough* to entitle the power

which prompts the act to the name Instinct. It is well observed by Locke, that the *end* to be 'attained must also be necessary to the preservation or well-being of the agent, or conducive to the continuance of its species, or that, in short, it must fulfil some purpose in the economy of the individual, or the species, or even more generally of nature, sufficiently important to warrant the assumption of a power implanted in the agent with a view to that especial purpose.

But even this is not enough. Little reflection is necessary to render it apparent that there are many acts which animals (including the human race) do or abstain from, the doing or abstaining from which is conducive to their well-being, and yet in which they cannot be said to be prompted by Instinct. An animal eats to gratify hunger, drinks to slake thirst, and seeks for the indulgence of its various natural appetites for mere gratification. Now in all these cases (except in the abuse of appetites) the *end* is the preservation and well-being of the animal. The *motive* to the action is, however, the gratification of the appetite. Of the *end* the lower animals are entirely ignorant; and the human animal, though he knows the *end*, yet does not (at least, not generally) act with it as a *motive*. In these cases, then, all the conditions of Instinct above enumerated are fulfilled, and yet the act cannot properly be said, and, in fact, *is* not said, to proceed from Instinct.

The absence of any discoverable *motive* is, therefore, as appears to us, necessary to entitle any action to be ascribed to Instinct.

A *test* by which instinctive actions are distinguishable from actions learned by the experience of ourselves or by instruction, *i. e.* the experience of others, is that they are never marked by progressive improvement. "The bee, 6000 years ago, made its cell as accurately, and the wasp its paper as perfectly, as they now do." Not so with the human reasoners, who go on generation after generation in an endless progression towards perfection.

The fulfilment of a purpose in the economy of the agent to whom Instinct is ascribed, is well illustrated by Lord Brougham. Lord Althorp is made to object that every thing ascribed to Instinct may be analogous to the gratification of some natural appetite.

"*Lord Althorp.* The mother eats things which satisfy her appetite, and that is all she cares for; but those things also produce milk, which nourishes her infant, — and that she never thought of. The time is also suited by the feeling. The hunger gives the supply when the system wants it; the eating produces the milk when the infant requires it. How does this differ from the other case?" (*i. e.* the case of Instinct).

"*Lord Brougham.* Much every way. The difference is wide and marked. In the cases you put, the mental Instinct is confined to produce the effect intended; and having produced it, the mind stops there and does nothing more. The powers of matter, its physical qualities set in motion, do the rest, of course beyond our direct control, and unaided by us as unknown to us. But in the case of Instinct the mind performs *both parts* — both the things which it knows and intends, and the thing which it neither knows nor intends. The mother eats — nature produces the milk without the least action of hers. But the bee not only gratifies herself (if that is the cause of her architecture) by the structure of the cell, but by her art, by her work, she does the other thing also, that of providing a lodging for her young. *It is as if the mother in your supposed case were both to eat intentionally for satisfying her hunger, and at the same time, without knowing or intending it, were to make milk by some process of internal churning.*" pp. 38, 39.

The second dialogue contains the discussion of the Theory of Instinct. After contrasting the extremes of the Cartesian and Newtonian doctrines, —

in the former of which the animal was regarded as a mere piece of mechanism, constructed or *wound up* so as to go for a certain time, and to make a certain succession of movements, to undergo a series of changes, and finally to *go down*; and in the latter, on the other hand, the animal was regarded as a mere passive being, all whose motions and actions were made by the immediate interposition of the Deity; — the author proceeds to the analysis of the *facts* stated in the first dialogue.

Of the innumerable curious and interesting processes observed in the habits and manners of the lower animals, none is calculated to throw so strong a light upon the nature of Instinct as the internal economy of a beehive. The structure of the comb supplies an example of the most perfect solution of a problem of great intricacy and difficulty in the highest department of mathematics. Many futile attempts have been made to account for the process by which the insect is enabled to execute this extraordinary work.

“*Lord Althorp*. I have heard it said that what seems so perfect a structure, and so judicious a dividing out of the space, so as to save room and work and material, is only the necessary consequence of placing a number of cylindrical or globular bodies together; that if you blow many soap-bubbles in a basin they will, by their weight and pressure, settle into hexagons.”

“*Lord Brougham*. There never was anything more absurd than what some, calling themselves philosophers, have said without a moment's reflection on this subject. No less a name than Buffon may be cited for such nonsense. There are two decisive answers: — *First*, the soap-bubbles will *not* make hexagons, although your eye may see straight lines formed by their intersections, but not one hexagon the least like the bee's will you find in all the foam; and *next*, there is not a single globe, or cylinder, or any figure like it ever made by any bee. Huber has seen them, or rather had them carefully observed, when at work; they first make a groove, and then form its walls into planes, and all the rest is a making of planes and angles one after the other without any circular figures at all. So some one finding the eye of the bee to be a network, when greatly magnified, and each mesh a hexagon, thought he had found out why the bee works in that figure. To which the answer was obvious, that men and other animals having circular pupils should, by parity of reason, work in circles.” pp. 72, 73.

“It was the celebrated Maraldi who first measured the angles of the cells, and found them to be $109^{\circ} 28'$ and $70^{\circ} 32'$ respectively. Reaumur afterwards set a young mathematician, pupil of Bernoulli, called Kœnig, to find what were the angles that made the greatest saving of wax, and the result was by his analysis $109^{\circ} 26'$ and $70^{\circ} 34'$, being within two minutes of his own measurement, which measurement he had not communicated to Kœnig. But it turns out that the bee was right and the analyst wrong: for by solving the problem in another way I find that he erred by two minutes; and other mathematicians, with whom I have communicated, distinctly find the same thing, and we have also found how the error crept in.” pp. 74, 75.

“A Berlin academician, thinking, I suppose, to do a kindness by Frederic II., objected to the bee, that though, if the dimensions of the cell be given, the saving is as I have stated; yet there is such a great waste of wax arising from those dimensions, as proves the saving of wax to be no object. He sets himself the principle of what he calls *minimum minimorum*; namely, to find the proportion between the length and breadth of the cell which saves most wax; and he finds it something quite wide of the actual proportions. Now, I went over this analysis, and again found the bee right, and the philosopher at fault; for he had wholly left out the hexagonal covering of the cell's mouth, which, whether for brood or honey, there always is; and I found the actual, or bee's proportion, to save more

than the academican's, when this was taken into the calculation. I moreover found the sides to be so much thinner than the bottom, that a shallow and wide cell would have cost more, even independent of the covering at the mouth. Again, he admits the form chosen to suit the bee's shape, which the form he calls a true minimum never could; but I show that it saves wax as well. Lastly, I have solved another problem of a like kind; namely, to find the angles that save most of the fine, or difficult work, which is the angular or corner working evidently, and that also is the thickest part of the work necessarily. I find the solution gives the very same angles which the bee uses, and which also save wax in the other view. So that she has hit upon the very form which in every respect is the most advantageous, and turns out to be on all grounds right; as, indeed, we might well suppose, when we recollect who is her teacher." pp. 76, 77.

The difference between the method of proceeding by Reason and Instinct is then stated:—

"*Lord Althorp.* How we should go to work, had we to build cells, is plain enough. Suppose we had discovered, which we should do by mathematical investigation, the proper form, the due proportion of the width to the length, and the proper angles of the bottom or roof, then we should have drawings and plans, and by these we should cut our planks, if the structure were of wood; or if it were of stone, which more resembles the bee's materials, and is, be it observed, much more difficult and complicated to work with, we should, by those plans, and by models or frames, run our courses. It would be a nice and difficult work to make this masonry; and would require the builder, both in hewing the stones and in putting them up, to follow the details of the plan in its parts, and without any regard to the general figure or result. He would be wholly unable to succeed if he looked to that; all his building would be awry and out of the required figure: his only chance is to make his plan exact, and his model-frames suit it; and then he has instruments and tools, plumb-lines, squares and plumbs together, in order to raise his perpendiculars. By these he proceeds, for he cannot trust his eye or his hand a moment beyond the mere adjusting his work to his instrument and his plan. Now the bee confessedly has neither plan, except what is in her head, nor any model at all whereby to guide her hand, nor any instrument to adjust her work to the plan in her head, nor any tool to work with, except her paw and her feeler, which is as her eye in doing the work. Then how does she work?"

"*Lord Brougham.* Certainly this is a most important consideration. We cannot trust our eye or our hand an instant. We have no exact perception of the line, and no steadiness in pursuing it. We have recourse to plans and instruments, because we cannot form our lines by volition, that is, by having a form in our mind, and by making our hands follow that form. We, therefore, must first lay it down sensibly, and then guide our hands by material means. Thus we have no power of forming a dome, an arch, or a circle, or a perpendicular, or a level, or even a straight line at all, or any one line or form which we conceive in our mind. Far from being able to follow these lines in great works, as roofs, and walls, and excavations, we cannot even represent such forms on a sheet of paper by our handiwork. If we could do this, we should work like the insect, who acts immediately, and not through the instrumentality of means. Unable to execute any purpose of our mind, as she does, we have recourse to instruments. We endeavour, as far as we can, to reduce every thing to a physical or material process—to exclude mental operation or agency altogether—to make the whole a material, or, as we call it, accurately enough, a mechanical operation. Reason, no doubt, has taught us to do so; but it has taught us a general rule; and there is little or no reason, little or no operation of the mind, in its application to the particular cases. On the contrary, the use of the rule or method is, that it precludes the operation of the mind as much as possible, and makes the whole physical, or nearly so. To take an instance, we reduce, by engraving or printing, the whole operation of drawing a picture, or writing a page, to turning a lever, which does the work for us. So in building, though there is less mechanical facility, we guide

our hand by the instruments employed and the lines drawn, making the operation as mechanical, as little mental, as possible. The bee's operation is all mind together. She has no plans, no instruments, no tools. It is, as if by waving our hands among plastic materials, we formed walls, and domes, and columns, and never deviated a hair's breadth from the perfectly accurate plan. I am very decidedly of opinion that this essential difference between the works of reason and Instinct is of the greatest importance to our inquiry; for nothing can more show the peculiarity of the instinctive operation, or more prove that the mind of the agent is, as it were, the machine and the instrument to perform the work, and to perform it with an unerring certainty, and with absolute perfection." pp. 77—81.

Want of space and the difficulty of abridging what has been already expressed in the best possible, and at the same time in the fewest words, compel us to relinquish this subject of the theory of Instinct, and to refer the reader to the second dialogue itself.

The subject of the next dialogue is the Intelligence of Animals, illustrated by those acts and habits which admit of being rationally accounted for, and, indeed, which cannot be accounted for otherwise than by ascribing thought and will to the agents. No class of the smaller members of the animal kingdom afford more striking examples of intelligence, especially of social intelligence, than *ants*; and one of the most singular instances of this is the ascertained principle of vicarious industry, which has been observed among them: the ant

"Has the cunning to keep aphides, which she nourishes for the sake of obtaining from them the honey-dew forming her favourite food, as men keep cows for their milk, or bees for their honey." p. 119.

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"*Lord Brougham*. But the expeditions of a predatory nature are by all admitted. They resemble some of the worst crimes of the human race: the ants undertake expeditions for the purpose of seizing and carrying off slaves, whom they afterwards hold in subjection to do their work; so that the least significant and the most important of all animals agree together in committing the greatest of crimes—slave-trading.

"*Lord Althorp*. With this material difference, that the ant does not pharisaically pretend to religion and virtue, while we bring upon religion the shame of our crimes by our disgusting hypocrisy. But the wasp, too, shows no little sagacity as well as strength. Dr. Darwin relates an incident, to which he was an eye-witness, of a wasp having caught a fly almost of her own size; she cut off its head and tail, and tried to fly away with the body; but finding that, owing to a breeze then blowing, the fly's wings were an impediment to her own flight, and turned her round in the air, she came to the ground and cut off the fly's wings one after the other with her mouth. She then flew away with the body unmolested by the wind.

"*Lord Brougham*. I have myself observed many instances of similar fertility of resource in bees. But perhaps the old anecdote of the jackdaw is as good as any—who, when he found his beak could not reach the water he wanted to drink, threw into the pitcher pebble after pebble till he raised the surface of the liquid to the level of his beak. Lord Bacon tells it of a raven filling up the hollows in a tree where water had settled.

"*Lord Althorp*. Or the crows of whom Darwin speaks in the north of Ireland, who rise in the air with limpets and muscles, to let them fall on the rocks and break them, that they may come at the fish. It is said that animals never use tools, and Franklin has defined man a tool-making animal; but this is as nearly using tools as may be—at least, it shows the same fertility of resources, the using means towards an end." pp. 120, 121.

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"*Lord Brougham*. Perhaps the most remarkable of all proofs of animal intelli-

gence is to be found in the nymphæ of watermoths, which get into straws, and adjust the weight of their case so that it can always float—at least Mr. Smellie says, that when too heavy they add a piece of straw or wood, and when too light a bit of gravel. If this be true, it is impossible to deny great intelligence to this insect." pp. 122, 123.

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"Smellie, however, mentions a cat which, being confined in a room, in order to get out and meet its mate of the other sex, learnt of itself to open the latch of a door; and I knew a pony in the stable here, that used both to open the latch of the stable, and raise the lid of the corn-chest—things which must have been learnt by himself, from his own observation, for no one is likely to have taught them to him. Nay, it was only the other day that I observed one of the horses taken in here to grass, in a field through which the avenue runs, open one of the wickets by pressing down the upright bar of the latch, and open it exactly as you or I do." p. 124.

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"An American bird, of which you find a curious account in the *Philadelphia Transactions*, is called the *nein-tödter* by the Germans, as we should say, the *nine-killer*, and is found to catch grasshoppers and spear them when dead upon twigs where the small birds come on which it feeds; for the grasshoppers themselves it never touches. These are left, generally about nine in number (from whence its name), the whole winter, and they attract the birds of which the animal in question makes its prey. This is really using one creature as a bait, in order thereby to decoy and catch another." p. 125.

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"The wild deer (*barein*) are far too swift for those lumbering sportsmen; so the bear perceives them at a distance by the scent; and, as they herd in low grounds, when he approaches them, he gets upon the adjoining eminence, from whence he rolls down pieces of rock; nor does he quit his ambush, and pursue, until he finds that some have been maimed." p. 126.

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"They (the beavers) then work in concert on the wood, gnawing the trees and branches to suit their operations. A tree, the thickness of a man's body, they will soon bring down by gnawing round its base, but on one side merely, and they know so exactly the operation of gravity on it, that they make it fall always across the stream, so as to require no land carriage. It must be observed, in passing, that if they do this the first time they have built, and without any previous experience of falling bodies, the operation must be taken as purely instinctive. They form their cabins so as to contain from fifteen to twenty-five or thirty animals; each cabin has two doors, one to the land, and one to the water, in order that they may either go ashore, or bathe or swim, and sit in the water, which is part of their pleasure, or rather of their amphibious existence. They have in each cabin also a store-house for placing the parts of the shoots on which they feed (for that they make provision against winter is quite certain), and room enough for accommodating their young when brought forth. The cabins are built on piles, so as to be out of the water; they are neatly plastered with cement, the animal's flat and scaly tail being used as a trowel in this operation. They are of sufficient strength to resist, not only the stream and floods to which occasionally they may be exposed, but also severe storms of wind. The beavers choose to work with a kind of earth not soluble in water, and which they mix with clay." p. 128, 129.

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"In the forests of Tartary and of South America, where the wild horse is gregarious, there are herds of 500 or 600, which, being ill prepared for fighting, or indeed for any resistance, and knowing that their safety is in flight, when they sleep, appoint one in rotation who acts as sentinel, while the rest are asleep. If a man approaches, the sentinel walks towards him as if to reconnoitre or see whether he may be deterred from coming near; if the man continues, he neighs aloud, and

in a peculiar tone, which rouses the herd, and all gallop away, the sentinel bringing up the rear." p. 132.

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"A horse, belonging to a smuggler at Dover, used to be laden with run spirits, and sent on the road unattended to reach the rendezvous. When he descried a soldier he would jump off the highway and hide himself in a ditch, and when discovered would fight for his load." pp. 132, 133.

Serjeant Wilde, it appears, has studied the intellectual faculties of the lower animals with considerable success. He has supplied Lord Brougham with some amusing and instructive anecdotes: A dog with whom the learned serjeant had the pleasure of being acquainted, used to be tied up as a precaution against hunting sheep. At night he used to slip his head out of the collar, and, returning before dawn, put on the collar again in order to conceal his nocturnal excursion.

"*Lord Brougham.* Nobody has more familiarity with various animals (beside his great knowledge of his own species) than my excellent, learned, and ingenious friend, the serjeant: and he possesses many curious ones himself. His anecdote of a drover's dog is striking, as he gave it me, when we happened, near this place, to meet a drove. The man had brought seventeen out of twenty oxen from a field, leaving the remaining three there mixed with another herd. He then said to the dog, 'Go, fetch them:' and he went and singled out those very three. The serjeant's brother, however, a highly respectable man, lately sheriff of London, has a dog that distinguishes Saturday night, from the practice of tying him up for the Sunday, which he dislikes. He will escape on Saturday night and return on Monday morning. The serjeant himself had a gander which was at a distance from the goose, and hearing her make an extraordinary noise, ran back and put his head into the cage; then brought back all the goslings one by one and put them into it with the mother, whose separation from her brood had occasioned her clamour. He then returned to the place whence her cries had called him." pp. 133, 134.

In cases where various means are selected by the agent according to the varying circumstances under which the end is to be attained, the act is plainly rational and not instinctive.

"*Lord Brougham.* There is a singular story told by Dupont de Nemours in Autun's *Animaux Célèbres*, and which he says he witnessed himself. A swallow had slipped its foot into the noose of a cord attached to a spout in the College des Quatre Nations at Paris, and by endeavouring to escape had drawn the knot tight. Its strength being exhausted in vain attempts to fly, it uttered piteous cries, which assembled a vast flock of other swallows from the large basin between the Tuilleries and Pont Neuf. They seemed to crowd and consult together for a little while, and then one of them darted at the string and struck at it with his beak as he flew past; and others following in quick succession did the same, striking at the same part, till, after continuing this combined operation for half an hour, they succeeded in severing the cord and freeing their companion. They all continued flocking and hovering till night; only, instead of the tumult and agitation in which they had been at their first assembling, they were chattering as if without any anxiety at all, but conscious of having succeeded." pp. 135, 136.

The disposition of animals to imitation is well known. As an example of their docility, Lord Brougham when a boy had

"A green linnet, or rather a mongrel between that and a goldfinch, which, being placed in a kitchen, left its own fine and sweet notes, to take to an imitation, and a very good and exceedingly discordant one, of a jack, which, being ill constructed, generally squeaked as if it wanted oiling." p. 138.

It seems to be a fact as curious as it is well attested, that the skill or

knowledge which animals acquire by education is, unlike that of the human race, *hereditary*. Mr. T. A. Knight, formerly president of the Horticultural Society, has given abundant proofs of this in a paper on the subject, lately read before the Royal Society.

“*Lord Brougham*. He chiefly dwells on the case of springing spaniels; and among other instances gives this, which is indeed very remarkable. He found the young and untaught ones as skilful as the old ones, not only in finding and raising the woodcocks; but in knowing the exact degree of frost which will drive those birds to springs and rills of unfrozen water. He gives the instance, too, of a young retriever, bred from a clever and thoroughly-taught parent, which, being taken out at ten months old, with hardly any instruction at all, behaved as well and knowingly as the best taught spaniel, in rushing into the water for game that was shot, when pointed out to it, however small, bringing it, and depositing it, and then going again, and when none remained, seeking the sportsman and keeping by him. He imported some Norwegian ponies, mares, and had a breed from them. It was found that the produce “had no mouth” as the trainers say; and it was impossible to give it them; but they were otherwise perfectly docile. Now in Norway, draught horses, as I know, having travelled there and driven them, are all trained to go by the voice, and have no mouth. — Again, he observed that they could not be kept between hedges, but walked deliberately through them — there being, he supposes, none in the country from which their dams came.” pp. 140, 141.

Innumerable well-attested anecdotes are extant of the power of animals to discover the route to a place with which they have been familiar, — a faculty, which having no connection with their well-being or preservation, cannot be ascribed to Instinct.

“*Lord Brougham*. Kirby and Spence, too, in their *Introduction to Entomology*, state, on the authority of a captain in the navy, a strange anecdote of an ass, taken from Gibraltar to Cape de Gat, on board of ship, and finding its way immediately back, through Spain, to the garrison, a distance of 200 miles of very difficult country. The ass had swum on shore when the ship was stranded. This fact seems to be well authenticated, for all the names are given, and the dates.” p. 144.

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“When two goats meet on a ledge bordering upon a precipice, and find there is no room either to pass each other or to return, after a pause, as if for reflection, one crouches down and the other walks gently over his back, when each continues his perilous journey along the narrow path.” pp. 144, 145.

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“*Lord Althorp*. A cat that had been brought up in amity with a bird, and being one day observed to seize suddenly hold of the latter, which happened to be perched out of its cage, on examining, it was found that a stray cat had got into the room, and that this alarming step was a manœuvre to save the bird till the intruder should depart.” p. 145.

Serjeant Wilde has amused himself with observing these powers of domesticated animals to discover their homes.

“*Lord Brougham*. Serjeant Wilde took pigeons of the rock kind to Hounslow, and they flew back to Guildford-street in an hour. They were taken in a bag, and could see or smell nothing by the way. On being let loose, they made two or three wide circles, and then flew straight to their dove-cot. The serjeant also knew of a cat which a shopkeeper's apprentice in Fore-street had been desired to hang, and found he could not. He then took it in a bag to Blackfriars' Bridge and threw it into the river: the cat was at home in Fore-street as soon as the apprentice. He might have made a circuit, but certainly the cat returned in an hour or two. The grocer's name was Gardner: the distance is certainly above a mile, and through the most crowded part of London.” p. 146.

Incidentally to the dialogue on the Intelligence of Animals, Virey's *Histoire des Mœurs et de l'Instinct des Animaux* is noticed and justly censured for its florid declamatory style and frivolous sentimentality. This calls to the recollection of the illustrious author the speeches of the philosophers at the British Association.

"*Lord Brougham.* I cannot quite acquit of all blame the meetings, however useful and praiseworthy in other respects, of an association which brings crowds of hundreds and thousands together, to hear mathematicians and chemists making declamatory speeches. I must say that those assemblages offer some violence to science, at least they somewhat lower her by showing her cultivators trying a trade they no more can or even ought to excel in, than poets in solving questions of fluxions. It is since these meetings, otherwise useful and excellent, rose into eloquence, that I have seen a mathematical discussion, by a very able and learned man, in two consecutive pages of which I reckoned up above twenty metaphors—all tending to darken the subject—to say nothing of poetical quotations without any mercy. Formerly declamations were reckoned so little an accomplishment of scientific men, that when Bishop Horsley filled our Royal Society with a factious controversy, the ministerial side, Sir Joseph Banks's party, had to send for assistance—and where think you they went for an orator?"

"*Lord Althorp.* I suppose to some *Nisi Prius* advocate.

"*Lord Brougham.* Guess again.—No!—So humble were their views of oratory, that they went to the other side of the hall, as the lawyers say, and got for their champion, Mr. Anguish, who was Accountant-general, a Chancery man, and had perhaps made as few speeches as any one in that court. But in the work which I have referred to, and even in those scientific meetings, there is at least much that is highly valuable, much good grain, and the trash may be rejected as chaff." pp. 157—159.

Having enumerated the most striking facts in the conduct of the lower animals, by which intelligence is manifested, the question next discussed is the degree in which they possess the reasoning faculty. This point was very fully investigated by Locke, who, as Lord Brougham says, admits that many brutes excel in reasoning "some that are called men;" and maintains that there are among animals, powers of reason so gradually decreasing, that it is difficult to draw the exact line between the reasoning powers of species and species. This, however, is necessarily connected with Locke's favourite theory, so fully developed in his third book (that on Language) in which he maintains that Nature has not made animals in species at all; that the existence of species is a pure fiction of the human mind, founded certainly on real resemblances observable among individuals—but not having any relation to the essential qualities of the beings thus classified. If we recollect rightly, he even maintains, that were it not for the convenience, or rather necessities, of language, species would never have been thought of; but that, since words could not be infinite, it was unavoidable to give to many individuals the same name, and it was natural that the *accidental* resemblances between individuals should be the foundation of this verbal classification.

Locke, although he treats of abstraction and of abstract ideas, virtually denies the existence of the latter at all, and maintains, in accordance with the theory just adverted to, that we have abstract *terms* only, not abstract *notions*.

This theory of the non-existence of species in nature is, however, untenable. Many facts in physiology and natural history are incompatible with it, among which may be mentioned the impossibility of propagation by mules.

Locke admits to brutes a certain degree of reasoning, but limits it by denying them the power of abstraction. He allows them observation, comparison, and other modes of intelligence, but maintains that all these powers are exercised only on particulars — never on generals.

Lord Brougham, considering that abstraction admits of a vast variety of degrees, descending from that which constitutes the highest order of intellect to a power of generalising, which could not be denied even to an idiot,—maintains that the lower animals clearly possess this power in a greater or less degree. “All animals know their mates and their kind. A dog knows his master, knows that he is not a dog, and that he differs from other men. A bull is enraged at a red colour, be the form of the body what you please. A fish is caught by means of a light, be it of any size or any form.”

Birds wishing to drink water from a pitcher in which it is too low for them to reach with their bills, throw pebbles in until so much of the water is displaced by them that the surface rises to the necessary height. In this case the bird abstracts. It never throws stones into a river or pond with the same view; but it *does* throw them into the ewer. It *abstracts* the water from the thing which contains it, and could not reason upon the effects of the operation without a process of abstraction.

The question of abstraction would be most conclusively settled if it were admitted that brutes have either language or any equivalent system of conventional signs; for then it could scarcely be denied that such signs must have a *general* signification.

“*Lord Althorp.* I think we may go a step further; have not animals some kind of language? At all events they understand ours. A horse knows the encouraging or chiding sound of voice and whip, and moves or stops accordingly. Whoever uses the sound, and in whatever key or loudness, the horse acts alike. But they seem also to have some knowledge of conventional signs. If I am to teach a dog or a pig to do certain things on a given signal, the process I take to be this. I connect his obedience with reward, his disobedience with punishment. But this only gives him the motive to obey, the fear of disobeying. It in no way can give him the means of connecting the act with the sign. Now, connecting the two together, whatever be the manner in which the sign is made, is abstraction; but it is more, it is the very kind of abstraction in which all language has its origin — the connecting the sign with the thing signified; for the sign is purely arbitrary in this case as much as in human language.

“*Lord Brougham.* May we not add, that they have some conventional signs among themselves? How else are we to explain their calls? The cock grouse calls the hen; the male the female of many animals. The pigeon, and the fieldfare, and the crow make signals; and the wild horse is a clear case of signals. All this implies not only abstraction, but that kind of abstraction which gives us our language. It is, in fact, a language which they possess, though simple and limited in its range.” pp. 195—197.

But we must dismiss this part of the work. If every passage rendered attractive by the combination of eloquence of language, nobleness of purpose, and purity of moral tendency were to be extracted, we should reprint the whole work. We shall conclude this notice of the dialogues on Instinct and Intelligence with the general view of the subject, with which the latter dialogue closes.

“*Lord Brougham.* The whole question is one of relations and connexions. Adaptation — adjustment — mutual dependence of parts — conformity of arrangement — balance — and compensation — everywhere appear pervading the whole system, and conspicuous in all its parts. It signifies not in this view whether we regard Instinct as the result of the animal's faculties actuated by the impressions

of his senses — or as the faint glimmerings of intelligence working by the same rules which guide the operations of more developed reason — or as a peculiar faculty differing in kind from those with which man is endowed — or as the immediate and direct operation of the Great Mind which created and which upholds the universe. If the last be indeed the true theory, then we have additional reason for devoutly admiring the spectacle which this department of the creation hourly offers to the contemplative mind. But the same conclusion of a present and pervading intelligence flows from all the other doctrines, and equally flows from them all. If the senses so move the animal's mind as to produce the perfect result which we witness, those senses have been framed, and that mind has been constituted, in strict harmony with each other, and their combined and mutual action has been adjusted to the regular performance of the work spread out before our eyes, the subject of just wonder. If it is reason like our own which moves the animal mechanism, its modification to suit that physical structure, and to work those effects which we are unable to accomplish, commands again our humble admiration, while the excellence of the workmanship performed by so mean an agent impresses us with ideas yet more awful of the Being who formed and who taught it. If to the bodily structure of these creatures there has been given a mind wholly different from our own, yet it has been most nicely adapted to its material abode, and to the corporeal tools wherewith it works; so that while a new variety strikes us in the infinite resources of creative skill, our admiration is still raised as before, by the manifestation of contrivance and of expertness which everywhere speaks the governing power, the directing skill, the plastic hand. Nor is there, upon any of these hypotheses, room for doubting the identity of the Great Artificer of nature. The same peculiarity everywhere is seen to mark the whole workmanship. All comes from a supreme intelligence; that intelligence, though variously diversified, preserves its characteristic features, and ever shines another and the same." pp. 205—207.

We must pass over the Essay on the Origin of Evil, with which the second volume commences, merely observing, that the conclusion arrived at is, that much, if not all, that is called evil, is only apparently so in consequence of the whole system of the moral policy of God not being accessible to us. It is just as if a person having a slight knowledge of astronomy should take the perturbations to be defects leading ultimately to the destruction of the solar system, not being able to see that these perturbations are periodical, and oscillate between fixed and very narrow limits, and that, in the long run, every apparent irregularity of this kind redresses itself, and is only a part of one great good.

Connected with the question of evil are those Instincts which are the necessary consequences of the injuries and dangers to which animals are exposed; and there is, perhaps, no part of the study of nature which can more strongly impress upon us at once the existence of DESIGN, and yet how inadequate our powers are to discover the ultimate scope and end to which that design is directed.

Some animals are observed to be supplied with powers and weapons suited for attack upon others, the *end* being plainly that their existence and well-being should be dependent on their success in destroying the latter. Nay, in many cases, it is not alone the existence and well-being of the destroyers themselves which are dependent on their success, but also the existence and well-being of other members of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Yet, on the other hand, the creatures whose destruction is thus fore-doomed — whose death is necessary to the life of their destroyers — whose life is, as it were, incompatible with the general good of the living world — are nevertheless supplied with admirable powers of escape, and instruments of defence, as if, in creating them, the pity of their Maker, struggling against his wisdom, gave them means of attempting to frustrate his own designs.

“ Thus, some beasts of prey are formed for running down, some for springing upon, other animals, which, on their part, are provided with forms that favour their escape. The lion and tiger have vertebræ connected with their ribs and with each other, so as to facilitate by a lateral mobility their crawling and leaping. On the other hand, the spine of deer and hares, and other defenceless animals, have the vertebræ so contrived as to facilitate their escape, and the eyes so placed as to warn them of attacks from behind, and from the sides, as well as in front. The serpent’s backbone is a singular and a beautiful structure. It has three or four times the usual number of joints, and they play on one another like ball and socket. The poison, too, of the few venomous species is curiously secreted in a bag placed beneath a moveable tooth, which is perforated with a tube or duct that terminates in the poison sac, and is continued to the sharp point on the other end, so that when the animal bites, the tooth, pressing on the sac, makes the poison squirt through the duct of the tooth into the wound made by its point. No more striking proof of design can be given than this. Then the rattle in the tail of the most deadly of the tribe gives warning to keep out of its way, and thus as it were prevent the machinery of destruction from being of any use to the animal, unless, perhaps, as a weapon of defence, when he is attacked by some one that disregards the warning. Again, birds are furnished with a defence or shield to protect their eyes in flying through the thickets. They are also furnished with a power of contracting their eyes, so as to adjust them to the distances of various objects. But birds of prey have a peculiar mechanism for this purpose. Their eye is provided with a kind of muscle, loop-like, which enables them to compress the lens so as to adjust it for descrying objects at a vast distance, acting like the slide of a telescope, and used to effect the same purpose — that is, to suit the focus of the eye. Now this can be of no use excepting as a means of attack and destruction; for the adjustment to near distances can alone help the animal to defend itself. On the other hand, weak birds are furnished with many important means of escaping from their more powerful enemies. Similar observations may be made upon the structure and habits of fishes. Thus the sword-fish is provided with a most powerful weapon, and with great muscular strength to use it. He attacks the whale, which immediately, and by a special instinct, dives into so deep water, that the sword-fish, being wholly unable to bear the pressure, is forced to quit his hold. This pressure produces no inconvenience to the whale, whose structure is formed to bear it with perfect ease.” pp. 83—85.

Among the innumerable examples of design in the animal economy, there is none in which the “goodness and loving-kindness” of the Author of our being are more conspicuously shown than in the phenomena which are developed when accidental derangements of our animal structure are produced. A class of effects are then unfolded, which are the more interesting, as they do not belong properly to the common order of natural phenomena, but are called into operation only occasionally, when some violence is done to functions which would naturally proceed unattended by the effects to which we now advert. One of the most striking examples of this class of phenomena is the *vis medicatrix*, or those healing provisions which have been supplied as the natural cure of disease or injury.

So certainly do surgeons rely on the operation of these remedial processes, that they not uncommonly use a phraseology in which a certain volition and intention is actually ascribed to the different parts of the system, as if they were sentient and intelligent beings, entertaining a purpose to the accomplishment of which they actively address themselves. The celebrated John Hunter is mentioned as an example of this, who constantly speaks of the limbs and bones *acting* in disease or when suffering from injury, as if they had an *intention* of inflaming, and *knew* how to execute the process. “This habit of expressing himself,” says Lord Brougham, “could only have resulted from constantly observing the exact adaptation of natural operations to the uses and wants of the system on

each occasion, and the exact coincidence in point of time, as well as *proportion* of the supply with the demand."

"The formation of bony matter when a fracture has taken place, and the pieces of the broken bone are required to be knit together again, has been mentioned before, and the whole process is striking and instructive. First, blood is poured out into the fracture — it coagulates; soon after very small or capillary blood-vessels shoot into the coagulated blood; the blood disappears, gelatinous matter alone remains; this gradually hardens, and bony particles are deposited, which fill up the break and knit the bone. Where a dislocation has taken place there is no similar process; but as soon as the luxation is reduced and the bones are replaced, in a very little while all the fine apparatus of the joint is restored with wonderful perfection, so as speedily to obliterate the traces of the mischief. Even where the restorative process has proved inadequate, and a distortion takes place, as when by some natural defect in the firmness of some bones, they sink under the pressure of the body, a new weight being thrown upon other bones, these are strengthened additionally for the purpose of enabling them to meet the new demand upon their powers. Thus the leg and thigh bones are fortified by additional secretions of bony matter, and these are thrown up on the yielding side, and perpendicularly to the line of pressure, with as manifest a design of strengthening as is shown by those who shore or prop an old wall. Again, when after a fracture the bone of the limb is set, the ends may overlap, and thus the limb be shortened. What then shall become of the muscles, which had been of a length to fit the former size of the bone? Those muscles immediately begin to shorten much beyond their original natural contraction, and they acquire a power of further contraction, to suit the altered length of the bone. *It is as if upon any accident happening to one part of a steam-engine, whereby it had changed its dimensions, the neighbouring parts, wholly unaffected by the accident, were of themselves to change their dimensions or their position, so that their action should also be varied, and varied exactly to suit the alteration in the part affected, thus continuing the movement of the machine, but in a different adjustment, and all without any interference of the engineer.*" pp. 107—109.

This is admirable. Nothing can be more felicitous than the illustration of the comparative imperfection of the most perfect work of human art. The mechanism of the animal *repairs itself*.

Aneurism furnishes another striking example of provisions of this kind. In this case new vessels are formed, or small ones enlarged, to supply the defect of circulation produced by an accidental impediment in an injured vessel.

"This, as is well known, is a tumour formed by the partial bursting or giving way of an artery; and if the vessel be of considerable size, death must immediately ensue, but for a process which as immediately takes place. The blood which escapes on the rupture of the vessel coagulates and becomes solid. A kind of *temporary plug* is thus afforded, and time gained for a more durable repair being supplied by a more solid work being executed. Coagulable lymph is formed and thrown out, and it soon becomes firm membrane. Layer after layer of this is deposited, so that a bandage or coating is provided sufficiently strong to resist the continual pressure from the impulse of the blood. Thus the inflammatory action which ensued upon the rupture produces a new substance required for counteracting the effects of that rupture, and enabling the artery to continue performing its functions, as a conduit for carrying the blood to its destination; and this fluid itself supplies the materials with which the breach in the conduit used for carrying and distributing it is first temporarily plugged and then repaired, as if the water in a pipe were to secrete, first a sediment or lute to make the channel water-tight, and then different plates of metal and braces to mend the pipes wherever its own pressure had burst them." pp. 109, 110.

There is, however, another provision still more remarkable, which is developed in the progress of aneurism.

"The pressure must be relieved of the main stream of blood upon the channel, which is no longer of sufficient strength to resist it. Accordingly, blood-vessels, which before had hardly been discernible, begin to work with new energy, and are enlarged in their capacity. These run parallel to the artery injured, and convey the blood, so that the requisite supply continues to be afforded, but by a new system, formed and in operation for the relief of the injured channel, as soon as its damage has by the first natural operation been repaired." p. 111.

Having explained this exquisite arrangement, Lord Brougham, with his wonted eloquence, proceeds:—

"What engineer — what Smeaton, or even Watt himself, ever constructed a pipe, such that, when it was fractured, it could not only provide itself with a plug, to stay immediate mischief, and enable the machine to go on, but could also provide splices for a permanent repair; and not only that, but could of itself, immediately after the accident, form new conduits and other parts exactly fitted to continue the general movement, and also to afford such relief as the injured part required, — relief exactly proportioned at once to the amount of the weakness occasioned, and to the extent of the service required? And all this without the necessity of the engineer himself being at once appealed to, or any extraneous aid called in. Is there any thing like this in all the works of these great men? Is there any thing more marvellous even in the works of the grand Artist himself? Yes — for He, too, made the minds as well as the bodies of those men; and the wondrous mechanism of such minds as theirs, and those of the Newtons and La Places, which proceeded from the same hand, incomparably surpasses all the marvels of their bodily structure." pp. 111, 112.

Although the analysis of the *PRINCIPIA* of Newton is the most remarkable example in this work, or perhaps in any other, of the felicity with which a subject, essentially difficult and abstruse, may be rendered easy and intelligible; yet, from the nature of the subject matter, the portion of the second volume, which will have most readers, will be the view of the researches of Cuvier and his successors, including the most eminent geologists of the present day, respecting the occupants of the globe during the vast periods of time which intervened between the epoch at which it was an uninhabited waste, and the comparatively recent date of the creation of the human race, and the present tribes of animals and vegetables. Of the many whom a rational and laudable thirst for the knowledge of nature impels to an inquiry into these subjects, there are few who have the leisure, and still fewer who possess the power of studying the seven quarto volumes in which Cuvier has bequeathed to mankind the precious fruits of his labours, not to mention the scattered sources in which the various and important discoveries of his successor can be traced. By such persons, the short, clear, and eloquent analysis contained in the present volume will be deemed invaluable.

In the sketch of the labours of Cuvier, which is given in this review, there is nothing more striking than the certainty and success with which that remarkable man was enabled to determine the complete form and structure of the animal from most scanty materials. To such a perfection did he carry the principle of analogy in comparative anatomy, that in not a few cases he was enabled to describe and delineate the entire skeleton from the knowledge of a single bone. Nay, so conclusive were the general principles to which he had arrived on this subject, that he found a great

number of bones useless, inasmuch as he could reach the very same knowledge of the skeleton, and obtain the very same conclusions, by the examination of a single one. "This was observable in a very remarkable manner, when he investigated the *Mosasaurus*, found at Maestricht. He had not examined more than the jaw-bone and the teeth, when he knew the whole animal; but he says a *single tooth* discovered it to him. He had got the key; — after that every other part fell into its proper place."

After explaining the succession of strata of which the crust of the globe is composed, and enumerating generally the species of animals whose remains have been found in these respectively, save in the lowest or primary stratum, it is shown that the body of facts thus obtained, lead to two conclusions of the highest interest and importance.

First. That in the vast ocean, which in the beginning covered the surface of the globe, were no animals or vegetables of any kind, nor were there any on the continents or tracts of land which that ocean left dry upon its retreat.

Secondly. That the surface of the globe, subsequently to this, went through a succession of stages and revolutions, in the course of which it was the habitation of a great variety of animals; but among these, the tribes of animals which now inhabit it, including the human race, were not found.

At some definite epoch, then, the globe was assigned, as the dwelling of its present inhabitants.

"The atheistical argument, that the present state of things may have lasted for ever, is therefore now at an end. It can no longer be affirmed that all the living tribes have gone on from eternity continuing their species; and that, while one generation of these passed away and another came up in endless and uninterrupted succession, the earth abided for ever. An interruption and a beginning of that succession has been proved. The earth has been shown not to have for ever abode in its present state; and its inhabitants are demonstrated, by the incontrovertible evidence of facts, to have at one time had no existence. Scepticism, therefore, can now only be allowed as to the *time* and *manner* of the creative interposition; and on these the facts shed no light whatever. But that an act of creation was performed at one precise time is demonstrated as clearly as any proposition in natural philosophy, and demonstrated by the same evidence, the induction of facts, upon which all the other branches of natural philosophy rest."

As there appears to have been in past times a succession of tenants of this our planet, ascending gradually in their powers and functions, until at length the great step to the creation of the human race was made, there is no reason why that race should be regarded as the last term of this progressive series. There is therefore nothing improbable, or out of harmony with the past policy of creation, in the supposition that races of beings may succeed us, as far excelling us in their powers of intelligence as we surpass those animals whose remains we have disinterred, and who have inscribed upon the crust of our planet its past history. If, at the time when the world was only peopled by reptile tribes, an observer had been placed upon it, and had reasoned upon it, how would he not have been struck with what he would regard as the imperfections of animated nature!

"Yet, after a lapse of some ages, those defects are all supplied, and a more accomplished animal is called into existence. The faculties of that animal, and his destinies, his endowments and his deficiencies, his enjoyments and his sufferings, are now the subjects of the observer's contemplation and of his reasoning. What ground has he now for affirming that a more perfect creature may not hereafter be

brought into existence—a creature more highly endowed and suffering far less from the evils of imperfection under which our race now suffers so much? No one can tell but that, as many of the former inhabitants of the globe are now extinct—tribes which existed before the human race was created—so this human race itself may hereafter be, like them, only known by its fossil remains; and other tribes found upon other continents, tribes as far excelling ours in power and in wisdom as we excel the mastodon and the megatherium of the ancient world.

“It is to be further observed, that no uncreated being can, by the nature of the thing, have any right to complain of not being brought into existence earlier. The human race cannot complain of having come so late into the world; nor can any of the tribes created before us complain that they were less perfect than a species, the human, which did not then exist. Have *we*, then, the inhabitants of the present world, any better reason to complain that the new, as yet unknown, possible creatures of a future period of the universe have not as yet come into existence? It must be confessed that the extraordinary fact, now made clearly and indisputably known to us, of a world having existed in which there were abundance of inferior creatures, and none of our own race, gives us every ground for believing it possible that Divine Providence may hereafter supply our place on the globe with another race of beings as far superior to ourselves as we are to those which have gone before us. But how inconceivably does this consideration strengthen and extend the supposition broached in the Dissertation upon Evil! How strikingly does it prescribe to us a wise and wholesome distrust of the conclusions towards which human impatience is so prone to rush in the darkness of human ignorance! How loudly does it call upon us to follow the old homely maxim, ‘When you are in the dark, and feel uncertain which way to move, stand still!’ How forcibly does it teach us that much—nay, that all which now we see as in a glass darkly, and therefore in distorted form and of discoloured hue, may, when viewed in the broad and clear light of day, fall into full proportion and shine in harmonious tints!” Pp. 198—200.

The researches of the successors of Cuvier, including the labours of all the principal living geologists, are there sketched; but our limits compel us to refer the reader for this to the volumes themselves.

The present volumes conclude with an exposition of the principal discoveries promulged in the *PRINCIPIA* of NEWTON. There are two ways of obtaining possession of a truth,—the one by being assured of it by one who has witnessed it, if it be a particular fact, or investigated and demonstrated it if it be a general proposition; the other is by witnessing it *ourselves*, if it be a particular fact, or by investigating and demonstrating it *ourselves*, if it be a general proposition. The knowledge (if knowledge that can be called which is in truth only information) which we obtain by the former process is like borrowed money, that which we acquire by the latter process is like our own capital. The great truths which were first made known to the world in Newton’s immortal work are at present believed by that limited portion of mankind who have any acquaintance at all with them, only on the authority of others; and it is wonderful even among persons possessing no inconsiderable mathematical knowledge how few there are who really have any knowledge of the proofs upon which most of these important truths rest. The object of Lord Brougham in the concise analysis which he has now given of the chief parts of Newton’s work, is to ascertain how far the demonstration can be learned and thoroughly understood by which Newton has explained the structure of the universe with a very slight knowledge of elementary mathematics. It is in vain to expect, as some persons have pretended who have published popular works on physics, to comprehend these sublime truths without *some* knowledge of mathematics; and the most conclusive proof of this is that the *truths themselves*, apart altogether from their

proofs, cannot be expressed without the *language*, and sometimes not without the *symbols* of mathematics. Innumerable examples of this might be produced from every part of physical science.*

This part of the work, therefore, is addressed to those (the great bulk of readers) whose avocations do not permit them to learn the science in its minute details, and who, not being expert mathematicians, are nevertheless desirous to see the evidence of the Newtonian discoveries, and appreciate for themselves the grounds of the admiration and reverence which have been accorded by a whole world to their immortal author.

In this, it is needless to say, that the writer of the present volumes has been eminently successful. He has thrown open the truths of the *Principia* to all persons who possess a moderate acquaintance with elementary geometry and the principles of algebra.

To the many remarkable circumstances of mutual relation and connection existing between the sciences, Lord Brougham has added one which is especially deserving of notice, and which we cannot conclude without touching upon.

Newton proved that a hollow sphere, whatever be the thickness of the shell, exerts no attraction on a body placed within it. The demonstration of this fact being given with singular clearness and simplicity in the work before us, the author proceeds to draw an inference from it, which will be viewed with deep interest by those who have given attention to the geological theories of the internal structure of the earth : —

“ Suppose that in the centre of any planet, as of the earth, there is a large vacant spherical space, or that the globe is a hollow sphere ; if any particle or mass of matter is at any moment of time in any point of this hollow sphere, it must, as far as the globe is concerned, remain for ever at rest there, and suffer no attraction from the globe itself. Then the force of any other heavenly body, as the moon, will attract it, and so will the force of the sun. Suppose these two bodies in opposition, it will be drawn to the side of the sun with a force equal to the difference of their attractions, and this force will vary with the relative position (configuration) of the three bodies ; but from the greater attraction of the sun, the particle, or body, will always be on the side of the hollow globe next to the sun. Now the earth's attraction will exert no influence over the internal body, even when in contact with the internal surface of the hollow sphere ; for the theorem which we have just demonstrated is quite general, and applies to particles wherever situated within the sphere. Therefore, although the earth moves round its axis, the body will always continue moving so as to shift its place every instant and retain its position towards the sun. In like manner, if any quantity of moveable particles, thrown off, for example, by the rotatory motion of the earth, are in the hollow, they will not be attracted by the earth, but only towards the sun, and will all accumulate towards the side of the hollow sphere next the sun. So of any fluid, whether water or melted matter in the hollow ; provided it do not wholly fill up the space, the whole of it will be accumulated towards the sun. Suppose it only enough to fill half the hollow space, it will all be accumulated on one side, and that side the one next the sun ; consequently the axis of rotation will be changed, and will not pass through the centre, or even near it, and will constantly be altering its position. Hence we may be assured that there is no such hollow in the globe filled with melted matter, or any hollow at all, inasmuch as there could no hollow exist without such accumulations, in consequence of particles of the internal spherical surface being constantly thrown off by the rotatory motion of the earth.” P. 436—438.

* Take, for example, the principle demonstrated by Laplace, by which the stability of the stem is proved :—

$$\text{Const} : = \Sigma (e^2 M \sqrt{a}).$$

We cannot conclude without expressing our admiration of the luminous simplicity (the true secret of power) with which this work is written, and of its entire freedom from meretricious attractions of all kinds. Some very degrading and delusive arts have of late been employed to invest scientific treatises with a sort of spurious popular interest;—the use of a florid and declamatory manner, by way of heightening the charm of the subject; and coarse engravings of monstrous objects to astonish and confound the ignorant. These tricks of the showman are unworthy of the high purposes to which the investigations of science are directed; and it is to be regretted that the utility of not a few publications and discourses, otherwise valuable, is considerably impaired by the adoption of a turgid and extravagant style. Some of the Bridgewater Treatises, and many of the speeches at the British Association, are chargeable with redundancies and excesses that provoke ridicule even from the public at large; and, as examples of the way in which science is sometimes attempted to be *popularised*, we may instance the tawdry magniloquence of Dr. Arnott, and the loose rhapsodies of Dr. Mantell. The aim of Lord Brougham has been to raise the many to the level of science, not to lower science to the level of the many:—other popular writers have laboured at the converse of this. It is infinitely easier to reduce the importance of science by giving it an *apparent* simplicity (and it is generally apparent only), than to clothe its expositions in language that shall at once sustain its dignity and be universally intelligible. Clear, energetic, and appropriate, this valuable publication fulfils all the demands which the most fastidious criticism could exact.

CORN LAWS.

It has been said, and probably with reason, that if the conclusions of geometry involved the clashing interests of individuals or classes, the conclusions of geometry would be the subject of fierce controversy and bitter struggle. And as this indicates the insufficiency of philosophical reasoning to quash opposition or produce unanimity, so it points, by a kind of reflected light, to the fact that many of the questions which agitate mankind are more capable of being brought to the test of philosophical investigation than is generally imagined. Not that the test is to be applied by demanding the reduction to algebraic formulas, or insisting on that rigid ascertainment of magnitudes and proportions which induced Bentham to include the mathematical sciences under the quaint title of "Posology." But it will be surprising, to those who have not tried, to find how much there is in the direction of the argument, and the general mode of aiming at conclusions, which is common to those portions of human knowledge which have not yet been included at the universities under the denomination of "The Branches."

In none of the sciences without the pale, is this more often exemplified than in the offset, comparatively young but growing, which has acquired the name of political economy, and for which the title of political mathematics has, not altogether unreasonably, been claimed. And here there need not be the slightest opening for the charge of arguing in a circle, or of endeavouring to support given conclusions on the authority of a name. It may be conceded for the argument's sake, that all which has hitherto passed under the denomination of political economy is utterly wrong, false, and untenable; and still it will be as true as ever that there must be a political economy somewhere. The assertion that the existing political economy was naught, would only be an assertion that there was another which was true. There may be professed sciences of which the question is capable of being raised, whether the science or the grounds for it substantially exist. But no reasonable person can doubt that there must be such a thing somewhere, when men can find it, as an abiding and traceable connection of causes and consequences, with relation to the art of creating and extending the comforts of life through the instrumentality of industry. The most discordant theorists in fact agree in this admission; and though one may maintain the way to the desired haven to be north and another south, each stands up stoutly for the fact that there is a true way, and that he is in possession of it.

All other questions in political economy are at this moment absorbed in that of the Corn Laws: yet, great as is the agitation, the first step for many persons towards forming any opinion is to know what the Corn Laws are. With numerous individuals, the subject still ranks among "*questions of their law*;" implying, as the words did to the Roman governor, a mixture of the mysterious, the remote, and the uninteresting. The Corn Laws then are simply this — laws, or more correctly a law, prohibiting, totally or partially, the exchange of British productions against foreign food. The readiest idea of an abstract Corn Law would be, that it was a law which enacted that no food should, under any circumstances, be admitted from abroad in exchange for home produce. But the British law is not of this

simple or primary form; it takes the secondary or modified one, of prohibiting the introduction of food under certain pecuniary penalties or duties, rising in amount with the cheapness of corn at home, and falling with the advance of prices, in such a manner as to admit foreign corn when home prices are accidentally exaggerated, but with the effect in the main of keeping the price of corn, — in other words, the quantity of labour given by all classes of the community in exchange for a given quantity of food, greatly increased above what would otherwise be the fact. The opposition is not absolute and direct, like that of a stone wall to the efforts of the included prisoner; on the contrary, it is indirect, variable, but accumulative, more resembling the resistance of an elastic fishing-rod or spiral spring; — a sort of India-rubber bondage, where the confinement, though absolute as to the great result, is always ready to give and take in the detail. The opposition to a limited degree of movement is in some states indefinitely small; but the resistance increases rapidly, in proportion to the departure from the state where the operation is null.

This legislative provision is moreover not defended on the ground of being for the advantage of a particular portion of the community; but is advanced unhesitatingly by its supporters, as a thing essential to the general good. The greatest evils are predicted from its removal; and losses incalculable to all classes of society, are threatened as the inevitable result. The proposition therefore takes this form: — That it is for the advantage of a community at large to cut off by law some portion of the commerce or exchange of wares, in which citizens if left to themselves would find it their interest to indulge; — that the prohibition produces in the end a greater good; — that though it may be an evil in the individual case for a greater quantity of labour to be given for the same quantity of food, or less food be procured in return for the same quantity of labour, yet nature has provided compensative processes, by which the apparent evil is turned into a good; — that the general enjoyment is increased by the cutting off; — that the artificial state is better than the natural; — and that it is in the power of human science to establish these as truths.

One of the first observations that will suggest itself on this theory of the men who boast most of their hatred of theories is, that it bears a suspicious resemblance to some of the projects for a perpetual motion by which so many have been led astray. There is the same absence of a visible substantial force, to produce the effects contemplated; there is a mass of actions and re-actions, out of which the desired consequence is promised; but there is an evident dependence on a vortex, and the cautious philosopher is prompted by a sort of instinctive apprehension that he shall find an illustration of the adage that *ex nihilo nihil fit*.

Every man familiar with the processes of philosophical investigation in general, is aware of the virtue which resides in taking what may be called the exaggerated case. For example, if the question at issue is, whether a square contains a given area under a less perimeter than any other rectangle, — the truth in the exaggerated case, where one of the sides is assumed to be exceedingly small, in the phrase of our neighbours *saute aux yeux*; for it is plain that by diminishing one side, the other may be increased till it becomes of any magnitude the mind can fix upon. And on further inquiry, it will be found that the conclusion so drawn in the extreme case, is unassailable in any of the intermediate stages.

Let, then, the celebrated proposition of the Corn Laws be tried in the same manner. Instead of a kingdom or an island, — whose concerns are apt

to mislead, through the difficulty some people find in believing that the rules of arithmetic which are true in respect of tens and of hundreds, are also true of millions and billions,—assume the case of a single town possessing within itself the capabilities for manufacturing and exchanging the produce for food. Suppose, for instance, Manchester or Birmingham, surrounded by a wall; and the proposition is, that if the inhabitants will close their gates, and confine themselves for food to such portions of ground within their walls as may be capable of growing corn, an accession to their general prosperity will be the result.

The proposition is certainly *prima facie* not inviting; but the way to proceed is, to *try on* (as a tailor might say) the different theories by which the result is professed to be established. And, first, try the general allegation—that increased wealth will be the result to the owners of the soil, and the expenditure of this wealth on the manufacturing interests be a benefit to them in turn.

And here, less acuteness than is produced by the habits of the manufacturing classes in general, appears to be required to perceive that the increased income to the owners of the soil will be true enough, as resolving itself into the necessity the manufacturing classes are under of bidding against each other for the limited quantity of corn produced. But precisely because this is riches to one side, it is poverty to the other; and the result to the manufacturing classes resolves itself into the permission to give an increased quantity of their labour in exchange for a given quantity of corn, or receive a less quantity of corn in exchange for a given quantity of labour. All this is clear enough in the exaggerated case; and the question is, why it is not equally true in the other? The landlords put their statement unreservedly enough; they say, “It is good for the manufacturers that we should have eighty shillings instead of forty for a quarter of corn, because then we shall have eighty shillings instead of forty to expend upon the manufacturers.” In other words, “We shall take from the manufacturing classes eighty shillings’ worth of goods instead of forty for a quarter of corn, and this will be a good to the manufacturing classes.” In the exaggerated case, it is plain that this reasoning would not be listened to for a moment; and it is for the interested to indicate at what point and in what manner, the conclusion which is so clear in the one instance, fails upon application to another.

A second *cheval de bataille* of the supporters of the actual Corn Laws—and in fact that by which they at this moment hold the major part of any influence they may possess over the operative manufacturers—is the representation that whatever may have been the merits or demerits of the Corn Laws when originally imposed, to remove them *now* would throw a multitude of agricultural labourers out of employment, and consequently into the ranks of the manufacturers as competitors for wages; which must be attended with grievous evil to the manufacturers. In fact, the weavers of Spitalfields are at this moment standing upon this point, and making it the basis of a resistance to alteration. Fit this, then, to the normal case;—where it is clear, that for one labourer thrown out of employment by the cessation of the cultivation of nooks and corners within the walls, and therefore by possibility thrown upon the manufacturers as a new competitor, ten would be brought into demand by the opening made for the exchange of manufacturing products for food beyond the walls. And it lies on the adversary to show in what manner the same inference shall fail in the more extended case.

The next great stumbling-block of the working-classes is the assertion which has been boldly laid before them, that if the price of food rises, wages must rise; from which they are invited to infer—as if it were at all a necessary consequence—that wages must rise *in as great a proportion* as corn; which is required to make the state of the working classes the same as before. Now, on fitting the case to the normal instance, it is plain enough that wages must rise; but that they should rise *in as great a proportion* as corn, is a thing that evidently cannot exist *in rerum naturâ*. For it is tantamount to saying, that wages shall rise till they give everybody the same share out of a smaller quantity of corn than they had out of a greater. The axiom of the schoolmen, that it is impossible for the same thing to be *and not to be*, is not of more evident veracity: the only reason why the price of corn is to be higher is, that there is to be less of it. Were it possible, for argument's sake, to suppose that the corn-growers, under some delusive promise or otherwise, had so increased their exertions and outlay as to effect the same quantity of production as before—which in the case of a very limited diminution of the sources from whence corn is drawn might be within the range of possibility,—they would be disappointed of their expected reward, because the same total stock of corn would only sell at the same price; and inasmuch as it is impossible the growers should act under any such delusion, no more corn will be grown than will be sold at a price remunerating for the increased exertions and outlay. The naked possibility therefore of such a rise in wages, is altogether *in nubibus*, and incompatible with all connection between causes and effects on earth. Wages, therefore, though they will rise, cannot by possibility rise in as great a proportion as corn; and by the converse of the argument, if the quantity of corn for consumption is increased, wages will fall, but not *in as great a proportion* as corn; for otherwise, no more corn would be consumed than before, and part would be left uneaten. This is an instance how easily persons unused to the observation and calculation of natural phenomena, or partially informed of the causes which are operating on them, may be deceived. It resembles the deception of the Arctic travellers, who, after walking ten miles to the north upon the ice, found themselves, to their astonishment, by observation, five miles to the south of their original place, in consequence of the ice having been moving too.

If, again, a proposal were set on foot for compensating the manufacturing interests for being confined to the corn grown within their walls, by offering each of them a protection against the introduction of foreign manufactures in return, a moment's comparison with the normal case will show that nothing like even an approximation to compensation would be the result: on the contrary, the whole offer would be of a fraudulent and colourable nature. The protection proffered would be a protection against a danger which would have been non-existent in the absence of the restrictions upon food. Had the gates been open, the probability is that the men of Manchester or Birmingham, so far from being in any danger from competition beyond the walls in their peculiar craft, would have been carrying on a trade for corn at a rate which, in consequence of their own advantages in skill, perseverance, and machinery, would have set all extra-mural competitors at defiance. The case of the Nottingham hosiers is one precisely in point. The Saxons supply more cotton stockings to the United States alone than Great Britain does to all the world; the reason being that the Nottingham hosiery is prevented from importing, or causing to be

imported, in return for his stockings, the commodity which the people of England most want, and which alone would pay, — namely, Corn. If the prohibition were away, he would proffer his stockings for corn, at a lower rate than the Saxon can, both in America and Saxony. So far from the Saxon exporting stockings to England, he would be beaten in the contest *pro aris et focis*; the Saxon toes, at their own fire-sides, would be sheathed in British hosiery. Any pretext, therefore, to give the English hosier a protection against Saxon stockings, is a mere stalking-horse, by which he is invited to sell himself for naught. There is no *quid pro quo*; for there is nothing secured in return for the restrictions suffered that would not equally have been present if the restriction had been *non inventus*.

An inquiry that may be inserted here is, to know by what precise process it is that the manufacturers within the walls are cut off from the power of selling their manufactured goods outside; and the active cause is in the prohibition to take in payment the kind of goods, — to wit, Corn, — which are plentiful outside and consequently cheap, but which, even in a state of freedom, would be more difficult to be procured and consequently more dear within. For example: a merchant embarks a cargo of the manufactures of the walled town — say waistcoat-pieces; and transports it to a Continental port. The article which is cheap in this port is corn; if therefore the cargo could be sold for the money of the country and the proceeds vested in corn, the return cargo would richly pay all the concerned within the walls. But it is precisely here they are met by the prohibition. They may not bring home the thing that would pay, or not without payment of a duty which makes its profitable sale impossible: any thing else they are welcome to bring home, but these are precisely the things that will not pay. And the country that makes and lives under such regulations, calls itself a great commercial country!

But a further inevitable consequence of prohibition appears to be, that the agricultural labourers (if that term can be applied to those who vex and turn the plots of ground within the walls) must find themselves quickly brought to the same degree of suffering as the labourers engaged in manufactures. Nobody will conceive the possibility that one set should be going on in wealth and high wages, while the other are in misery and low: the common tendency of men to multiply must cause the agricultural labourers to breed against the limits of their means of support, as well as the manufacturers; and as there is no chance for their increasing numbers finding employment in the manufacturing ranks already limited and compressed by the limitation of their food, they must be brought to the same state of mutual competition, and consequently of low wages, in the end. When the shutting of the gates was first invented, a fillip may have been given to the demand for labourers to work the plots of ground; the result of which may have been, that these labourers became four when they would have otherwise been three. But when this effect of the fillip has been produced, the only after result is, that the four are worse off than the three, — that is, are worse off under the state of general restriction upon food, than the three would have been under a state of freedom. And the same or a similar inference, may be extended to the owners of the plots of ground themselves, who in this case represent the landed interest. It may be conceded that their rents shall have been increased in any proportion within the bounds of reason to expect; as, for instance, that they shall have been doubled; but how long will it be before this advantage, in point of rents, is neutralised or overbalanced by the impossibility of finding provision or

profitable employment for children, or in fact supporting them at all, except by subdivision of the estate? If the tendency of these owners to multiplication is the same as is always found in corresponding cases, there can clearly be no long interval before they or their successors are found struggling, either with the actual want of the means of comfortable existence, or with the necessity of enforced celibacy to avoid it,—things which go under the common epithet of “embarrassed circumstances.” One kind only, or perhaps two, of landowners could escape from these consequences;—those who, like fellows of some ecclesiastical corporations, were debarred from marriage by their statutes; and those who by some means or other should possess the power of making an eldest son, and quartering the rest of their children on the public.

Here then, if no competent difference is shown between the cases, appears to be the solution of the problem which has so much engaged attention,—the accounting for the continual complaints of want among the lower and bankruptcy among the higher classes of labourers. Both are equally breeding against a stone wall. The number of possible traders is as much limited under the existing state of things, as the number of possible day-labourers; and by their several and peculiar processes, the bankrupt-list and the poor-house, each must be kept within the bounds which law, not nature, has chosen to assign.

It is amusing to observe the blindness of men to these consequences, except where the results are thrust at first hand into their faces. The man at Manchester or Nottingham, who has goods he wishes to see transported in their proper persons to a foreign port, arrives in the course of time, and after years of indistinct complaining without any very distinct conception of the cause, at something like a resolution to join with his fellows in seeking for a remedy; but the man who only meets the evil in what may be called its secondary symptoms, is still far from being in general either a reasoning or a complaining animal. No barrister, for instance, discovers that on the wealth and numbers of the community the quantity of lawsuits must depend; and consequently a rule to limit the food of man, is, in fact, a rule to limit the sustenance which shall be devisible among the learned in the law. No divine, lights on the same conclusion with respect to the cure of souls, nor physician in regard to the bodies in which he is concerned: the crafts, the mysteries, are almost equally in the dark, or are only beginning to rouse themselves to a consciousness of the bearing the question has upon themselves. It might almost be set down as established, that the easiness of fraud is as the number of the deceived; and that the way to nullify the tendency of mankind to self-defence is to multiply the attacked.

If it is urged, as might possibly be done in the instance set out with, that all liberty would expend itself in temporary advantages, and consequently be productive only of fugitive good; the answer is by asking, what human comfort or happiness is made of but a succession of fugitive goods. The dinner of to-day has not the smallest tendency to remove the recurring necessity on each day of the coming week; nor will the warm bed of last night have the smallest remedial effect on him whose fate it may be for the next month to couch on flints. What we mean by happiness, is a succession of good things; and to have the liberty of securing these, unchecked by the mere desire of dishonest appropriation on the part of others, is what the inhabitants of a free country ought not easily to forego. And what, in reality, is there in the phrases of national prosperity or wealth, unless they mean that great numbers of the citizens of the state have enjoyed

the means of rearing families in comfort, and leaving them the prospect of transmitting the same legacy to their successors?

Encouraged by the success attending the attempt to push inquiry on principles analogous to those employed in other sciences, the inquirer will be emboldened to suspect that there must be some sweeping principle, on which the freedom of commerce must be a general gain, and its privation a loss. The object of restraints on trade, is always to enable somebody to produce and sell a given article at a dearer rate; and the problem in prospect is to demonstrate, that this is invariably accompanied with an aggregate loss. If an individual were found so unadvised as with his own hands to take the dearer, or in other words the more difficult process for procuring a commodity, in preference to the cheaper, there needs no argument to prove that he is a loser to exactly the difference concerned. It is therefore a conclusion instinctively impressed on even the slightly tainted with philosophy, that in some way or other the same result must ensue where the case is complicated by the appearance of more actors than one upon the scene. Thus, imagine that an individual was forced by law to have his work done with an incompetent or inferior machine; as, for instance, that he was obliged to have his firewood cut with a blunt axe instead of a sharp, with the consequence of being forced to pay two labourers a shilling a-day each, instead of one labourer a shilling.

To the craft of wood-cutters and their dependents there is undeniably a gain, in the shape of custom to the amount of a shilling; but there is at the same time an equal loss to some other tradesman,—say a snuff-dealer,—with whom the shilling would have been expended if it had been left at the discretion of the original owner. It seems absolutely undeniable that it is the same thing to trade in the aggregate (exclusive of the individual whose wood is to be cut) in which of these two ways the shilling is applied. The very opponents of the argument (for there *are* opponents) urge that it is precisely the same; and nothing is desired but to take them at their word. But if the result to trade in the aggregate (exclusive of the man for whom the wood is cut) is the same, it must be because the loss of the shilling to the snuff-dealer balances the gain of it to the wood-cutter. After these then are set off against each other, there is the loss to the individual for whom the wood is cut, who has manifestly parted with a shilling without return, instead of the snuff he was in the habit of receiving. His loss, therefore, stands out, on the aggregate, an unbalanced loss. There are two losses to the amount of a shilling each, and one gain; of which the aggregate, or sum total, is one shilling loss, as it would have been if the man had committed the suicidal act of cutting his wood with a blunt axe by the labour of his own hands. There is nothing wonderful in the result; the wonder would have been if it had been anything else. There is no use in attempting chicanery upon the terms; the terms are as clear as when a player at chuck-farthing, winning on heads and losing on tails, has won once by heads and lost twice by tails, making one gain and two losses, and consequently one loss upon the aggregate. The common fraud attempted, is to state that the loss to the man for whom the wood is cut (or the consumer) is balanced by the gain to the wood-cutter and his dependents; and then infer that the loss to the community is null. But this is jumping over the fact that the gain to the wood-cutter has been set off once against the loss to the snuff-dealer already; and it must not be set off against two. If preferred, it may be set off against the loss of the consumer of the wood, to begin with; but then the loss to the snuff-dealer will stand out an un-

balanced loss, making a loss to the amount of one shilling in the aggregate, as before. And in truth, the omission to bring this loss of the snuff-dealer into the account at all, may be considered as having been at the bottom of the long reign enjoyed by the fallacy, which represents the employment of the incompetent machine instead of the superior, as a mere affair of balance.

But if this is admitted to be true, it is an easy corollary, that every instance in which the consumption of a cheaper foreign product is prevented, with the effect of forcing the consumer to purchase a dearer article produced at home, is attended with an unmitigated loss of the difference of price to the consumer, without the slightest gain to the trade of the rest of the country in the aggregate, to set against it. Take the case, for example, of the stoppage of a trade with France, by which French gloves are procured at two shillings a pair, with a view to cause gloves of the same quality to be made and sold by English glovers for three. Two shillings' worth of employment and trade are cut off from the man at Leeds or Sheffield, who made the goods which were wont to go to France in payment for each pair of gloves, and are given to the English glover; which so far makes a balance to English trade in the aggregate. One shilling's worth more is given to the English glover, and taken from the tradesman, — say a snuff-dealer as before, — with whom the consumer of gloves would have spent the shilling if he had been let alone; so far, therefore, balance again. Stands out, consequently, on the whole, the loss to the wearer of gloves, who gives a shilling for nothing instead of his snuff; an unmitigated loss, unbalanced by any the minutest advantage to the trade of other people in the aggregate. No wonder there should be complaints of poverty in a nation that has such ingenious ways of making losing bargains for its citizens!

On these questions and their numerous ramifications, the public is opening its eyes; and it cannot fail to be gratifying to the philosopher and man of science, to see so many points of coincidence between the progress of the old Mechanics and the new. As the one has rid us of perpetual motions and sailing chariots in the air, so the other will free us, in the end, from pestilential quackeries of vastly greater danger and importance.

GRIEVANCES OF THE NAVY.

It has been asserted, by official organs, that the sensation excited in the country touching the present inefficiency of our naval force as compared with the formidable fleets of other maritime states, is solely to be attributed to the insidious workings of political intrigue. Would that we could subscribe to this assertion, or find any excuses for believing that the general alarm on this subject was nothing more than an outburst of popular feeling, taking a false and mischievous direction; but, unfortunately, it is an indisputable and melancholy fact, that whether as regards effectiveness or numerical strength, our ships in commission are now inadequate to support, not merely a war, but those appearances that are essential to the preservation of peace.

It will be the purpose of this paper to explain dispassionately, and without reference to party feelings (which ought never to be permitted to embarrass the development of national questions in which all parties are equally concerned), the various causes that have led to this unhappy prostration of our naval power, and to suggest remedial measures, which, it is hoped, may be found not devoid of practical utility.

The "Flag-officer*", who recently addressed a Letter to the Duke of Wellington on this momentous topic, has marred a laudable intention by the betrayal of party bias, and by a predisposition to depict in the darkest colours the condition of the country.† Had the gallant officer steered clear and wide of party politics — traced to their original sources the many combining causes which, for years, have contributed to weaken and undermine our wooden walls, and contented himself by erecting "beacons" that would have pointed to "sunken dangers," then, indeed, would the unprejudiced, and instructed portion of the public have regarded his Letter as an able and valuable exposition of existing evils. Still the Flag-officer's epistle is not to be treated as a "dead-letter," nor should his alarm-gun be regarded as a false report; for though some of his statements as to the actual condition and numerical strength of the several vessels composing the fleets of foreign powers are manifestly founded on false *data*, yet it cannot be denied, despite of the flattering accounts and vaunting replications of official organs, that all his assertions respecting the deficiency of men and metal in the majority of her Majesty's ships in commission, are supported by *facts*, notorious amongst professional men.

The "Naval Agitator" (as the gallant officer has been dubbed in the political clubs) has, indeed, started a novel theme, — for in these days the words *novel* and *naval* may be considered synonymous. The subject has been warmly discussed by the periodical press. Party journalists, and supporters of party, straining arguments, and deducing inferences from false premises, and displaying no little of vituperative talent, unblushingly declare they can trace to their political opponents every error of the past, and evil of the present, — each fastening on the other the faults of *both*, and each, in reality, equally ignorant, and more than ever in the dark as to the origin of mischief so manifest to all.

* Rear-Admiral Hawker.

† Such passages as the following are not calculated to produce conviction: — "The inhabitants of Brighton, and all our undefended sea-coasts, would not be safe in their houses; neither can it be said that London would be secure from being plundered and burnt."

The decline of our naval strength has been induced, not by one cause, but by many,—not by the mal-administration of this party, or of that party, but by the mismanagement and short-sighted policy of all parties in power;—not alone by the mistakes and blunders of “Boards” constituted by men possessing little or no knowledge of nautical matters, but by the rapid changes* in those Boards caused by *political* movements, by which an accumulation of arrears in business, and errors in principle, are transmitted to the next inheritors of office, who, in their turn, bequeath them in hopeless confusion to their successors; so that, in the end, a mass of official follies and *legislative* blunders are left, by way of legacy, to the temporary authorities at Whitehall. Nor is this all; these shifts, which by naval men are, if possible, as much dreaded as “shifting sands,” have the effect of producing the most perplexing orders and counter-orders, subjecting the service to a constant succession of “circulars,” in which the *same* measures are directed and rescinded as fast as the colours appear and vanish in the dying dolphin.

It is therefore manifest that these changes in the Board of Admiralty, always arising out of political mutations, are not only injudicious, but mischievous in the extreme, inasmuch as there can be no time for maturing measures of practical utility, nor for examining and discarding the experimental projects of “prentice hands.”

But the Board of Admiralty is not, nor never has been, entirely formed of naval men (the vital error in its constitution), but is partly composed of “Lay-lords;” a term “unmusical to Volscian ears,” and carrying with it its own condemnation. What, for example, would be said were an alderman, or a sergeant-at-law, called in at the Horse-Guards to control the general administration of military matters, when a sergeant of the line would be found a far more efficient person? Why, then, place in office, or permit such men as Cornets of Dragoons to sit in council with seamen?—an absurdity, which it is notorious has been more than once committed in order to propitiate parliamentary influence. Incredible as this may at first sight appear, the wonder will be abated when it is borne in recollection that, with the exception of Lord St. Vincent, and of Lord Barham, the office of First Lord of the Admiralty has, for years, been filled by a *landsmen*; while his Private Secretary, and the *two* Public Secretaries to the Board, were civilians; and, with one solitary exception, totally unconnected with the Service. Indeed, in two instances, as if purposely to beget professional disgust, the Private Secretary,—the confidential adviser of the First Lord (a person who ought to be conversant with the claims and character of every officer in the Navy), was selected from the sister service. In the one case, a Major of the line (a new *line* to the Major) officiated in this delicate capacity; and in the other a Captain of Engineers sustained the ordinary task of receiving officers—pronouncing on professional claims—and of replying to pressing applications for either promotion or employment after the usual satisfaction and approved practice of official ambiguity. What would be the feeling of officers of the Army were a lieutenant or captain in the Navy to wield the pen, or enact the part of privy councillor to the military Commander-in-chief?

In the public secretary—the first secretary to the Board,—the qualifications required are neither professional ability nor professional experience; but the tact of making a speech in parliament (misnamed a statement), of which the object is merely to mystify and conceal facts,—shine in the exhibition of specious sophistry,—make the worse appear the better reason;

* Between the close of the year 1830 and 1835, *five* different Boards of Admiralty were “sworn in and out of office.”

and, ultimately, to pour into credulous ears, sufficient of official vaunting*, or of solemn assertion, to induce a flattering belief that matters are flourishing afloat.

It may be said, that the annual production of the "Navy Estimates" in the House of Commons affords ample scope to statesmen to inquire into the efficiency of our wooden walls; but those who have turned their attention to parliamentary proceedings for the last quarter of a century, must have looked on the Navy Estimates in no other light than that of an arithmetical farce, got up in St. Stephens's,—not, indeed, for the benefit of the Navy, or of the nation, but solely for the benefit of the Chancellor of the Exchequer;—a *figurative* burlesque, usually performed to a scanty audience,—the landed gentry deserting their seats for Bellamy's, or the Opera,—and the naval members, always excepting the Secretary and the Lords of the Admiralty (who invariably "play up" to the public purse-bearer) resigning themselves to sleep on the back benches.

But, *badinage* apart, what estimate is ever made of the efficiency of our force afloat,—its readiness for actual service,—the competency of those entrusted with command,—the general conduct; and, above all, the general *contentment* of the officers and seamen of the service? Were inquiries of this nature pushed home by competent and patriotic statesmen, instead of stammering intruders and ministerial time-talkers, floundering in useless debate, the public mind would not have been perplexed by the conflicting statements (put forth for party purposes) as to the *actual* condition of our naval force.

Senators would do well to bear in recollection the warning words of the late Admiral Sir Charles Penrose. In a posthumous pamphlet, published by the executors of that strong-minded and far-sighted seaman, the following admonitory passage appears:—

"Above all, let me advise them (the members of the House of Commons) not to be silenced or mystified by any official replies which they do not perfectly understand, and to be assured that there is nothing mysterious or unintelligible in naval affairs, where a disposition exists to explain them openly and candidly."

In times of old it was the creed of an Englishman, that the salvation of the country depended upon the maintenance of its maritime supremacy. How, then, are we to account for the total neglect by the Legislature of this ill-treated service? For a period of twenty years the senate has invariably manifested a distaste for the discussion of nautical topics. By all parties, whether Tories, Whigs, or Radicals, naval questions are loathed—shunned, as if they carried with them a sort of sessional sea-sickness! To what

* The following pointed passage is copied from *The Examiner*, on the subject of the last speech made by the Secretary of the Admiralty in the House of Commons:—"Mr. C. Wood observed, with great *naïveté*, that ten times our present number of ships in commission could be prepared for sea, if *men* could be found to man them."—"If" is proverbially a great peace-maker, and certainly, in this instance, it would never serve for a war-maker.—*Examiner*, July 29, 1838.

Doubtless the "Spokesman to the Board" will take to himself no little credit for the logical and *cautious* clause introduced in this oratorical vaunt; yet it would seem, despite of the puffing placards and blue-lettered bills of fare, inviting and enticing seamen to enter the service, that good hands are slow in coming forward for her Majesty's ships. Indeed, the placards in question are by no means calculated to serve the object intended. Seamen suspect there must be "something rotten in the state of Denmark" when authorities have recourse to such a wretched *ruse* as to parade the privileges and the established allowances so long enjoyed by the seamen of the Navy. The additional inducement to procure voluntary service may be summed up in the *wood* announcement that men-of-war'smen are "provided with tea l—grog!—and surgical assistance! and that their letters are freed to all parts of the habitable globe!" With the exception of "tea"—not the most palatable beverage to "Jack"—men-of-war'smen, to employ their own jocular language, have had the benefit of these things "ever since Adam was an oakum-boy in Chatham dock-yard."

cause, or causes, may it again be asked, is to be attributed this anti-national neglect of the natural defenders of the land? Session after session parliament allows its valuable time to dwindle away in the discussion of idle questions, which have nothing more for their object than trials of political strength. It is not that the members of the House of Commons are over nice in voting away the public money on matters of minor import; but for naval purposes,—purposes which involve nothing less than the safety of the nation, the wise and wealthy Mr. Bull, at the instigation of our penny-wise and pound-foolish political economists*, must needs button up his pockets, and close the strings of the public purse! But, indeed, to the apathy and supineness of its own members sitting in the senate may, in a great measure, be attributed the present neglect of our once noble and venerated navy. Farmers, merchants, mechanics, corporate bodies, trades, and callings of every degree, possess the advantage of having able advocates in parliament to represent and enforce their several interests; even the “Blacks,” to free them from their fetters, have had their Wilberforce. But, alas! the Blues have not, for years, been able to command a solitary “spokesman” competent to stand up for his order—to make manifest the many evils existing afloat, or expose the fallacies and subterfuges of officials ashore.

As a contrast to this disgraceful apathy, to give it the mildest term, it is only necessary to look at the manner in which military men in parliament watch over the interests of the Army. In these there is no lukewarmness, or unbecoming subserviency to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. And what is the result? That the Army has arisen to a high pitch of discipline and efficiency; while the Navy, from the faithlessness of its own guardians, has almost become a by-word—a term of reproach.

The affairs of the Army are administered free from all *political* control. Not so those of the Navy: the head of our marine is himself shackled to the state: his office is almost nominal: he is, indeed, supposed to possess extensive patronage,—but this is not always the case; for, unless he can show to the First Lord of the Treasury that he can command a full share of parliamentary power, he is bound to obey the nomination of his superiors in the cabinet, whose recommendations are based not on professional ability, but solely on political support.†

As applicable to the foregoing remarks, we here cite the calm and dignified expostulation which appears in the *brochure* already named.

“I am far,” said this venerated authority, declining in the vale of life, “from wishing to draw invidious comparisons, or to repine at the superior advantages enjoyed by our sister profession, which leads to, instead of excluding from, the highest honours of the state; yet I cannot but see that our naval departments are degenerating into *political* engines, and the smallest possible number of professional men permitted to take part in their deliberations. Let me only contrast this system with that pursued in our military offices. At the Horse-Guards, the Commander-in-chief is a general officer: all his staff, adjutant, and quartermaster general, and their deputies, military secretary, &c., are exclusively military:” and the admiral goes on to add, that “the Board of Ordnance‡, Master-general, Lieutenant-general, &c., are all military men.”

* “The worst of all waste,” says *The Examiner*, “is an expenditure for an ill-performed service, as the service is not had, and the money only goes for disgrace and disappointment. It has been too much the habit of late years to look to cost without sufficient reference, first, to the extent of the occasion for the establishment; and, secondly, to the due efficiency of it on the required scale. After a long course of extravagance a penny-wise and pound-foolish system obtained more popularity than consisted with an enlightened economy.”

† It is worthy of remark, that, since the last general election, the majority of officers who have succeeded in obtaining a command afloat have been either defeated candidates for parliamentary seats, or active agents in returning ministerial members in the Commons.

‡ A Captain in the Navy, who is known to be a strong political supporter to the present govern-

As a public body, notorious for its disinclination to adopt measures purporting to elevate the character, increase the comforts, and generally ameliorate the condition of the officers of the Navy, the Lords of the Admiralty have long lost the confidence of the profession at large. Never have our naval rulers manifested a disposition to place officers of relative rank on a similar footing with those of the sister service; nor voluntarily have they ever come forward to redress the many galling grievances under which each and every class of officers in H. M. Navy have so long laboured. Look to their votes, and to their professions in Parliament. How did they act on the motion of Lord George Lennox, to amend the condition of the Royal Marines? Certainly not to render justice to that serviceable corps. Had not the noble lord been an expert political tactician, and well-timed his "motion," the Board of Admiralty, and its wonted supporters, would have beaten him hollow. And here it must be observed, that the motion which had been originally intended by the noble mover as one solely purporting to render justice to a service sorely aggrieved, ultimately became a question involving a trial of political strength. But the marines triumphed—the Board was beaten.

The success of this motion has already led the Lieutenants of the Navy to put forth a powerfully convincing statement on the subject of the several grievances, and to speak openly the *wrongs* they have so long and patiently endured; and the Captains of the service still seek to have rescinded that unjust and arbitrary "rule," by which many a gallant and meritorious officer has been deprived of a rank which all antecedent authorities had fully established as an indisputable *right*.

The cruelty of this regulation may be thus shown:—

Many officers during the greater part of the French revolutionary war had served in the several capacities of midshipman, lieutenant, commander, and post-captain. A number of these officers had not only endured every privation incidental to the most harassing period of the war, but had also bled in battle, and participated in some of the most glorious achievements recorded in our naval annals. Several, when employed as captains, had been unable, from causes over which they had no control, to retain the command of a "post ship" longer than a certain time; and here it becomes necessary to specify a period—say, for *four* years and *eleven* months. Well, a general peace ensues. Year after year, and month after month, these unemployed officers, all activity, zeal, and ardour, solicit a command. Memorials, certificates of conduct, statements of services, are forwarded to authorities and duly lodged in office; but such documents are of no avail. The applicants, with sorrow, see they have no chance of success. Possibly they neither possess parliamentary friends nor aristocratic relations: still they console themselves with the flattering reflection that *time* and *patience*, if they live to "bow the list," must procure for them their respective flags. At length, after a sluggish, creeping pace, occupying an interval of some twenty or five and twenty years, these officers arrive at the head of the Captains' list,—when out comes, in the middle of profound peace, this arbitrary rule, blasting in the bud the long-cherished hopes of veterans who,

ment, has recently, on the score of having lost his seat in parliament, obtained an appointment at this Board. The officer in question is well suited to the situation. He is a practical man, and a far better seaman than politician,—a solitary exception to many selected for service. Politicians afloat are regarded as positive pests; being themselves seldom good seamen, and mostly bad officers, it is obvious that they are neither competent to train inferiors or preserve discipline.

It was a strong saying of a celebrated naval chief, "Show me a ship commanded by a *politician*, and I'll then show you a perfect privateer."

as we have already said, had toiled in every capacity during the most harassing and arduous period of the war.

This unjust and ungenerous regulation goes to declare, that no Captain who had not completed *five* years in actual command of a "rated ship"*, is entitled to attain the rank of Rear-admiral.

But it has been argued by people in power, as well as by those who had "saved their distance," and who had consequently *secured* their rank, that it is impolitic to swell the Flag-officers' list, and that it would be impossible to find employment to the numerous applicants desirous to serve. This argument might have been met by a measure, by which authorities would neither have been compromised, nor involved in a breach of official faith.

For example : officers who could produce the strongest claims, and who were generally regarded as the most active, intelligent, and skilful seamen, should, as a matter of course, be *first* selected for service ; and those who were, either from age or infirmity, incompetent to the duties of command, should be allowed, as heretofore, to retire on their *full* and legitimate rank ; — for surely the same person, who, when in the prime of life, and in the full zenith of his activity, could be excluded from command as a Post-captain, might with more grace, and certainly with more reason, be refused employment when he became a Flag-officer, stricken in years and feeble in frame. But why commit so gross an injustice, or so gratuitously offend the feelings of the worn-out and aged warrior, who had

"braved the battle and the breeze,"

as to *de-grade* him — nay, rob him of his right of rank, because, indeed, authorities had *contrived* to find him wanting in what might be termed a *fore-gone* compliance with an *after* "regulation?" This, indeed, might be likened to the Irishism of "hanging a man first, and trying him afterwards."

To enumerate the privations, grievances, and indeed, we might add, injuries, which have been entailed on every class of officers in the service, proceeding entirely from the disinclination manifested to administer to their several wants and wishes, would occupy more space than our limits will allow ; suffice to say, — and we say it "more in sorrow than in anger," — that a very alarming feeling of dissatisfaction pervades nine-tenths of that portion of the profession that must, in the strictest sense, be designated the "serviceable, and sheet-anchor class."

Proceed we now to inquire into other topics connected with the administration of our naval affairs. The difficulty in procuring seamen for the service increases daily ; — the cause of which authorities are not disposed to acknowledge. It might be said, that our naval rulers cannot be made responsible for the scarcity of seamen arising out of the change which the power of steam has brought about in the numerical force of our commercial marine : but surely it might be expected that authorities should be alive to the circumstance, and that measures ought to have been adopted to supply the deficiency. Formerly, on any sudden emergency, the nation could fall back on the several resources afforded by the watermen of the Thames, and of Gosport, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight ; to say nothing of the numerous seamen who were wont to navigate vessels employed in the coasting trade of the United Kingdom. That we can do so no longer to the same effect is an alarming truth, which Ministers should have been the first to perceive, and, having perceived it, the first to remedy. But what

* Formerly termed "a post-ship."

is the fact? Why, that the danger has been suffered insidiously to creep upon us, till we are left almost at the mercy of foreign caprice.

It is true that our greatest naval innovator, and novice in maritime matters, contrived to *push* through parliament a "bill," having for its purpose the registry of the seamen of the country. The fallacies contained in the right honourable baronet's legislative act, have been bared to the bone, and exposed by practical authorities high in professional rank. "What!" asks one, "a registry of seamen!—of men whose pursuits necessarily scatter them over the globe! Is it possible that any one can propose to rely upon *registered* sailors, as a means of bringing the fleet into activity, when suddenly a war may require the *instant* protection of our wide-spread colonies and commerce?"

And another, after investigating the matter in all its bearings, and making manifest the total impossibility of ever bringing into practice the far-fetched theories of this much-vaunted bill, concludes with the terse and striking remark, that "one might as well attempt to *book* the *swallows*, as to *register* seamen—both are *birds of passage*!"

Nor was this the only blunder committed by the "*reforming* First Lord of the Admiralty." In order that the Navy Estimates might wear a more *economical* aspect, particularly as compared with those of his predecessors, he disbanded six out of eight companies of the Marine Artillery, (possibly the best-trained corps in existence); abolished the Naval-College* at Portsmouth; dispersed the School of Naval Architecture; and broke up, or rather turned over to the control of the "Customs," the entire of the Coast-blockade,—a body previously under the jurisdiction of the Admiralty, and consequently a *ready* and disposable-force, in case of emergency, to supply every deficiency in the crews of our ships in commission.† This Service is now denominated the Coast-guard, and is no longer under martial law: nor can the men belonging to it be *induced*, much less compelled, to re-enter her Majesty's ships; and for this obvious reason—in the Service of the Revenue they *retain* their pensions, while in the service of the Navy they *forfeit* them during the entire period of renewed employ.

In order that this piece of left-handed legislation may be rendered thoroughly intelligible to the reader, it is necessary to enter into a little explanation. At the close of the late war, an Order in Council was passed, granting pensions to seamen who had served fourteen and twenty-one years

* It is rumoured that this establishment is to be re-instated—a frank admission of the blunder that was committed in its abolition.

† After the reckless reductions made when in office, by the "*Reforming* First Lord of the Admiralty," the following oration, recently delivered by him at a public dinner at Glasgow, betokens, on the part of the speaker, no little share of modest assurance:—

"It is in vain that you sign commercial treaties; it is in vain that you stipulate on paper for opening the mouth of the Danube or the Black Sea to our commerce; it is in vain that you remonstrate against French blockades in America, or attempt to overawe Russia by military demonstrations in the East,—all will be in vain if the British Navy is not ready at all times and in all places to maintain our greatness—to assert our rights—to vindicate our maritime supremacy; our glory will be departed from us, and the foremost place in the rank of nations will be abandoned by us without a struggle. *I never hesitated to apply to Parliament for a grant of money to increase our naval stores—to add to the number of our seamen and marines,—and, at the risk of some unpopularity among the shipping interest, to provide for their future increase by rigidly enforcing a system of naval apprenticeship*" [a pretty affair it has turned out], "and by establishing, at great expense, an entirely new *system of naval gunnery*. I applied for a grant of money to provide large steamers of war; and, in justice to the House of Commons, I must add, that I never knew a grant of money refused by the national representatives for the naval service, when the responsible minister declared that it was necessary. If, from the fear of increased expenditure, or the fear of imposing additional taxes, *her Majesty's responsible advisers* have shrunk from demanding those grants which are necessary for maintaining our resources on a *scale necessary to our naval supremacy*, I say they have been guilty of a gross neglect of duty, and they have miserably mistaken the interests and he wishes of the British people."

in her Majesty's Navy. The object of this boon was, to induce well-trained and practised hands to enter the Service in time of need; but our naval rulers, in establishing this regulation, did not foresee that, instead of acting as an encouragement, it would, by their own stipulation, have a directly contrary effect. For example; when a man returns from a commercial voyage, and is desirous to rejoin her Majesty's sea-service, he learns, after some little inquiry, that the payment of his pension will cease the moment his name appears on the "books of the ship" for which he is desirous to enter. "If that be the case," says Jack, turning on his heel, "I had better bear up for the Coast-guard, or the Customs; for it seems that in any other service my pension goes regularly on, while in my *own* it's knocked regularly *off*!" Thus the boon operates as a prohibition in keeping well-disposed and efficient seamen *out* of the Navy, instead of operating as an encouragement to enter it, and as a reward for long services.

It may be said, that it would be attended with too much expense, and contrary to every received principle of political economy, to allow seamen, in addition to their pay, to hold pensions for past services: granted. But is it not also contrary to those principles which should guide and govern a maritime state to pension the *same* able-bodied seamen when serving in *other* employments under the Crown? Is it reconcileable with common sense, putting every other consideration out of the question, to make this pension a premium for abandoning the naval service? If the object of the regulation had been to thin the crews of her Majesty's ships of its most useful hands, and to tempt them away into other employments, it could not have been more ingeniously contrived. The Navy has hitherto been exposed, it appears, to not only the most unwise policy, but to the worst possible logic!

The writer of "A Letter to the Earl of Minto," put forth "by a Friend to the People," in reply to the much-bruited *brochure* of Admiral Hawker, says, with ludicrous simplicity, "Let a war come! an open, just, and necessary war, and it will speedily be seen that we have the means of carrying it on on a *great* scale, such as alone becomes us. It is a fallacy," adds the 'Friend of the People' "to suppose, that, because a few ships which may be now fitting, find some difficulty in getting men, that this is owing to any disgust for the public service. It is more likely to be occasioned by the activity of commerce giving them full employment at good wages." Such are the speculations into which men are apt to fall, when they venture to pronounce opinions upon subjects of which they possess no practical knowledge.

It will be the policy of any power that wages war with England, to watch well the period in which she is least prepared to resist aggression; and therefore it is that the Government of the country ought to be always prepared, and neither allow itself, as Captain Napier would say, "to be caught napping," nor the nation to be taken by surprise.

In a powerful, though somewhat tory-toned article, which appears in a professional contemporary, it is said, that "we are much too confident for a wise people; but fearing nothing, we must not suppose we have nothing to fear." In this pointed and antithetical sentence there is much truth; for, admitting that, in manning our fleet, Government were *driven* to the "unpopular resort" — the ready-made mode of procuring "hands," not *heads*, for her Majesty's ships, still, would it not be preposterous to suppose that raw and undisciplined crews, untrained in artillery practice, and officered by inexperienced peace-bred men, — novices in naval tactics, — ignorant of every evolution peculiar to the management of a fleet at sea, — nay, even incom-

petent to preserve the respective stations of their several ships in the common "order of sailing," are materials fit to contend with those of a rival force, long drilled, and in perfect readiness for active and vigorous service?

"An entire new set of officers," observes Sir Charles Penrose, "are gradually replacing those whose long experience in war might perhaps have rendered further instruction less necessary; and if the rising generation are educated in a system of negligence and inactivity, what will be the result at the commencement of a new war, when our utmost exertions will be required to secure our superiority over rivals who have certainly lost no opportunity of improving and perfecting their naval establishments, and whose minds are fully alive to the errors to which they attributed their former reverses?"

The history of former wars furnishes instances of mortifying failures, all, or almost all, attributable to the unwise and impolitic conduct of our naval rulers during the intervals of preceding peace.

"I am old enough to remember," says the last cited authority, "that only fifteen years after almost as successful a war as that which we saw so gloriously terminated in 1815, Plymouth was *blockaded* by a superior force, and our ships-of-war at Spithead obliged to take refuge in Portsmouth harbour. This great national disgrace was entirely attributable to the impolitic and inconsiderate manner in which our naval administration had been conducted; and although I am far from intending to draw an invidious comparison, yet I cannot avoid recalling to my recollection both this fatal period, and the commencement of the war in 1793; and fears will then arise in my mind, that even all this dearly-bought experience has not produced the desired effect."

Captain Charles Napier (no bad authority in belligerent matters) has publicly appealed to the Government to increase our force afloat, and to put it into a state of readiness for active operations; for that intrepid officer, in common with those accustomed to look well *ahead*, thinks that *two* powerful fleets in the Baltic and Black Sea are not the most pacific materials for a state possessing neither colonies nor commerce. And Captain Crawford, in his interesting and intelligent Letter, published some two years since, says —

"It was a strange feeling that came over me as an Englishman, and an officer in the British Navy, on finding myself at sea with twenty-six Russian line-of-battle ships, with nearly 30,000 men, better soldiers than they are sailors, and with four months' provisions on board; knowing, as I did, that for the protection of the coasts of my own country, of our ports, of our mercantile shipping in the Baltic, the North Sea, and the Channel, we had but *seven* line-of-battle-ships in a state of preparation,—and those, I believe, not fully manned. I confess that, confident as I felt in the superior skill and activity of my countrymen, I almost trembled for the preservation of their ancient sovereignty of the seas."

Much may be said, and much evidence adduced to explain the paucity of seamen coming forward for the service of the Queen. We know,—and we suspect we *do* know far better than any "one of the people" uninitiated in nautical matters,—that "it is not from a feeling of disgust" that good and able seamen evince a disposition to give her Majesty's ships a wide berth. Men-of-war-men would willingly devote their lives to the Navy, did not the acts of Government, at every period of the peace, discourage them from re-entering the service. The anomaly already alluded to, respecting their pensions, is in itself a strong objection to voluntary enrolment. But we have yet to assign other reasons—*practical* reasons, for the old man-of-war-man, and the young mariner, steering clear of most of our ships as they are at present established.

Jack is a shrewd observer, and sees with a seaman's eye that the majority of her Majesty's ships are not only miserably *undermanned*, but are also, what in his mind is equally bad, direfully *overboyed*. Nor are the honourable and right honourable striplings, who now flourish afloat, exactly the sort of spirits best suited to the taste of the tar.

With reference to the cruelly diminished complements of ships on the peace-establishment, sailors say, and with every reason, "Here are the Lords of the Admiralty commissioning *frigates* with the scantling, masts, yards, and sails of a seventy-four gun-ship, and allow no *more* hands to work them, with their heavy anchors, chain-cables, and the heavy metal they are now made to mount, than hitherto formed *half* the complement of the same class ship of the line. Why then," they add, "serve in *liners** in regular *disguise*? The duty becomes *double* labour; and why work double tides in time of peace?"

Nor is this all. A professional writer has clearly shown that it is a

"Vulgar error to imagine that sailors seldom consult their personal comforts. In that particular they are sensitively keen: nor can it be said that the seamen of the service ever indulged in unreasonable wishes. They have their *local* preferences, their 'favourite stations,' their 'fancy ships,' and many other *little* likings, to which, were official consideration given, more good would arise than could be achieved by any elaborate regulations, however ingenious and severe."

Besides, all these things considered, seamen have the greatest objection to "enter for *general* service."† Nor will they voluntarily come forward, unless they be allowed to select their respective ships, and are also made acquainted with the stations on which the ships they desire to join are likely to proceed. One likes a ship that is "fitting for Foreign," he prefers a station where he requires "no more than a straw hat, and a duck frock: he has had enough of gusty gales, wet jackets, and rheumatic joints." Another prefers a ship fitting for the "Home station:" he is a married man, and has no desire to serve abroad, and he "can't abide the thought of going out of the land." These are trifles light as air to the authorities; but, like Selden's straws, they tell which way the wind blows, and when it is *fair* or foul for Jack.

Again: to old men-of-war men the bare thought of joining a newly-commissioned ship is at once an abomination. The work incidental to "first fitting" is to seamen harassing and annoying in the extreme. Moreover, when they "pad" to Portsmouth or Plymouth, purposely to join an old, or a favourite captain, they are not overburdened with clothing—possibly they possess not more than the solitary suit in which they stand: still, when once "victualled and borne on the books," are they compelled, in their only garb, to execute all the drudging duties of dragging and stowing dirty and rusty ballast, scraping decks and sides, newly-laid seams of pitch, and blacking and tarring the yards and standing rigging of the ship, both "low and aloft."

If men-of-war men *must* execute services of this nature, surely it is not asking too much of the Government to provide them with "working suits." The privates of the Army are clothed at the expense of the nation; and even the convicts (familiarily called the Scotch Greys), are well and warmly clad by the country. And here we may ask, with a professional writer, "Where can be the pressing necessity, during a period of peace (for we speak of the practice of years), to harass in harbour the seamen of the service? Were a proper and a well-matured system but once established, ships would be fitted with greater facility than has hitherto ever been effected in the service." Of this there can be no doubt; and few will dispute the propriety of exempting the crews of *sea-going* ships from those

* Ships of the line.

† Lieutenants have been dispatched to different parts of the United Kingdom to enter seamen for general service.

tedious and harassing services which come under the denomination of "duties of the port."*

Another cause of complaint with men-of-war-men is, the difference of the personal pay of petty-officers when serving in vessels of different "rates." The smaller the vessel, the *greater* the labour; for which reason, it is ruled that the stipend of the petty-officer becomes the *less*. The greater the ship, the less work, and particularly *wet* work, falls to his share, and therefore the *higher* his personal pay.†

Anomalies like these are more annoying to men-of-war-men, and more detrimental to the Service than Official folk are disposed to admit. Nor can they be convinced that the several discouraging causes which have been enumerated in this paper, (and of the existence of which practical people conversant with the nautical character can fully confirm), have the least tendency to impede the general working of the naval wheel. If then they be imaginary (as some would assert), how are we to account for the disinclination manifested by the seamen of the country to enter and re-enter her Majesty's service?

The relative forces of France, England, America, and Russia, have been paraded before the public in every possible form to suit the party purposes of political opponents. It would not be a very difficult task to expose the egregious errors and exaggerated statements on all sides; but the initiated well know that it is neither the longest list, nor the list which *figures* best upon paper, that flourishes and figures best afloat. The French, like ourselves, retain on their OFFICIAL LIST *names*, "full of sound and fury, signifying *nothing*." After *weeding* our own list, "published by AUTHORITY," of the several sheer-hulks, receiving-ships, slop-vessels, coal-depôts, convict-ships, quarantine-craft, floating-chapels, artillery-tuition-ships, and artillery targets, and other nonentities that swell the catalogue of our floating force, we then considerably exceed in number every other maritime state in serviceable vessels of war. But of what avail are towering fabrics moping at their moorings, or standing on their stocks, if the vital power, the main machinery that should set them into motion be *out of order*, disconnected, or dispersed? Houses in hundreds may be seen "To Be Let," but for want of tenants are *let alone*. And we believe it to be as much a naval as a medical maxim, that bone without muscle is powerless and unavailing.

Under this impression, and convinced of the necessity of no longer neglecting to establish for the Navy a nursery for seamen, totally independent of our commercial marine, we submit for consideration two or three suggestions, which, had they been acted on some six years since, would now have put the Government in the possession of young, able, and active seamen, well-trained in artillery practice, and sufficiently numerous to meet the present pressing demands for her Majesty's service.

Our proposition involves a regular system of apprenticeship ‡ — a system which might materially conduce to the better working of the present Poor Law Bill. It is this:—

Boys should be bound for seven years to the Queen, in the same way as hitherto articulated to masters of merchant-ships. Should they, at the

* "How often does it happen," observes a professional writer, "that a ship running into port, from stress of weather, has scarcely 'taken up her berth,' before the signal is made to her to 'take the Guard,' whilst the boats of the 'Guard-ship,' (a misnomer by-the-bye), are not unfrequently employed pulling ladies about the harbour, or parties of pleasure."

† This cannot be said to act both ways, because there are twenty times the number of small vessels in commission than there are ships-of-the-line.

‡ In determining the extent to which this proposition may be carried, present expense and future circumstances must be consulted; but the system might be commenced without incurring an expenditure to any serious amount.

expiration of their apprenticeship, become active and able seamen, and calculated to undertake the duties of petty-officers, then, as an encouragement for good conduct and professional ability, their *pension-time* might be allowed to commence from the *fifth* year of their apprenticeship, instead of awaiting till they had completed the full period of their indentures.

When ships were paid off, these apprentices should be turned over to other vessels in need of hands, or about to be commissioned for the *home* station. They also should be occasionally relieved from sea-going ships, and removed to the guard-ships, and particularly to those vessels devoted to the tuition of naval gunnery, and of artillery practice. When employed in port-vessels, they should be taught under a master-rigger the art of rigging in all its branches, and the method of raising sheers and masting vessels with the mere resources of the ship. By this system they would become conversant with all the duties and qualifications necessary to constitute the able seaman and the thorough man-of-warsman.

In the mean time measures should be taken to remove those annoying anomalies and discouraging influences to which we have already alluded. The grievances of officers ought to be redressed. No expense should be permitted to fall upon the servants of the state;—they should have extended to them the same allowances and privileges which are enjoyed by those holding commissions in the general navies of France, Sweden, Denmark, America, and Russia.

The wages of the seamen should be generally raised, and the pay of petty-officers equalised in every "rate." Weather-coats and working-suits should be allowed to every vessel in commission; and, as ship's stores, might be placed under charge of the boatswain: and, above all, the crews of her Majesty's ships should be considerably increased in the complement; every vessel on the peace-establishment possessing sufficient of men and of metal, to sustain the character of the service, and to meet every emergency in the way of war.

But neither half measures, nor temporary remedies, will be of any avail. To amend the condition of the service, — improve the *personel* and *materiel* of the fleet, we must begin at the root, — and perhaps, startling as the proposal may appear, the best way to accomplish this desirable object would be to construct an able, active, and vigorous management, perfectly independent of all political control. A LORD HIGH ADMIRAL, aided by a competent Council, solely composed of professional men, possessing *practical* Secretaries, would be found to be the form of management best calculated to serve the real interests of the State, satisfy the Navy, and maintain for the nation the Sovereignty of the Seas.

Since the above was in type, Sir John Barrow, one of the Secretaries of the Admiralty, has published in the "LIFE OF LORD ANSON," a "SUPPLEMENTAL CHAPTER," touching the present state and condition of the several maritime forces of "Great Britain, France, Russia, America," &c.

Though we differ from the writer materially respecting many of the most essential points upon which he labours to defend his superiors in office, past as well as present — for Sir John assures us that he has served under "*eleven* naval administrations, Whig and Tory," all of whom, in his opinion, were equally wise and watchful in their generation — still we are gratified to find that some of his suggestions (particularly those purporting to attach seamen to the service) coincide with those which we have thrown out in this paper. But in making these very suggestions, Sir John Barrow admits, without designing it, the whole argument of those who complain of the existing insecurity of our naval power.

With respect to the *tone* which the Secretary of the Admiralty has adopted in his reply to the "remarks" and statements of the "Flag-officer" — and particularly to the "silly opinions" of Commander Crawford who sailed in the summer of 1836 in one of the Russian vessels belonging to the Emperor's fleet then manœuvring in the Baltic—we have no inclination to offer a single word of comment; — doubtless these officers will vindicate themselves. But the Secretary has decidedly the advantage of the Blue-jackets; for, while he would bring the old Admiral and the young Commander under the "Articles of War" *, neither the unemployed Flag-officer nor the present Captain of the *Raleigh* can avail themselves of that satisfactory of all laws, the law of *libel*. But, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, "It's a mighty pretty quarrel as it stands."

In the opening of our article we asserted — and we think we have succeeded in supporting our assertion with adequate proofs — that the Navy of Great Britain has been *neglected*. Sir John Barrow "claims the privilege" of old-standing in *office* to give the plump *negatur* to every statement or assertion which goes to this effect. And how does the Secretary set about establishing the validity of his negative? — By producing evidence to show that the interests of the Navy have been carefully attended to? — By marshalling the favourable testimony of experienced officers who are competent judges in the case, whose authority would be conclusive of the fact, and in whose opinions the country places willing and implicit confidence? — Oh, no! these are *not* the official modes of satisfying public anxiety. Sir John settles the question after another fashion, by roundly denouncing every representation touching the neglect of the Navy to be a "gratuitous *falsehood*, the fact being the very reverse." Is this the sort of *refutation* that might be expected from a Government-officer, who had served *thirty* years, and under *eleven* naval administrations, in a department celebrated for its *courtesy*? We have already said, that both Secretaries to the Admiralty (except in one instance) have been always landsmen. Had the baronet been "sent early to sea," he, to employ the phrase of the cockpit, "would have learned manners," and have been taught that at all times, unless provocation was intended, the application of the word "*falsehood*" was one of the weakest arguments that a gentleman could employ in the service of *truth*. But the good-breeding of the Secretary is a matter of much less moment than his statements in detail.

Sir John Barrow says that,

The second charge brought against the Admiralty is, that ships-of-the-line are sent to sea without their lower-deck guns in, and with a reduced complement of men.

It is quite true that three of the twenty-one in commission have been so sent, as a temporary accommodation to three admirals, whose flags they bore, and their retinue. It was thought that such accommodation, in a time of profound peace, was a courtesy that might be allowed, when asked for, without the slightest inconvenience to the service, and without any additional expense. The Board well knew that a very short delay would occur in remounting them; and accordingly one of the three, the Cornwallis, has now her complete armament of guns; and the Wellesley has hers on the spot. Three other ships-of-the-line, employed on a pressing emergency to convey regiments to Halifax and Quebec, struck their lower-deck guns into the hold, for the greater convenience and comfort of the troops and seamen; and every reasonable man, instead of censuring, will applaud the Admiralty for adopting a measure, by which several regiments have been conveyed to their destination with that rapidity and in that good state of health so essentially necessary for the service they were sent upon. The Hercules carried three regiments, and made three trips to Halifax, without her lower-deck guns: the Russell has lain idle seven months in the Tagus, with her guns, — which ship has been most usefully employed. This charge can only be regarded as factious and frivolous.

* "Does this 'Flag-officer,' asks Sir John, "know — it may charitably be supposed he does not — that were he afloat, and we in the position he would place us, with regard to France, Russia, and the United States (that is, at war) the *pains* and *penalties* of the third article of war, which are not slight, would very nearly, if not *entirely*, attach to him" ? — p. 441.

The biographer of Lord Anson struggles in vain to defend a measure which, we hope, will never be repeated. Vessels of war ought never to be permitted to proceed on *foreign* stations short of their full complement of artillery, and, above all, short of the complement of men requisite to work their heaviest batteries. Private *accommodation* in the public service, we can clearly show, is an untenable argument; for the Board of Admiralty have long *prohibited Captains* of her Majesty's ships from carrying out their wives and families on *foreign* stations. If a Captain be desirous to take his wife abroad, the lady must follow him in a packet, or perhaps in another vessel of war. Why, then, was this judicious regulation, which is so strictly observed in reference to the wives and families of captains, set aside in favour of the *retinue* of a Flag-officer? The Secretary probably could give other reasons for an "*accommodation*" so unusual in the practice of our naval rulers.

Sir John Barrow appears to entertain the *unprofessional* opinion, that, for every purpose of peace, the present complements of the crews of her Majesty's ships "are ample." "As compared," he observes,

"With the war complements, one would imagine the present peace-establishment to be ample. For instance, that of a seventy-four in war being only 590, is now 570; of the former, the number of able seamen was then limited to one-third, the ordinary one-third, and landsmen one-third; now the able seamen are estimated at seventy-five per cent. First-class boys, during war, were admitted from fourteen to seventeen years of age; now they are required to be from seventeen to twenty. The fact seems to be that, in war, officers thought only of seeking and fighting the enemy; in peace, very properly, of keeping their ships in the highest possible order, to compete with and excel in smartness such full-manned French ships as they may meet with, in manœuvring, without calling all hands for that purpose."

This reasoning wants the support of *practical* knowledge. "As compared with the war complements," one would imagine that the *present peace-establishment* was any thing "but ample:" and for this simple reason,—which of course never could have suggested itself to a person ignorant of practical matters,—namely, that during the war the majority of our three-deckers mounted but twelve pounders on the upper-deck; eighteen, or twenty-four, on the middle; and thirty-two on the lower, or heaviest tier; while *now*, on the present peace-establishment, most of our ships-of-the-line mount guns on their several decks of a very different calibre:—some of our three-deckers having twenty-four, and even thirty-two pounders on their upper battery; thirty-two on their middle, and the same metal, with six or eight *sixty-eight* pounders, distributed in the several centres of their respective tiers. So that it will be seen, whilst we have been *increasing* our mounted metal, we have been *decreasing* the complement of men necessary to work the artillery previously unused, and even unknown, in time of war.

Under the head of supplying seamen for the service, Sir John says,

"There is no doubt that the mode of carrying *impressment* into effect may be so modified, as to *remove* a great deal of that odium which has generally been attached to it. It may be confined to the pressing of seamen *afloat*; no press-gangs need parade the streets, enter houses, in search of *poor fellows* just returned from long voyages, to tear them away from their parents, their wives, and their children:—these are the things that make impressment hateful."

Now let us ask Sir John Barrow this simple question: Were impressment resorted to by the authorities upon this plan, would the "*poor fellows* returning from long voyages" be allowed even the *chance* of being dragged away from their parents, wives," &c.? According to his recommendation of confining the system of impressment to seamen *afloat*, the Lords of the Admiralty would be compelled, as in the year 1793, to have cutters cruising in the "chops of the Channel" for the express purpose of taking hands out of homeward-bound vessels, and thereby preventing the "*poor fellows*"

from being "dragged away" from their "parents," their "Sal," or their "Sue."

But Sir John is on the "right tack" when he speaks, as follows, of *pensions*. Our own recommendation upon this subject was in type, as we have already said, several days before "The Life of Lord Anson" was launched into the world:—

"It may be here observed, that, if able-bodied pensioners were *now*," (and why not always?) "allowed to receive their *pensions* along with their *pay*, many valuable men would be preserved to the service."

It is rather curious that, after *thirty* years of official observation, and serving under *eleven* administrations, this idea should never have struck the Secretary of the Admiralty before, and that it should now come out in a "supplemental chapter" to the life of an "ancient mariner," who sailed round the world ninety years ago.

Sir John Barrow appears to be much wedded to that legislative blunder, denominated the "Registry Act."

"Every one shows how many *ineffectual* attempts have been made to establish a general register of the mariners and sea-faring men, on an idle supposition, that it was an *invasion* of the liberty of the subject, and with the ulterior view of facilitating impressment. It required, therefore, no little *tact* to *subdue* this prejudice."

As to the *idle* supposition, "that it was an invasion of the liberty of the subject," so idle a supposition, we think we may confidently assert, never entered the heads of people who knew any thing about the matter. We have already stated our objections to this notable project, and cheerfully leave Sir John to glorify himself upon the "tact" which he, or any body else, may have displayed in subduing the prejudice.

In reference to disbanding the Coast-blockade, the Secretary of the Admiralty evidently feels that he is treading upon tender ground.

"Another source for the supply of seamen, to a certain extent for the Navy, has, within a few years back, been *lost* to the naval service. The allusion here made is to the Coast-guard service, as at present constituted. *Why it has been altered* from its original establishment?"—[We have already informed the reader of the '*Why*,'] when it supplied seamen on many occasions for the Navy, instead of, as now, *taking them away* from it; or by *whose* advice the *change* was made, is not *material*. The deed has been done."

And thus, at the end of thirty years' service in office, the Secretary begins to see the mischief of innovation. He "confesses the case:" and to remedy the evil, he recommends putting the entire of the Coast-guard service again under *martial* law. He says, "it must come to *this* in the event of war." Now here is a case at once ready made to the hands of a "Flag-officer," and the "young Commander."

Sir John Barrow approves of the present system of apprenticing boys in the mercantile marine. There can be no doubt it assists the better working of the Poor Law Bill; but the Secretary does not *yet* see how much more preferable would be the system recommended in this paper. It is our firm conviction, not lightly formed, that no measure will be found to work so effectually as that of apprenticing boys to her Majesty.

It is especially worthy of observation, that Sir John Barrow recommends a partial increase of pay, as well as equalisation of pay to petty-officers in all rates; suggestions which in a previous page we have urged from a strong impression of their necessity.

All such recommendations on the part of the Secretary of the Admiralty can be regarded in no other light than as admissions of existing defects in the state of the Navy, and as affording abundant proofs in contravention of his own assertion, that the Navy has not been neglected. If the Navy had not been neglected, how does it happen that Sir John Barrow, who comes forward in the defence of the measures of *eleven* administrations, has discovered so much room for improvement?

STUDIES OF UNDEVELOPED CHARACTERS IN SHAKSPEARE;

FROM SKETCHES AND SUGGESTIONS IN HIS PLAYS.

No. II. — *King Henry the Fourth.*

THE old lord of the Council, who rated Falstaff in the public street about misleading the Prince, was a bold strong-headed personage, apt at logical point and practical proof, quick at rejoinder, and of reverend authority and influence, or he would not thus openly have risked the witty repartees and jibes of the merry-hearted corpulent offender. Certainly there must have been something very uncommon in the man who could silence Falstaff. It is probable, however, that very uncommon circumstances would also be requisite, or we should much doubt the possibility of such a feat having been performed by any man. But silenced he was, and so effectually, that he thought it best to pretend to be deaf. Falstaff says, that the old lord "talked very wisely — and in the street too," and yet he "marked him not." It is possible, from this, that he also affected not to see him. Doubtless the old councillor brought grave wisdom to bear upon the knight's manifold offences, especially in misleading the Prince, and then crowned the denunciatory arguments by displaying the threatening aspect of his royal father in the background. Perhaps, also, Falstaff had borrowed money of him. It would likewise appear that he had conferred a number of unpalatable names or epithets upon the abstracted culprit, which the latter remembered as a grievance after he recovered from his absence of mind.

"But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity: I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! An old lord, &c."

It will of course be understood, that our remarks concerning this personage are solely deduced from what we find; that is, taking the suggestion just as it stands. But as to the veracity of this anecdote, or even the existence of the old lord in question, we have only Falstaff's word for the fact, and that is one very good reason for suspecting it to be a fabrication. He wished to show the Prince, in his humorous way, how much he endured for his sake.

Mordake, earl of Fife, the eldest son of Douglas, and the earls of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Monteith, are mentioned by Hotspur as among the prisoners he has taken. They merely stand as names, nothing characteristic being said of them. But the lord with the pouncet-box, who went with the king's message to demand the prisoners from Hotspur, is too well known as a complete and highly-finished portrait of character, to need any elucidation or comment. This individual, who so finely represents a peculiarly conservative class, is however without name; he is merely called "a certain lord."

In the next act we find some carriers with their lanterns, making ready to depart at daybreak. They have been sadly stung by fleas in the night, and their horses are not ready, and have not been well attended. The dissatisfaction given by this, brings to mind their better accommodation at a previous time, and we are then introduced to rather a novel sort of cha-

racter — that of the sensitive ostler. Robin, the deceased, was so efficient in his office, that “the house is turned upside down” under the bungling hands of his successor. The cause of Robin’s death is peculiarly touching. The First Carrier says, —

“Poor fellow never joy’d since the price of oats rose. It was the death of him.”

PART I. ACT II. SC. I.

Perhaps Robin had a peculiarly fine instinct in his profession, and in this rise of oats, had suddenly foreseen the future miseries of a law against corn.

It is by no means difficult to invent occasions for drawing out a character like that of Hotspur, which is always at “full cock,” yet few could be imagined much better calculated for this purpose than the letter written by the prudent lord. A prudent letter addressed to Hotspur! — what a knowledge the writer must have had of his man! A letter to dissuade Hotspur from doing something which he had already began. The reasons given to induce him to refrain are those which, of all others, would be quite sure to make him proceed with exasperated vigour. The prudent lord says, “the purpose you undertake is dangerous!” — the more excitement then in meeting and surmounting it, — “the friends you have named uncertain,” — then we shall do much better without them, — “the time itself unsorted” — we have fixed upon the time, — “and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an occasion.” On this last remonstrance, Hotspur bursts out, as any one who possessed the slightest knowledge of character would have known beforehand, and designates the writer as my Lord Fool — a lack-brain — a frosty-spirited rogue — a dish of skimmed milk — and a Pagan rascal! The prudent lord is not honoured with any other name, nor is it likely that he wrote Hotspur any more letters.

We have now to speak of a long-neglected historical character, whose capacious merits and sustaining powers, whose stature and vast freight, might only be comparisoned with the bulk and burden of Atlas, yet possessing quadruple supportation in nether structure wide, and whose old associations, motley and multiform, entitled him to a high bed and *status* in the ambrosial stalls of posterity; — though now, in the deep forgetfulness of Time, the vulgar press of fortune’s garish favourites, the oaf-eyed dullness of the inadequate world, hath shared the fate of countless kingdoms, and many stars, and been suffered to glide down into darkness absolute, beyond the vision of mortal chronicles, and without stumbling upon any lucky patch of azure in the cloud-fields of fabulous histories. O, ye egregious modern readers and lovers of zoology, literature, and the fine arts! why are ye not intimate with — but oh, ye unperceiving and unjust olden readers, writers, and portrait painters, wherefore have ye not handed down to us a full, true, and particular knowledge of all the form and action, virtues and weaknesses, public character and private opinions, of Sir John Falstaff’s Horse?

How intimate are we with the horses of other great men? Do we not see, in treasured memory’s eye, the fatness, the leanness, the arches, or the angles, the roundings, the juttings forth, the symmetry, the deformity, the action, and the inaction; and are we not well acquainted with the peculiarities of character, mental, moral, and quadrupedal, which distinguished these friends and companions of many of the heirs of immortality.*

* How do we admire the proud neck “clothed with thunder,” the lightning eye and the superb action of Bucephalus! Nor less shall we delight to call to mind, — rather, far more, by reason

And shall we, then — we who are fallen upon evil days — the evil, than, which few greater can be named, of living and writing in an uninspired modern age — shall we also, enroll ourselves in this conspiracy of ingratitude, and wilfully forget the genius that bore the mundane bulk of kind Jack Falstaff, witty Jack Falstaff; who entered into all his humours, and enjoyed the onerous honour of bearing, in semblance of a painted and well-hooped tun of sack, the private tutor of the future king of England!

We apprehend that this steed, henceforth installed with due renown in the annals and calendars of British literature, was a creature of large bone and great strength. The weight of Falstaff, without his clothes (!), could not have been less than thirty stone. When attired in war-harness, the Knight, with his clothes, arms, and accoutrements, must at least have weighed five or six and thirty stone. This, to say nothing of his own trappings, would have broken the back of any ordinary horse. Hence we deduce that the horse was of large bone and great strength. But he was not very high; he did not stand above fifteen or fifteen and a half hands. Had it been otherwise, Falstaff could never have mounted or dismounted, except with the assistance of many men, or a high mounting-block with steps, a necessity always superseded by the wise of heavy weight. The moderate height, however, of this large horse was owing to the shortness of his legs, when compared with his other proportions. We picture him as having a sleek hide, and being rather fat for a horse of such large bones; attributable to Falstaff's habit of frequently ordering his corn to be

of finer associations; noble, yet astray; lofty, yet ludicrous; full of ugly outlines and disastrous performance, yet touched with pathos and all humanity, — the steed of dear Don Quixote! Place beside this the arrogant, the gold-and-velvet pampered consul of Rome! — we mean the horse of Caligula! — and again how different the character and appearance of the faithful, elbow-boned, ragged eyed, stump-tailed, witch-outspeeding Maggie of Tam o' Shanter! But lo! the solemn, statuesque personage bestridden by the commandante in Don Juan! By force of contrast, now to the imagination is suggested the prolific, self-centred, and "fearfully-and-wonderfully-made" creature, beloved of great Munchausen; and in especial when of his hinder half guillotined, and with a fruitful cherry-tree growing between his ears, he, stream-ward bent, like to an ostrich, bore his lord, and on gigantic twaddlers scoured the plains! But, amidst all these potent spirits — these forms of corporeal grandeur, rife with the wondrous, the grotesque, the chivalric, have we no shapes of loveliness, no gentle creatures of fine and finished grace, no steeds of unaffected delicacy and elevated sentiment. *Certes* our chronicles are not therein so deficient. What vision now passes before us, as of some fairy-fashioned steed, yet clear as exquisite reality, whose bearing and whose pace of noble tenderness absorbs the imagination in its suggestive beauty, reflecting most delicious thoughts! For not alone in its pure loveliness it moves, though in itself so perfect. Seated upon the dainty wave of its creamy back, it bears through vacant streets — where not another thing of life is visible; each door, each lattice, and each roof being void of human effigy or face to break the spell of breathless silence and the raptured charm of higher-sphered solitude — the naked symmetry of woman, veiled only in a soft and broken stream of saffron hair! Echo, ye courts of Coventry, and be ye proud, ye old cathedral walls, with the memory of that divine shadow which once passed across ye! Again will strong contrast conjure in its accustomed way, and from Lady Godiva and her palfrey we are startled by the high-necked awful steed, who stood fixed with an insane eye while the corpse of his mistress, Inez de Castro, was placed upon the throne to be crowned! But we must be brief. The renowned steed of the exalted Amadis de Gaul; both, horse and man, the very twin souls of lofty honour and impossible enterprise! The precious crab-legged, hog-backed brute, with the large forehead, quaint-cocked ear, and irresistible eye, whom Hudibras bestrode! The noble charger of Napoleon Buonaparte; and how the whole superficies of the victory-pampered steed literally gleamed again with intense expression, as he bore his imperial friend along the death-and-ruin-strewn road in the retreat from Waterloo! Now a word! — now one word — a short click of the pen — for the perking wooden horse of the dwarf Paeccolet; — an imp of a nag, subject to dark pegging; a stock-stander, yet sentient of an arrowy wing — a moment fixed, then "gone for ever." We had almost forgotten our old friend in the grey coat, whose long-nosed gravity, staid pace, and serio-comic eccentricity rendered him so worthy to be the fellow-tourist of Dr. Syntax — and an equal searcher after the picturesque. We would fain say more on the present subject, but we must apologise for having been led away so far already. Let us review the famous beings we have mentioned. What strongly-marked idiosyncrasy! — what characteristic genius! How wonderful to trace the operation of their man-companion's influence, and to see how a fine equestrian originality can be modified by circumstances and high associations!

soaked in ale. He had the gristle of his left ear broken, so that the ear pointed towards the ground when he was in a quiet state of mind, but when his attention was suddenly roused it pointed out horizontally. We are also of opinion that there was a trifle more white visible in his right than in his left eye; though perhaps this appearance might have been occasioned by a tendency to keep the left eye half closed, so as to look out of one corner of it.

On the memorable occasion of the attack upon the travellers, and the counter-attack made upon the thieves by the Prince and Poins, it is evident that when Falstaff ran down Gadshill, his horse ran up. Bardolph ran after the latter, as we subsequently discover by Falstaff's witty onslaught upon Bardolph's nose of "perpetual triumph."

"Falstaff.—When thou rann'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I didn't think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild fire, there's no purchase in money!"

PART I. ACT III. Sc. V.

Now, we submit that this intelligent horse ran up Gadshill, partly instigated by the excess of animal spirits at the idea of a gallop after the enormous weight he had recently been carrying, and partly from that unerring instinct which prompted him to distract the pursuit from his master. This was good—a noble impulse—a successful *ruse*—a deed deserving a medal in life, a monument when dead. But then the faithful creature never returned!

We find, in the Second Part of Henry the Fourth, act i. scene iv., that Falstaff, in consequence of his loss, has sent Bardolph to Smithfield, to see if he can accomplish the difficult commission of buying him another. It does not appear that he succeeded, as we hear no more of the matter. But what could have prevented the knight's recovery of his noble steed? How was this? Did the faithful creature fall a victim to his love for his master; broke he his strong-set shoulder or his neck down some hideous pit of gravel or of chalk, or fashioned for the saw; was he by dark assassins slain, struck by a thunder-bolt, or stolen by some gipsy tribes? No: a different fate awaited him, and one of his own choosing. On reaching the top of Gadshill he paused, and, without turning his head, raised the point of his left ear, and listened to the voices in the dark vale below. He waited to catch the last echo of Falstaff's bellowing as he ran down the hill, then perceiving Bardolph's nose coming rapidly up the side, he galloped away, and never stopped till he reached the middle of a deep copse. Here, resting his shoulder against a tree, he fell into a meditation, which, if interpreted, might amount to something like the following:—

"Horse. Silent—very silent after all this noise! The night-dews drip from the leaves! Bardolph has gone back again. He's with master by this time, helping him to wonder what has become of me. Yes, all's quiet. Now could I return very safely. I'll stay and rest myself a little longer."

[After an hour's pause.]

"Master is a terrible weight to carry! Suppose I should not return? Master would get another horse. He would be as well accommodated, and not a whit out of pocket, as he never pays for any thing he buys. He bought me with a thousand promises. But if I get another master—a much lighter man, will he soak my corn in ale? I'll have no new master. But to leave my old master—to desert that happy world! Why not, he being so happy, if it make *me* happier? I'll not return. But is not this most base, being most dishonourable? What's honour? Will it set a broken knee? No: or heal the gall of a saddle? No: or make a horse forget the weight of five-and-thirty stone? No. Hath my master any of it? No: therefore I'll none of it. Honour, then, hath no place in this question; so I'll away to a free life in Sherwood forest."

Sir John Falstaff has a thorough dislike to walking : between walking and riding he considers the difference so great that nothing can make the former endurable unless enlivened with a good running commentary of thieving by the way. It should also be observed that he wishes to enjoy the sport with as little labour to himself as possible, by engaging the services of some thief of rare activity and consummate address.

"*P. Henry*. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

"*Falstaff*. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well ? O, for a fine thief of two and twenty, or thereabouts : I am heinously unprovided."

ACT III. Sc. VI.

Heinous state of destitution, to have no regular thief in his suite ! And what an accomplished, well-knit young man ; what a finished "hand," he had in his eye, judging by the *gusto* and practical judgment displayed in the expression of "a fine thief of two-and-twenty or thereabout !" How would this undaunted young artist delight in the Knight's jokes about law and justice and Tyburn tree ! By the bye, in a previous scene of the same act, Falstaff says that "there live not three good men unhanged in England." Then there were two ; of course meaning one of them was himself, because he adds, "and one *of them* is fat, and grows old, God help, the while !" Who could have been the other ? If he did not cunningly provide against treason by intending, if asked, to say it was the King, we can form no notion of whom else he could mean. But probably he used the expression of "not three" in the sense of "not above three," or only three. In this case, there would be two besides himself ; but who they could be we cannot conjecture. We are not equally puzzled, though very much staggered by the suggestion of the psalm-singing weaver whom Falstaff, in his ludicrous melancholy and moralising, wishes he were. Falstaff seated at the loom singing a psalm, would make a wonderful picture ! He would be obliged to have a loom made to fit his "portly belly," — and then, imagine him throwing the shuttle as he warbled like a sackbut. It is a trifle to say that the manufacturing world would never before have seen such a weaver !

The husband of Mrs. Quickly is mentioned upon several occasions. The only thing *said* of him, calculated to give any clue to his character, is in the inquiry of the Prince, — "How does thy husband ? I love him well : he is an honest man." Mrs. Quickly also declares she is "an honest man's wife." We suspect from this, and more from the fact of his never appearing, or playing any prominent or authoritative part in his own house, that he was one of those good, easy, submissive men who are trundled about like a hoop, and have neither wit nor will to do otherwise than they are directed. Against the roystering, and swindling, and sack-drinking, and money-borrowing constantly going forward, and in all the disputes with Falstaff and the rest, Mrs. Quickly never calls her honest man to assist her, and he never comes of his own accord. He is not what is called a henpecked husband, because Mrs. Quickly is a most kind-hearted good-natured woman, and only hot and shrill when provoked, put-upon, and treated lightly ; he is simply an overcome nature — a husband who quietly sinks and retires before his wife's superior energies. After Falstaff's great scene with hostess Quickly, in which he combats her bill of accusations as well as debts, and then "picks a quarrel to beguile her of it," he assumes a tone of humorous elevation, and morally recommends her to attend to her public and private duties.

"*Falstaff*. Hostess I forgive thee ! — go, make ready breakfast. Love thy husband ; look to thy servants ; and cherish thy guests." — ACT III. Sc. VI.

In the same act we find an allusion to Owen Glendower's mother. Whether she was an extraordinary woman previous to his birth, or not, we cannot determine; but we have no doubt of the subsequent high-wrought condition of her habitual feelings and imagination afterwards, when she remembered the terrible portents and signs which accompanied his appearance, and which all the mountain and valley superstitions of Wales taught her to believe implicitly, according to the most prodigious interpretations. Glendower says:

"At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes
Of burning cressets: know that at my birth
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.—
The heavens were all on fire—the earth did tremble!
Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were *strangely clamorous* in the frightened fields."

ACT III. Sc. I.

We must now dispose of a batch of names and suggestions of people of various kinds, concerning whom we do not feel sufficient interest to excite us to any further notice.

There is Lord Scroop—brother to the Archbishop of York—whose death greatly afflicted the latter. The Franklin in the wild of Kent, who foolishly boasted to the "company" at supper, that he had got three hundred marks in gold. No doubt he was one of the Travellers, robbed by Falstaff and his party. Hotspur speaks of one Gilliams, who is gone with a packet, and of Butler who has gone for horses, to a certain Sheriff who was to transmit them by him. There are the drawers, Tom and Dick, who took it upon their salvation that the Prince, though only Prince of Wales, was in reality the King of Courtesie, and not a proud Jack, like Falstaff, &c. They say more than this, but of that sort of excellence which is not quite quotable in these "particular" days. We pass over the Men in Buckram, and in Kendal green, as having no individuality, though perfectly vital and substantial to the imagination and belief—not one atom the less so from our knowing that the prolific Falstaff has just created them. There is a Sir John Bracy, who came from the court with news, while the Prince and his companions were bantering Falstaff on the affair of the counter-robbery. The Archdeacon of Bangor is mentioned. The queen is also just mentioned two or three times. But there is another queen, concerning whom we need not venture a word, after quoting the passage in which we find her. The exquisite and rapturous beauty of this ideal sovereign of some lovely realm, would only be disturbed and injured by any comments.

"——As sweet as ditties *highly penn'd*,
Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's bower,
With *ravishing division* to her lute."

ACT III. Sc. III.

Another bevy of heterogeneous folks huddle past us in one of Falstaff's soliloquies. There is no end to this Falstaff: he speaks of the several classes, each in the lump, and must therefore do it in his own inimitable way.

"*Falstaff*. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I'm a sowsed gurnet! I have misused the King's Press damnably. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commo-

ality of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum ; such as fear the report of a culverin worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild duck. I press me none but such toasts and butter, with *hearts* in their *bellies* no bigger than pins' heads,—and they have bought out their services. And now my whole Charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the Glutton's dogs licked his sores ; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers ; revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace ; ten times more dishonourably ragged than an old-feast ancient ; and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think I had a hundred and fifty tattered Prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows ! I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat ! Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on ; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company ; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves ; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my Host of St. Alban's, or the red-nosed Inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge."

ACT IV. Sc. III.

We pass over these piquant generalisations of many conditions of life ; nor do we see any need to pause upon such as are partially individualised, except in the case of the "mad fellow who met them by the way." The horrible levity of his remark could scarcely have proceeded from anybody but of the most depraved habits and utter callousness, and makes us fancy that he himself had been gibbeted alive for some atrocity, and found his way to the ground again, by the benefit of a high wind. And supposing the word "mad" not to be used in the sense of wild, or reckless, but as meaning insane ; then, what must have been the causes of a madness in which such ghastly associations were predominant ?

Hotspur shows a faculty not unlike Falstaff, though manifested with a different vein, in the particles and shapes and shadows of life, given off from the rapid evolutions of his own energetic vitality. Through him we become acquainted with Comfit-makers' wives, characterised by the effervescence of imbecile will in the utterance of inconsequential oaths—mere "protests of pepper gingerbread ;" and with a new class of music-masters, viz. Robin-red-breast teachers, &c.

These names also occur in the play : the Lords Shirley and Stafford, who were killed at the battle of Shrewsbury, instead of the king, being purposely armed and habited like him ; Scroop, cousin to the Archbishop of York ; Clifton and Sir Nicholas Gawsey, who sent to the king for succour during the battle.

We must not omit the three men left alive out of Falstaff's regiment. He says there were only three, out of his hundred and fifty, and they were doomed to lurk about the outskirts of towns "to beg for life"—as a peroration to their great commander's previous apostrophe to Honour, and his comments on War, and the food for powder. All Falstaff's men with whose presence we are favoured, are certainly characters, and very amusing ones ; the batch of whom he speaks, promise equally well ; we could not therefore decline taking some pains to learn more about those three fortunate survivors. All, however, we have been able to discover was in a very imperfect copy of a very black-letter chronicle, which gives a scrap of dialogue between them on their first arriving in a place of safety after their flight from Shrewsbury.

"First Man. We have saved our ears, meantime and notwithstanding.

"Second Man. Methinks it was by running—not with standing ; say you ?

"First Man. Well—well ; we are safe.

"Third Man. Good thou, help me to sit—for my left leg hath a sword-notch above the joint.

"*Second Man.* Thou shalt amend—thou shalt amend; and thy sword-notched ham shall heal with an open mouth, and leave thee double-jointed.

"*Third Man.* To what end, I pray thee?

"*Second Man.* To the good that thou may'st kneel with a sir-knightly air, or in the broken fashion of a dog's hind leg, as occasion may suggest, when thou would'st ask mercy in thy next battle field.

"*Third Man.* O, the next, a murrain!—shall we 'ever again follow Vulcan-voiced Sir John in his terrible course from the field of glory! But where is Sir John?—where swells his Greatness?

"*First Man.* Where are all our fellows?"

"*Second Man.* Gone to awaken last year's seeds; gone to join those who won and lost the battles of heroic Cæsar, and immortal Alexander, and the host of Pharaoh.

"*Third Man.* Look at this leg?

"*First Man.* We three have saved ourselves, notwithstanding."

A fine picture of energy and active power, expressive of circumstances of the highest excitement now calling it all into play, and conveying a vivid impression of the scenes that follow a battle, is presented in the person of the "gentleman forespent," who rode from the fatal plains of Shrewsbury on a mission, the importance of which is far from lessened by our being left uninformed as to its purport, and who were the parties most interested in the intelligence. He appears in a cloud of steam—a few hasty words are exchanged, while clots of blood and foam drop from his steed upon the ground—and now his bent shoulders, appearing above the rolling dust of his horse's hind hoofs, rapidly merge into the distance, and disappear. He is preceded by Sir John Umfrevil.

"*Travers.* My lord, Sir John Umfrevil turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forespent with speed,
But stopped by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me that Rebellion had ill-luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his agile heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade,
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way."

PART II. ACT I. Sc. I.

There is also introduced, in the next scene, the awe-inspiring and most truthful impersonation of one, who, amidst the mighty horrors of a burning city, felt yet more sorrowed, sickened, and aghast at communicating the news to its hoar-headed and paternal king. What a picture might be painted from these lines:—

"—— A man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd,
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue."

ACT I. Sc. III.

In the fourth scene new characters and suggestions are quickly originated by the vigorous hilarity and freedom of Sir John's most unscrupulous imagination. As to Falstaff's Doctor, we do not very well know what to say, or rather how to say it. Falstaff caused him to be witty, and therefore he "took a pride to gird" at his aquarian patient, whose constellated brilliancy was, however, in no wise to be dulled by the film of apprehension, or the

clouds of quackery. This doctor may go side by side with the physician in the next act, who was to prescribe for Falstaff's "immortal part."

Mr. Dombledon the mercer, whom Falstaff calls "a rascally yea-for-sooth knave,—a smooth-pate who did nothing but wear high shoes, and bunches of keys at his girdle,"—was not such a fool, neither. He refused to execute Falstaff's large order for satin upon the "security" of Bardolph. It would appear that we might thus get some idea of the knight's bodily compass from the quantity required, which was two and twenty yards, for his "short cloak and slops;" but although the quantity is enormous, we cannot tell how unnecessarily full the said articles might have been made. The bakers' wives, who had such fun in making boulders out of Falstaff's shirts (of course this was a lie of his) would have been far better judges. But to return to the disappointment of the satin, we find the knight's indignation at Dombledon's unparalleled folly and impudence is finally vented upon Mrs. Dombledon; and he says,—

"Well, he may sleep in security, for he hath the horn of abundance; and the lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him."—ACT I. SC. IV.

Perhaps Dombledon's wife had been instrumental in preventing the execution of this large order of one likely to become a regular customer, and the Knight had suddenly hit upon the fact. It suited him to be condescendingly intimate with his bettermost tradesmen, and he knew all their characters. After the above disappointment, we very soon learn that he is "indited to dinner" at Mr. Smooth's, the silkman, at the Lubbar's Head in Lombard Street; which invitation to their tame society he had doubtless procured with a view to get the two and twenty yards of satin aforesaid.

In the fund of humorous things connected with the "goings on" of Falstaff, there is nothing more amusing than his frequently dining out with people of the most uninteresting kind; some of them even qualified to that degree of nonentity so commonly covered up in the term "respectable." Old Mrs. Ursula was probably one of this class, and it is not unlikely that Falstaff often dined with her. Perhaps he dined with her once a-week; at all events, he says, when forwarding a letter to her, together with his despatches to Prince John of Lancaster, Prince Henry, and the Earl of Westmoreland, during his campaign,— "and this to old Mrs. Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin." So much for exaggeration; a catching quality. From Falstaff's habit of ludicrously exaggerating his own vices with the most irresistible effrontery and redeeming wit, we should say that this weekly swearing to marry Mrs. Ursula might be reduced to once or twice,—and so may his dining with her. The foundation, however, for all this, seems plain enough.

It will be remembered by every body, that when "good-wife Keech, the butcher's wife," who was a gossip of Mrs. Quickly's, came to borrow a mess of vinegar, she could not resist telling her auditors, as if to provoke envy, and make their mouths water with vain expectations, that she had a good dish of prawns. Of course Falstaff desired to eat some, and said so. Mrs. Quickly told him, "they were ill for a green wound;" but nobody will believe that any such interdiction would have prevented his eating anything he desired, if he could obtain it. Good-wife Keech refused to let him have any, and perhaps only came on purpose to tantalise him, which he revenged the moment she was gone, by exhorting Mrs. Quickly "to be no so familiar with such poor people." It is upon this same occasion we

find that the prince had broken Falstaff's head, "for likening his father to a singing marr of Windsor." The depth of this joke we are unable to fathom. Was there a singing man living at Windsor who resembled the king in person? did the king resemble him by singing when at Windsor? was the king's office like the chorister's — a mere matter of note, and rote, and preconcerted sounds? or was this Singing Man some eminent dissolute character of Falstaff's acquaintance? The prince had been long in the habit of tolerating every thing the knight chose to say, — a privilege of which the latter availed himself at all times; something, therefore, very much out of the common must lie at the bottom of this odd comparison; but we have found no clue to it at present.

Mrs. Quickly's eldest son was his mother's pride, although he emulates his father's modesty in never thrusting himself into the presence of the "guests." It is likely, however, that he was some gawky fellow, whose tall stupidity might serve as a caricature of high authority; and for this reason, Falstaff represents poor hostess Quickly as going mad, from being unable to reconcile her poverty with her respectability, and then manifesting her predominating idea by comparing her favourite son to the Lord Chief Justice. "She hath been in good case," he says, "and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her." She, therefore, in her delirium, obtains justice for her wrongs, in the personal appearance of her eldest son. And again: Is it not possible that Falstaff also meant to insinuate, in his inimitable way, that the grave Justice was the youth's father?

We have to mention the King's poor Cousin and the toady, who, when the former pricks his finger, helps him to find occasion to remark that "there is some of the king's blood spilt": — the Ale-wife, through whose new petticoat Falstaff's page says he thought he discovered Bardolph's eyes, peeping out at two holes he had made for that purpose: Poins' sister Nell, whom Falstaff accused Poins of swearing Prince Henry intended to marry: and the Tennis-court Keeper, who knew when Poins had no clean shirt to put on, by his not coming to play at racket. How finely in keeping is this with the rest of Poins, who was vain of his person, and wore a boot of such perfection, that Falstaff compares it to "the sign of the leg." Of course, a man who was in the habit of displaying the specimen of a first-class boot, could not play at racket in soiled linen; and if he had attempted it, he would no doubt have lost every game, from a divided attention and dissatisfaction with himself.

Several very interesting people, of whom, unfortunately, no portraits have been transmitted to us, either by pen or pencil, are now to be considered. We trust the reader of these papers has borne in mind the part of our title, expressing that portion of our task which does not depend upon the *sketches* given by Shakspeare, as our groundwork to be developed, but only upon what he *suggests* to the imagination. It will, consequently, have been thoroughly understood that much of what we offer is not presumed to be delivered upon direct, tangible, and literal authority. Our inferences and interpretations are of course open to objection and difference of opinion; we venture, however, to submit, that what we have done has not been at random, but in all care and fairness. And upon this principle we intend to proceed through the series.

The first time we saw Falstaff's Grandfather, he was sitting at the foot of a tree in a large neglected orchard. The golden shadows of a fine autumnal sun-set, just merging into a purple twilight, harmonized with thoughts of a by-gone generation, — albeit the scene belonged to *all* time.

He was rather a diminutive old man, attired in a brown cloth doublet. His hands and feet were small, and his proportions very symmetrical, notwithstanding his age, and showed a capacity for agility; although his attitude and general expression, as he leant with his back against the trunk of the tree, showed an utter indifference to bodily action. His hair was of a short, curling iron-grey; his countenance placid, benevolent, and quaint; his eyes a dark hazel, and full of vivid light. He was paring a large rosy-cheeked apple. Upon the second finger of his left hand he wore a great seal-ring of tarnished gold-colour, to which, for some reason or other, he attached a peculiar value. When he had finished paring his apple, he lifted up the hanging serpentine cone at arm's length; eyed it awhile with a look of abstracted interest, then dropped it upon the grass, and sat with the peeled apple in his right hand, looking at the broad shadows of the orchard trees.

No mention is made of Falstaff's father and mother. It is difficult to pass over them in silence, because of his grandfather, and his brothers and sister. Later editions read "sisters," the first folio reads "sister," and this is preferable.

Falstaff's father we fancy to have been a heavy, clumsy, indolent, dull-eyed, stupid man. His wife, we should think, was very corpulent, but of an ever active imagination, great love of hilarity, very voluptuous, and always in arrear with her bills. How such a woman could have become united to such a dolt, may be accounted for upon the common principle which so often induces people to marry those, who of all others are most opposite to themselves, — not the less suitable sometimes on this account, provided there be one hold of personal sympathy, which often balances all the rest. The daughter took after her in the vividness of her mind, contempt of good housewifery, and love of fun; but she had none of her mother's good temper or plumpness. She was very thin, and a vixen. Jack and she could never agree together. The brothers were also very thin, though of large frame, not properly filled up. They were, moreover, extremely dull, silent, and stupid. Jack had absorbed all their intellect and all their fat.— Their hollow hulks and lack-lustre eyes witnessed to their injury. They looked like defrauded brothers, and they felt so; but they knew nothing. Jack's wit never made them look up; his good humour made them sulky. He was at last obliged to give up their acquaintance.

In the second Act of this second Part, will be found Sneak the musician, who was wanted to play to Mrs. Tearsheet, while she sat upon Falstaff's knee, or feigned to sit in that manner; for certainly the greater portion by far would be pre-occupied by the knight's superincumbent portliness. The next that occurs is master Tisick, the deputy, whose sage counsels to Mrs. Quickly against the admission of swaggering companions into her house, is quoted by her while Pistol waits at the bottom of the stairs. She says that "Master Domb, our minister, was by," and could vouch for all the deputy said. It is not unlikely that the name was originally spelt Master *Dumb*, the minister; though, to be sure, the joke would not be complete without Master Deaf, the congregation. The last scene of this act relates how "twelve Captains ran about, bare-headed, sweating, and knocking at the taverns, and asking every one for Sir John Falstaff!" These Captains persevere in their search, and in the same scene they discover his haunt, when Bardolph says, —

"You must away to Court, sir, presently;
A dozen Captains stay at door for you."

Silence has a wife! — he has also a daughter, Ellen; and a son, William! His wife was the cousin of Shallow, and Ellen was Shallow's god-daughter. William was at Oxford College, and poor Silence says of that matter — "to my cost!" Really, the character of Silence himself is so melancholy and attenuated, so inane and vapory, so like an inconsequential epitaph to the sad things of Shallow, who deals in the past and done with, that we are afraid to touch his family; — we hold our breath as we write of them, fearing they may all fade away from the page.

The friends and companions of Shallow in his "mad days" are far more tangible folks. One sees what they were, with half an eye. "Little John Doit, of Staffordshire," quoth the Justice, "Black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man, you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again, and I may say to you, we knew where the *bona-robas* were, and had the best of them all at commandment." Nonsense, good, garrulous, infirm Shallow! — nobody believes in the rude roystering and vigorous animal forces of you or your companions. One could fancy how you all scampered away at the approach of the watch. The opinion so richly expressed by fat Jack about you, is quite conclusive. And yet, on further consideration, there might have been some sort of metal in black George Bare, and little John Doit.

But old Double is a very different man. There can be no doubt about the prowess of this fine old yeoman of old England. He, of the broad sloped forehead, the keen grey eye, the sinewy arm, the vice-like grip of hand; he, the pride of his country, how much more the pride of his native town; he, indeed, was a worthy specimen of the manhood of our ancestors of yore, and stands out, even from an imbecile chronicle, like a solid oak carving; rude and grotesque, but full of genuine expression, as unsophisticated as the patriarchal tree from which he hewed his bow, or from which his dusky effigy was carved. "John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money upon his head." Hail and farewell, ye sounding forests of England! — ye have mingled your dust with the substance and the memory of old Double!

Samson Stockfish, the fruiterer, who fought with Shallow at the back of Gray's Inn, has already received due mention in the Introduction to No. I. of the series. It was on the same memorable day that Jack Falstaff, being then a boy, "a crack, not *thus* high," and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, did take upon himself to break Schoggan's head at the Court gate. This Schoggan was no doubt a professional jester who passed some joke upon little Jack in his new clothes, of a kind to which a blow on the pate was the wittiest corollary that could be deduced. Little Jack, who always had wit at will, was never deficient in words to express himself; but the peculiarity of Schoggan's jest upon him required something practical, as we often see in the tragi-comical drama of Punch and Judy.

We must now deal briefly with another batch of these unfinished gentry. There is Ralph Mouldy's wife, — his old dame, who "would be undone for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery" if he were sent to the wars; — and Master Surecard, for whom, owing to some odd resemblance, Falstaff, at first sight, mistook Justice Silence. Jane Nightwork is a lass who evidently made one of the merry party, and "heard the chimes at midnight," when Falstaff, Shallow, and the rest "lay all night in the windmill in St. George's Fields." There is also Jane Nightwork's husband, old Nightwork, by whom she had a son, — Robin Nightwork. He must

be a bold man who would trust himself to speculate upon Falstaff's supposititious wife; but certainly the opportunity is fairly offered to the mind, by Shallow, who inquires after the health of Lady Falstaff! William Cook is one of Shallow's men, who is anxious to know if his wages are to be stopped on account of a sack which he had the misfortune to "lose the other day at Hinckly Fair." Falstaff puts us upon fancying him a father — and one of no common charge. He says, if he had *a thousand sons*, they should all learn to drink sack. Imagine the scene! There is the smith, who sends in his bill to Shallow "for shoeing and plough-irons:" Shadow's father and mother; and William Visor, of Wancot, whom Shallow's servant, Davy, intreats may be "countenanced" (by the light of Shallow's countenance!) against Clement Perkes of the hill; Davy acknowledging that the latter is a knave, but pleading, nevertheless, that "a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request." We are, moreover, made acquainted with the existence of a truly wonderful personage — Goodman Puff, of Barson, who has the reputation, according to Silence, of being as great a man as Falstaff! The offensive notion is indignantly rebutted by Pistol. We are also introduced to "a little *quiver* fellow," of Mile-End Green, whose arrowy activity of soul is manifested in a most inimitable, and certainly unexampled, practice of the manual and platoon exercise. Probably he was the fogleman to some militia corps.

"*Shallow*. He would manage you his piece thus! — and he would about — and about — and come you in! — and come you in, rah! tah! tah! would he say; — bounce! would he say! and away again would he go! and again would he come! I shall never see such a fellow!" — ACT III. Sc. V.

In some of the earlier editions of Shakspeare, the party deputed by the "firm" to rob the travellers, in Part I., were "*Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil, and Gadshill*." One of the commentators — a Mr. Theobald — pitches them clean out of the text without the least ceremony; and substitutes Bardolph and Peto. That these two were substituted by a change of arrangement from the head-quarters of the said firm, is sufficiently evident. Our object in alluding to the commentator's reason for "taking the law into his own hands," is merely for the sake of quoting the reason he gives for his conviction that the introduction of the names of Harvey and Rossil must be a mistake, — for if they were permitted to remain in the text, quoth he, we should "thus have *two* persons named as characters in this play that never were among the *dramatis personæ*!"

With how fine an eye must this Theobald have read his author! What would he and his fellow-labourers have said to the following list of characters, sketched or suggested in the two Parts of this play?

PART I.

The Old Lord of the Council.
The Earls of Athol, Murray, &c.
The Lord with the Pouncet-box.
Lord Scroop.
Robin Ostler.
The Franklin of Kent.
The prudent Lord.
Gilliams.
Butler.
Tom and Dick, the Drawers.
Falstaff's Horse.
Men in Buckram, and in Kendal green.
Sir John Bracy.
Clifton, and Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

The fair Queen.
Owen Glendower's Mother.
The Archdeacon of Bangor.
Mrs. Quickly's Husband.
Falstaff's Grandfather.
The fine Thief.
The Mad Fellow.
The Host of St. Alban's.
Red-nosed Innkeeper of Daintry.
Lords Stafford and Shirley.
The Comfit-maker's Wife.
The Robin-red-breast Teacher.
Three Survivors of Falstaff's Regiment,
&c.

PART II.

Sir John Umfrevil.
 The Gentleman forespent.
 The Man so dead in look.
 Falstaff's Doctor.
 Mr. Dombledon.
 Mrs. Dombledon.
 Old Mrs. Ursula.
 Mr. Smooth.
 The Singing Man of Windsor.
 Good-wife Keech.
 Mrs. Quickly's eldest Son.
 The Ale-wife.
 Poins's Sister Nell.
 The Tennis-court Keeper.
 Falstaff's Grandfather.
 Falstaff's Brothers.
 Falstaff's Sister.
 The King's poor Cousin.
 Sneak the Musician.
 Master Tisick, the Deputy.
 Master Domb, the Minister.
 Twelve Captains.

Silence's Wife.
 Silence's Daughter, Ellen.
 Silence's Son, William.
 Little John Doit.
 Black George Bare.
 Francis Pickbone.
 Will Squele.
 Thomas Mowbray.
 Schoggan.
 Samson Stockfish.
 Master Surecard.
 Shadow's Father and Mother.
 Old Double.
 Mouldy's Old Dame.
 Jane Nightwork.
 Robin Nightwork.
 Old Nightwork.
 William Cook.
 William Visor.
 Clement Perkes.
 The little Quiver Fellow.
 Goodman Puff of Barson, &c.

It may be thought that many of the concluding characters in this Second Part have been passed over rather too slightly, when compared with their not-more worthy fellows; but sooth to say, the enormous quantity has exhausted us. The reader is not to expect any such a list in future plays. Some of them will not contain above half a dozen of these undeveloped individuals. But however small the number, it may be assumed that considerable interest will be attached to their ever-varied classes, among which will be found so many friends, relatives, and acquaintances, of the characters in Shakspeare's Plays.

AUSTRIA AND THE ITALIAN LIBERALS.

THE indignant sensation created throughout Europe by the sufferings of Silvio Pellico, Andriani, and Count Gonsalvoni, appears to have awakened in the bosom of Prince Metternich a feeling of regret at the inhuman part which he had caused his royal puppet to play; and the death of the Austrian emperor, Francis, afforded a fit opportunity for relaxing that system of rigour which had condemned the most illustrious men of Italy to death or banishment. The recent amnesty proclaimed by his successor at Milan had, however, for its principal object, to elicit some expression of approbation on the part of a people silent and motionless in the presence of that inauspicious ceremony. The circumstance was imperious. The coronation had assembled in that city all the representatives of the European Powers and a host of strangers, and it was necessary at any cost to draw the people from their gloomy attitude. The amnesty was not known until after the second day of the Court's arrival, and the first had passed off in ominous silence. Austria, too, had an eye to her aggrandizement in Italy, and to discrediting the princes of the other states of Italy as much as possible. It was her policy, therefore, to prevent other amnesties from being granted; and in this view Metternich dictated his last note to Switzerland, in which he demanded that measures should be taken to prevent the return of the exiles into that country. An amnesty ought to have left no more exiles for Austria; but the necessity of an amnesty from Turin having also been spoken of, and the members of the society of "Young Italy" being mostly members of the Sardinian states, it was necessary to alarm that government upon their account. With regard to the amnesty itself, the article which ordains the restoration to liberty of all the political prisoners is perfectly null in its effect. The prisons were empty. All the subjects of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, condemned in 1821 and 1822, after fifteen years of confinement in the fortress of Spielberg, had been conveyed to America the year preceding; and as to the persecutions of 1833 against the *Giovine Italia*, most of its members had fled into Switzerland. Those who had been arrested and condemned, had, also, after four years of imprisonment, been conveyed to America. There had not been, moreover, much excitement in Lombardy, and the number of discoveries had consequently been fewer than elsewhere. The only important political prisoner at the date of the amnesty was General Zucchi, an aged veteran, known in the wars of the Empire, and who had been arrested at sea by the Austrians, in 1831, in contempt of all laws, when on his way to France after the affairs of 1831 in the states of the Pope. He is at the present moment a prisoner in a fortress in Hungary; the pretence being that he was born in Modena — the amnesty extending only to all *Lombardo-Venetian subjects*!

As to the exiles, the act reserves the right of referring their demands to the emperor. Hitherto an act of amnesty consisted in declaring that all the individuals belonging to such or such a category might return to their country; the Austrian amnesty, however, says, on the contrary, that all those who wish to return must previously make a request to that effect. The emperor will afterwards grant it to whomsoever he pleases. Hence the situation of these exiles is different from that of all others: the request, being an individual act, has the effect of excluding all those whose firm or

ardent minds could not stoop to solicit favours. Individual exceptions have also been made, and at present it cannot be said how many there will be; but among the number may be cited those of Felippo Ugoni and Count Pozzo, both well known, whose demands have been rejected.

We do not enter into historical details regarding the victims which the liberal party has had to deplore, or the exiles who have failed in the direction of that association; for, except their chief Mazzini, who was the founder of the society, and who would not, in all probability, desire to re-enter his country except by the path of revolution, it is impossible to designate the men who may change, worn out with the miseries and fatigues of exile. But the Austrian proscriptions of 1838 — a period too soon forgotten in this country — will one day, we hope, see the light, and be related in their native atrocity. Prince Metternich's amnesty is therefore a farce; — and there is no need of adducing such instances of the paternal regime of Austria in Italy. Those who wish to know what it really is, had better consult the "*Voce della Verità*."

No country presents a more sad and singular spectacle than Italy; in no country do we behold a more terrible struggle between the governors and the governed for the emancipation of the human mind. The native princes, the foreign kings, the Popes themselves, are bound by one single tie, united for one sole end, that of repressing and stifling every liberal idea and every generous sentiment.

In that unfortunate land, a groan, a sigh, or a single word may become a crime. The censorship, that Argus with its hundred eyes, broods over all, watching, scrutinising every thing; and the system of the Italian governments may be summed up in two words, and may be personified in two principles — *force* and *ignorance*. The career of letters which in England and France leads the man of genius to fame, honour, and fortune, in Italy points the gloomy path to imprisonment or exile. In England and France the writer often traffics in the shameful sale of his own independence; in Italy he buys liberty of thought at the expense of liberty of person. Amidst the progress of knowledge and civilisation, the court of Rome remains immoveable and faithful to the ancient traditions which lighted the funeral pyres of Savonarola and Giordano Bruno: it thus condemns without reservation all books which dare to speak of liberty, or to unveil any of the disgraceful histories of the successors of Saint Peter. The princes of Italy, in accord with Gregory XVI., have proclaimed one sole dogma, and have adopted one only motto, which is *war upon thought*; and the one with his bulls and encyclic letters, and the other with their prisons, have undertaken the task of rendering this war cruel, efficacious, and incessant. After the example of that Emperor of Rome who wished to exterminate the whole human race with one single blow, they would be rejoiced if they could by one single effort stifle thought, annihilate genius, and tear out of the book of history the pages which attest the crimes of their predecessors, whose worthy heirs they are. After all, the question comes to be asked, Can this impious conspiracy against the intellectual futurity of Italy succeed, or not? We do not think it can. Thought, like that steam from which modern mechanics have drawn so much, acquires in power what it loses in volume — the more it is compressed, the more irresistible becomes its force of expansion. A host of generous Italians scorn to give way either before the dungeon, exile, or misery, provided they can accomplish the sacred responsibility imposed upon their talents and patriotism, — the obligations, namely, of humanity, liberty, and fraternity. In vain the Vatican arms itself with its thunders against books and their authors; in vain princes arm themselves with their instru-

ments of torture: spiritual thunders are despised, corporal pangs avail nothing against the martyrs of patriotism.

“Anime belle, e di virtute amiche
Terranno il mondo e poi vedrem lui farsi
Aureo tutto e pien dell’opre antiche.”

As the persecuted Christians of old exclaimed in dying—*One God, one faith, one bishop (unus Deus, una fides, unus episcopus)*, so do all the efforts of Italian literature, and all the public works, for the last twenty years, tend to one end, and manifest but one desire,—that of constituting a free and powerful country—an Italian unity. And the words with which Tertullian describes to the Roman emperors the progress of Christianity are admirably adapted to the liberals. “We were born scarcely yesterday, and already we inundate all your places, cities, islands, castles, towns, villages, the very camps themselves, the court, the senate, the tribunal, the forum.” Certainly, if faith and martyrdom, rapid universal progress, vastness of thought and intent, are characteristics of a high mission, the Italian liberals possess them. And if in the present crisis there be an index of authority, a hope of unity in the moral and material world, it is in this motion of spirits towards a new development—this conception of a European republic, founded upon universal freedom. It is in this solemn voyage, in this gathering of nations, that the voices of a few elect sound the hymn of parting towards the unexplored lands of a new social world. The human race marches onward in their footsteps, with head erect and front serene; its eye fixed upon the future—that radiant sanctuary where Providence has deposited the good promised to its persevering efforts,—raising up the creature from the dust, restoring to it the consciousness of its origin and of its mission in all that constitutes the dignity and grandeur of man, his faith in justice and love of liberty.

Mazzini, Ruffini, Menotte, Giannone, Melegari, La Cecilia, Campanella, and many others, have taught useful lessons to their countrymen, both practical and philosophical, by depicting the scenes and events of past ages, by showing how far the oppression of a foreign government may go, and by endeavouring to revive the dormant valour of their countrymen, through the pages of the *Giovine Italia*; and all have joined in the task of creating an Italian literature, and in abolishing that ancient rivalry which divided the Neapolitan from the Lombard, and the Tuscan from the Roman, even in the sanctuary of letters. It is thus that Italy, in spite of all the toils which encompass and the chains which weigh upon her, marches forward in her career, and advances with giant steps day by day; and the patriot, contemplating her progress from his land of exile, may say with joy, like Galileo in his dungeon, “*E pur si muove!*”

As regenerators of their country, they have proposed to themselves a sphere of labour comprehending the whole material and moral order—criticising the religion, philosophy, history, and economical distribution of the wealth of Italy. The political writings are perhaps defective, from a partial admixture of philosophy in subjects wherein the practical material interests could alone afford sound data and bases. Revolutions are not made by German metaphysics, neither is a religion to be constructed after the manner of St. Simon. God alone can strike the hours of the world. Those revolutions which mark a step in true humanity are *crucial instances*, as Bacon would say, of the influence which Providence exercises over the destinies of the world. To them, and to them alone, can we apply with justice the words of the poet:—

"Novus sæclorum nascitur ordo,
Nova progenies cælo descendit ab alto."

It was not by refined theories of association, cosmopolitanism, and extinction of self, that a great revolutionary colossus like Danton, Robespierre, or Mirabeau, made the masses capable of the miracles they performed; but it was by the magic of simple ideas, the conviction that two and two make four, and not three, and that there is no possible *juste milieu* between them, that thrones were overturned and the head of a king cast down in defiance to coalized Europe. Yet while we object in some sense to the weakness of these watchwords, it must be kept in mind that the Italian liberals are compelled to make use of such means as exist for arousing their countrymen to action. They must use the ideas which the multitude possess, as their levers for effecting the motion of ascension which they desire. It is a difficult question to decide, whether, with a population reduced to the state of the Italian peasantry, an appeal should first be made to their material or moral wants. It is the doctrine of the English school of economists, that the improvement of the physical means of man, the supply of his material wants, will necessarily and inevitably lead along with it his moral amelioration; and that such reforms or revolutions arising from the parallel march of material well-being and moral improvement can alone be lasting. Others again aver that it is through an appeal to the moral ideas of religion, liberty, equality, and fraternisation, which Christianity and civilisation have in some degree made the common heritage of all Europeans, that the first *primum mobile* is to be sought. When a government, such as that of the Pope, the Emperor of Austria, or the Italian princes, has rendered physical improvement nearly impossible, we see no means of acting upon the masses for their own salvation, save by their moral and religious ideas, such as they are, and the natural instincts, which, in Italians, are not to be eradicated. Unlike the school of Pellico, Manzoni, Monti, and others, who would sink into the quietism of religious stupor, the more energetic disciples of Mazzini, following in the traces of Macchiavelli, Julius II. Savonarola, Campanella, and the great patriots who preceded them, boldly and explicitly state their object to be the extirpation of the Austrian and all the tyrants united with him — the equality of rights, and the well-being of the people — the independence and unity of Italy; — and powerful in the strength of twenty-one millions of men, who have already pronounced the doom of their domestic tyrants, who would be overthrown in twenty-four hours after the withdrawal of the Austrian bayonets, they look forward with hope to the first political exigency which shall call the nationality of Poland into existence, or the French arms to the boundary of the Rhine. Many papers have been written in their journals, which have ably discussed the power, spiritual and temporal, of the Pope in Central Italy — the connection of Sicily with Italian unity — the government of a people in revolt for its liberties — the war of insurrection most adapted to Italy — and the causes which have hitherto hindered the development of its liberty.

Among the philosophical essays we have to notice "Christianity destructive of Despotism," "Thoughts of an Italian Theologian," "An Historical Fragment by General Colletta on the Greek Revolution," "Thoughts addressed to the Italian Priesthood," and a most able and curious treatise on the Government of the Church of Rome, and its Reforms and Concessions in the year 1831.

On the extinction of this journal, there was published at Paris a continuation, called "L'Italiano," in which are contained articles remarkable for the elevation of their ideas and the brilliancy of their style. Among

these may be enumerated a critical disquisition upon modern literature and its scope and tendency, tinged perhaps with the author's organic idea, but of an enlarged and comprehensive range, creating a synthesis of that supreme political and moral idea which the author believes to be working in society, and slowly elaborating the new social world of the future. It is from the pen of M. Mazzini. The cloud of mind which is at present discharging its electric force will doubtless produce vast changes in society; but the notion of harmonising together all the great authors of the last half century, of losing sight of their individuality, and distinguishing one common view, appears hypothetical. "As in the Greek federations," says the writer, "a temple shall be the soul of this union—a temple where all literatures shall burn incense to the common thought, to the IDEA; and since all literatures live by a ray of that idea,—since each has manifested a line, a word, a syllable of that thought, and all have glorious, great, and solemn records,—that temple collects all, and arranges all in order. From Genius, the minister born from that Pantheon, the numerous spirits that constitute and feed the various literatures, will ask the conception of the era; then they will replace themselves in the way to demand the forms and expressions of that conception from the sky, the climate, the earth, the past, the present, the traditions, the national songs, and the people of their country.

"The dogma of the European literature cannot be written, but upon the Pantheon of all literatures.

"The laws of every national literature cannot be written, unless upon the code which shall have upon its frontispiece that dogma.

"The sun, which God has placed in the heaven of souls, the Beautiful, is One only, like the sun which shines in the heaven of our universe. Like the sun which shines in the heaven of our universe, the Beautiful radiates eternally concentric upon all things; but the rays are variously coloured, according to the media which in their motion they traverse, and according to the surfaces upon which they rest. The future art will translate those laws, or it will not be the art of the era." It is thus that the writer sums up his disquisition on the province of the Critical Art. The universe is One, and the thought which animates it is One, and to its development all modes of expression must tend, which God has conceded to man in creating him. If we knew the *how* and the *why* of every thing, we should hold in our hands the last link in the chain of Being. If we could ascend to the *idea* which the author seeks, we should be in possession of Omniscience; we should have to soar with Plato,

"to the empyreal sphere,
To the first Good, first Perfect and first Fair."—POPE.

Let us descend from this cloudy height.

Another paper upon the great philosophic genius of the sixteenth century, Tommaso Campanella, and particularly his work, the "City of the Sun" (*La Citta del Sole*), gives an eloquent and learned account of the writings of that sage, in whom the writer is desirous of discovering a community of thoughts and sentiments. Few publications of late years have treated such subjects as these. In the department of esthetics, the philosophy of music has been handled in an article dedicated, like the altar at Athens, *Ignoto Numini*, in which we can recognise the ardent mind, whose creed is the indefinite perfectibility of the human race, and of whatever art is derived from its attributes. A paper on Oriental studies, and the Arabic versions of Aristotle, is well written. An inaugural oration, by the cele-

brated Romagnosi, to a course of theoretical jurisprudence, written by him for the university of Corfu, but never published or delivered, is worthy of its celebrated author. M. Mazzini, the editor, has also contributed a critical paper of the first order, on the subject of fatality, the *fatum* of the ancients, considered as an element in the drama, in which the highest speculations of Schelling, Fichte, Giordano Bruno, and Spinoza are mingled with learning of various kinds, with a view to show how the individuality of an era influences its mental creations, and how it will be changed by the influence of the social principle, as the sphere of man's destinies begins to assume a wider horizon. There is therefore a tendency towards abstract generalisations, and favourite political theories, colouring the tone of thought as with a prism. The education of his country, such as it is, and the plan of an intellectual education worthy of the age, is traced out in a masterly paper upon Giuseppe Pugliesi, the Sicilian youth, whose extraordinary mental calculations have been a psychological study to all Europe, and who promises to become a mathematical genius of the highest order, —

“ Se il meriggio risponda a tanta Aurora ! ”

These are a few of the labours of the *Giovine Italia*, a brief view of its mode of seeing and acting, for which sentence of death has been pronounced against Mazzini by the Austrians. “ *Cacciare i barbari d'agl' Italia*, ” the motto of Julius II. and Macchiavelli, ought to have been the maxim of France also, whose interests ought at least to equal those of Austria, in that unhappy country. The evacuation of Ancona may yet be repented.

Italy is the proverbial land of conspiracies. Five hundred years of slavery have not blotted out the remembrance of her ancient liberties. The causes which existed in the sixteenth century formed the type of Italian character and society such as they exist at the present day, —

————— “ le man rapace e ladro
Che suore e frate e bianchi, e neri, e bigi,
Violato hanno, e sposa e figlia e madre.” — ARIOSTO.

It is not difficult to perceive in the history of Italy during the latter half of the fifteenth century, what the morals of the actors in its events must have become. Three causes have chiefly influenced the Italian character of this epoch, and given it a decided and original stamp ever since; these were its political constitutions, the spirit of the church of Rome, and the precocious maturity of its civilisation.

From a view of its political societies it will be easily conceived, that from the moment they became subservient to the great powers which overwhelmed and corrupted them, full scope was given to the worst passions of human nature. The man who had submitted patiently to the mandates of an officer elected by the corrupt influence of an overruling power, which subjected him to exile, torture, or the scaffold, looked forward to the moment when he should himself become the oppressor in his turn. Every one nourished in his bosom the hope of revenge and the consolation of hatred; and in this continual irritation their minds were formed to all sorts of treasons and perfidies.

The spirit of the Church of Rome in those dark ages also contributed in a surprising manner. — Religion as well as politics had been completely separated from morality. Dogmas had assumed the place of works, and the practice of devotion was esteemed far above the practice of virtue. The church had made morality her own exclusive property; and the authority of casuists had usurped that of reason. By means of a certain doctrine of penance

the priest was thought to hold in his hands the keys of heaven and hell. His absolution whitewashed a life blackened with a thousand crimes, and the Indulgences which he sold (of which the council of Trent have not yet abolished the Tariff) made all scruples vanish. God himself, invoked as the witness of the sanctity of an oath, had no authority in presence of the pontifical one, which began by unbinding itself, and ended by unbinding others. By virtue of this casuistical morality, a pope who had failed to keep Friday sacred, perjured himself in all security of conscience; the courtesan ceased to reproach herself when she had burned a taper before the image of the Madonna placed at the head of her bed; and the Bravo might be seen to fast devoutly all the morning while sharpening the stiletto which was to serve him at night.

The popes — half pontiffs, half soldiers—united the ferocity of warriors to the cunning of politicians. They published bulls “in order to humbug their enemies,” as Cæsar Borgia told Macchiavelli; set the example of poisoning, incest, and all monstrous crimes; made a traffic of public morality; sold impunity to whomsoever could pay for it; degraded at their pleasure the dignity of man; condemned whole populations to slavery (as Sextus IV. did the Florentines); and lastly, disgraced the sacerdotal character by lavishing the treasures and dignities of the church upon infants, servants, bastards, or their accomplices in debauchery and murder. Whenever it was necessary to remove a scruple, the priest was the easiest of all men to persuade;—a remarkable example of which was seen in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, in which Pope Sextus IV. was an accomplice. In an allotment which the conspirators had made of the different victims, Lorenzo de’ Medici had fallen to Montesecco, a Condottiero in the service of the pontiff; but when the soldier was apprised that the murder, instead of being executed in the midst of a banquet, was to be committed in church and during the elevation of the host, he scrupled to join sacrilege to treason; and among the conspirators none but priests could be found whose conscience this idea did not affright. In fact, an apostolical scribe and a curate were charged with striking the blow which had alarmed the Condottiero. “*Qui familiaris utpote sacerdos; et ob id minus sacrorum locorum metuens,*”

Arrived at an early period at a degree of splendour which no other country had equalled, the Italian felt that disinclination to all the laborious occupations of life natural to a rich and luxurious people. His superfluous money served to maintain an army of mercenary defenders called Condottieri, to whom he delegated the task of defending his acquisitions. Their soldiers, armed with the heavy weapons of the period, and making war without any commissariat, were in the habit of transferring their services to the highest bidder with the utmost indifference for the cause in which they were engaged; and their refractory spirit was such, that when the rival schools of Braccio and Sforza were both ranged under the banners of Florence, it was found impossible to prevent them from attacking each other. Their cowardice also was so great that Macchiavelli records, in his History of Florence, on the occasion of the defeat of the Florentines at Poggibonsi, in 1479, that without even seeing the enemy, at the first sight of the cloud of dust that indicated his march, they dispersed in all directions, leaving in their hands provisions, baggage, and artillery. “A fresh example,” says he, “of the disorders and cowardice of the armies of this period, when a single horse turning his head or tail was sufficient to gain or lose a victory.”

A state of things so extraordinary, and which could only have been seen in an age and country in which twenty little neighbouring states were in

perpetual rivalry, must have had great influence upon the character of the age. In the eyes of an Italian of this period courage was merely brute force — genius lay in dissimulation. True glory consisted in being able to penetrate the thoughts of another, while he preserved his own impenetrable, to exhibit an inscrutable brow while the blood boiled within the veins, to strike the blow before the threat was uttered. The Italian who slew his enemy by an act of perfidy well studied in his closet, thought himself not more culpable, and far more clever, than the Frenchman or Spaniard who slew his foe by a sword pass practised in a guard-room. Honour consisted in success obtained by the aid of address alone.

“ Il vincere sempre fu lodevol cosa
Vincasi per virtude o per inganno.”

The fraud which served to destroy a rival, or acquire power, had nothing whatever repugnant to his self-respect, for it did not exclude the qualities that flattered it; and he who practised it, felt himself at the same time endowed with that civil courage which pursues a great design with firmness, which can brave a sedition and be mute in the midst of tortures, whose eye does not quail, and whose cheek does not blanch, at the sight of the axe and the scaffold. The true heroism of a Florentine was that of Bernardo Bandini and Francisco Pazzi, who, on the day appointed for the execution of their famous conspiracy against the Medici, missing Giuliano at the church, where they intended to strike the blow, went in search of him with calm and smiling faces, joked with him, and embraced him during their walk, in order to assure themselves that he did not wear his wonted corslet, and that the access was easy to that heart which they were soon to pierce with fury. In the narrative of this conspiracy which Macchiavelli makes in the eighth book of his noble “History of Florence,” there is a remark which gives a lively idea of the morality of the historian and that of his times: — “If ever action demanded a great and unshaken soul,” says he, “it is, above all others, one of this kind.”

The character of the Italians and that of their adversaries may be contrasted in the persons of Gonsalvo de Cordova, the Great Captain, and the Duke of Valentinois. In the Spaniard we behold the devout champion of the church, the obstinate defender of the will of the Pope, quitting his Gothic manor in search of death or territories in the hills of Calabria. Harsh, austere, implacable to his enemies, a great general, and a *preux chevalier*, he personifies his country with his rude piety and profound bigotry. The spirit of his whole army breathes in him. His cruelty and sanguinary fanaticism fill us with indignation; and yet, at the sight of this imposing figure, we cannot exclude a certain feeling of awe and admiration which the spectacle of moral power always inspires. He is the representative of the Ultramontane. In Cæsar Borgia we behold the soldier-priest, who, backed by the triple power of talent, fortune, and perfidy, fixed the attention of all Europe upon him, and aspired to the empire of Italy. Frank and open manners, the most persuasive eloquence, the most prepossessing exterior, were, in this extraordinary man, united to a spirit ever fertile in fraud, a heart the most corrupt, a soul the most implacable. He possessed the quality most to be feared in despots, because it gives them a semblance of justice, of crushing the instruments of his tyranny the moment they ceased to be of use to him; a subterfuge, by which it is more easy than is imagined to deceive mankind, and unite the profits of tyranny to the glory of punishing it. Unbridled in his pleasures, unbridled in ambition, incest and fratricide were means that seemed so natural to him, that all his con-

temporaries have imputed those crimes to him alike without proof and without contradiction. Old in vice, but young for the enjoyment of power, his heart only changed its passions; and gigantic desires filled up that brilliant existence which, destitute and miserable, was soon to terminate obscurely before the walls of a petty fortress in Spain. Gifted with an active, bold, and inscrutable genius, Borgia placed all his glory in triumphing by treason and perjury. When we behold him after his crowning massacre of Sinigaglia, he seems, even in the eyes of Macchiavelli, a master demon triumphing over the snares of the petty surrounding fiends. Or when we behold him struggling to overcome the poison which he had drunk by mistake, and that other greater fire which ambition and revenge had lighted up in his veins, we must confess that it would not have been in the days of so tremendous a personage that Prince Metternich would have lorded it with impunity over Italy. Or let us even turn to Macchiavelli. If we conceive the feelings of the patriot and scholar at the aspect of the wrongs of his country, the land of liberty and the arts, a prey by turns to the fickle emperor, the irritable and suspicious King of France, the avaricious and fanatical King of Spain, — all brutal, insolent, and victorious, could any call to liberty sound with more inspiring voice than the conclusion of his famous work.

“Let us not allow the present opportunity to escape, that Italy after so long a delay may at last behold her liberator appear. I cannot find terms to express with what love, with what thirst of vengeance, with what unshaken fidelity, with what veneration, what tears of joy, he would be received in all the provinces which suffer from these inundations of strangers! What gates would remain shut before him? what people refuse to obey him? what jealousy oppose his success? what Italian would not enrich him with his respects? is there one whose heart has not bounded within him at the domination of those wretches? Every where,” he writes in a letter to Guicciardini, “we see how easy it would be to drive all these brigands out of this country. In the name of God let us not lose so good an opportunity! *Liberate diuturna cura Italiam! extirpate has immanes belluas quæ hominis præter faciem et vocem nihil habent.*”

Could modern Italy be brought to feel the force of these words, and burst asunder the bonds that confine her — could she feel her own dignity and strength — she might once more enter into the European family, with the rank suitable to the eldest daughter of the Cæsars. The brutal Celt would be driven once more from her fertile plains into his own Cimmerian deserts. “The owl would no longer build her nest in the halls of the Cæsars, nor the spider weave her web in the watch-towers of Afrasiab.”

“Lost Paradise of this divine
And glorious world! Oh Italy!
Gather thy blood unto thy heart: — repress
The beasts who make their dens thy sacred palaces.”

Since these remarks were written, the report of the proceedings in the French Chamber of Deputies has reached us. In order to show that Messrs. Thiers and Guizot have grounds for their denunciation of the abandonment of Ancona, and the retrograde policy of Louis Philippe, we shall state the case *ab initio*. The vacillating conduct of the Chamber on this occasion, is only to be accounted for on the supposition that a band of legitimatists have transferred their votes from the opposition to the ministerial side, and *vice versâ*, from factious motives totally distinct from the merits of the question.

When the populations subjected to the pope, vindicated their right to be manumitted from a government devoid of faith or strength, they exhibited to the world a great example of social justice. It was the immense majority of a state which judged a minority incapable of conducting it, and that popular sentence was the justest ever pronounced, for never was there a government so incompatible with every condition whatsoever of human society.

The grounds upon which it was pronounced were so flagrant, so deep, and so universally felt, that scarcely any one thought of stating the heads, motives, or reasons of the accusation. It is therefore a delusion to assert, that the revolution which, in 1831, pervaded ten of the fourteen provinces which composed the states of Rome, was the work of a conspiracy. It was the simple expression of a want which had long made the people impatient, a want of security, order, and dignity; a crisis occasioned by the preceding revolutions in France, Belgium, Poland, Switzerland, and the Modenese. It was fondly believed, that this was to be in truth a regeneration, and that the men, called to a more rational mode of life, had laid aside for ever their ancient fends and opinions. None were looked upon as enemies but the few who used arms in the service of Rome, and these, when conquered, had been pardoned. It was hoped in short, and imagined, that the good should be effected without the injury of any one. The priests have taken care to prove the misery of that Utopia, nor will the lesson be forgotten by the people.

The pope, who knew not how to reign in time of peace, knew not how to conquer in time of war, and summoned the Germans to support his throne. They immediately occupied the four legations, — the march of Pesara, and the citadel and port of Ancona, where the liberal government had shortly before concluded a capitulation with his legate. By this act, the legate promised a complete amnesty; the liberals, on their part, surrendered their arms, fortresses, and every thing else which they held in their possession.

It was despatched to Rome on the day of its signature. The pope was silent until the liberals had fulfilled the stipulated conditions; but when his arms had succeeded to those of the liberals in Umbria, and in the Lower March, whither the battalions of Austria had not penetrated, he raised his voice against the capitulation, accepting the favourable conditions, and rejecting the onerous ones. The capitulation was signed on the 26th of March; the edict which annulled it, on the 5th of April. During that interval, the whole of the state had returned into the power of the pope; his militia, and those of Austria, were in possession of the forts; the liberals disarmed, and the most noted become the prisoners of Austria herself, through the badness of the vessel which, upon the faith of the capitulation, was conveying them to France.

France, after the revolution of July, had proclaimed, as the basis of her public law, the principle of non-intervention. She did not consent in word, but tolerated in fact, that Austria should overlook this principle in favour of the pope. She could not, however, equally tolerate, that that rival power, after having restored those provinces to his sway, should fix a permanent hold upon them, and the time for convoking the Chamber of Deputies being nigh at hand, the royal ministers dare not present themselves before the deputies of the nation with these affairs unsettled. Hence it was their endeavour to make the court of Vienna recall its soldiers, who, in fact, retreated in the beginning of the month of June, by the left of the Po, preserving on their right, Comacchio and Ferrara. They consigned the

Pesarese March, and the fortress of Ancona, to the army of the pope; and Romagna and Bologna to the national guard, which the pope himself entrusted with the maintenance of order; the national guard responded faithfully to his mandate. The king of the French announcing, on the assembly of his parliament, these fruits of his ministers' labours, congratulated himself that a real amnesty, the abolition of confiscation, and important changes in the administrative and judiciary *régimes*, were the ameliorations which gave reason to hope that the tranquillity of those states would no longer be troubled, and that the equilibrium of Europe would be assured by the maintenance of their independence.

The pope, tearing into pieces the capitulation of Ancona, calumniated the revolution in his provinces, and laid the blame of it upon a few factious persons, upon whom he prepared to take vengeance by his edicts of the fourteenth and thirtieth of April. In those edicts were condemned not the authors, accomplices, and promoters of the revolution, nor the writers who praised and recommended it to the public, but those who had saluted it in passing, who had hailed its appearance, or who (as said the document) had applauded it. Titus himself would have felt envy at such clemency.

Nevertheless, the pope himself confessed the necessity of a reform by promising institutions which would have introduced a new era. The edicts of the fifth of July, fifth and thirty-first of October, and fifth of November, 1831, brought the promised reform. The inhabitants of Romagna and Bologna openly refused it, being supported by the national guard. The other provinces pressed by the forces of the pope, objected to it, but could do nothing to manifest their wishes. The magistrates of the municipality of Perugia demanded to be allowed to send deputies to Rome. By means of the press, by deputations, and more than all, by the formal mode of petitions the people of Romagna and Bologna demanded a reform that should really touch all existing abuses, that should invest fathers of families with the magistracy — restore the liberty of the communes — bestow upon them councils elected by the people, from which should also be drawn the councils of the provinces, and of the state, that should cause an account of the finances to be rendered, — that judgment should be made public and the laws uniform — and that a national guard should be a guarantee of all. Similar petitions circulated through the cities and the country, and were filled with names. One of these, from the city of Forli, had the signatures of a thousand citizens and of the municipal magistracy.

The Court of Rome, despising the just demands of the people, persisted in its course. The pope, in the mean time, organised his militia with money which he had borrowed in France; promised commissions in profusion to all who would enrol conscripts: but no conscripts could be had. He was compelled to give them to the common people; at last he called, under the ensigns of the church, the galley slaves and banditti, the dregs and scourings of society, of every description and denomination. The inhabitants of Romagna and Bologna betrayed in their just expectations of a civil reform, and threatened by this horde of wretches, thus driven to extremity, took up arms. By the notes of the courts of Russia, Prussia, France, and Austria*, and by the battalions of the latter, which increased upon their frontiers, they knew that they were proceeding to certain ruin, but were resolved by that voluntary sacrifice, to protest against the oppres-

* These notes are of date the 12th of January, 1832, and are responsive and affirmative of another circular note of the cardinal secretary of state in the same month, in which he announces, among other dispositions, that if, "contrary to all expectations, his arms and his sovereign determinations should encounter resistance, his holiness counts upon the succours of which he might have need, to cause his legitimate authority to prevail."

sion, and to prove to the world their perseverance in their political faith. The sacking of Cesena, of Madonna del Monte — the assassinations of Forli and Ravenna showed that the presentiment of those people came from experience.

The encounters of Cesena and Argenta were only affairs of outposts, but the war begun by these would have been fought in the interior of the country, where the people, exasperated by those atrocious acts, prepared themselves for defence; but the Legate Albani, the guide of that expedition, had recourse to the forces of Austria, which, having occupied the most important passes, escorted the soldiers of the cardinal into Bologna.

We have seen that in the first Austrian intervention France was tolerant but not consentient. In the second, consorting with Austria herself, with Prussia, and with Russia, by the note of her ambassador she admitted the case first of all. But as the impotence of the pope against his own subjects had been twice demonstrated, and the perseverance of the one in refusing, of the other in desiring what they owned by right, made the presence of Austria imperatively necessary in those States, France thus beheld, not without uneasiness, the opportunity afforded to that Power of extending its authority, and perchance its possessions in the Peninsula, to which suspicions weight was given by the conduct of the Austrian generals in flattering the people, and as promoters and mediators of the discords between the latter and the Pontificate. Further, the nation and its deputies convoked in parliament, loudly murmured against the ministers of the king, who, forced to render an account of the great hopes created during the first year of his reign, and to call for new and still greater sacrifices for the current one, saw well that that burden, already heavy, would become intolerable when all expectation had failed of having the state prosperous within and respected without. The president of the council, Casimir Perier, therefore dispatched an expedition of chosen soldiers to occupy Ancona, a position of the utmost importance in the centre of Italy and flank of Austria. Aided by fortune they were enabled to make themselves masters of it from the sea by a *coup-de-main*, before Austria herself and the pope had provided against such a surprise. No sooner had they obtained possession of it, than they commenced cajoling the people; who, according to custom, put faith in their promises, and hailed with joy the French regiments, ready to sacrifice themselves for them and with them whenever the necessity arose. The pope and Austria were highly indignant at this hostile act. But the needful excuses being made at once, in a note from the Count de St. Aulaire to Cardinal Bernetti, France assured the other that the king's government was desirous above all things of peace, and that the parliament, the press, and the nation, being uneasy at the delay which Austria made in the Roman provinces, it had adopted these means to pacify them. — In short, (and this was the only thing gained,) she had undeceived the Italian Liberals in such a way as to teach them to regard modern history no more than they do ancient history. —

Far different in these affairs was the conduct of England, who did not assent to the armed intervention of Austria and France any more than she had assented to that which the former had operated in 1821 against the Constitutionals in Naples, and Piedmont, and the latter in 1823 against the Constitutionals of Spain. But being invited by both powers to accede together with Russia and Prussia to the conference convoked in Rome after the first intervention, she signed the *Memorandum* which the five courts addressed to the pope on the 21st May, 1831. The things inserted in that deed were very nearly the same as those demanded afterwards by

the provinces of Romagna and Bologna ; — Municipal Councils elected by the people, Provincial Councils drawn from these ; and from these last, the council of state ; a reform of the tribunals, the administration, and the finances : a representative government in short to watch over the stability of their institutions.

This *Memorandum* had no better luck in the Vatican than the petitions from Romagna and Bologna. The priesthood, taking courage from Austria, and Austria from the manner in which things were going in favour of the Holy Alliance in Poland, Germany, and France itself, no longer hesitated to oppose themselves openly to every concession to every people in the Peninsula.

The second Austrian and the third French intervention having then arrived, England dispatched to Rome her minister residing at the Grand Ducal court of Tuscany, to put an end to this dangerous game, and to the discontent of the people on account of the bad faith of Rome. Lord Seymour responded worthily to the mandate ; and the history of Italy will bear testimony to the loyalty and firmness with which he sustained the part of the oppressed, unveiling the hypocrisy of those who covered their acts of violence with words of justice and reason.

Going to the very root of the question which had given occasion to the tumults and led to the intervention, Lord Seymour, quoting the protocol of the preceding May to the ambassadors of the four courts convened by that deed regarding the reality of the vices by which the papal government was deformed and the necessity of the remedies which the ambassadors themselves had suggested to that government as indispensable for the tranquillity of its states, proceeded to say that the said government had not adopted any of the remedies indicated, and that the edicts themselves prepared or published by it, which announced beforehand the execution of any of those remedies, differed substantially from the suggestions of the protocol. In short, that the pope had done nothing which he had agreed to do to cause the discontent of the people to cease instead of coming to the height to which it had arrived from his having deceived the hopes occasioned by the negotiations : whence the attempts of the five powers to pacify the states of the pope had ended in nothing. Hence also the expectation of ever seeing the people voluntarily submitting themselves to his power had ended in vain ; that the hopes of Rome in the presence of foreign military and Swiss maintained at a great cost, were also vain, because their presence could not be indefinitely prolonged, and it was uncertain if the Swiss were strong enough to restrain the indignant people, although sufficiently burdensome to bring their impoverished finances to bankruptcy. Finally, he denied that the tranquillity brought about by violent means could be lasting, and protested that these means did not fairly respond to the end which had led the English government into the Roman conference.

In answer to these reasons, the Austrian ambassador, at the command of Prince Metternich, insisted that neither Austria nor any other government had the right to force the pope to change the constitution of his state by introducing a new power, but that she had at the same time admonished the pope (and here the dispatch proceeded with magnificent words), in the most efficacious manner, to maintain not only the institutions already existing, but exacted that they should be made stable in time to come without prejudice to useful improvements, that she had seriously recommended an organisation of the different branches of the administration, and for that purpose had herself dispatched to Rome statesmen the most expert and

well-informed in the affairs of Italy, to assist in those wants: concluding that with regard to France the emperor rendered due justice to her government, that what she had done, she had done solely for her own preservation; that he nourished good faith; that it would be easy with it to agree regarding the difficulties which might intervene in the course of events; *but that in any case he did not fear a complication even of the gravest nature*, which should originate from the administrative provisions of an independent state; and that with regard to England, he trusted that she would always remain friendly. The plain English of all which was, that Austria in Italy, right or wrong, wills what she pleases, and that France has little reason to boast of the dignified part she has played on this occasion.

Lord Seymour briefly recapitulated his former opinions; but being abandoned by France, and the interest of England being of small importance in Italy, he withdrew from Rome to the court of Florence. Since this decision of the court of the Holy Alliance, the presence of the armed foreigner — the revenge and intemperance of the triumphant priesthood — the insults, imprisonments, proscriptions, miseries, and despair of the enslaved population have risen to their height. The longer justice is delayed, the worse matters become and every hope of accommodation is lost.

Metternich pretends to support the administrative reforms bestowed by the pope and refuses the political concessions as unwonted and perilous to the states of the church, that is to say, to Italy. In a word, we may reduce his Italian state documents without doing him injustice into the *formula* by which the Romish court signify the papal omnipotence. *Si totus mundus in aliquo negotio sententiaret contra papam, sententiæ papæ standum esset. Papa est omnia et super omnia. Papa potest mutare quadrata rotundis. Potest facere de albo nigrum. Est causa causarum, ideoque non est de ejus potestate inquirendum, cum primæ causæ nulla sit causa, nemo potest dicere papæ, cur ita facis? Sola enim potestas est pro causa, et qui de hoc dubitet, dicitur dubitare de fide Catholica.*

NOTES OF A LOVER OF BOOKS.

No. V.—SOCIAL MORALITY.—SUCKLING AND BEN JONSON.

Curious instance of variability in Moral Opinion.—Pope's Tradition of Sir John Suckling and the Cards.—New Edition of Ben Jonson, and Samples of the Genius and Arrogance of that Writer, with a Summary of his Poetical Character.

It is curious to see the opinion entertained in every successive age respecting the unimprovability or unalterableness of its prevailing theory of morals, compared with their actual fluctuation. The "philosopher owns with a sigh" (as Gibbon would have phrased it, — for we believe there is an ultimate preferment for mankind in this tendency to follow a fashion), that a court, a king, the example of a single ruling individual, can affect the virtues of an age far beyond the whole mass of their ordinary practisers, — at least, so as to give the moral colour to the period, and throw the bias in favour of this or that tendency. The staid habits of George III., in certain respects, produced a corresponding profession of them throughout the country; but the case was different in the reigns of the Georges before him, who, dull individuals as they were, kept mistresses like their sprightlier predecessors. Even William III. had a mistress. In Cromwell's time, the prevailing moral strength, or *virtus*, consisted in a sense of religion. It may be answered, that these fashions, as far as they were such, did not influence either the practice or opinions of conscientious men; but our self-love would be mistaken in that conclusion. Our remote ancestors were not the less cannibals because we shudder at the idea of dining upon Jones; neither would some very near ones fail to startle us with their opinions upon matters, which we take it for granted, they regarded in the same light as ourselves. No longer than a hundred years back, and in the mouth of no less a moralist than Pope, we find the following puzzling bit of information respecting Sir John Suckling: —

"Suckling was an immoral man, *as well as* debauched."

Now, where is the distinction, in our present moral system, between immorality and debauchery? All immorality is not debauchery, but all debauchery we hold to be immoral. What could Pope mean?

Why, he meant that Sir John cheated at cards. Neither his drinking nor his gallantry were to be understood as affecting his moral character. It was the use of cards with marks upon them that was to deprive debauchery of its good name! "The story of the French cards," continues Pope, in explanation of his above remark, "was told me by the late Duke of Buckingham; and he had it from old Lady Dorset herself."

We are by no means convinced, by the way, that Suckling gave into such a disgraceful practice, merely because the Duke of Buckingham was told so by "old Lady Dorset."

"That lady," resumes the poet (he is talking to Spence, and these stories are from "Spence's Anecdotes,") "took a very odd pride in boasting of her familiarities with Sir John Suckling. She is the mistress and goddess in his poems; and several of those pieces were given by herself to the printer. This the Duke of Buckingham used to give as one instance of the fondness she had to let the world know how well they were acquainted."

"To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been."

The age was not scrupulous about the fact, but it was held very wrong to mention it; and hence Lady Dorset was accounted a loose speaker, and doubtless not to be quite trusted. The dishonest cards themselves did not affect the pride she took in the card-player. Query, how far such a woman was to be believed in any thing? But the most curious part of the business remains what it was — to wit, Pope's own discrepation of immorality from debauchery. And as the reverend Mr. Spence expresses no amazement at the passage, it will be hardly unfair to conclude that *he* saw nothing in it to surprise him. We believe we have already observed somewhere, that Swift, who was a dignitary of the church, was intimate with the reputed mistresses of two kings, — the Countess of Suffolk, George the Second's favourite, and the Countess of Orkney, King William's. The latter he pronounced to be the "wisest woman he ever knew," as the former was declared by all her friends to be one of the most amiable. But we may see how little gallantry was thought ill of, in the epistolary correspondences of those times, Pope's included, and in the encouraging banter, for instance, which he gives on the subject to his friend Gay, whose whole life appears to have been passed in a good-humoured sensualism. See also how Pope, and Swift, and others, trumped up Lord Bolingbroke for a philosopher! — a man who, besides being profound in nothing but what may be called the elegant extracts of common-place, was one of the most debauched of men of the world.

As we have touched upon Spence's anecdotes, we might as well look farther into the book, since it is a very fit one to notice in these articles, and occasions many a pleasant chat at a fireside. The late republication of the works of Ben Jonson has given a fresh interest to such remarks as the following: —

"It was a general opinion (says Pope) that Ben Jonson and Shakspeare lived in enmity against one another. Betterton has assured me often, that there was nothing in it, and that such a supposition was founded only on the two parties, which in their lifetime listed under one, and endeavoured to lessen the character of the other mutually. Dryden used to think, that the verses Jonson made on Shakspeare's death had something of satire at the bottom; for my part I can't discover any thing like it in them."

We are now reading Ben Jonson through in Mr. Moxon's beautiful edition, and having finished nearly all his dramas, and not long since read his miscellaneous poems, and our memory serving us pretty well for what remains to be re-perused, our impression of him is, at all events, fresh upon us.

A critic in the *Times*, whose pen is otherwise so good as to make us regret its manifest party bias, appears to us to have treated Jonson's new editor, Mr. Barry Cornwall, with a very unjustifiable air of scorn and indignation, both as if he had no right to speak of Ben Jonson at all, and as if he possessed no merit as a writer himself. It is not necessary to the reputation of Mr. Cornwall that we should undertake to defend what such critics as Lamb and Hazlitt have admired. The writer of the beautiful "*Dramatic Sketches*," (which were the first to restore the quick impulsive dialogue of the old poets), and of a greater number of excellent songs than have been written by any man living except Mr. Moore, has surely every right in the world, dramatic and lyrical, to speak of Ben Jonson, unless you were to except that sympathy with his coarseness and his love of the caustic, which, saving a poor verbal tact, and a worship of authority, was the only qualification for a critical sense of him possessed by the petulant and presumptuous Gifford. But the *Times* critic has been led perhaps to this depreciation of

the new editor, by thinking he has greatly undervalued a favourite author : while, on the other hand, we ourselves cannot but think that Mr. Cornwall, with all his admiration of him, has yet somewhat depreciated Ben Jonson in consequence of his over-valuation by others. It appears to us, that he does not do justice to the serious part of him, — to the grandeur, for example, often to be found in his graver writing, both as to thought and style, and sometimes, we think, amounting even to the “sublime,” — which is a quality he totally denies him. We would instance that answer of Cethegus to Catiline, when the latter says —

“Who would not fall, with all the world about him ?
CETHEGUS.—*Not I, that would stand on it, when it falls.*”

Also the passage where it is said of Catiline, advancing with his army,

“The day grew black with him,
And Fate descended nearer to the earth ;”

and the other in which he is described as coming on

“Not with the face
Of any man, but of a public ruin ;”

(though we think we have read that in some Latin author, and indeed it is at all times difficult to say where Jonson has not been borrowing). The vindictive quietness of Cicero's direction to the lictors to put Statilius and Gabinius to death, is very like a sublimation above the highest ordinary excitability of human resentment. Marlowe might have written it —

“Take them
To your cold hands, and let them *feel death* from you.”

And the rising of the ghost of Sylla, by way of prologue to this play, uttering, as he rises,

“*Dost thou not feel me, ROME ?*”

appears to us decidedly sublime, — making thus the evil spirit of one man equal to the great city and all the evils that are about to darken it. Nor is the opening of the speech of Envy, as prologue to the “Poetaster,” far from something of a like elevation. The accumulated passion, in her shape, thinks herself warranted to insult the light, and her insult is very grand :—

“Light, I salute thee, but with wounded nerves,
Wishing thy golden splendour pitchy darkness.”

Milton has been here, and in numerous other places, imitating his learned and lofty-tongued predecessor.

On the other hand, besides acknowledging the greatness of his powers in general, and ranking him as second only in his age to Shakspeare (which might surely propitiate the fondest objection), Mr. Cornwall has done ample and eloquent justice to Jonson's powers as a satirist, to his elegant learning, and his profuse and graceful fancy ; and if he objects to his tediousness, coarseness, and boasting, and to the praise emphatically bestowed on him for “judgment,” we are compelled to say, in spite of our hearty admiration and even love of the old poet (for we must always love those to whom we are indebted for great pleasures) that we think he might have spoken more strongly on all those points, and not been either unjust or immodest. If Jonson, in spite of his airs of independence, had not been a Tory poet and a court flatterer, the Tory critics (we do not say the present one, but the

race in general,) would have trampled upon him for his arrogance, quite as much as they have exalted him. Even Gifford would have insulted him, though he evidently liked him, out of a vanity of self-love, as well as the sympathies above mentioned. The right equilibrium in Jonson's mind was so far overborne by his leaning to power in preference to the beautiful (which is an inconsistency, and, so to speak, unnaturalness in the poetical condition) that while he was ever huffing and lecturing the very audiences that came to hear him, he could not help consulting the very worst taste of their vulgarest majorities, and writing whole plays, like "*Bartholomew Fair*," full of the absolutest, and sometimes loathsomest, trash, to show them that he was as strong as their united vulgar knowledges; and, he might have added, as dull in his condescension to boot. And as to the long-disputed question, whether he was arrogant or not, and a "*swaggerer*" (which indeed, as Charles Lamb has intimated, might be shown, after a certain sublimated fashion, in the very characters in which he chiefly excelled — Sir Epicure Mammon, Bobadil, &c., and, it may be added, Catiline and Sejanus too,) how anybody, who ever read his plays, could have doubted, or affected to doubt it, is a puzzle that can only be accounted for, upon what accounts for any critical phenomenon, — party or personal feeling.

"That Ben Jonson," says the critic in the *Times*, "had not the most equable temper in the world — that he had a high opinion of his own capacity, and saw no reason to conceal it, we at once admit: but such defects are often the concomitants of generous and noble minds; and we should recollect that, if he was fierce when assailed, few men have had equal provocation during life, or baser injustice done to their memory. Jonson's enemies, to whom Mr. Barry Cornwall has a hankering wish to lean, seem to have been a mere set of obscure authors dependent on the theatre, to whose reputation Jonson's success was perhaps injurious, and whose minds, at least, seem to have been embittered by it. Horace, Ovid, Aristophanes, and twenty other poets, have praised themselves more highly than he did. Milton, who seems to have had Ben Jonson's works much in his hands, his style, both in verse and prose, being evidently modelled on that of his predecessor, imitated him in this likewise."

Now, what "*provocation*" Jonson had during his life, which his own assumptions did not originate, is yet, we believe, to be ascertained. The obscure authors, of whom his enemies are here made to consist, were, by his own showing (as well by allusion as by acknowledged characterisation), some, perhaps all, of the most admired of our old English dramatists then writing, with the exception of Beaumont and Fletcher. Self-praise was a fashion in ancient poetry, but has never been understood as more allowable to modern imitation, than the practice of self-slaughter, which was also an ancient fashion; and if Milton, amidst his glorious pedantries (of the better spirit of which, as well as a worse, Jonson must be allowed to have partaken) permitted himself to indulge in personal boasting, it was in a very different style indeed from that of his predecessor, as the reader may judge from the following specimens: —

"The garland that she wears (his muse) their hands must twine,
Who can both censure, understand, define
What merit is: then cast those piercing rays
Round as a crown, instead of honour'd bays,
About his poesy; which, *he knows, affords*
Words above action; matter above words!"

Prologue to Cynthia's Revels.

And "*Cynthia's Revels*" is upon the whole, a very poor production, with scarcely a beautiful passage in it, except the famous lyric, "*Queen and*

Huntress." Yet in the epilogue to this play (as if conscious that his "will" must serve for the deed) the actor who delivers it is instructed to talk thus:—

"To crave your favour, with a begging knee,
Were to distrust the writer's faculty.
To promise better, when the next we bring,
Prorogues disgrace, commends not any thing.
Stiffly to stand on this, and proudly approve
The play, might tax the maker of self-love.
I'll only speak what I have heard him say,
"By God 'tis good, and if you like 't, you may!!"

The critics, naturally enough, thought this not over modest; so in the prologue to his next play, the "Poetaster," (which was written to ridicule pretension in his adversaries,) he makes a prologue "in armour," tread Envy under foot, and request the audience that, if he should once more swear his play is good, they would not charge *him* with "arrogance," for he "loathes" it; only he knows "the strength of his own muse," and they who object to such phrases in him, are the "common spawn of ignorance," "base detractors," and "illiterate apes." In this play of the "Poetaster," the scene of which is laid in the court of Augustus, he himself is "Horace," and such men as Decker and Marston, the fops and dunces whom Horace satirizes; and in the epilogue, after saying that he will leave "the monsters" to their fate, he informs his hearers, that he means to write a tragedy next time, in which he shall essay

"To strike the ear of time in those fresh strains,
As shall, *beside the cunning of their ground,*
Give cause to some of wonder, some despite,
And some despair, to imitate their sound!!"

The tragedy, accordingly, of "Sejanus" made its appearance; in an address concerning which to the reader, while noticing some old classical rules which he has not attended to, he says, "In the meantime, if, in truth of argument, dignity of persons, *gravity and height of elevation, fulness and frequency of sentence,* I have discharged the other offices of a tragic writer, let not the absence of those forms be imputed to me, wherein I shall give you occasion hereafter, *and without my boast (!!)* to think *I could better prescribe,* than omit the due use of, for want of a convenient knowledge."

In the dedication of "The Fox" to the two Universities, his language, speaking of some "worthier fruits," which he hopes to put forth, is this,— "Wherein, if my hearers be true to me, *I shall raise the despised head of poetry again,* and stripping her out of those *rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form,* restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty, *and render her worthy to be embraced and kissed of all the great and master-spirits of our world.*" And beautifully is this said. *But Shakspeare had then nearly written all his plays,* AND WAS STILL WRITING! The three preceding years are supposed to have produced "Macbeth," "Lear," and "Othello!!" Marston, Decker, Chapman, Drayton, Middleton, Webster, in short, almost all those whom posterity admires or reverences under the title of the old English Dramatists, were writing also; and it was but nine years before, that Spenser had published the second part of the "Faerie Queene," in which the "despised head of poetry," had been set up with the lustre of an everlasting sun, and such as surely had not let darkness in upon the land again, followed as it was by all those dramatic lights, and the double or triple sun of Shakspeare himself! The "master-spirits" whom Ben speaks of, must at once have laughed at the vanity, and been sorry for the genius of the man, who could so talk in such an age. Above all, what could Shak-

spere have thought of his wayward, his learned, but in these respects certainly not very wise, nor very *friendly, friend!* We could quote similar evidences of the most preposterous self-love from the prologues or epilogues, or the body, of the greater part of his plays: but we tire of the task, especially when we think, not only of the genius which did *itself* as well as others such injustice, but of the good-nature that lay at the bottom of his very arrogance and envy; for, that he strongly felt the passion of envy, *of which he is always accusing others*, we have as little doubt as that he struggled against and surmounted it at frequent and glorious intervals; and, besides his saying more things in praise as well as blame of his contemporaries than any man living (partly perhaps in his assumed right of chief censor, but much also out of a joviality of good-will) his lines to the memory of Shakspeare do as much honour to the final goodness of his heart, as to the grace and dignity of his style and imagination.

But even his friends as well as enemies thought him immodest and arrogant, and publicly lamented it. See what Randolph and Carew, as well as Owen Feltham, say of him in their responses to his famous ode, beginning,

"Come, leave the loathed stage,
And the more loathsome age!"

which he wrote, because one of his plays had been damned.

In short, Ben is an anomaly in the list of great poets; and we can only account for him, as for a greater (Dante, — who has contrived to make his muse more grandly disagreeable), by supposing that his nature included the contradictions of some ill-matched progenitors, and that, while he had a grace for one parent or ancestor, he had a slut and fury for another.

Nor should we have taken these liberties with so great a name, but in our zeal for the greater names of truth and justice. *Amicus*, Ben Jonson; *amicus* every clever critic, whether in Whig paper or Tory; but *magis amica*, Proof.

If asked to give our opinion of Ben Jonson's powers in general, we should say that he was a poet of a high order, as far as learning, fancy, and an absolute rage of ambition, could conspire to make him one; but that he never touched at the highest, except by violent efforts, and during the greatest felicity of his sense of success. The material so predominated in him over the spiritual, — the sensual over the sentimental, — that he was more social than loving, and far more wilful and fanciful than imaginative. Desiring the strongest immediate effect, rather than the best effect, he subserved by wholesale in his comedies to the grossness and commonplace of the very multitude whom he hectored; and in love with whatsoever he knew or uttered, he set learning above feeling in writing his tragedies, and never knew when to leave off, whether in tragedy or comedy. His style is more clear and correct than impassioned, and only rises above a certain level at remarkable intervals, when he is heated by a sense of luxury or domination. He betrays what was weak in himself, and even a secret misgiving, by incessant attacks upon the weakness and envy of others; and, in his highest moods, instead of the healthy, serene, and good-natured might of Shakspeare, has something of a puffed and uneasy pomp, a bigness instead of greatness, analogous to his gross habit of body: nor, when you think of him at any time, can you well separate the idea from that of the assuming scholar and the flustered man of taverns. But the wonder after all is, that, having such a superfoetation of art in him, he had still so much nature; and that the divine bully of the old English Parnassus could be, whenever he chose it, one of the most elegant of men.

REFORM OF PRISONS.

Second and Third Reports of Inspectors of Prisons, 1837 and 1838.

Système Penitentiaire, Maison Centrale de Beaulieu. Caen: 1836.

Reflexions de M. Diey, Directeur du Maison Centrale de Beaulieu. Caen: 1836.

A CRIMINAL reclaimed is a double good to the community, which is benefited by the removal of an injurious member, in as great a measure, perhaps, as it profits by the acquisition of a useful individual.

The number of criminals reformed has been, we believe, but small; and owing to this circumstance an impression has gradually gained ground that they are 'absolutely irreclaimable. This opinion is not, however, correct; for though the chances are generally speaking against success, enough has been done to give encouragement to further exertions, especially where the subjects are young, and where early disadvantageous circumstances, and not a depraved disposition, have been the cause of the evil. In this particular the efforts of Mrs. Fry and her benevolent associates have, perhaps, been inadequately estimated by those persons who are accustomed to look to the *immediate* effects of any plan of improvement, and who forget that results, the ramifications of which can only be traced within a limited scope and period of time, can be but imperfectly apprehended.

The establishment of asylums for the reception of the poor friendless beings who, on their discharge from prison, would have had no prospect but that of a return to vice and misery, but who have been enabled, by the instructions received during their detention, to fill a respectable station in life; the procuring situations for the women, many of whom have afterwards become valuable servants, are among the direct, but lesser results of Mrs. Fry's efforts, which might, if carried on with ampler funds, and on a more extended scale, be rendered efficiently serviceable to society at large.* These asylums, with the schools of reform, both for boys and girls, established in various places (originating with the Ladies' British Association, in conjunction with the Prison Discipline Society), may be traced chiefly to the same cause; but there are also other results, not only highly beneficial in themselves, but affording valuable evidence for the instruction of those who may wish to see the improvements, which Mrs. Fry laboured so indefatigably to accomplish, brought into general use, in the systems of our prisons and Penitentiaries.

Before she commenced her ministry, the state of the prisons in every part of the country was such as could hardly be conceived, were it to be described. The crowding together of men, women, and children, tried and untried, without classification or order, in confined cells; the placing women entirely under the control and management of men, the want of proper food and clothing, with the total absence of any thing like regulation of conduct, were, as may be supposed, productive of every sort of vice, cruelty, and suffering. To effect the complete separation of men and women in prisons, and the placing female prisoners under the superintend-

* A sale of ornamental work is announced to take place at Crosby Hall on the 28th of February, for the benefit of these asylums, and for other benevolent purposes connected with prisons.

ance of women*, were among the objects for which Mrs. Fry has earnestly laboured; nor has she been unsuccessful, though the first-named principle, the separation of men and women, is still in many places lamentably neglected.

After the numerous difficulties overcome, the fears of failure conquered, and the good effects of order introduced among female prisoners in many places—two facts are clearly proved: 1. that the condemned criminal is *not* past hope of reformation, and, 2. that employment of the right kind†, with religious instruction carefully adapted to the wants and circumstances of prisoners, are efficient agents in promoting their amendment.

We recommend the perusal of a little volume, published several years ago, on this subject, by Mr. Fowell Buxton, to those who are unacquainted with the quiet but earnest manner in which Mrs. Fry and her friends proceeded to bring about improvements, for which society may long hold itself their debtor.

From the interesting narrative of exertions made, and individual reforms effected by these ladies, we turn to the ponderous volumes of reports, published, in the years 1837 and 1838, by the inspectors of prisons. The perusal afforded a deep but painful interest, unaccompanied by a hope that any speedy and extensive amelioration is in prospect; for, however the conscientious and faithful discharge of their task, and the excellent feeling evinced by these gentlemen, must deserve and obtain respect, their reports leave a melancholy conviction, that the crying evils which have so long existed in our gaols and penitentiaries are very far from being removed. We believe that the principle on which to proceed in penal legislation is still undisclosed, and while it continues to be so, we shall only go on as heretofore, encumbering ourselves with an expensive machinery for the prevention of crime; while, as the tabulated returns prove, crime is neither proportionately reformed in its maturity, nor checked in its early growth.

The volumes of Reports are divided into four parts: 1. The Report sent in by the Inspectors of the Home District. 2. That of the Northern and Eastern. 3. The Southern and Western District,—and 4. A Report on the Prisons of Scotland. The first part, which is the longest, and most important, of the second report, inasmuch as it contains an account drawn up with great care and accuracy of the metropolitan prisons, as well as of the provincial gaols in the south-east of England, was sent in by Messrs. Crawford and Russell. These gentlemen preface their report by an address to the Secretary of State, in which an acute and judicious comparison is drawn between the two systems of prison discipline, known as “The Silent System,” and “The Separate System.” The details of both these systems may not be known to all our readers. The silent system, as practised in some English prisons, consists of a rather complicated series of regulations, which the prisoners are to observe. Marching in silence from their respective cells in the morning; in silence and in file making the different changes of place required during the day; from the common room to the yard—from the yard to the treadmill, &c.—their whole time is occupied in frequent musterings in the yard, marchings, and countermarchings, &c.; all which must be performed as it were by clockwork, and by the prisoners; as far as

* We take an opportunity in this place, having received permission to do so, of giving the decided opinion of Mrs. Fry, that under no pretext whatever should men be permitted to visit *alone* the separate cells in which female prisoners are lodged. Even the clergyman should not be an exception. Much mischief has occurred in prisons from the non-observance of this rule.

† By this we mean employment in the advantages of which the prisoners have either a present or remote participation. We shall, in future, term it profitable employment.

regards each other, in perfect silence. In this system (as indeed we believe in all gaol systems hitherto adopted in England) little profitable employment, or we should rather say, little employment of any kind is given, except to those who are sentenced to hard labour, and who are therefore placed on the treadmill, or required to pick oakum. Human beings are collected in numbers, from among that portion of society the least accustomed to self-control, and, *without any one object before them to occupy their thoughts or change the current of their feelings*, they are required to exercise the most absolute self-restraint, and are expected to experience from this mode of treatment some improvement in character.

The separate system, as it is called, is an arrangement by which each prisoner is lodged in a cell alone, — the difference between this plan and that of solitary confinement being, that the individual is not deprived of all intercourse with his fellow creatures, although any communication with his fellow prisoners is strictly avoided; but at the same time, he is entirely debarr'd from exercise in the open air.

The inspectors of the home district are earnest advocates of the latter system, in opposition to the former, and argue so far justly in its favour. Still we submit that they only choose the least of two evils. They urge against the silent system, that its machinery is too complicated to be of any practical utility. From the necessity of constant and close superintendence, without which the law of perfect silence would every moment be violated, the wardsmen required are too numerous to be *paid* officers of respectable character; consequently, the persons who are entrusted to watch and report the conduct of the prisoners, are chosen *from among themselves*; and it has been remarked, that the most experienced villain makes the best wardman. This arrangement, as might be conceived, occasions abuse and injustice of every kind. How could it be otherwise? Another difficulty, and an equal evil, is this; the arrangements, from being exceedingly orderly and methodical, require some time to learn; and though the practised thief has had frequent opportunities, from having been many times imprisoned before, of acquiring an aptitude for its detail, the young offender, who is committed for the first time, makes so many mistakes in acquiring the new *drill*, that he not only causes confusion among the others, but is so frequently punished for infractions of prison law, that his punishments for offences committed while in prison, exceed in severity the original sentence. When it is remembered that, as the discipline of prisons is at present managed, the untried frequently shares the punishment of the convicted prisoner, the injustice consequent on this system becomes even more striking.

“That the untried prisoner is subjected to a greater proportion of suffering than the convicted, we found instanced in one prison, where 90 untried prisoners were visited with 224 punishments, while 236 convicted prisoners were visited with 574 punishments.” — *Second Report of Home District*, p. 5.

It appears, however, that this system has worked better in some places than in others; and, from the experience of the Northern District, the inspector, Mr. W. J. Williams, speaks decidedly in its favour, in contradistinction to the system of separation, and *under considerable modification*.

“As regards the penal systems of silence and separation, the first is easy of execution, even with the present machinery of our establishments, and produces no observable bad effects on the physical and mental powers; as a deterring agent, I hold a strong opinion of its efficacy, and this result of punishment is of far more value to a community than even the reformation of offenders, which can only be called into action *after* the commission of crime, while the former has been previously busy as its preventive. But this discipline, to

be effective, should be vigorously administered by paid servants, and without the intervention of wardsmen, and with the provision of a separate sleeping cell for each prisoner. In the absence of the latter provision, I fear it is only attempting that by day which may be undone at night. The mode in which it is now enforced, by bringing the untried and the tried together at work and meals, thus breaking down a great moral and legal distinction, appears to me highly objectionable, and still more so the practice of placing convicted prisoners as wardsmen over those committed for trial. In expressing myself favourably of the silent discipline, I beg to be understood by your Lordship, as not investing it with any extravagant pretensions, or holding out expectations of extraordinary results. That silence can be so rigidly commanded, as to make the interchange of a word or sign impracticable, is what I have nowhere found to be the case, nor do I believe it of any consequence that it should be so. Upon this point I consider it sufficient that the once uninterrupted stream of vicious communication is arrested, and by a harmless yet irksome intervention." — *Second Report of the Northern and Eastern District*, p. 2.

In Chester county gaol, one of the prisons in which the "silent system" is said "to have been attended with a decidedly beneficial result, as regards the conduct and bearing of the prisoners," the evidence given in its favour concludes thus:—

"We do not hear of any reforms; when they go out they get to their old associates, and then they forget every thing."

Mr. Williams, the inspector of the Northern and Eastern District, whose address we have just quoted, and who strongly recommends the adoption of the silent system, with modifications for tried prisoners, speaks thus of the contrary plan:—

"Separate confinement, by day and night, having been recommended for the untried in this country, I consider it my duty to advise that great caution should be used in its application, particularly to those prisoners who have to wait the long periods between the assizes for a gaol delivery. The minimum size for a cell, to be made use of for this purpose, should be accurately and precisely laid down. *Warmth, exercise, manual employment, and instruction should be provided.* The visits of officers and friends should be frequent."

This system, be it observed, is considered by Messrs. Crawford and Russell as far more eligible than the difficult and hardly practicable plan of perfect silence. Surely it must at once strike our readers, if such frequent visits of officers and friends, warmth, exercise, and employment, are necessary for the untried, the average term of whose confinement is usually shorter than that of the condemned prisoners—that separate confinement in the case of the latter, *without* these privileges and advantages, cannot be expected to prove salutary, either to the body or the mind.* To effect moral reformation we hold it to be indispensable; and in this we have the best authority among physiologists, that the physical state of the individual should be sound and healthy. The morbid condition of both mind and body resulting from long sedentary occupation and close confinement, without air or exercise, is notorious, even in comparatively happy circumstances, but—

"All prisoners labour more or less under depression. This depression is predisposing to disease, which though often inert, is frequently called into action, by a spare and unvarying diet, humidity of site, extreme cold, deficiency of ventilation, or protracted close confinement."

For direct evidence of the fatal tendency of this system, we need only consult the Reports of the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia, a prison which has been cited as an example of the good effects of solitary confinement. It is found that the annual mortality of its inmates very consider-

* In their Third Report the inspectors recommend exercise in the open air. The Second Report contained no such recommendation, nor has this privilege ever been granted hitherto to prisoners under the separate system.

ably exceeds that of the Auburn Penitentiary in the United States, at which the silent system is in operation; that it is also much greater than in our largest English prisons, and that insanity is of very frequent occurrence among the prisoners.

We should have thought a very few words sufficient to establish the fact, that this system must prove in many cases most pernicious, and in few, if any, be attended with favourable results: but as two of the inspectors, justly deprecating the system of silence, have taken some pains to show that separate confinement is preferable, and, in their third report have strongly recommended its adoption, the advantages which may possibly attend it should not be altogether lost sight of. We say *possibly*, for we are doubtful as to any good result: for even supposing it to be true that in many instances prisoners have borne this treatment without *apparent* injury to the bodily health, is it likely to be efficacious in producing a *change of habits*? That, with a few naturally well-disposed prisoners, whose derelictions from duty may have been caused by want, by early unfavourable circumstances, or by evil associates, such confinement, with religious instruction, may induce reflection, and lead to good resolutions for the future, we can readily believe; but we think it would not be difficult to prove that *such* prisoners might be led to adopt new habits, as well as to form good resolutions, without the hazard of making a wreck of both mental and bodily constitution for the remainder of their lives.*

Those who are unacquainted with the state of our gaols and penitentiaries, would learn facts relative to the subject from these reports, which hitherto perhaps they could not have credited, or even imagined possible. It was our intention to select a few instances, which might convey some idea of the condition of many prisons; but, on looking through the books, we found it impossible to extract or select the most striking instances, both on account of their number, and from their containing details of wretchedness and abuses, from which readers in general would turn with horror and disgust. We must therefore refer those who are practically interested in these matters to the Report itself.

We give a few sentences from the remarks of the inspectors on the Borough Compter:—

“The idea of confinement in this gaol having any tendency to deter is quite absurd. Its moral effects must be deeply injurious on all, but especially on the young and inexperienced, and also upon the debtors, whose average of detention is ten weeks, and some of whom are occasionally obliged to pass sixteen weeks in this hot-bed of corruption. The baneful influence of the vicious associations, be it remembered, extends also, during this period, to such of their wives and children as spend their days in the prison.”

“The association of the untried with the convicted, the facilities for occasional conversation with the sexes in the manner we have pointed out, the exaction of “chummage,” the number and almost constant presence of visitors, many of whom are persons of the worst character, the encouragement to drunkenness, by the unlimited quantity of beer permitted to be consumed by convicted as well as untried prisoners, the constant desecration of the Sabbath, the absence of any separate accommodation for the sick, and the want of an apartment for the decent performance of divine worship; these are among the more prominent features of a prison, which is exceedingly discreditable to the court under whose jurisdiction it is placed.”—*Home Dist.* p. 181.

This frightful description, with slight variations, might serve for several other similar establishments in London, and the state of the provincial gaols, however varying, according to their different local circumstances, is in many

* We recommend to the perusal of our readers two very able papers in the Monthly Law Magazine of October and November last, containing a Review of the Third Report of the Inspectors, and detailing facts connected with the separate system which, if generally known, would, we trust, prevent its rigorous enforcement from ever being contemplated.

cases not less deplorable. Many of the Scotch gaols in particular have been, and still are, in a frightful condition. In these prisons the separate system is adopted, without apparently being well understood. We have Mrs. Fry's authority for stating that, on her visit to Scotland, she found women confined in solitary cells, who, *for many days*, had had no society or attendance but the daily visits of a turnkey. Even in illness a female attendant was not allowed them. The suffering arising from such an arrangement to persons of good character, and the mischievous results to all may be imagined.

The barbarous custom of shutting up untried prisoners of respectable habits, with murderers, housebreakers, and women of every description, is even in our metropolitan prisons a matter of every-day occurrence. The dirty and unwholesome state of some of our provincial gaols cannot be described here, and the evidence which we find every where throughout the book, given by clergymen, whose time, attention, and thought for the moral and religious welfare of the prisoners, have not been spared — by gaolers who consider the subject as a matter of business, with reference to the numbers entering and leaving the prison — and by the prisoners themselves, who have no motives for concealment, shows but too plainly that nothing like the reformation of offenders, or the prevention of crime, can be looked for, unless a thorough alteration and improvement, not only in each separate establishment, but in the whole system of prison discipline be effected.

In the year 1834 certain questions were proposed by the French minister of the interior to M. Diey, who had been eminently successful as director of the Maison Centrale, at Beaulieu, relative to the orders and regulations of that establishment. These questions, with the answers of M. Diey, were published in the year 1836, at Caen in Normandy. It is very desirable that the facts contained in this little French publication should be more generally known in England. The sincerity and simplicity which characterises M. Diey's answers are to us a strong testimony in their favour; but we have also had the gratification of hearing, through another channel, that they are free from exaggeration or inaccuracy. During the last year, two gentlemen of high character at Rouen, and connected with the administration of the Bicêtre in that city, wishing to ascertain for themselves the correctness of the printed statements, visited the Maison Centrale, and not only confirmed the account given by M. Diey, but stated that the results of the measures adopted by him had been more favourable than during the preceding years, inasmuch as the system had had a longer time for development.

The Maisons Centrales were first established by the French Government in or about the year 1820; the object for which they are designed being to relieve the gaols of such prisoners as are sentenced to an imprisonment of one year or upwards. The establishment at Beaulieu contained, in 1834, 800 prisoners, consisting both of those condemned for criminal matters, and of those who were found guilty of such offences as come under the jurisdiction of the police (*détenus correctionnels*).

The first questions relate to religious instruction, and the answers to these are less decided and satisfactory than to those on other subjects, owing to the fact that, up to the time at which the inquiry was made, M. Diey had never found in any "Maison Centrale" with which he had been connected, a chaplain possessed of talent or zeal sufficient to be influential in the work of reform.* He gives, however, a decided opinion in favour of the good effects of religious instruction, from having seen much attention and interest

* He has since met with an ecclesiastic, L'Abbé L'Aimé, fully qualified for that office.

excited among prisoners, when any preaching, calculated to touch them personally, and to awaken religious feeling, has been addressed to them.

A school had been opened in the "Maison Centrale" in the year 1832, which in the year 1836 contained seventy scholars, chosen from among the youngest prisoners. Of the first seventy admitted, six only could read and write a little; these were appointed monitors. Of the seventy in the school at the time of the inquiry, thirty-two could read and write well, twenty-four tolerably; and others who had not made so much progress, had still learned something. The proportion of persons who are in a condition to benefit by instruction is calculated to be one in five; on these it exercised a salutary influence, while the others, as M. Diey remarks, could not possibly be the worse for it. All the prisoners who had been allowed to enter the school, evinced by docility and application their wish to learn.

The part of his system on which most stress is laid by the Director of Beaulieu, as having been most conducive to the order of the establishment, and as having given the best possible chance of improvement in character on leaving it, is labour, — not the hard labour usually given in our prisons as an addition to the severity of the sentence, but effective labour at some trade, which may turn to account in the prison, and may afterwards afford the prisoner a means of subsistence. With reference to this subject, M. Diey says, comparing the system of the "Maisons Centrales" with the measures formerly adopted towards prisoners who were confined in the departmental gaols: —

"Not that there was less real solicitude for the welfare of the prisoners who remained in the departmental gaols, but that it was impossible in them to introduce the labour which forms so important a feature in the description of the '*Maisons Centrales*,' and is the basis of order, tranquillity, and, I should add, of religion also; for it is by labour that the prisoners commence a moral existence; that regular habits of living are substituted for profligacy and disorder; that they become tractable and submissive, and at length, capable of profiting by moral and religious instruction."

"Labour appears to me not only to have an essentially reformatory influence, but it is further my belief, that no improvement is attainable without it: it is the basis, the soul of the penitentiary system; and when once introduced into a prison, there is no regulation, however severe, to which the prisoners cannot be made to submit."

At Beaulieu, trades of various kinds, tailoring, carpentering, shoe-making, lace-making, and all sorts of weaving are carried on in workshops, containing, on an average, forty individuals each. Over each of these workshops a superintendent of *good character* is placed, who secures silence among the prisoners on every subject but the occupation in hand. We think the reasons given for placing large numbers instead of small gangs of men in the workshops, deserving of notice on several accounts. M. Diey observes, that among a small number of persons collusion would be frequent, and the facility of making each other understood by signs considerable; whereas,

"In large companies there must necessarily be many wills, and without being obliged to place spies upon their actions, in itself an odious and demoralising measure, the indiscretion of the prisoners themselves is sufficient to divulge their plots, and to betray any infraction of morals among them."

Were the number in the workshops diminished, the necessity for a greater number of superintendents would perhaps render the machinery of the establishment too expensive to be carried on, without having recourse to the plan which has been mentioned as so objectionable in England,—that of placing persons chosen from among themselves as wardsmen to superintend the prisoners.

According to the register of discharged prisoners kept at Beaulieu for the last three years, during which the number of inmates has varied but

little, fifty out of a hundred have learned trades sufficiently to enable them to earn their bread on leaving the establishment. Some interesting particulars are given of those who have gained industrious habits while in the *Maison Centrale*, and who have afterwards expressed in a gratifying manner to M. Diey the sense they entertained of the benefits conferred on them while under his care.

M. Diey strongly advocates the provision of agricultural labour for prisoners from the country, among whom vices arising from inactivity and idleness seem to be more prevalent than among those brought up in towns, while craft and acuteness characterise the latter class of criminals.

Many objections, it appears, have been urged against the employment of prisoners in useful trades, on the ground that, by this means, the free and respectable workman's business is injured. M. Diey has taken some pains to combat this idea, and we think that, on consideration, the objection will be found to be futile. As prisoners never remain in the *Maison Centrale* for a sufficient period of time to attain to any degree of perfection in their employment, and as the workmen must be constantly learners, and frequently changing, it is found that manufactures of the coarsest texture, where manufactures proceed to any extent, are most easily carried on in such an establishment. At Beaulieu a coarse cloth, differing from any other made in the departments, is fabricated in the *Maison Centrale*. On a comparison of the quantity manufactured within the prison with that made without the walls, the former is found to be so trifling in proportion to the latter, that even were its quality such as to excite competition, the free workman could not by possibility be injured.*

The lodging of prisoners at night is a subject of some importance. Separate cells have by most persons been held to be indispensable, from the great difficulty of preventing conversation or disorderly conduct, when many persons are lodged together. At Beaulieu, it has been found advantageous to place the 800 prisoners in five large dormitories, each individual having a separate bed. The most disorderly or vicious characters are placed at a distance from each other. The rooms are well lighted, and a vigilant superintendence is exercised, by means of openings in the walls, through which the prisoners can be watched or heard. With respect to this matter also, we may observe, that the constant employment of the prisoners would go far to obviate the difficulty. Men and women who have worked actively and steadily through the day, in airy sheds, or in the open air, are less likely to be inclined to lie awake and converse at night, than those who have been kept in close confinement and only partially employed during the day, and who are therefore less healthily wearied with their day's work. The same objection that attaches to small workshops would apply to smaller dormitories. Separate cells for each prisoner for the night would add greatly to the expense of the building; and M. Diey's belief, from his experience at Beaulieu, is that the required objects may be gained without them.†

With respect to punishments used for the refractory in the prison, we will hear what the director himself says,

"We have had solitary cells at Beaulieu for the last four years, but they are not as yet

* Employment is obtained at Beaulieu from the Parisian tradesmen, who contract with the prisoners for work. One-third of the profit is devoted to the establishment, the prisoners receive a similar sum, and the remaining third forms a fund for them on their discharge. Probably a better arrangement might be made.

† Notwithstanding the opinion expressed by M. Diey on this subject, we concur with Mrs. Fry in the belief, which from long experience she has been led to entertain, that separate cells for the night are *absolutely indispensable*, both for men and women.

completed.* There are to be thirty-six, occupying a separate part of the building ; at present we have but thirteen. These cells are divided into two compartments,—one containing a hammock, and the other a loom or stocking-frame. The first is used instead of the dungeon (cachot) for punishments of short duration ; but when a prisoner is to suffer solitary confinement with labour, he occupies both. The last-named punishment is inflicted only on the lazy, or such as are dangerous and intractable. The former often remain there several months, until they have been able to do as much work as the laborious prisoners, and the latter until the expiration of their term of sentence. It might be supposed, but erroneously, that the number of incorrigibly bad subjects would go on increasing, so as to incumber the cells. I have used this species of punishment four years. The first refractory prisoner whom I confined in a cell inhabits it still, and none of those confined since have been released, yet there are at this moment but eight, five of whom have been transferred to Beaulieu from other establishments. It would also be an error to ascribe any corrective power to this mode of punishment, but it is a means of intimidation in which there is nothing cruel, which acts upon the whole mass of prisoners, who dread nothing so much as solitude for any length of time, and which also has the advantage of rendering all on whom it is inflicted industrious."

"I shall avail myself of this opportunity to repeat my objection to classification of every kind ; it is useless, whether based on the nature of the crime, or on the degree of turpitude of the criminals, or on the circumstance of the individual being imprisoned for the first or for the fifth time. If classed according to the nature of the crime, it is useless ; for the most depraved characters may be found among those convicted of slight offences, and the most hopeful among those who have committed serious ones."

"If the worst subjects are to be separated from the others, how are you to distinguish them ? for, as Mr. Lynd, governor of the New York Penitentiary, said to Messrs. de Beaumont and De Tocqueville, the most hardened among the prisoners frequently conformed with the best grace to the rules of the prison, inasmuch as experience had taught them to make the best of their situation."

"I therefore recommend that all should be mixed, separating only from the mass such refractory prisoners as disturb the order of the establishment, and try to induce others to imitate them. These should be made to labour in solitude until the expiration of their term."

"In speaking of solitary confinement with labour, I said, that it could not be regarded as a means of correction. I believe farther, that the same may be equally said of any kind of punishment. Bad subjects may be intimidated and subdued by rigorous chastisement, but it is only by long-continued habits of order and labour that any thing like reformation can be effected."

"When punishments are to be inflicted on prisoners, they are shut up by themselves ; and the cells are so arranged that they cannot speak loud enough to be heard by each other without being heard also by every body else. They are aware that such disobedience to the rules of the prison is punishable by a prolongation of solitary confinement, *without labour*, or by privation of their soup, in the case of those who are confined *with labour*, so that conversation is next to impossible."

The practice of putting prisoners in irons has been relinquished at Beaulieu : —

"I have banished them, as well as every other physical restraint, from the prisoners intrusted to my care. I consider them perfectly useless in such establishments as the "*Maisons Centrales*," *the sufferings of the body being only calculated to produce irritation of mind.*"

After a careful perusal, and much consideration of the works named above, the following conclusions were suggested to our mind. The evidence from which they are gathered is various, and given by persons of every class of life and description of character, but though springing from various sources, a stream of concurrent testimony flows throughout them all, which we think might be followed up and rendered useful in the work of improvement.

For untried prisoners, those who, though under suspicion, are by our law

* In the year 1834.

held to be innocent until the contrary is proved, one simple principle of justice ought never to have been lost sight of; *the only right which the law can have over these individuals is that of detention.* The safe custody of the person until trial is all that can be claimed, and no liberty or privilege consistent with this condition should be withheld from the prisoner.

There are many reasons why the untried should not only be kept separate from the convicted prisoners, but also from each other. Many among those ordered for trial may be presumed to be guilty and depraved characters; with these there should be no chance of associating an innocent person; the distress of feeling to persons of mature age, and the danger of contamination to the young, are sufficient motives for separation. The untried should therefore be kept in separate cells, and allowed not only the visits of the clergyman and officers of the prison, but the society and contributions of their friends; exercise in the open air — warmth — comfort — books — and as good a diet as the funds set apart for prison purposes will allow.*

After trial the aspect of affairs is changed, and the condemned prisoner must undergo a treatment, whose severity shall operate on the minds of others in such a way, as to form one motive to deter them from the commission of crime, while the steadily-enforced obligation to follow employments to which he is totally unaccustomed, and which are therefore peculiarly distasteful to him, shall lead to the formation of habits the usefulness of which he shall ultimately acknowledge.

For this purpose we cannot conceive any thing better adapted than such institutions as the *Maison Centrale* of Beaulieu, in which it appears that the discipline is sufficiently rigorous for the purpose of prevention (if exercised for a sufficient length of time) as far as prevention can ever be accomplished by means of fear, while the occupation and instruction given to the criminals have a tendency to promote reform, and to provide for their future respectability.

It is true that the *Maisons Centrales* are only intended for the reception of prisoners whose sentence extends to one year or more, and it appears certain that much injury would be done to the arrangement of such institutions, and the possibility of effecting reforms in them much lessened, by the admission of offenders condemned to a very short term of imprisonment. It is worthy of consideration, whether an extension of the term, even with some mitigation of the severity of the sentence, might not be productive of the best effects. All criminals dread a long confinement, and are frequently heard to make light of their sentence, if it does not exceed a few weeks. By lengthening the time of confinement in a place adapted for the purpose, a better chance would be given for the formation of new habits, while the certainty of being obliged to work hard and regularly for several months, would be efficacious in the prevention of crime. An increased expense, it is true, would be incurred by such an arrangement, but if we are right in supposing that the fear of a longer imprisonment would act as a preventive, the additional outlay would soon be more than compensated. As recommittals would also be lessened in number, there would be a saving of the expense incurred in prosecuting, moving from place to place, &c., especially where the delinquent is a young vagabond, who passes his time

* Should this almost self-evident principle be ever fully recognised and carried into practice, is it not likely that the increased expense attending the maintenance of untried prisoners will suggest the expediency of more frequent gaol deliveries?

alternately in a series of petty thefts, and in taking two or three months' exercise on the treadmill.

There will always be a class of offences to which only short periods of imprisonment can be assigned; but where the offender, having been found guilty one or more times before, is by the present system condemned to a few weeks' punishment, we believe that an extension to a few months of the term of imprisonment might be resorted to with the best possible effects. This plan has been tried and found successful within the last few years at Rouen.

On the unexpensive plan of the *Maison Centrale* of Beaulieu, a few similar establishments in this country would suffice to relieve the gaols of tried prisoners. Judging by the description of some of the recently built county gaols, as given in the inspector's report, it might not be found impracticable to convert them into buildings for this purpose. It will be said, undoubtedly, this plan has probably been found to answer as stated, in Normandy, under the care of a peculiarly judicious and well qualified individual, but could the same success be calculated on, unless similar persons could be found to undertake the direction of such establishments in England? We answer, it could not by any possibility be looked for; but we hope the time is near, when the conviction will be more strongly felt than it has hitherto been, that the ultimate success of any institution in which human beings are assembled together, whether for instruction, support, correction, or physical cure, must depend almost, if not entirely, on the strength of character and moral fitness for the situation of the individual who is placed at its head. Whether it be a school, a workhouse, an asylum, or a prison, no committee of managers, or set of visitors, can ever hope to be able to bring it into a thoroughly prosperous state, unless their intentions are seconded and carried into execution by the individual who is in reality the executive head of the whole.

The substitution of profitable labour for the exhausting toil of the treadmill appears to us an important measure. We have, in the report of our own inspectors, frequent testimony to the inefficiency of this method of punishment in promoting reformation. It is stated by clergymen, that the labour of the treadmill leaves the mind in too irritated a state to be susceptible of religious instruction; and the evidence of the prisoners themselves shows that it affords sufficient opportunities to the men of making signals to each other, at a time when the feelings of excitement caused by the labour are likely to determine the import of their communications.

It has been remarked by a recent and experienced writer on insanity, in advocating the importance of useful occupation for the insane, that

"With both the sane and insane, where the mind has no opportunity of employment on objects of importance, it will either busy itself about trifles, or sink into apathy, or allow itself to wander unchecked in idle reveries."

"Now, what would be the consequence if we were to take a sane person, who had been accustomed to society, &c., and were to lock him up in a small house, with a keeper for his only associate, and no place of exercise but a miserable garden? We should certainly not look for any improvement in his moral and intellectual condition. Can we then reasonably expect that a treatment, which would be injurious to a sane mind, should tend to restore a diseased one?"

If this statement be true, and the experience of Sir W. Ellis affords strong presumption that it is so, are we likely to be successful in our treatment of the vitiated feelings of criminals, who may be considered as of

morally unsound mind, by giving them a punishment calculated to generate only irritation and revenge?

The strong recommendation of M. Diey for a strictly temperate prison diet is strengthened by the startling facts brought forward by our inspectors of prisons : —

“Of the 198 male and female prisoners committed to the Preston House of Correction, between the 1st of July of the present year, and this date (16th of October) for various offences, felonies, and misdemeanours, *eighty-eight* of those offences are either the DIRECT consequences of drunkenness, or the offenders were more or less under its influence when their apprehension took place.”

“The great origin of crime is here only too evident. Mere ignorance of religious truth does not necessarily lead a man into the more open violations of the law, because there still remains the check arising from the apprehension of human justice ; but habits of intoxication, or even an occasional excess, are certain to produce forgetfulness of the penalties of the law, as well as of the precepts of religion, even with those who are not altogether uneducated ; and it is worthy of remark, that of twenty-two men and three women, who in the table following are classed as being able to read and write with facility, the offences of fifteen of them are attributed to *intoxication*.”—*Second Report of Inspectors of Prisons.*

Surely these few words convey a lesson to legislators and philanthropists. Much as we value every means that may be found effectual in any degree in deterring from and diminishing crime, we rest convinced that no measures can be so permanently and extensively useful as those which are directed to discourage the vice of drunkenness among those of mature years, and to secure for the young habits of industry, and a good religious and moral, as well as intellectual, education.

ATMOSPHERIC RESISTANCE ON RAILWAYS.

Note on the Great Western Railway Inquiry.

It must always be matter for regret when questions of practical science, in the investigation of which the public is deeply interested, are discussed, not in the temper and spirit which animates those whose only feeling is the love of truth, and whose only object is the advancement of knowledge, but with the acrimony which is the never-failing characteristic of those whose object is the attainment of merely private and personal ends. It were well that persons who give this tone to scientific discussion would reflect how little the public sympathises with their animosities; and that, if any effect be produced by the course they are moved to pursue, except the degradation of science, it is to enlist public feeling on the side of the party who observes that moderation and sobriety which generally attend the proceedings of those who, having no private or personal objects to serve, are prompted solely by the desire to explore that truth, whose light, like that of day, is a common benefit to all.

These reflections have been suggested by the tone and temper in which the question of the Atmospheric Resistance on Railways, to which we lately called public attention, has been dealt with since our last publication. But that unbecoming spirit has not been the only, nor the worst, circumstance attending this discussion, if discussion that can be called which, in truth, has been little more than pert assertion and personal vituperation. If published reports be correct, an attempt has been made to mislead and misinform the public on questions of considerable public interest, and that in the presence of persons whose scientific attainments ought to have enabled them immediately to perceive the errors which were propagated, and who ought not to have been tempted by private motives even indirectly to sanction such statements by their silence.

Persons uninformed as to the past history and actual state of physical science would, judging only from the statements which have been put forth, conceive that the nature, amount, and laws of the atmospheric resistance had been perfectly ascertained long since,—so long since as the time of Newton,—and that they are now, and have long been, so well understood, that any competently informed person could sit down and calculate with the greatest facility and precision the resistance which any railway train would sustain, moving at any given speed. Indeed, one ingenious gentleman has actually professed to have done this, and has given a calculation of the resistance which a particular train must have sustained at a particular velocity in pounds and parts of a pound! and has considered his computation so conclusive, that he has elegantly pronounced some experiments, which seemed not in exact accordance with it, to be “all humbug.”

Seeing that the question which has been raised is one which has so important a bearing on the practical interests of all railway companies, it appears to us that a brief notice of the state of our knowledge of the resistance which the atmosphere opposes to bodies moving through it may not, at this time, be deemed uninteresting.

The problem of the resistance of fluids to bodies moving through them was investigated by Newton, Bernoulli, Euler, and most of the mathematicians of the last century, who devoted their attention to physical in-

quiries. Their researches, however, so far as regards the resistance of elastic fluids like the air, are more remarkable for profound mathematical skill than for practical usefulness. Indeed many of them, and among the rest those of Newton himself, are founded on hypotheses and conditions so obviously inapplicable to the actual motion of a body through the air, that the results they lead to are entirely at variance with ascertained experience. It is, therefore, to the results of extensive and well conducted experiments only that we can look with confidence for any useful information on this subject.

Unfortunately, however, such experiments as can be safely taken as the foundation of practical conclusions are by no means numerous. The earliest which are at all entitled to attention are those of Robins, made about the middle of the last century. These were subsequently repeated, and to some extent varied by Borda, and published in the memoirs of the French Academy of Sciences in 1763.

The object of these experiments was to supply grounds for a practical treatise on gunnery, and they were accordingly limited mostly to the motion of metallic balls at high velocities. On comparing the resistances which these bodies were observed to suffer with those which, according to the theory of Newton, they ought to have suffered, it was found that the actual resistance was three times greater than that given by the theory.

One of the laws established by theory was, that the resistance, other things being the same, increases in the same proportion as the square of the velocity; that is to say, whatever be the resistance of the air against a body moving at one foot per second, the resistance will be *four* times as great if it move at *two* feet per second, *nine* times as great if it move at *three* feet per second, *sixteen* times as great at *four* feet per second, and so on. This law Mr. Robins found not to be exact in practice at any velocity, the resistance always increasing in a higher proportion; and, as we have just stated, he found that it totally failed at high velocities, giving a result three times less than the truth.

The subject was next taken up by the late Dr. Hutton, who made experiments under circumstances more varied and at different velocities. He also endeavoured to investigate the effect which the *form* of the body produced upon the resistance.

These experiments were made with hemispheres moved alternately with the round and flat side foremost, with cones moved with the point and base alternately foremost, with cylinders with the end foremost, and with spheres.

It was found that, when the motion was very slow, the resistance did not sensibly vary from the law of the squares of the velocities, but that a gradual departure from that law took place as the velocity was increased; and that, at a certain speed, the resistance was twice that which was due to the square of the velocity.

In comparing together different surfaces exposed to the atmospheric resistance, it was found that the increase of resistance was in a greater proportion than the increase of surface.

It was also found that, although a flat surface encountered more resistance than a round or pointed one, yet that the resistance did not diminish in proportion to the sharpness of the foremost end of the moving body; but that, on the contrary, a body with an hemispherical end was less resisted than one which presented a cone foremost.

The resistance was likewise found to be affected by the form of the *hinder* part. Thus a cone, moved base foremost, was more resisted than a

hemisphere, also moved base foremost, and a hemisphere in like manner was more resisted than a cylinder.

These experiments were, however, made on bodies of very small magnitudes. The bases of the cones, cylinders, and hemispheres were less than a quarter of a square foot, and as the resistance was found to increase not in the proportion of the surface but in some higher *unascertained* proportion, no correct inference could be made from the resistances obtained from these experiments, with respect to the resistances of more extended surfaces, especially if those surfaces were greater in a very high ratio.

No one could be more aware of the insufficiency of these, and consequently of any preceding experiments, to form the basis of practical rules for atmospheric resistance, than this eminent philosopher himself. How conscious he was of this, and how profound is the ignorance of those who have lately so flippantly declared, that the amount of the atmospheric resistance and its laws are perfectly well known, will be seen by the following observations, with which Dr. Hutton closed this part of his work.

"On a review of the whole of the premises, we find that the resistance of the air, as determined from the foregoing experiments, differs very widely, both in respect to its quantity on all figures, and in regard to the proportion of its action on oblique surfaces, from the same actions and resistances, as assigned by the most plausible and imposing theories which have been hitherto delivered and confided in by philosophers. Hence it may be concluded, that all the speculative theories on the resistance of the air hitherto laid down are very erroneous, and that it is from experiments only, carefully and skilfully executed, that a rational hope can be grounded of deducing and establishing a true and useful theory of the action of forces so intimately connected with the numerous and important concerns of human life."

We now leave the reader to decide between Dr. Hutton and the philosopher who lately is said to have pronounced Newton's theory of the resistance of air to be the "immutable law of nature;" and the other gentleman, who declared experiments on the subject to be "all humbug."

These experiments were published in the third volume of Dr. Hutton's tracts in 1812, and are the most complete and extensive experiments which had been made up to that time, and we are not aware that any others have since been undertaken.

Within the very circumscribed limits of Dr. Hutton's experiments, it was found that, under like circumstances, and with equal velocities, the resistance encountered by an increased surface was more than in the proportion of that increase, that is, if the surface were doubled or tripled, the resistance was *more than* doubled or tripled; but in what ratio, or *according to what law*, this took place was not discovered. If then the results of the experiments were not such as to supply data by which the resistance of *one small* surface could be accurately or certainly inferred from *another small* surface, it is scarcely necessary to point out, even to those not conversant in science, how impossible it must be, by the same data, to infer the resistance encountered by the surface of a railway train, measuring from above 50 square feet, from experiments made on bodies whose frontage did not exceed a quarter of a square foot.

But it is further to be observed, that the *form*, not only of the foremost part of the moving body, but also that of the hinder part, influenced the amount of resistance. Now among the forms tried by Dr. Hutton, was none similar to that of a railway carriage.

No experiments, so far as we are informed, have ever been made to

determine to what extent the resistance encountered by a body moving through air is modified by another body of similar form preceding it at any given distance. This is however necessary, if we would attempt, with any view to accuracy, the calculation of the resistance encountered by a train of railway coaches, a space more or less great intervening between each successive pair of coaches.

There is another source of resistance which will also demand attention, and which is still further removed from analogy to any experiment hitherto made upon the resistance of the air—we allude to the effect of the wheels. How, and to what extent are the spokes of the wheels clogged by the air? Do they suffer the same resistance at each point of their surface, as if they moved with the same velocity in a straight line as they do in their cycloidal course? and if not, how is the resistance modified by the effect of the air which they carry with them?

In adverting to these various difficulties presented by the question of the resistance of a railway train so far as the same depends on the air, we are far indeed from recommending the attempt at any theoretical solution of a problem so complicated. We are too well aware of the utter insufficiency of any data yet obtained for such a purpose; but we desire to undeceive those who may be misled by the statements which have been publicly made by persons of supposed information in such matters, that the whole question is perfectly understood, and that the resistance to be encountered from this physical cause is well known. We now repeat what we stated in our last article on this subject, that nothing is as yet known of the amount of the atmospheric resistance under the circumstances in which that resistance acts on railway trains with sufficient certainty or accuracy to enable any one to tell, *by mere calculation without experiment*, what is the amount of that resistance on any given railway train moving with any given speed; and we have no hesitation in saying, that those who make such pretensions expose themselves to a well-founded charge of ignorance and charlatanism.

The experiments upon the Whiston plane, which were explained in our last number, having been the subject of comment, and various objections having been raised against them, we shall take this occasion of describing more particularly the circumstances under which they were made.

Mr. Edward Woods, the superintending engineer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, being requested by Dr. Lardner to prepare a train of coaches in good working order for the experiments, selected four first class coaches, which were coupled in the usual way by Mr. Booth's patent couplings.

The Whiston plane falls uniformly at the rate of one in ninety-six for 2,700 yards. This plane was staked out into divisions of 100 yards; the stakes dividing it being numbered from the top to the bottom. The train was drawn by an engine to the top of the plane, and having had a considerable speed imparted to it, the engine was detached from it at that point. The moment of passing each stake was called out by one observer, the time was observed with a second's watch by another, and given by him to a third, who took it down. Another observer was placed on the outside, who took the time independently of these.

The times of passing from post to post were as nearly as possible uniform during the descent, and the experiment was repeated five times.

The experiments on the Madeley plane, which falls at the rate of 1 in 177 for $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles, were conducted in the same manner.

The persons assisting in the experiments on the Whiston plane were, Mr. Edward Woods, engineer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway;

Mr. G. T. Clarke, assistant engineer under Mr. Brunel, on the Great Western Railway; Mr. Herschel Babbage, (son of the distinguished person of that name); Mr. Josiah Rees, and Dr. Lardner; and the same persons (with the exception of Mr. Woods) assisted in the experiments on the Madeley plane.

In observing on these experiments, Mr. Babbage (sen.) is reported to have ascribed the uniform velocity to the *curves* which were upon the planes where the experiments were made.

Mr. Babbage was misinformed. The Whiston plane is *perfectly straight from top to bottom*; and although, on some parts of the Madeley plane, there are curves (whose radius is not less than a mile), yet it is *perfectly straight for more than a mile*, and on this part the velocity was uniform.

Mr. Brunel, in his printed observations on these experiments, laments that Mr. Nicholas Wood was not present; and thinks that his practical knowledge would have suggested many reasons for the result obtained independently of atmospheric resistance.

To this we shall merely reply that Mr. Clarke, the assistant engineer under Mr. Brunel, was present; that he was present for the express purpose of seeing how the various experiments were made, and of giving Mr. Brunel every information respecting them. We may add, also, that Mr. Clarke is himself a gentleman of considerable scientific and practical knowledge, and that we believe there is no person, not even Mr. Brunel himself, better qualified to judge of the accuracy with which an experiment is performed, or to detect and expose the sources of fallacy, if any there be. If, then, Mr. Wood's practical knowledge would have detected the modifying circumstances supposed by Mr. Brunel to exist, there can be no doubt that Mr. Clarke's practical knowledge would have amply supplied its place.

But independently of this, it may be observed that Liverpool is now only eleven hours' distance from London, and that Mr. Brunel might have gone there and *repeated the experiments* himself. A single day would have been sufficient for the purpose; and one such fact as he would obtain, by showing that his own experiments were inconsistent with those already made, would have more weight than a wilderness of conjectures as to what the practical knowledge of Mr. Nicholas Wood might have detected, &c., &c.

It is further objected by Mr. Brunel that the train of coaches used in these experiments was lighter than any trains practically used in the work of the road. This is not strictly correct. The fastest train on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway is the eleven o'clock train, and that invariably consists of four coaches, and no more. It may, however, be admitted that this train is an exception, and that the trains of passengers generally consist of from seven to nine coaches. Mr. Brunel assumes that the resistance of the air would not be *much* increased by the increased length of the train, and, therefore, that the proportion which it would bear to the whole resistance would be considerably less.

What effect the increased length of the train would produce, experiment, and experiment alone, can show. It is probable, on general grounds, that the resistance in calm air would not be increased in so great a proportion as the load is increased; but, on the other hand, with a side or oblique wind, it is almost certain that the resistance would be increased in the full proportion of the length of the train. These, however, are questions on which, in the absence of direct experiment, it is idle to conjecture.

Mr. Brunel further objects that the resistance of the air was increased by the absence of the engine and tender from the front of the train, thereby exposing to the atmosphere only the flat end of the foremost coach. This

is a point which will very shortly be brought to the test of experiment; meanwhile we must express our impression, that, so far from the resistance being *increased* by the removal of the engine and tender, it was *diminished*. The foremost end of the engine is, like that of the coach, *flat*. Below the engine, the fire-box and ash-pit descend nearly to the ground, and likewise present a *flat* surface to the air. The chimney *rises* above the top of the carriages, and presents,—not certainly a flat surface,—but a surface which in the other case *was not presented at all*. Again, the tender following the engine presents a *concave* surface to catch all the air not already driven forward by the flat end of the engine and the chimney, and above the tender rises the flat end of the foremost carriage. Now, we confess it appears to us that this combination of surfaces must offer more resistance than the flat end of the foremost carriage when exposed without their intervention. But once more we say, that this is a subject for experimental inquiry, and by that alone can it be decided.

In considering these questions it may be worth while to separate fact from inference, and to distinguish what is admitted from what is disputed.

It is admitted, then, as the result of experiment —

1. That a train of four coaches, weighing gross $15\frac{6}{10}$ tons, moved down a plane, falling 1 in 96 at 31 miles an hour, *without any acceleration*.

2. That the same coaches, weighing gross 18 tons, moved down the same plane at $32\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, *without acceleration*.

Now these being admitted, there are inferences following from them by the most elementary principles of mechanics, which neither have been nor can be disputed. They are —

1. That where a train moves down an inclined plane uniformly without acceleration, it must suffer a resistance equal to its gravity down the plane.

2. That the gravity of $15\frac{6}{10}$ tons down 1 in 96, is $364\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

3. That the gravity of 18 tons down the same plane, is $421\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

4. That, therefore, the train of four coaches used in the Whiston experiments weighing $15\frac{6}{10}$ tons, suffered at 31 miles an hour, a resistance equal to $364\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

5. That the same coaches, weighing 18 tons, suffered at $32\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, a resistance of $421\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

In like manner it may be shown that, in the experiments on the Madeley plane, the train of coaches weighing 18 tons, suffered at 21 miles an hour, a resistance of $228\frac{3}{4}$ pounds.

Now let it be observed that none of these facts or inferences are questioned.

But the only sources of resistance which are pretended to exist to the free motion of the train down the plane, are friction and the resistance of the air. Now the greatest amount ever assigned to the friction of carriages, has been from nine to ten pounds a ton, and this, from the manner in which it has hitherto been estimated, must be meant to include the atmospheric resistance at ordinary speeds. But let us for the present suppose that 9 pounds per ton is the amount of the resistance from *friction only*; then its total amount in the case of the train of 18 tons is 162 pounds, and in the case of $15\frac{6}{10}$, to from 140 pounds. There remain, therefore, resistances amounting to about 260 pounds, at the speed of $32\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, and 224 pounds, at 31 miles an hour (we use round numbers) to be accounted for; that is to say, resistances amounting to 50 per cent. more than the greatest supposable amount of friction, and probably to about three times the real amount of that source of resistance.

What has been now stated is not disputed, but it is maintained by

Mr. Brunel, that this enormous resistance is accounted for by the very fact of the carriages *moving down an inclined plane*, that they are thereby thrown *out of square*, and that "a degree of resistance is thus created which would alone account for the whole" resistance encountered in those experiments.

Thus the method of determining the resistance by motion down inclined planes, which all engineers and scientific men, without one exception, who have directed attention to this subject, have agreed to consider as the best—the method which scientific writers have invariably pointed out—the method whose results have by anticipation interwoven themselves almost with the vocabulary of mechanical science; this method is suddenly discovered by Mr. Brunel to be essentially so fallacious, that the errors attending it are incapable of measurement, and consequently of correction, and that they render the experiments useless!!

We are called upon to believe, that the friction is increased when a train of carriages moves down such an inclined plane in the ratio of at least two to five, and probably in that of two to eight!

But Mr. Brunel has not informed us, why this increase of friction by the carriages being "out of square," was not perceived until the velocity reached $32\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. The resistance which he assigns being friction is (according to all that has been ascertained respecting friction) the same at all velocities, and therefore it ought to be as great at five or ten miles an hour, as at $32\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. Why then, it may be asked, does it not keep the train at any uniform velocity which may be given to it, instead of allowing it to be accelerated to a certain speed and then ceasing to act?

With more than usual want of circumspection Mr. Brunel maintains, that in every day's experience, the passenger-trains descending the Whiston plane acquire a velocity exceeding 40 miles an hour, even with the resistance produced by the engine in front of them. But if the cause of the resistance in the Whiston experiments be really what Mr. Brunel assumes it to be, viz. the carriages being put out of square by the chief resistance being in front, this cause would be operative in a proportionately high degree in every train, especially with the resistance of the engine in front, and would retard every train in proportion to its length, and, therefore, should limit the velocity of all equally. How then do the common passenger-trains attain, as Mr. Brunel asserts, a velocity of 40 miles an hour? *

While the engineer of the Great Western Railway declares, on the one hand, that the obstacle arising from the atmosphere is inconsiderable, he states, on the other, that he has computed its amount, and has devised expedients for mitigating its effects. The only expedients which we have seen on that railway, are what have been called (from their peculiar shape) the *boat-engines*, and these are or were lately incapable of working passenger-trains, and were used as ballast-engines. We have always been informed, that the expedients for cutting the air were found (to use a well-understood phrase) *not to answer*.

It has been attempted to cast ridicule on certain persons for having pretended to have now first discovered, that the atmosphere offers resistance to railway trains. After what we have explained respecting past investigations on the resistance of air, it is not necessary here to say, that no such absurd pretension as that of discovering that the air offers resistance to a body moving through it has been made by any person. We do however assert, that all engineers and scientific men, who have hitherto given any attention to

* The conductors of the trains are forbidden, by the regulations of the railway, to allow the trains to descend the plane with a greater speed than 20 miles an hour. It is to limit them to this speed that the brakes are used.

the practical working of railways, have considered that friction is the chief source of resistance, and that the proportion which the atmospheric resistance bears to it is so small, that for practical purposes the whole resistance may be investigated, experimentally and theoretically, on the general principles which are known to be applicable to friction, but which are not at all applicable to the resistance of air. They have maintained that, in proceeding thus, a mean result will be obtained, which, though not strictly true, will nevertheless depart so little from the truth, owing to the comparative smallness of the atmospheric resistance, that it may be taken in practice as correct.

As a proof of this, we may not only refer to all the modes of experimenting which have been in practice among engineers, but also to works of reputed authority on this part of practical science. In the treatise of Mr. Wood on Railways, we find no notice of atmospheric resistance separate from friction;—and all the principles of calculating resistance used in that work, are principles applicable to friction, but altogether inapplicable to atmospheric resistance.

In like manner, in the work of M. de Pambour, although the effects of the resistance of the air rendered themselves manifest in his experiments, yet he never considered them so great as to require the application of any mathematical formulæ, which included the condition of increasing with the velocity, but investigated the *whole* resistance by formulæ which cease to represent the effects the moment it is admitted that a sensible change is produced in the resistance by a change of speed. This was not the only error into which M. de Pambour fell in his physico-mathematical investigations respecting railways, but it is all that we have now need to refer to.

It cannot be for a moment pretended, that the limited number of experiments on the atmospheric resistance, made in the course of the recent inquiry instituted by the shareholders of the Great Western Railway, are to be regarded as conclusive on a question so vitally important as this. On the contrary, we consider them as only establishing the necessity of further inquiry, and as indicating the course which that inquiry should take. Although it will probably be considered by practical men, that the objections brought against these experiments are entitled to but slight consideration, still they ought to be met, and, if possible, experimental tests should be contrived which shall meet them. We are happy to be able to say, that means have already been obtained to secure the accomplishment of this object, and that the question of the actual amount of resistances at the ordinary speed with coach-trains will be soon put beyond controversy.

THE
MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

GERMAN MANUFACTURES AND ENGLISH CORN LAWS.

THE rise and growth of manufactures in Germany, to an extent of prosperity which enable the Germans not only to supply the chief demand for home consumption, but also to compete successfully with England in the markets of the United States, Cuba, and South America, and also by smuggling into Russia and Austria, and by transit to the East, form a subject of most valuable inquiry at the present moment, when assertions, unsupported by facts, are advanced by those who are opposed to freedom of commerce, and especially to the repeal of the Corn Laws.

The union of several German States with Prussia, adopting the tariff of the latter for the whole, has been asserted or assumed by the press, and by advocates of certain trading interests, as the chief cause of the prosperity of German manufactures. It has also been contended, that the tariff of Prussia, and its adoption by Bavaria, Würtemberg, Saxony, Baden, and the smaller States, was the result of a deliberately planned design against the use of English manufactures and British colonial produce.

We have travelled over the various States of the Union at different times, before and since the formation, in 1833, of this celebrated league, which may be termed the *real German Confederation*,—we have witnessed the progress towards extraordinary prosperity, of the cotton, woollen, and hardware manufactures of Elberfeld, Crefeld, Solingen, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Eupen, Berlin, and Silesia, of Saxony, and of those more recently established upon a vast scale, with the most improved machinery, in Würtemberg and the Grand Duchy of Baden,—we have made ourselves acquainted with the origin and the motives which originated this great political as well as material confederation,—and we have found that its design and policy has not been adopted in hostility to British trade, but that its spirit and object have been, and are, entirely German. That is, to unite and strengthen Germany as one great nation, by throwing down those barricades of material warfare, and of international intercourse, the numerous lines of customs and customs officers, which previously belted every large and petty State in Germany, and the removal of which has laid open an uninterrupted intercourse from the frontiers of France and Belgium to those of Austria and Russia—from the Alps to the Baltic.

These States have therefore established a free trade among themselves. The commodities of the one are interchanged for those of the other, without the payment of duties; and more than all, the free opportunity of interchanging ideas, and of receiving intelligence, is afforded and promoted, when passing to and fro for the purpose of interchanging commodities.

By these means the Union has not only extended great facilities and benefits to manufacturing industry, but it has also shed over Germany, probably, the greatest blessing ever enjoyed by the German people.

As to the effects of the tariff of Prussia being adopted by the other States of the Union, on the use of home, to the exclusion of foreign manufactures, we will now show the actual change made by this famous piece

of fiscal and commercial legislation, which has been hung over England to terrify her merchants and her manufacturers.

On heavy cotton and woollen goods of cheap value, the duty, being levied by weight, is enormous, from 40 to 85 per cent. *ad valorem* : but it must also not be forgotten that the other States levied duties, some of them even higher than Prussia did, on woollens and cottons; and that nearly 20,000,000 of the 25,325,000 inhabitants of those States were subjected, as will appear from the following table, to duties about as high as those of Prussia, on woven manufactures.

The duties on cottons and woollens in the tariffs of the several States of the League, previous to, and since the union, were as follows :—

States.	Woollens.			Cottons.		
	Former.	Present.	Differ- ence.	Former.	Present.	Differ- ence.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Prussia, per cent- ner, before first reduction	4 10 0	4 10 0	—	8 5 0	7 10 0	0 15 0
Bavaria, raised at different times before the union	4 10 0	4 10 0	—	{ 1l. 19s. plain 3l. 15s. printed	7 10 0	5 11 0 8 15 0
Saxony	{ 2s. common 3s. in general 6s. fine	4 10	{ 4 8 0 4 7 0 4 4 0	{ 1l. 15s. plain 3l. 15s. printed	7 10 0	5 15 0 3 15 0
Württemberg	5 2 0	4 10	00 12 0	{ 1l. 15s. plain 5l. 2s. printed	7 10 0	5 15 0 2 8 0
Baden	0 17 8	4 10	03 12 4	0 17 8	7 10 0	6 12 4
Hesse Darmstadt	0 17 8	4 10	03 12 4			
Hesse Electoral (Cassel)	1l. 15s. free	4 10	02 15 0	{ 2fl. th. 15s. 2d. plain 18l. 19s. 8d. printed	7 10 0	11 9 8
Nassau	0 17 8	4 10	03 12 4			
	0 17 8	4 10	03 12 4	0 17 8	7 10 0	6 12 4

Therefore in regard to woollens, the duty was the same previous to the union.

	Inhabitants.
In Prussia, with	13,800,126
In Bavaria, with	4,252,813
In Württemberg (12s. higher than at present), with	1,631,779

That is, as high duties as at present for a population of	19,684,718
While the low duties extended only to	5,639,950

Total - 25,324,668

From the above number of	5,639,950
We may deduct the population of Saxony, who have long manu- factured woollens, fine and coarse, cheaper than, and who have never used, those of England	1,595,668

Leaving only a population of	4,033,292
who have been, to any extent, affected as buyers and consumers of British woollens.	

In respect to cottons, the duty has been lowered in the tariffs of Prussia and of Hesse-Cassel, and augmented in the other States of the League: but the difference in regard to the most populous, — those of Bavaria and Württemberg, — cannot, when the facilities of transit and bonding are taken into account, amount to much exclusion.

Saxony, also, manufactured not only her own cottons, but exported extensively before the union white and printed cottons to other countries.

It will appear, again, on the other hand, from the following statistical extracts, that our exportations to the States of the Germanic Union have not decreased or increased to any great amount.

Declared Value of British Produce and Manufactures exported from the United Kingdom to Germany, Holland, and Belgium, during the following Years :—

Years.	Germany.	Holland.	Belgium.
	£	£	
1829	4,662,566	*2,050,014	
1830	4,641,528	2,022,458	
1831	3,835,768	2,082,536	
1832	5,327,553	2,789,396	
1833	4,499,727	2,181,893	886,429
1834	4,683,589	2,470,267	750,059
1835	4,791,239	2,648,402	818,487
1836	3,624,451	2,509,622	839,276
1837	5,029,552	3,040,029	804,917
1838			

Quantity in Yards and declared Value of British Woven Cotton Goods exported to Germany and to all Countries in each of the following Years :—

Years.	Germany.		All Countries.	
	Quantity.	Value.	Quantity.	Value.
	Yards.	£	Yards.	£
1829	41,037,377	1,138,049	402,517,196	12,516,247
1830	43,817,226	1,174,633	444,578,498	14,119,770
1831	46,522,072	940,521	421,385,303	12,163,513
1832	51,479,811	1,162,899	461,045,503	11,500,630
1833	49,534,158	1,188,534	496,352,096	12,451,060
1834	50,532,106	1,293,837	555,705,809	14,127,352
1835	43,571,983	1,409,303	557,515,701	16,421,715
1836	37,458,457	1,172,065	637,667,627	18,511,692
1837	43,171,229	1,170,412	531,373,663	13,640,181
1838				

Quantity in Lbs. and Declared Value of British Cotton Twist exported to Germany and all Countries in each of the following Years :—

Years.	Germany.		All Countries.	
	Quantity.	Value.	Quantity.	Value.
	Lbs.	£	Lbs.	£
1829	24,098,301	1,590,771	61,441,251	3,976,874
1830	21,771,701	1,452,891	64,645,342	4,133,741
1831	20,454,890	1,197,274	63,821,440	3,975,619
1832	29,985,668	1,798,988	75,667,150	4,172,759
1833	23,674,911	1,600,159	70,626,161	4,704,024
1834	26,517,232	1,795,475	76,478,468	5,211,015
1835	27,882,766	1,748,321	83,214,198	5,706,589
1836	31,339,228	1,961,502	88,191,046	6,120,366
1837	34,277,531	2,178,325	103,455,138	6,955,942
1838				

A portion of the above cotton twist finds its way into Bohemia from Leipzig.

* Holland and Belgium are added, as goods of considerable value pass through those countries in transit to Germany.

Declared Value of Woollen Manufactures, including Woollen, Small Wares, and Hosiery, exported to Germany and to all Countries in the following Years: —

Years.	Germany.	All Countries.
	£	£
1829	613,812	4,661,250
1830	583,796	4,820,097
1831	425,384	5,231,983
1832	817,346	5,244,479
1833	635,066	6,294,422
1834	566,257	5,736,861
1835	631,414	6,840,511
1836	582,063	7,639,353
1837	725,699	4,655,977
1838		

We do not, however, assert that the consumption of British manufactures is equal in amount and value to what it was within Germany; for it is well known that a very great proportion of the cotton and woollen goods imported into Germany from England, are afterwards sold, chiefly at the fairs of Leipzig, to be passed in transit and smuggled into Austria, Poland, and Russia. The Jews of Brody in Galizia are the most extensively engaged in the contraband traffic; in which the premium of insurance effected at Leipzig, as to delivery and guarantee against seizure, varies from 10 to 14 per cent.

Extending the Prussian duties on colonial produce to the other States of the Union, was argued by various interests as another proof of hostility against English trade. It is true that the Prussian duties on sugar were objected to by Bavaria, Würtemberg, and some other States, on the ground of raising the price; but the more flattering prospect of enhancing the value of land, and the gains promised as certain to be derived from the cultivation of beet root, removed all objections, and the following scale of Russian duties was adopted, viz. —

	<i>Th. Gr.</i>	<i>£ s. d.</i>	
Sugar unrefined	at 5 0	or 0 15 0	per 113½ lbs.
— refined	11 0	1 13 0	do.
Spirits, distilled, all kinds	0 21	0 2 2	per English gallon.
Coffee	6 20	1 0 0	per 113½ lbs.
Indigo and all dye stuffs	0 15	0 1 6	do.
Tea, all kinds, from China	11 0	1 13 0	do.
Tobacco leaf	5 15	0 16 6	do.
— manufactured	11 0	1 13 0	do.

Let those who declaim against the foregoing duties, compare them with the following in the tariff of England, and then let them cease to murmur until we, by reducing and equalising the duties from the East and West Indies, allow an abundant supply of coffee, tea, and sugar to be imported for the cheaper consumption of our population.

	<i>British Duty.</i>	
Sugars, raw	£3 3 0	the 112 lbs.
— refined white, candied	8 8 0	do.
— candy, brown	5 5 0	do.
— raw, from British East Indies	1 4 0	do.
— from British West Indies	1 4 0	do.
Molasses	1 3 9	do.
— from West Indies	0 9 0	do.
Distilled spirits	1 2 6	per gallon.
— from West Indies	0 9 0	do.

	British Duty.	
Coffee	£ 7 0 0	per cwt.
— from British East Indies	2 16 0	do.
— from do. West Indies	2 16 0	do.
Tea (2s. 6d. per lb.) or	11 13 4	do.
Indigo	1 17 6	do.
— from British possessions	1 8 0	do.
Tobacco	16 16 0	do.

The Prussian duties on iron and iron manufactures, to the finest polished cutlery, varies from 1 thaler to 10 thalers the cwt. — that is, from about 2 to 5 per cent. *ad valorem*. All other duties in the tariff are also moderate. The Prussian tariff throughout is far more liberal than that of England, while those of Russia and France prohibit nearly every article of British manufacture or British colonial produce.

The tariff of the Germanic Union of Customs is not, therefore, the alarming declaration of material warfare against British manufactures and trade which it has been so industriously reported; and it is equally evident that its adoption by the other States of the League cannot, of itself, to any very important extent, occasion a greater exclusion than formerly of British manufactures from consumption within Germany, nor yet in any extraordinary degree be considered as the cause which has promoted the prosperity of German manufactures. Let us inquire by what means these fabrics have risen and thriven.

We find only an examination of facts to solve the question.

The soil and climate of Germany are such, that the labour of its population, when not engaged in war, was, and is, if applied to agriculture, sufficient to raise more than double the quantity of corn the whole population could eat. The surplus quantity of corn required a market, in order to pay direct taxes on land, and to pay rent and various other taxes upon agricultural industry, which are very high in Germany, especially in Prussia.

Russia, Austria, Italy, Denmark, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal did not want corn. Nearly all those countries yielded more than their consumption required. Holland did; but the quantity her population wanted over that yielded by the soil, was small. Flanders, and those States of Germany nearest to Holland, and not yet within the Union, supplied this trifling demand. Sweden purchased a small quantity of grain from Germany; and some, chiefly baked into biscuit or ship-bread, was exported from the Hanse Towns to supply the North American fisheries and the West Indies.

France has generally raised sufficient bread for her population; and when she did not, her people were compelled, by the corn laws of that country, to eat vegetables, or some other subsistence, in place of the different qualities of bread.

England was therefore the only country which really wanted corn; but the duties on this commodity, which forms the "staff of life" in all countries called civilised, except wretched Ireland, have for several years amounted to prohibition, except in the face of nearly absolute dearth.

Germany, therefore, would not rely upon our being visited with such a calamity; and as the people of that country had not mines of gold and silver to buy our manufactures — and as they had in Silesia and in her Rhenish provinces, iron and coal, and abundance of water power, and timber, and stone for building — the surplus labour not required, was gradually directed to manufactures, until the cloths, cottons, hosiery, and hardwares of Elberfeld, Crefeld, Solingen, Aix-la-Chapelle, Eupen, Cologne, Silesia, Berlin, Würtemberg, the Grand Duchy of Baden, Chermintz, and other towns in Saxony, are not only now produced of as good quality, and often

cheaper than those of England, for the supply of the home markets, but for those of foreign countries.

Germany has long afforded a ready market, and the quickest payments of any for British fabrics. Are we to lose the advantage of interchange with Germany? Are the manufacturers of that country to rival, and to a great extent supplant, ours, in furnishing the same kind of fine and coarse woollens, cottons, linens, and hardwares, which the United States of America, the Spanish and Dutch colonies, Mexico, and the whole of South America, Turkey, Egypt, Asia Minor, &c. have hitherto received, chiefly from England?

The solution of these questions will be found in answers to inquiries, and in observations, which we have made at the numerous seats of German manufactures.

We have asked, "What do the people employed at your factories pay for their bread and butchers' meat, cost of lodgings, &c., taking an average of five years, in Westphalia, Silesia, &c.?" The answers we received gave prices:—

For bread, about half the cost at Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Leeds, and Dundee.

For butchers' meat, not half the price in England.

For vegetables, which enter also largely into food in Germany, about one fourth the price in England.

For house rent, from one fifth to one half, or on an average of about one third the charge in England.

The wages of labour, again, in Westphalia, Berlin, Silesia, Eupen, Verviers, Baden, &c., average about, or somewhat more than, one half the wages paid in England.

In Saxony the wages are usually much less than one half the wages in England, while the price of bread and animal food is somewhat higher than in other parts of Germany.

The Saxon people, again, live more economically, and work harder than other Germans. In many fabrics they are also more skilful. Generally, however, all manufacturing labourers are more economical than in England. They are certainly more regular, and in far better circumstances. They do not drink so much spirits; and what they do drink, costs not more than a third of the price in England. Beer, again, of which a great deal is drunk, especially in Bavaria, is sold of the very best quality at 1½d. a quart.

Another, and a very great advantage, which German manufacturers have over those of England, is the proportionably smaller capital sunk in erecting the buildings required for factories.

Timber, one of the most expensive materials in England, costs in Germany from one sixth to one third less. Stone or brick a little more than one third: in many places not one third. Masons, carpenters, and blacksmiths are paid not half the wages given in England.

Iron and coal alone are more expensive; but the latter is now obtained cheap in the Rhenish provinces, in the neighbourhood of Liège, and of the cloth factories at Verviers, in Silesia, and in great abundance near the seats of the cotton and cloth factories of Bohemia.

Machinery was for a long time rendered exceedingly expensive on the Continent, by its exportation from England being prohibited;—a most useless act of legislation. Our most ingenious, useful, and complicated machinery for carding, hackling, spinning, weaving, and dressing, have been extensively imported, chiefly as models, in pieces, at different times, and by different routes, into France, Belgium, Germany, the Austrian do-

minions, and Russia. In all these countries, manufactories of machinery, on a large scale, are now established. English workmen, as foremen, are found in most of them. In others, Germans and Alsaciens, who have served their time or have worked in England, direct the operations. The cost of machinery made in France is, according to evidence taken before the Committees of Commercial and Manufacturing Inquiry, about 20 per cent. higher than in England. Several of these, at Paris, Amiens, Dunkirk, Lille, and also at Malines, were established by means of British capital.

Iron being the most expensive material, and the French foolishly persisting in levying a duty on all but pig iron, nearly equivalent to a prohibition, an English house, possessors of coal and iron mines in Wales, have lately established branches at Paris and Rouen, where they have large *dépôts* of coal and pig iron, and are now erecting furnaces, &c., with the machinery for rolling the pig iron they import. Their outlay of capital, in ground and works, is stated at not less than 100,000*l*.

The machinery of the large factories for spinning and weaving cotton lately established at Etlingen, near Baden, was made at Mulhausen. The two manufactories of machinery for hackling, carding, and spinning flax and hemp, established by De Coster in the suburbs of Paris, furnish exactly the same machinery as that used at Leeds and Dundee, at 20 per cent. higher price. De Coster, in his evidence before the Committee on Linen Yarns, says the higher price on coal and iron alone prevents him from being able to manufacture machinery lower than in England.

At Liège, Westphalia, Berlin, Silesia, in various parts of Bohemia, and Vienna, machinery is made much in the same way.

Now it is clear, that if all those countries go on *progressing*, as the Americans say, in manufacturing, with food, and all materials except iron and coal, and cotton wool, at less than half the prices in England and Scotland, British manufactures must, under the present British Corn Laws, duties on timber, and some other raw materials, be excluded nearly altogether from Germany; and the demand in America and other countries, instead of greatly increasing, must greatly diminish.

Of all people on earth, the citizens of the United States are not only the soonest to discover the regions where profit can be realised, but the most speculative adventurers in commercial enterprises. They have for the last few years appeared at the fairs and factories of Belgium, Frankfort, Westphalia, Leipzig, Berlin, Silesia, and Vienna; and the American ships which have carried cotton wool, sugars, and coffee to Rotterdam, Antwerp, Hamburg, and Trieste, have carried back, to be sold in the United States and South America, the fine and coarse woollen cloths, the white, printed, striped, and checkered calicoes, and the hardwares of Belgium, Prussia, Saxony, Bohemia, and Austria.

These are facts which we state from our own knowledge.

It has been long a favourite argument among the continental advocates of high duties on, or the prohibition of, foreign manufactures, that England, in manufactures, commerce, and wealth, owed her prosperity to her legislature restricting or prohibiting the importation of foreign manufactures.

They never considered that England attained her prosperity, not by the aid, but in defiance of, her illiberal system of commercial legislation; that England owed her wealth and power, and even her liberty, to her geographical position, to her many commanding harbours, to the vast power of production yielded by her mines of coal and iron, interstratified and conveniently disposed for cheap use and transport, and to the enterprising and industrious character of her people. England also escaped on her own

soil the perpetual wars which devastated, and prevented the manufacturing industry of the continental states of Europe; and although her taxation and her public debt have been carried to an incredible height, and her people compelled to pay far higher for maintaining existence than those of any other country, yet her earlier invention of more perfect machinery—especially of the steam engine and spinning jenny—and circumstances which existed during war, enabled her, in defiance of Napoleon's wars and decrees—of high taxation and dear bread—to enrich herself so as to pay all burdens, and her people to pay her prices for bread and butchers' meat, which served to yield high rents to the landlords of the United Kingdom; and all this by a most profitable carrying trade, and by throwing her manufactures, with great gain, into all the markets of the world.

When peace was restored to Europe, it required many years for continental nations to remove their position; and men who had led the life of soldiers, did not readily become skilful husbandmen or ingenious mechanics.

The manufacturers of England and Scotland very soon discovered that the secret of securing, for the utmost length of time possible, their accustomed markets, was to send forth their fabrics in great quantities at the lowest prices: but as there is a point below which prices cannot fall without ruin to the manufacturers; and as that price is regulated by the price of food, and of raw materials; and as twenty-three years of peace have allowed the labour of continental nations to be directed to industrious pursuits; and, as the available labour of the Continent is equal to produce about double the amount of corn which, when made into bread, the people of those countries could eat;—a large amount of surplus labour was thus left to be applied to manufactures; and, being fed at half the price of British labour, the fabrics produced are now furnished and sent forth into the markets of the world, at prices below which those of Great Britain cannot be sold without a ruinous loss to the manufacturer.

What, then, will be the natural consequences of ruin to our manufacturers?

First. Those whose capitals are now fixed or employed, must either abide the result of such ruin, or they must remove their capital, ingenuity, and enterprise to countries where bread and other necessities are, comparatively to the prices of England, cheap.

Second. Labourers in British factories will be thrown out of employment. Those who can find their way to other countries, — and such will be the most skilful, — will carry their manufacturing abilities with them; and those who cannot, must, for want of employment and necessities, have recourse to the poor rates.

Third. As the rents of lands have risen in much the same proportion as the ratio in which manufactures have flourished, so will the rents of lands fall with the decline of manufactures. What would have been the rents of lands, for example, in the counties in which Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, Belfast, &c. are situated, if manufactures had not grown up and thriven? Not one fifth, probably, of their present amount.

Now, in conclusion, as to the maintenance of our manufactures, we are persuaded that the following changes in our legislation are indispensable:—

First. A repeal of the Corn Laws.

Second. A very great reduction of the duty on timber.

Third. A general reduction of all duties on articles of consumption, so as only to be imposed for the necessary purposes of revenue.

Fourth. All raw materials for the use of manufacturers to be, as far as fiscal circumstances will allow, admitted duty free.

The consequences we augur from such legislative changes, would be —

First. Imparting life and vigour to our manufactures, navigation, and trade.

Second. No consequent diminution in the rents of land; or if there should, which we do not admit, the expenditure of the landlord would be diminished by more than a corresponding fall in the prices of every article of necessity and luxury which he would require.

Third. Constant employment, cheaper food, and more of it, better lodging, and more comfortable raiment to the labouring population, with a proportionate decrease of poor rates.

Fourth. No lands now yielding corn would go out of cultivation, except such as have been forced into, and continued in, such cultivation by the aid of those high prices which have taxed the whole population; while lands thus thrown out of cultivation would pay as high rents as they should, or at least as much in value for the amount of rent as they now do.

Fifth. That the revenue of the nation would not be diminished, but rather increased, by such changes.

We are quite prepared to go into full explanation and proof of these consequences, but we are limited for time and room, and must conclude by merely adverting to other points which we are also able to show by statistical facts: —

That neither the lands of England, nor yet agricultural industry, are taxed at a rate half so high as those of France, Austria, Russia, and Holland.

That tenants are not so highly taxed in England as in other countries, except, like others, directly on the commodities which they actually consume — and

That, consequently, neither landlords nor tenants would be injured by a repeal of the Corn Laws.

And, finally, that with the geographical position, harbours, capital, and natural resources of England, especially her minerals, we might continue to go on prospering to an extent so great as not to be calculated, in our trade, manufactures, agriculture, navigation, and fiscal resources, by merely freeing our own commerce from all restrictions, and reducing, not the duties on every article in the present long and vexatious British tariff, but reducing the whole number of articles subject to duty to less than TWENTY.

This seems paradoxical; but let those who dispute the fact examine our customs' accounts, and they will discover that *fourteen articles* pay *twenty millions* of the whole *twenty-one* to *twenty-two millions* revenue derived from the customs.*

Let us in England but so legislate, and we shall have no occasion for commercial treaties with, nor fear the high tariffs and prohibitions of, foreign nations.

* See, in support of this, Mr. Porter's most instructive and valuable work on the "Progress of the Nation."

ON THE COMPOSITION AND PROMULGATION OF THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

It is a well known principle of British, as, we believe, it is of every other system of jurisprudence, that a want of acquaintance with the provisions of the law constitutes no excuse for a violation of them. Puffendorf has justified the principle upon a ground which will always be sufficient in reason whenever it exists in fact. He says, "*L'ignorance aussi bien que l'erreur, en matière des loix et des devoirs imposés à chacun, ne mettent point à couvert de l'imputation des actions qui en proviennent. Car quiconque prescrit des loix et des devoirs à ceux qui dépendent de lui doit les leur notifier, et les leur notifier aussi ordinairement, en sorte que la teneur de ces loix et les règles de ces devoirs soient accommodées à la portée de leur esprit. Ceux-ci, de leur côté, sont tenus de s'en instruire avec soin et de les bien retenir.*"¹ He adds very justly, "*Que si quelqu'un est cause qu'ils se trouvent là-dessus dans l'ignorance, il sera responsable de toutes les actions que cette ignorance aura produites.*"²

The duties of the legislature and the government in reference to this subject are described by Burlamachi in the following words: "*Il faut que cette volonté (du souverain) soit NOTIFIÉE aux sujets d'une manière convenable, en sorte qu'ils puissent connoître ce que le souverain exige d'eux et la nécessité où ils sont d'y conformer leur conduite.*"³

He subsequently observes "*Le Souverain doit donc publier les loix d'une manière solennelle, claire, et distincte: car comment pourroient-elles (les loix) actuellement régler les actions et les mouvements des sujets, si elles (les loix) ne leur étoient pas connues.*"⁴

The doctrine, as it relates to the laws of England, is expressed by Sir William Blackstone, in the following terms: — "A mistake in point of law, which (law) every person of discretion not only *may* but *is bound and presumed to know*, is no sort of excuse for its violation."⁵

The learned Commentator, having laid down the position, leaves it, upon that occasion, to justify itself; elsewhere, however, he intimates the reason of the rule: "*When the law has been prescribed or notified in the usual manner, it is the subject's business to be thoroughly acquainted therewith;*"⁶ and in another place, he more distinctly exhibits the nature of the obligation, and the ground upon which it rests. "*In order,*" says he, "*that the resolution of the legislature should have the binding validity and obligatory character of a law, it is requisite that the resolution should have been notified to those who are to obey it.* The manner of making this notification is a matter of very great indifference; but whatever way is made use of, *it is incumbent upon the promulgators to make the promulgation in the most public and perspicuous manner.*"⁷ Puffendorf has developed, still more distinctly, the principle implied in the preceding statements, and has expressly asserted, that nobody can, with any regard to reason or natural justice, be punished for violating a law, unless it has been authentically notified to him by the authority of the legislature, and in a manner which brings its meaning and effect within the compass of his capacity — "*Personne ne pouvant être condamné devant les hommes pour avoir violé une règle dont l'intelligence étoit au-dessus de sa portée.*"⁸

¹ Des Dev. de l'Homme et du Cit. Liv. i. ch. i. sec. 21.

² Ibid.

³ Bur. Prin. du Dr. Natur. part prem. ch. viii. sec. 4.

⁴ Ib. ch. x. sec. 10.

⁵ Com. book iv. ch. 2. p. 27.

⁶ Ib. vol. i. p. 46.

⁷ Ib. p. 45. 46.

⁸ Puff. ubi supra, ch. i. sec. 5.

The preceding extracts conduct us to the conclusion, that no government has the right to prevent any subject from pleading ignorance of the law in excuse for its violation, unless the government have taken such measures for the promulgation of the law in question, that nothing but the wilful obstinacy or negligence of the subject could have prevented him from obtaining the information which might have enabled him to avoid the transgression.

We confess that we entertain very serious doubts as to whether this argument be either practically safe, or theoretically sound. Obedience to the laws of the community in which one lives is the very first duty which results from the formation of society; and the most obvious considerations render it indispensable that the obligation to such obedience should be absolute in its quality, and uninterrupted in its duration. If this obligation, therefore, is made to depend — as on a condition precedent — upon the presumption that the laws to which alone obedience is to be due, are those which are communicated to each individual, and which are intelligible to each, this obligation to obedience — the permanent existence of which is indispensable to the permanent existence of society itself — will rest upon a presumption which, whenever it fails to be in accordance with matter of fact, must introduce into society an amount of anarchy in proportion to the want of universality and perspicuity in the promulgation of the law.

For ourselves, we consider the principle in question to rest upon a foundation of a simpler character than that which has been already mentioned. We believe that an observation of Puffendorf upon another subject, being transferred to this, will be found to contain the only just exhibition of the real foundation of the rule, which is nothing else than a necessity arising out of the nature of things: —

*“ Si l'on ne supposoit cela du moins dans la sphère du tribunal humain, il n'y auroit point de crime à l'égard duquel les hommes ne trouvaissent de quoi PRÉTENTER une ignorance invincible.”*⁹

If the excuse were to be partially allowed, even where it was truly alleged, it would come to be universally set up, where it did not exist at all. The inquiries into the extent of the delinquent's knowledge of the law which he had violated, must be infinite and interminable. Ignorance, actual or affected, would lead to the commission of different degrees of crime and injustice, with different degrees of legal impunity; and the law itself would hold out an inducement to a large proportion of the community to remain in ignorance of the law.

But whatever may be thought of the stringency of the obligation which lies upon the people, to be acquainted with the provisions of the law, or of the grounds upon which that obligation is supported, there can be no question at all, that the obligation upon the government and the legislature to communicate such provisions to the public at large, in the most complete and ample manner, which is attainable or advantageous in the actual state of the community, is a duty, which, if not higher in degree than the other, is at least antecedent to it, in the order of time, and in the nature of things.

It may be alleged in general, that there are in this country two sorts of law, to the provisions and positions of which the whole community are bound to conform: — first, the statute law, which consists of the enactments of the legislature; and, secondly, the common law, which is partly composed of the decisions of the superior tribunals, and which, in every case, is declared and established by the authority of these bodies.¹⁰

⁹ Puff. *ubi supra*, ch. i. sec. 5.

¹⁰ In order to avoid a degree of minuteness which, upon the present occasion, would be only perplexing, we intend that the expression “Superior Tribunals,” shall include the ecclesiastical

After having read the extracts above given, and particularly the quotations from Blackstone's Commentaries, the reader will, perhaps, be surprised to hear, that there exists not in this country any law for the promulgation of the law — that the parliament and the tribunals are so far from thinking themselves under an obligation to make known their proceedings to the public, that they are actually destitute of the means of doing so — that they possess no accredited organ through which their enactments and decisions may be communicated to the world in an authentic and authoritative manner — and that all the information which the public receive upon this most important subject, in each of its departments, is the fortuitous consequence of private efforts and commercial speculation.

To commence with the legislature. It is said¹¹ to be a fundamental principle with the English lawyers, that the parliament of this country can do every thing but make a woman a man, or a man a woman. Yet this legislature, exercising an authority so extensive, has never, we believe, made any provision for the promulgation of its own resolutions; and, indeed, the learned commentator, who in one part of his work has represented promulgation as essential to the validity of legislation in general, very coolly assures us elsewhere, that in the instance of the British parliament there needs no formal promulgation at all to give a statute the force of a law.¹² It is true, as the same writer informs us in the same place, that "a copy of every statute is *usually* printed at the King's press *for the information of the whole people*."¹³ But it is also true, that the exclusive right to communicate this information, which "the whole people" are obliged at their peril to obtain, is enjoyed by an individual, who has been in the habit, like all other monopolists, of charging a monopoly price for the trouble of "diffusing" this "useful knowledge" among the people.¹⁴ It is we believe equally true, that the individual in question is not the officer either of the legislature or of the executive; that in the business of printing and selling the statutes of the realm, he shapes his course entirely according to commercial views, and that in fact there is no essential difference between the nature of the patent right which he enjoys and an exclusive privilege of issuing bank notes payable on demand.¹⁵

A truth not less curious is that *the document so printed at the King's press is not evidence of the law which it professes to recite*. It is true that such printed document is received and allowed to be read in all tribunals whenever a question arises as to what is the statute law upon any particular subject. This reception, however, is not the consequence of any injunction by the legislature that the printed statute should be so received; neither is the document recognised as having any intrinsic validity in itself. It is admitted by the Courts upon their own authority; and the grounds of its admission, as they have been stated by no less a person than

courts, as well as the courts of common law and equity; and by "the common law" itself we mean to designate all law of every description which derives its existence or its authority from adjudication alone. Still further explanations and distinctions would be necessary, if minute and exquisite accuracy in the details were material for the purposes of the present article.

¹¹ Delolme, p. 134.

¹² Com. book i. p. 185.

¹³ Ibid.

¹⁴ The price has been lately mitigated in consequence of some proceedings taken upon the subject in the House of Commons.

¹⁵ Before the invention of printing it was usual for the king, at the end of every session, to send a copy of all the statutes passed therein to the sheriff of every county, along with a writ which commanded him to make a complete publication of them wherever within his county he may think it expedient to do so. The usage upon those occasions was to proclaim them at the county court, where they were afterwards deposited, in order that any person, who had any occasion or inclination to do so, may read or take copies of them. This practice continued until the reign of Henry VII.

Lord Chief Baron Gilbert, are certainly very remarkable. "The printed Statute Book," says that eminent writer, "is evidence of general acts of parliament: *not that the printed statutes are perfect and authentic copies*¹⁶ *of the records themselves, but every body is supposed to know the law, and, therefore, the printed statutes are allowed to be evidence*¹⁷, because they are the *hints of that which is supposed to be lodged in every man's mind already.*"¹⁸ The same great authority states that both the judges and juries, by virtue of their oaths, and in consequence of the presumption already mentioned, were bound, in every case, to take notice of all public acts of parliament¹⁹, although these acts should not be brought under their notice in the case; and that even in proceeding against a jury by attain²⁰ for giving a false verdict, a general act of parliament might have been given in evidence on the attain against the jury, although it had not been at all mentioned at the hearing of the cause which they were charged with having wrongly decided,—"*because the jury were obliged to know and understand every part of the law under which they lived.*" Mr. Archbold has expressed the same doctrine a little more nakedly. He says that, "when the printed copy of a public act of parliament is produced at a trial, it is *NOT to be deemed to be produced AS EVIDENCE, but only in aid of the MEMORY of the Court AND JURY.*"²¹

The extravagant absurdity of the fiction, carried to such an extremity, is perfectly romantic. As a matter of fact, the ignorance and perversity of the juries, especially of the lower class, and in the country, is perfectly proverbial. The following scene occurred at Westminster on the day before yesterday. A jury having to try a trumpery case, which they believed to have been brought into court for the sake of giving costs to the plaintiff's attorney, were determined in any event to disappoint him, and requested Mr. Justice Patteson, who presided, to tell them what amount of costs would carry damages. All this time, of course, they were thoroughly acquainted with every part of the law. The judge, one of the best lawyers and best judges in Westminster Hall, told them that in his opinion it would be more conducive to the ends of justice to leave them in ignorance upon the point. They found for the plaintiff — damages *three shillings*, manifestly intending to deprive him, *i. e.* his attorney, of costs; and, after the verdict had been returned, the judge told them that costs would follow the damages which they had given. Here, then, the law presumed the jury to be thoroughly cognisant of the law: the jury themselves knew that they knew nothing at all about it. They ask the law to tell them what is the law; and, in answer, are informed that it is desirable that they should be ignorant of that which the same law presumes them to know. The most ingenious farce-writer could scarcely accumulate so many absurdities about a single point.

Before we pass to another part of the subject, we may as well mention a flagrant iniquity, which, up to the year 1793, was continually committed by the legislature, and which no fidelity or perspicuity of promulgation could

¹⁶ It is a singular fact that *no printed statute can be an exact copy of the original record, as the former is always pointed in some way or other, whereas the latter never exhibits the smallest amount of punctuation at all.* It is obvious that the meaning of every composition must depend in a considerable degree upon the manner in which it is pointed. It is stated in the Scotsman, of the 29th of December last, that the Scotch Reform Act has been pointed so as to confer the elective franchise for counties in Scotland upon 10l. tenants *at will*. We have not a copy of the Act from the King's press; but that given in Shepherd's Law of Elections has certainly the meaning attributed to it by the Scotsman.

¹⁷ The printed journals of the two houses of parliament are not admissible in evidence at all. — *Lord Melville's case*, 24 How. H. T. 683.; *Lord George Gordon*, 2 Doug. 593.

¹⁸ Lord Chief Baron Gilbert's *Treatise on Evid. incorp. in Buller's Nisi Prius*, p. 223. 4to. 1 85.

¹⁹ *Ibid.* p. 222.

²⁰ This proceeding is now abolished.

²¹ Arch. Pl. and Evid. 358.

have prevented. By a legal fiction, it was considered that the whole session of parliament occupied only one day; and as every act of the session operated from that day, unless otherwise expressly provided, and as that day was the very first day of the session, the consequence of the doctrine was, that almost every statute was, in a greater or less degree, an *ex post facto* law. This heinous piece of legislative injustice was however remedied by a statute passed in the 33d year of the reign of Geo. III.²² which directs, that every act, for the commencement of which no specific day is provided, shall take its commencement from the day on which it receives the royal assent.

Let us now turn to the tribunals whose judgments constitute the only evidence as to what is or is not law upon all questions not expressly provided for by the statutes of the realm, and which have moreover exercised from all time the exclusive right of expounding the statutes themselves. The proceedings of those courts have from a very early period been reported to a greater or lesser extent, with different degrees of authority and of utility. The practice of reporting them is supposed to have commenced in the reign of Edward II., and from his time to that of Henry VIII. the reports were taken by the prothonotaries of the respective courts, at the expense of the Crown, and published every year, whence they are known under the denomination of Year Books. The pleadings, the arguments of counsel, and the decisions of the courts, were all in the barbarous dialect of Norman French, from the Conquest until the 36th year of the reign of Edward III., when a statute was passed, enacting, that for the future all pleas should be pleaded, shown, defended, answered, debated, and adjudged in the English tongue²³, but entered and enrolled in Latin.²⁴ The pleadings at that period were delivered orally by or on behalf of the parties in court. Upon the introduction of paper pleadings, in substitution for allegations *viâ voce*, they followed in the language as in other respects the style of the record, and were drawn up in Latin, and so continued until the 4 Geo. II. c. 26. The practitioners, however, being used to the Norman language, still continued to take their notes in law French, and of course "when these notes came to be published in the form of reports, they were printed in that barbarous dialect, which, joined to the additional terrors of Gothic black-letter, has occasioned many a student to throw away his Plowden and Littleton, without venturing to attack a page of them."²⁵ Whatever advantage may have been conferred upon the profession of the law by such reports, it is quite clear that they could have communicated no information to the public, and that the bar-

²² Ch. xiii.

²³ The grounds upon which this alteration was effected do not appear to have been very philosophical. "Edward the Third," says Mr. Justice Blackstone², "having employed his arms successfully against the French in subduing the crown of France, thought it unbecoming the dignity of the victors to use any longer the language of a conquered country."

It was a fortunate event which suggested to his Majesty the bright consequentiality of rendering his laws intelligible to his subjects, because he had vanquished his enemies. According to the principle of the proceeding, if the transactions of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt had been followed by different results, we might have been drawing up our pleadings of all sorts, and making our speeches, and delivering our judgments in the French language, until the events of 1815 had come to put an end to all further "mistakes" upon the point.

²⁴ The enrolment of the pleas in Latin continued for 400 years afterwards—to the year 1770. In the time of Cromwell the language of the records was altered to English; but, at the Restoration, this novelty was no longer countenanced. The Latin was again restored, and so continued to the 4 Geo. II., when it was ultimately abolished for ever, and the record, for the first time, permanently framed in the English tongue.—*Ib.* p. 322.

²⁵ Bl. Com. vol. iii. p. 318.

barous dialect and Gothic black-letter, which occasioned many a student to throw away his Plowden and his Lyttleton, must have been sufficient to frighten a mere layman in the inmost recesses of his heart.

The following picture of the state of the law in the reign of Elizabeth is from the pen of Sir Henry Spelman: — "Upon entering on the study of my future profession, when I perceived that the language was foreign, the dialect barbarous, the method incongruous, and the load of matter to be undertaken not only immense, but requiring to be continually sustained with an effort which would admit of no relaxation, I confess that my heart sunk within me at the prospect."²⁶

From the time of Henry VIII. to the present period, this task of reporting the proceedings of the tribunals has been executed by many private and contemporary hands, "who," says Blackstone, "sometimes through haste and inaccuracy, sometimes through mistake and want of skill, have published very crude and imperfect, perhaps contradictory accounts of one and the same determination."²⁷ King James I., at the instance of Lord Bacon, appointed by ordinance²⁸ two reporters with a handsome stipend for the purpose of publishing in an authentic and authoritative manner the proceedings of the superior courts, but the project was soon abandoned, and the reports of the tribunals continue, up to the present time, in the same state in which they were at the period when the learned Commentator composed his work. The authority of these reports is now, as it was then, altogether conventional, and depends entirely upon the opinion which the profession at large entertains of the capacity and character of the individual reporters. The number of them has been always increasing, and at present there are two and sometimes three or four sets of contemporaneous reports from the same court; and although by accident or favour some assistance in the way of revision or communication is given occasionally and exclusively to some reporters, yet none of the publications ever goes or professes to go forth under the responsibility or even with the sanction or permission of the Court itself; and they are commenced, or continued, or abandoned as private and commercial speculations, and with an exclusive reference to commercial objects and principles. The number of them in modern times has become a serious evil; and as the compensation of the gentlemen by whom they are furnished depends, we believe, in a majority of instances upon the length of their contributions, it will scarcely be expected that they should sacrifice their income for the purpose of producing a perspicuous brevity in the reports, or of attaining that "*compendious* truthfulness" which is justly represented in the ordinance of King James as the capital object and most desirable characteristic of all such compositions. The remedy for this evil is so obvious, and so easily

²⁶ "Cujus cum reperissem linguam peregrinam, dialectum barbaram, methodum ineoncinnam, molem non ingentem solum, sed perpetuis humeris sustinendam, excidit mihi (fateor) animus." — *Prof. to Glossary.*

²⁷ "Imperfect reports of facts and circumstances are the bane of all science which dependeth upon the precedents and example of former times." — *Mr. Justice Foster*, p. 294.

²⁸ The ordinance proceeds upon the ground that "the common law of England is principally declared by the grave resolutions and arrests of the reverend and learned judges upon the cases that came before them from time to time, and that doubts and questions likewise which arise upon the exposition of statute law are by the same means cleared up and ruled." "Wherefore," says the ordinance, "we do in our royal judgment perceive and conclude, that nothing can more conduce to the good of our laws than the keeping of that fountain clear without trouble or mixture." It then proceeds to describe in the most judicious and accurate manner, the duties of the reporters, and concludes by providing, along with many other judicious and salutary regulations, that "the reporters should always attend the judges of the courts with their reports, in order that they may be considered of, and reviewed by, the judges before they are published; and directs the judges to countenance the reporters on all occasions as men employed in a service tending greatly to the honour and preservation of the laws of the realm."

attained, that we cannot help thinking that it will soon be applied, and that in each of the superior courts official reporters acting under the authority and inspection of the judges, receiving "countenance" and information from those learned persons, and responsible to them for the full and accurate accomplishment of their duty, will be appointed, and that a permanent provision will be made for communicating to the public the law which they are bound at the peril of their dearest interests to be acquainted with, but which at present they are without the means of ascertaining with any reasonable degree of facility, authority, or authenticity.

Before we conclude this part of the subject, we may observe that there does not exist in either of the courts a single book of judicial authority upon the subject of the ordinary practice of those tribunals. All the books of practice in existence are the work of "private hands," and, like the reports, depend for their authority altogether upon the opinions entertained by the profession of the Bar concerning the characters, attainments, and opportunities possessed by the respective authors.

Let us now turn to the important subject of the manner in which the law in each department ought to be composed. Upon the style and structure of the reports from the tribunals it is unnecessary to say much. When the essential ingredients of compendious perspicuity and immaculate correctness have been obtained, all the remaining qualities of the style must be left to the taste and capacity of the writers; we shall only observe that as such compositions can scarcely be expected in the nature of things to be very attractive, it is indispensable to render them as little repulsive as possible, and that a certain amount of ornament in the style is not only not inconsistent with the attainment of perspicuity, but may upon many occasions even facilitate the accomplishment of that indispensable object.

The style and structure of the resolutions adopted by the legislature stand upon altogether a different footing; and as they afford a larger field for disquisition in general, and as they require in the case of the British Parliament the most extensive and important alterations, we shall go at some length into this part of the subject. Treating of the composition of laws in general, Montesquieu has the following passage: "*Le style en doit être concis. Les lois des douze tables sont une modèle de précision; les enfans les apprennoient par cœur.*"²⁹ Les nouvelles de Justinien sont si diffuses qu'il fallut les abrégier." In the same chapter he says, "*Le style des lois doit être simple; l'expression directe s'entend toujours mieux que l'expression réfléchie. Il est essentiel que les paroles des lois réveillent chez tous les hommes les mêmes idées. Lorsque dans une loi l'on a bien fixé les idées des choses, il ne faut point revenir à des expressions vagues.*"³⁰ Of this recurrence to vague generalities after a specific enumeration, he gives the following instance, to which every person acquainted with the statutes of this realm will be able to add some hundreds from his own experience: "Dans l'ordonnance criminelle de Louis XIV., après qu'on a fait l'énumération exacte des cas royaux, on ajoute ces mots, '*et ceux dont de tous temps les juges royaux ont jugé,*' ce qui fait rentrer³¹ dans l'arbitraire dont on venoit de sortir."³²

The reasonableness of these principles appeared so irresistible, even in the autocracy of Russia, that the Empress Catherine has transferred many of them verbatim and literatim into her celebrated "Instruction pour la

²⁹ Ut Carmen necessarium. Cic. de Legib. lib. 2.

³⁰ Montesq. Liv. xxix. ch. 16.

³¹ Instances of such re-entrance into uncertainty, where it was the professed object of the passage in question to put an end to all doubt, are of constant occurrence in the statutes of this realm.

³² Montesq. Liv. xxix. ch. 16.

Commission chargée de dresser le Projet d'un Nouveau Code de Loix." The following short extracts from this work will present a theory in strange contrast with the practice of the British legislature and government, in respect of the composition and promulgation of their laws:—

"Les loix sont faites pour tous les hommes en général. Tous sont obligés de l'y conformer; il faut donc que tous puissent les comprendre."³³

"Les loix ne doivent point être remplies de subtilités qu'enfante l'esprit.

"Lorsqu'on fait tant que de rendre raison d'une loi, il faut que cette raison soit digne d'elle."³⁴

"Chaque loi doit être exprimée d'une manière qui la rende intelligible à tout le monde, et aussi succinctement qu'il est possible. Ceci exige, sans contredit, que l'on y ajoute, là où il sera nécessaire, quelques éclaircissemens ou explications pour les juges, afin qu'ils puissent comprendre et saisir d'autant plus aisément le sens et l'application de la loi.

"On ne sauroit toutefois user de trop de circonspection à l'égard de ces éclaircissemens, parce qu'en voulant trop éclaircir la matière, il arrive aisément qu'on ne fait que l'obscurcir davantage; ce dont nous n'avons que trop d'exemples.

"Lorsque dans une loi les exceptions, limitations, modifications, ne sont point nécessaires, il vaut beaucoup mieux n'en point mettre: de pareils détails jettent dans de nouveaux détails."

About the truth and propriety of all these observations there will be, we apprehend, as little question as about the uniformity with which they have all been habitually violated in the legislation of this country.

No person acquainted with the statutes of this realm will require to be reminded of the barbarous jargon,—the chaotical confusion,—the infinite enumeration of particulars,—the tangled interlacery of matter and of diction,—the provisos contradicting existing law, and contradicting each other, and contradicting themselves, which compose the staple materials of these documents. To the public at large who, fortunately for themselves, are less familiar with such subjects, we present the following specimen (taken at hazard) of the oratorical style, the grammatical construction, and scientific arrangement of a modern statute. The sample is taken from a statute of a popular nature—that for regulating the trial of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament. This act is known to every person who takes any considerable part in any parliamentary election or petition, and is called after the name of Mr. Wynne, by whom it was introduced into parliament, in the ninth year of the reign of George IV. The specimen which we give is a *part* of the first section, which, after reciting that it was expedient to consolidate, and in some respects to amend and simplify, the laws relating to the subject, goes on in the following words:—

"Be it therefore enacted by the king's most excellent majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal, and commons, in this present parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That the *said act* passed in the tenth year of the reign of his late majesty King George the Third, intituled, *An act to regulate the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament*; also *an act* passed in the eleventh year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, *An act to explain and amend an act made in the last session of parliament, intituled An act to regulate the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament*; also *an act* passed in the fourteenth year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, *An act for making perpetual two acts* passed in the tenth and eleventh years of the reign of his present majesty, for regulating the trials of controverted elections, or returns of members to serve in parliament; also *so much of an act* passed in the twenty-fifth year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, *An act to limit the duration of polls and scrutinies, and for making other regulations touching the election of members to serve in parliament for places within England and Wales, and for Berwick-upon-Tweed, and also for removing difficulties which may arise for want of returns being made of members to serve in parliament, as relates to the appointment of a select committee to take into consideration the petition of any person claiming to have had a right to vote, or to have been entitled to have been declared duly elected, where no return has been made to any writ issued*

³³ Instruct. ch. xix. sec. 458.

³⁴ Ibid. sec. 451. 452.

for the electing of any member or members to serve in parliament, on or before the day on which such writ is made returnable, or within fifty-two days after the day on which such writ bears date, if such writ be issued during any session or prorogation of parliament, or where the return be not according to the requisition of the writ, but contains special matters only concerning the election ; also to the notices to be given of the meeting of such committees, and to the manner in which the trials of such petitions are to be regulated, and the mode in which parties entitled to be returned may proceed against any sheriff or returning officer, in case a select committee shall have determined that such sheriff or returning officer had wilfully delayed or neglected, or refused to make such return ; also An act passed in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, *An act for the further regulation of the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament, except in so far as the same relates to the repeal of so much of an act passed in the second year of the reign of his majesty King George the Second, intituled, An act for the more effectual preventing bribery and corruption in the election of members to serve in parliament, as enacts that such votes shall be deemed legal which have been so declared by the last determination in the house of commons, and that such last determination concerning any county, city, borough, or place, shall be final* ; also an act passed in the thirty-second year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, *An act to extend the provisions of certain acts of parliament made to regulate the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament ; also an act passed in the thirty-fourth year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, An act to explain so much of an act made in the twenty-eighth year of his present majesty's reign, intituled, An act for the further regulation of the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament, as relates to the time of presenting certain renewed petitions, and taking the same into consideration ; also an act passed in the thirty-sixth year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, An act for the more effectual execution of several acts of parliament, made for the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament ; also An act passed in the forty-second year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, An act for the further regulation of the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament, and for expediting the proceedings relating thereto ; also An act passed in the forty-seventh year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, An act to revive and make perpetual, and to amend, an act made in the forty-second year of his present majesty, for the further regulation of the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament, and for expediting the proceedings relating thereto ; also so much of an act passed in the forty-seventh year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, An act to amend several acts for regulating the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament, so far as the same relate to Ireland, as enacts that the order for taking into consideration any petition relative to the trial of any controverted election or return in Ireland, shall not be discharged until the expiration of twenty-eight days after such petition shall have been presented to the house of commons, by reason that the recognisance required by an act made in the twenty-eighth year of his late majesty's reign, intituled, An act for the further regulation of the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament, was not received by the speaker under the provisions of the said recited act ; also An act passed in the fifty-third year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, An act for amending and rendering more effectual the laws for the trials of controverted elections and returns of members to serve in parliament ; be hereby repealed."*

We are not so unreasonable, in any sense of that term, as to expect that any reader, not influenced by the pressure of some irresistible necessity, or by the gentler, though equally efficient, compulsion of an adequate pecuniary consideration, should persevere in wading all through this mass of chaotic legislation, completely bewildered as he must be by

" This unintelligible hubbub wild ³³,
Of stunning sounds and voices all obscure,
Borne through the hollow dark,"

as 'we verily believe that even Satan himself could scarcely "*Wynne* his way" through this "darksome desert," and would incur the risk of being

" Quenched in this boggy Syrtis " ;

of references, allusions, descriptions, partitions, exceptions, and enumerations. We therefore take leave to inform him, for the gratification of his grammatical curiosity, that between the first nominative case and the verb

with which it agrees there intervene, in the copy from which we have taken the extract, the number of one hundred lines, and of about twelve hundred and twenty words !

It is unnecessary to multiply examples of an evil so notorious and so exorbitant ; and, moreover, the space to which we are of necessity confined upon the present occasion prevents the possibility of our expanding this, or, indeed, any other part of the subject, to the extent which it deserves, and which we desire.

There seems to be no great difficulty in assigning, in a general way, the causes of the multitudinous outrages upon every propriety of composition which have been perpetually committed in our legislative operations. They evidently have arisen from the defects in the composition of the legislature itself, where essential and necessary ignorance³⁶ forms the general rule, and accidental competency a rare and fortunate exception. One of the most unscrupulous advocates of all institutions existing in this country in his own time has the following passage upon this subject : —

“ Indeed, it is perfectly amazing that there should be no other state of life, no other occupation, art, or science, in which some method of instruction is not looked upon as requisite except only the science of legislation, the noblest and most difficult of any. Apprenticeships are held necessary to almost every art, commercial or mechanical ; a long course of reading and study must form the divine, the physician, and the practical professor of the laws ; but every man of superior fortune thinks himself *born* a legislator.”³⁷

Now we are of opinion that every man of superior fortune is perfectly right in so thinking. The members of one House of Parliament are literally born legislators, and the fact of possessing a “ superior fortune ” is so indispensable in order to obtain the chance of admission to the other, that no possible amount or combination of talents, acquirements, and virtues will afford the smallest degree of compensation or substitution for the want of it. A candidate for the situation of a member of parliament may possess the profundity and penetration of Aristotle, or the sublime wisdom of Plato, or the exuberant and philosophic eloquence of Cicero ; or he may, like Bacon, be —

“ In one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully joined,”—

and “ dilate his strong conception ” until he has taken in the full extent of all human combinations and relations ; his mind may be filled with the magnificent ideas, invigorated by the glorious intelligence, and furnished with the wonderful and almost unlimited knowledge of Burke. Let him have all this, and ten times as much more, and have the wishes of universal mankind in his favour ; but let him want the “ property qualification ” required by the statute. He is stamped a plebeian : *Plebis erit*. But let him become “ seised of or entitled to an estate of freehold or copyhold for his own life, or some greater estate either in law or equity, in lands, tenements, or hereditaments, of the clear yearly value, over and above all incumbrances and reprises, of 600*l.* a-year,”³⁸ &c. His capacity becomes instantly enlarged ; his legislative aptitude unquestionable ; he “ savours of the realty ” which he enjoys ; and the very contact of the land produces as great an effect upon his powers as it did upon those of Antæus of old : —

³⁶ We believe that Lord Brougham stated some time ago, at Glasgow, that the ignorance of the House of Lords was absolutely incredible.

³⁷ Blackstone's Com. vol. i. p. 9.

³⁸ The law of qualification has been altered in the last session of parliament, and a qualification may now be derived from other species of property than that mentioned above.

"Hoc quoque tam vastas cumulavit munere vires
Terra sui fœtus, quod cum tetigere parentem
Jam defecta vident renovato robore membra." 39

The making of the laws of England has from all time been the exclusive privilege of the large owners of land, who appear to have been uniformly of opinion, that the first duty which arose out of their position was to provide for their own interests; and the second, to prevent all innovation. The landed lawgivers of the early period of our history are principally known to us by their naked selfishness, and their declared resolution to allow no alterations in the laws. It is notorious, that all attempts made in the legislature to open entails, and allow the circulation of land property, were scouted by the members; and that for so indispensable an ingredient in the prosperity of a civilised community we are indebted to the resolution of the judges, who, in the reign of Edward IV., and in the celebrated case of *Taltarum*, pronounced a judgment which amounts to a direct repeal of the law which the land lawgivers had repeatedly expressed their determination to maintain for ever. That the land aristocracy have, with a few exceptions, been at all times distinguished, not only for general ignorance, but for being peculiarly destitute of acquaintance with what it was their peculiar duty to know, appears to be a fact out of controversy. Let us again hearken to the testimony of their advocate, whose evidence against them was extorted by the impossibility of denying, with any decency, what was visible to the whole world; he therefore is constrained to acknowledge that "the gentlemen of England in his time were *more remarkably deficient in the knowledge of the laws and constitution of their own country than those [the gentlemen] of all Europe besides*" 40 [*were of theirs*]. He subsequently affirms that "the nobility and gentry of this country enter upon public life *without any instruction in the laws of the land, and, indeed, with hardly any opportunity of obtaining instruction.*" 41 Yet this class, thus denounced for their uniform and excessive ignorance of the laws and the constitution, have in all ages possessed the principal, and, in most ages, the almost exclusive, right of enacting the laws, and of regulating the constitution.

The consequences of such a state of affairs may be easily anticipated; and the same writer, from whom we delight to quote such sentiments upon such a subject, informs us again, that "the mischiefs that have arisen to the public from inconsiderate alterations in our laws are too obvious to be called in question, and how far they have been owing to the defective education of our senators is a point well worthy of the public attention." 42

He returns again to the subject. "How unbecoming," says he, "must it be in a member of the legislature to vote for a new law, who is utterly ignorant of the old! What kind of interpretation can he give, who is a stranger to the text upon which he comments?" 43

The reader will hardly believe that the same writer, from whom we have just quoted, speaking in another place of the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords, has the following passage: — "Yet vast as this trust is, it can nowhere be so properly reposed as in the noble hands where our excellent constitution has placed it; and *therefore* placed it, because, from the independence of their fortune, and the dignity of their station, they are *presumed* to employ that leisure which is the consequence of both, in *attaining a more extensive knowledge of the laws than persons of inferior rank*; and because the founders of our polity relied upon that delicacy of sentiment peculiar to noble birth; which, as on the one hand it will prevent either

39 Lucan, *Phar. lib. iv. ver. 598.*

41 *Ib. p. 26.*

42 *Ib. p. 10.*

40 Blackstone's *Com. vol. i. p. 4.*

43 *Ib. p. 9.*

interest or affection from interfering in questions of right, so on the other it will bind a peer in honour (an obligation which the law considers equal to another man's oath) to be master of those points upon which it is his birthright to decide. Lastly, there presides over all the other courts one great court of appeal, which is the last resort both in matters of law and equity, — a court composed of prelates, selected for their piety, and of nobles advanced to that honour for their personal merit, or deriving both honour and merit from an illustrious train of ancestors; who are formed by their education, (1) and bound upon their honour and conscience, to be skilled in the laws of their country." 44

It is entirely beside our present purpose to enter into any disquisition concerning the distribution of political power which exists in this country. We shall therefore make at present no observations upon the propriety of continuing the legislative power in hands which *omnium assensu et confesso* are utterly incompetent to the task which they profess to perform. Taking, therefore, for granted, that this power can be nowhere more properly deposited than with those who have so long enjoyed it, and who enjoy it at present, we hope that it will not be considered unreasonable in us to complain that they have not gone elsewhere in search of that knowledge which they were devoid of themselves. They seem in this respect to have at all times acted on the principle of *ne te quæsieris extra*. Yet the greatest of lawgivers — those even who enjoyed the highest reputation amongst their fellow-countrymen for knowledge, wisdom, and virtue — have thought it necessary to strengthen their influence in that character, by obtaining, or professing to obtain, for their institutions, the sanction of an authority still higher than their own.

Minos pretended that his laws were dictated by his father Jove. Lycurgus, before promulgating his laws, consulted the oracle of Apollo, and proclaimed his legislative injunctions as the responses of the god. Numa retired to Egeria's grotto before he announced to the Roman people the regulations which were to produce the "greatest happiness of the greatest number:" and even Mahomet sought to procure the admiration of his followers for his institutions, by describing them as being sanctioned by the angel Gabriel. The English parliament have, on the contrary, from all time, repudiated all external assistance⁴⁵, and have gone on piling up an immense heap of laws, *aliarum super alias acervatorum*, until the bulk and discordance and infinitesimal minuteness of the provisions have become a sort of national calamity. And yet, if ever there was in the world a system which required periodical and frequent revision, it was that of this country, a great portion of which consisted from the beginning (we speak of the period commencing with the Norman Conquest) in a mass of undigested particulars founded upon usage, together with such positive provisions as could not possibly co-exist with any considerable degree of refinement in society, and which therefore must be continually growing less and less applicable in the progression of time. The want of this revision, and of the generalisation which would have been its consequence, has caused the laws of this country to be for some time a compost made up of decayed feudalism and the dregs of metaphysics, with a bundle of usages, some of the most remarkable of which rested upon no better foundation than the chance dictum, if ever it were said, of some unknown judge, or upon principles which were abhorred by nature and scorned by common sense. Thus, from

⁴⁴ Com. Introd. p. 12.

⁴⁵ "The House of Lords passed an ordinance which was afterwards inserted in the king's writ for calling the parliament, holden at Coventry, 6 Hen. IV., to the effect that *no man of the law* should be elected a knight of the shire therein." — *Coke, Lyttleton*, sec. iii. p. 11. Har. and But. ed.

all time, at least since the introduction of the feudal law into this country, it had been a rule that if a man, being an only child, purchased an estate in fee simple, and died without issue, leaving his father and the father's brother alive, the father could not inherit the estate of his son, because, as Lord Coke says, the estate, being a *heavy thing*, must obey the impulse of gravity, and cannot, therefore, go up in a direction opposite to the centre of the earth, — "*Descendit itaque jus quasi ponderosum quid deorsum cadens et nunquam reascendit*"⁴⁶ : and this disgusting balderdash forms the best excuse for an absurd and unnatural law, which has existed for nearly eight centuries, and which seemed, according to Coke's account of the matter, to be founded upon nothing better than a miserable jingle about a technical term and the nature of gravitation.

The descendible, or rather unascendible, gravitation of Coke is, however, even outdone by the metaphysical hair splitting of Dyer, who perches a rule of law upon a sort of fork, produced by establishing a sort of cloven identity in the same individual. The reader will excuse us for giving the rule and the argument. The latter is certainly a jewel in its line.

If a joint tenant of a chattel-interest commits suicide, the right to the whole chattel becomes vested in the crown. This was decided after much solemn and subtle argument in the third year of the reign of Elizabeth. The case is reported in Plowden, 262., English edition. Sir James Hales, a judge of the Common Pleas, and his wife, were joint tenants of a term of years. Sir James "wilfully sought his own salvation" by drowning himself, and was found *felo de se*, and it was held that the term did not survive to the wife, but that Sir James's interest was forfeited to the king by the felony, and that it consequently drew the wife's interest with it. The argument of Lord Chief Justice Dyer goes to the following tune: — "The felony," says he, "is attributed to the act — ["If I drown myself wittingly," says the clown, "it argues an act,"] — which act is always done by a living man, and in his lifetime. Sir James Hales was dead, and how came he by his death? It may be answered by drowning; and who drowned him? — Sir James Hales. And when did he drown him? — In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hales being alive, caused Sir James Hales to die; and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. — ["Argal, he that is guilty of his own death, has shortened his own life."] — And then, for this offence, it is reasonable to punish the living man who committed the offence, and not the dead man. But how can that be done? How can he be said to be punished alive when the punishment comes after his death? Sir, this can be done in no other way but by diverting out of him, from the time of the act done, in his lifetime, which was the cause of his death, the title and property of those things which he had in his lifetime."

Mr. Professor Christian observes that the case must have been one of notoriety in the time of Shakspeare, and that it was not improbable that he intended to ridicule the logic of the lord chief justice by the reasoning of the grave-digger in Hamlet upon the drowning of Ophelia. (*Hamlet*, act v., scene 1.) If this be so, we think it will be admitted that the humour

⁴⁶ Although it would of course be abhorrent from all physical decorum that a land estate should ascend, yet there was no objection at all to its making a horizontal movement *in obliqua*, and therefore the uncle was able to inherit the estate, though the father was not. The beauty of the theory would be incomplete without stating that, as the uncle could only be heir to the son by being heir to the father, which father was himself heir to the son, the estate *must have passed through the father*, though it could not stay with him before it reached the uncle. If the uncle died, and the father survived (the father being the uncle's heir), the estate, which could not ascend vertically from the son to the father, was allowed to drift over to him collaterally, and he had at last a chance of enjoying a property which had perhaps been originally purchased with his own money. This rule of inheritance has been abolished by an act passed in the session 3 and 4 Will. IV., c. 106.

of the poet is not half as amazing as the gravity of the judge. Instances of rules equally sage, founded upon reasons equally convincing and equally brilliant, were numerous enough.

To the same cause which we have already mentioned, namely, the want of a periodical review of the laws by persons competent to the task of improving and refining and adapting them to the existing condition of society, is to be attributed the introduction of an immense mass of fictions, which rendered it the labour of a life to understand the peculiar no meaning of the nicknames and falsehoods which were the every-day means of administering justice to the people. Before a man could sue his debtor in the Court of Exchequer, he was obliged falsely to allege that he himself was the debtor of the crown; and although this lie was the indispensable foundation of the jurisdiction of the court in the case, the court would not admit any evidence of its falsehood. In the same manner, before a man could sue his debtor in the Court of King's Bench, he was obliged to charge the debtor fictitiously with the commission of a most outrageous assault, and having by this lie brought him "within the jurisdiction" of the court, he was able, by the assistance of another usage, to sue him for the debt. These fictions in every department became so numerous as to give rise to a proposition which has been dignified with the name of "a maxim of law," but which contains one of the most monstrous assertions that ever was propounded, namely, that "falsehood composed a very proper foundation for a superstructure of justice"⁴⁷, whilst there existed contemporaneously a system of pleading in which nobody knew what he was to establish or what to resist, and in which the most trivial and almost imperceptible mistake was sufficient to countervail and subvert the whole merits of a case.⁴⁸

It must be admitted that of late we have "reformed this in part." It is, however, necessary to "reform it altogether," and to make a permanent provision for the continual and progressive adaptation of our laws of every kind to the varying circumstances of society, instead of endeavouring to accomplish necessary operations, and obtain indispensable objects, by introducing living fictions, "under the ribs" of decayed and exanimate institutions, generating a convulsive and paralytic imitation of natural action, the knowledge and understanding of which partakes more of the nature of jugglery than of science; and which requires to be expressed in a mysterious jargon that sets the principles of grammar and of rhetoric, of propriety and of analogy, equally and totally at defiance.

For the remedy of these evils we should propose the establishment of a permanent Committee of Law and Legislation, who should possess in themselves no enacting or judicial authority, but whose duty should be to lay before the legislature, from time to time, such suggestions and information as may enable the parliament to discharge their duties with the utmost attainable degree of conformity to the theory of its character. About the composition of such a committee, we do not think that there could be any difficulty; and we believe that, if necessary, its duties could be performed by retired judges alone, without any other assistance. If the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords (the existence of which, as a tribunal of ultimate appeal, is a burlesque upon justice⁴⁹) were to be at once and totally

⁴⁷ In *fictione juris consistit equitas*.

⁴⁸ In *nostra lege unum comma subvertit totum placitum*.—*Ruggie's Ignoramus*.

It was stated within a few days, in the Court of Exchequer Chamber, that the object of constituting that court was to discourage the practice of appealing to the House of Lords. The judges present made no great secret about their opinions of the competency and utility of the supreme court of appeal. The observations upon the point were principally made by Mr. Justice Bosanquet and Mr. Baron Alderson, both of whom, we believe, were concerned in recommending

abolished, as it certainly must be within a very short time, the individuals who have retired from the office of Lord Chancellor would find the noblest employment for their leisure in contributing to rationalise the laws of their country, to which they are indebted for so noble an *otium cum dignitate* as that which they enjoy.⁵⁰ The service of the judges may be secured by allowing them to retire from the more laborious duties of the bench on full salary, at an earlier period than that fixed by the present regulation, upon the condition of their giving their assistance upon the proposed committee. It would be a matter of course that certain of the great officers of the public should, during the continuance of office, be members *ex officio*, as the lord chancellor, the speaker, the chairman of the committees in each house, with the secretary of state for the home department, and the law officers of the crown. To these could be associated a few members of the bar; distinguished, not only for a knowledge of the law, but for an acquaintance with the principles of composition.⁵¹ There are always in the profession gentlemen of high attainments who, for many reasons, entertain no prospect, or no very immediate one, of being raised to the bench, and who would be glad, when arrived at a certain period of their career, to exchange a slight or a distant chance of judicial promotion for a certain and permanent income, to be acquired in an employment which, to such persons, would be usually agreeable and never laborious. One or two eminent members from each party in the House of Commons may be added for the purpose of facilitating the communication between the committee and the legislature, and the necessary quantity of mere manual assistance being procured, the establishment would be complete.

The first duty of such a committee would be to construct a general framework to serve, at the discretion of the legislature, as a model for the composition and arrangement of all future acts of parliament. Their next would be the formation of a complete and scientific digest of the law, as it exists in all its departments, judicial and statutory. It would thus become a work of extreme facility to decide upon the merits or necessity of any proposed alteration; and the person who undertook in either House to introduce a measure upon any subject, would be able, at the same time, to communicate the state of the law upon the point in question at the instant of the suggested alteration, instead of being, as is the case too frequently at present, entirely destitute of any adequate knowledge of the consistency of the proposed law with preceding or contemporaneous enactments or adjudications upon the same or upon collateral subjects.

If every bill brought before the legislature should be previously submitted to the inspection of the committee, two very important advantages would be obtained. The actual extent of the evil to be remedied could be ascertained upon the best authority, and the remedy would be applied in the manner best calculated to effect the amendment. Every body acquainted with the proceedings of the courts of justice is aware, that the principles of construction and interpretation there adopted have rendered wholly inoperative some of the most remarkable statutes ever passed by the legislature. Some

and preparing the statute by which the Court of Exchequer Chamber has been created, and both of whom expressly stated that the object of the act was indirectly to prevent all appeals to the House from at least the common law side of Westminster Hall. See the Report of the Proceedings of the Court in the *Times* of the 10th of January.

⁵⁰ This truly patriotic and dignified occupation appears to be followed with exemplary zeal by the retired judges of America, amongst whom the name of Story is entitled to peculiar admiration.

⁵¹ According to a private letter from Paris, referred to in the *Times* of the 3d instant, M. Etienne seems to have been appointed reporter of the committee for the preparation of the address of the Chamber, in order that the document may be composed in conformity with the rules of grammar, against which it is said to have sinned grievously in the preceding year, when it had been drawn up by M. St. Marc Girardin. They certainly manage *these* things better in France.

parts of the statute of frauds and the statute of uses may be cited as instances of this fact. The manner of guarding against this occurrence is wholly beyond the reach of any but a professional mind, which has been enlightened by the "lucubrations of twenty years;" and although, in consequence of the uncertainty and imperfection attending all human efforts, the evil cannot always be guarded against even by the persons best qualified, yet it is perfectly certain that it cannot even be appreciated by any one else. The professional status of the members of the committee would enable them, upon all occasions, to communicate freely with their brethren of the bench in their private capacity, without any difficulty; and means may be provided for obtaining a public expression of the opinion of all the judges as to the state of the law upon any point by a proceeding in the nature of a feigned issue, whenever the subject or the occasion was of importance enough to justify such a course. The additional trouble given to the judges would be very trifling, and would be more than counterbalanced by the removal of the labour which they are now obliged to undergo in "perplexing their heads," as Lord Coke says, "in making atonement and peace by construction of law between those insensible (senseless) and discordant words, sentences, and provisos"⁵², with which modern acts of parliament are often overladen for the want of such previous assistance and advice as may be afforded through the means which we have suggested above.

Another and a most important function of the committee would be to weed out the statute-book, and to publish an edition from which every portion that was repealed or obsolete should be excluded⁵³; and a similar service could be done to the country in respect of the judicial reports, by excluding from the authentic digests of the committee all cases that had been overruled by subsequent decisions, or which had been deprived of authority and utility in consequence of some subsequent provision of the legislature. It is impossible even to *anticipate*, without satisfaction, the noble simplification which may be effected by these means, combined with a progressive classification and consolidation of the law relating to each considerable subject, and the publication of an authentic and uniform practice would complete the design. We have been led to make the preceding observations in consequence of having received a volume of papers relative to the drawing up of acts of parliament, and to the means of insuring the uniformity thereof. The writer appears to have applied himself with considerable industry to the examination of the innumerable defects of those instruments, and has made many suggestions as to the best method of improving their structure. The models, however, which he proposes appear to have in some remarkable instances the very faults which he professes to avoid, and to be in opposition to some of the rules which he has himself suggested. For our own parts we are of opinion that a legislative committee, such as we have recommended, would have no great difficulty in adopting a plan for the general composition of an act of parliament, without being tied up with the strictness which has been proposed by the writer in question. Such a committee would of course accept suggestions from every quarter, and would find some useful ones in the publication or collection of Mr. Symons, who appears to be the author of the volume to which we allude. The papers do not seem to be the production of a lawyer, and the style is excessively bare, without any countervailing amount of perspicuity. The length to which our observations have already been extended prevents us however from entering at present any farther into the subject.

⁵² Pref. to 2 Rep.

⁵³ Acts which are, obsolete, expired, or virtually repealed, still retain their places in many editions of the Statutes at large.—Pref. to *Williams's Digest of the Statute Law*.

THE PRESENT STATE OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

In proposing to give a series of sketches of the most marked individualities amongst the French authors of the present day, we conceive we shall be executing no useless task in first taking a general view of the *tableau*. Details are always best appreciated from a point of sight embracing the entire mass. It is a rare thing, and more so than ever in our age of cultivation and general movement, that intelligence beams forth — *proles sine matre* — suddenly, unexpectedly, inexplicably, entirely independently of the contemporary or preceding age. There is an affinity between the man and the epoch, and the exposition of the one is never complete without that of the other. Moreover, it is a thing indispensable — for those, at least, who, like ourselves, love to look at Art in the light of a mission fulfilled, of an educative act accomplished — to determine the standing of the powers and devotedness of the artist as respects his knowledge of the wants of the age and of the elements that oppose or second his labours.

A literature, a poetry — we say it without preamble — exists not at the present moment in France. Poets there are, puissant individualities there are, that make gigantic efforts to maintain, unbroken, the tradition of Literature — men who from time to time still flash on our heads the sacred flame, like lightning in the darkness, or rather who go about the world sorrowfully repeating in fine but plaintive verse, what we now proclaim in all the nakedness of criticism — barrenness and impotency. But this is not a literature. A few individuals, endowed with power and will, but lying under all the doubts and all the incoherencies of solitary inspiration, whose melody is for a small number of elect, drawing almost nothing from the people, and bestowing nothing, are insufficient to constitute a poetry — especially a poetry, national in its forms, European in its sentiment, such as is required for France and every other country, by the now incontestable tendencies of the epoch.

That which we term a literature implies a grand sentiment, a sentiment of the future, a sentiment common to all, writers and readers — in a word, the sentiment of the age, for every age has a sentiment that presides over its progress, and over all its important manifestations — felt, reduced to a formula, and enunciated by a chosen few, kings by intellect and the qualities of the heart — reflected, elaborated, translated under all the possible forms and every possible tone of art by the great majority of secondary writers — welcomed, admired, and loved by the greatest number of listeners and readers. It implies the acknowledged sovereignty not of a few arbitrary precepts reposing on the authority of an age or individual long extinct, but of a small number of general laws deduced from the very nature of things, of men, and of the tendencies and wants of the age. Above all, it implies a harmony or communion, habitual and active, between the poet and the public, a reciprocal inspiration proceeding from the mass to the intelligences, from the people to the writer, from the depths of society to its altitudes, and thence redescending on the entire nation, perfected, developed, and purified by Genius. Under these conditions alone can we conceive a literature for the nineteenth century. Wherever these are not met with, there are only *hommes de lettres*.

Does any thing of this exist in France at the present day?

We have not to inquire here *what* is the *social* and common sentiment whose tint should colour, in a greater or less degree, every work of art in France, and should harmonise the various labour of intelligences: but we ask, is there any? Does the literature of France pursue a design? Has it an ensign? Has it, what Byron demanded of poetry—the consciousness of a period yet in futurity? Does it teach us any thing mighty as to earth or heaven, any thing on the mysteries of our being, or the destinies of humanity?

Nothing, nothing. Save Lamennais, whose inspiration, deeply religious, popular, and prophetic, unites in their highest strength the three most essential characteristics of true poetry — save that extraordinary woman so superficially estimated, so precipitately condemned, who, by plunging into the abyss, has “plucked up” hope from the bottom — what do her poets sing? What do the writers teach who are at this moment masters of the field of literature? Despondency and scepticism. None of those expanded sympathies that breathed in the noble soul of Schiller—none of those lofty aspirations that spread an unspeakable calm over the verse of Klopstock and Wordsworth—none even of those bursts of popular indignation, so stamped with the impress of conscience, so wonder-working and full of results, that inspired the poesy of the prophets. The literature of existing France is neither religious, nor social, nor of the people. She has neither faith nor flag. Blindfold, groping, lawless, and aimless, she marches at hazard wherever she may be impelled by individual volition, by the impression of the moment, and by the present, isolated from consequences and antecedents. She oft-times speaks of religion; she prostrates herself to God, to Christ, to the churches of the middle age that she encounters in her errant course. But think not, that it may be to draw thence faith, life, and love. No; she seeks a short repose amid the pillars and “dim religious light” of the cathedral for her wearied brain: she is bathed in moisture from the working of the imagination alone — the heart is without a throb. If she murmurs a prayer it is, with Manfred, to demand *forgetfulness*. The world is a burden to her, for she knows not her path therein. Her songs are sad, not of that virtuous and sympathetic sadness that crowns, with a martyr’s coronal, the souls that have suffered much and struggled much, but with that bitterness of disgust and aristocratic *ennui* that chastisingly corrodes prideful and selfish spirits; it is the bitterness of Faust and not the sadness of Christ in the Garden of Olives. At times she has a *passion* of politics, never a creed; she can reproach, but not bless. Her indignation has nothing lyrical; she never steps beyond satire — satire grim and fleshless as hatred, where each word bears the imprint of revenge, where none betrays the holy anger of outraged virtue that stigmatises baseness from respect to the ideal type of humanity. We can fancy, whilst reading, that we hear the fruitless and tardy reproaches that are bandied about in prison by accomplices in crime. Thus, when the bile is got rid of, when this temporary irritation, whose seat is not in the heart, is exhausted, nothing is left in the soul of the writer to protect it against the assault of the very vices he has just been denouncing. The author of “*Iambes*,” Auguste Barbier, makes his peace with the corrupted society that he had anathematised, and Barthelemy prostitutes the pen that indicted “*Nemesis*,” to the government that has paid his gambling liabilities.

As for popular poetry, such as we conceive it, it cannot flourish in this vacuum of all belief. Béranger is silent and Hégésippe Moreau is dying in a hospital.

All this is mournful, but true. We exaggerate in nothing. We know

the exceptions; and we hope to make it seen, in the sequel, that we grapple them to us with so much the more enthusiasm, that they are a guarantee for the future. But the general fact as to the poetical literature of France is, incontestably, what we have just described. And so, unable to exist in an atmosphere of doubt and moral anarchy, Poetry either completely abdicates her mission, or wanders from it wider day by day. The stars, lately so brilliant, are paling, and no new ones appear. Victor Hugo has fallen; Lamartine is falling. "Les Pensées d'Août" of M. Sainte Beuve have dejected all those who yet hoped in him. The attempts of Edgar Quinet, powerful in their sentiment, are by no means so in their form and versification. We know not if there be now a single name that promises to console us for these misfortunes. The only young man, of late years, that is, in our opinion, gifted with true poetical spirit, M. Alfred de Musset, after having scattered, in useless scintillations, the vast powers that God had endowed him with, is busy now-a-day commemorating in indifferent verse the birth of the Comte de Paris. The most pure and most conscientious perhaps among those talents that in France are seated in the high places of literature, M. Alfred de Vigny, will plead, if need be, with tears in his eyes, and with urgent devotedness, the cause of poetry, of enthusiasm, of ill-fated genius; then, hurried away by a mysterious common fatality, he himself will close the gates of futurity, and write on the pediment of the temple in which he has just worshipped — "*Despair and die.*" The last line of his work will say to the poet — "*Isolate thyself;*" in other words, destroy thy genius, thy mission, and thy soul, and leave the field free to evil, to ignorance, and to corruption (*vide Stello*).

Before this general rout, Criticism exhibited uneasiness. She threw herself headlong into the *mêlée*, summoning the fugitives to stand, first in the name of one theory, then of another. All was ineffectual, and she soon found herself overwhelmed and borne away by the mass. With some exceptions, she was compelled to feel, and to confess, in the bitterness of self-examination, her inability to probe the future. Thenceforth there remained for her but to ruminate on the past, or to avenge her defeat by likewise sowing her own share of the anarchy. She did so. Three camps were pitched. In the one, that of the Romanticist innovators, after having put forth some brilliant conceptions, but of a purely destructive tendency, they began to announce an absolute renovation of literature. They went on to the enthronization of chance and sensuousness by the principle *I'Art pour l'Art* — Art for Art's sake; and finished by prostrating the end to the form, the sentiment to the phrase. All this was done in six years, under the dictatorship of Victor Hugo, whose first edict was the preface to "Cromwell" in 1827; the second the celebrated formula — *Poetry is the glorious caprice of an individual*; the third was summed up in three words, which he printed in 1833 in the "Europe Littéraire" — "Severity and grandeur in the structure, and, *that the work may be complete*, grandeur and severity in the foundation." In the other camp, that of the Eclectic innovators, it was coolly proclaimed, by M. Cousin, that the Beautiful could not be the path to the Useful or the Productive, that it could lead only to itself; that the Arts, whose true end, said they, was the expression of the Beautiful, consequently could only merit their name on condition of being useless. In the third, we know not how many academicians, denying the power of humanity and the work of *transformation*, that intelligence is called to accomplish on Nature every day, contented themselves by sullenly repeating this remnant of two thousand years of the past, that Art is only the imitation of Nature. All the three, as it will be seen, denied the idea, and

renounced all part in the imitative, condemning Poetry to drag herself at the train of the age, or of an age extinct, or of individual caprice. At this day, Romanticism is dead, Eclecticism is dead, the old Classicism is dead. Criticism is silent and abashed. The only literary periodical of any importance, the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" is a collection of fragments, often excellent, but without unity, without any definite theory of criticism, without any bond of homogeneity between them. Of all this tumult of theory there remains only the pedantic croak of M. Nisard preaching a return to the *Grand Siècle* of Louis XIV.; and the question of his success depends, in our notion, on this other query, the affirmative of which we may be permitted to doubt: — Will Louis Philippe succeed in reviving the age and the society of that period? And lastly, the echo of the Satanic *feuilletonistes* raised by Jules Janin and his consorts: — *Poetry is dead, long life to Prose!* — and we shall see, by-and-bye, what kind of prose they mean.

Nothing of this is true, God be thanked. Poetry, like love and liberty, its two angels, is immortal. So long as the spirit of God shall vindicate itself in man by martyrdom or by victory, there will be business in the world for a poet. So long as the heart of woman shall be conscious of sacred pity, and the heart of man of devotedness, there will be a wreath for his brow or for his tomb. Poetry is not dead in France or elsewhere; she is musing. She has exhausted a cycle; she dreams of the future; she seeks a new path, and she will find it. But it is of interest to know, how she arrived at this period of inaction. This we shall endeavour to illustrate as concisely as possible. There may thence arise some presage for the time that has commenced.

The revolution, in France, had no poets. Poetry became action; she overthrew the Bastille, dethroned kings, and repulsed invasion. Her song ceased; to sound the *reveillée* of the people, the *Marseillaise* was already sufficient. Neither had the empire poets. Then also action had the start of words. But there was another thing: Poetry lives on liberty, and that Napoleon suppressed, to the profit of future equality. Napoleon furnished subjects for the epic; but, a conquering and absolute genius, he aimed at reserving for himself the last word as well as the first; now this could not be. The sole epic possible henceforwards is the grand epic of the people. Of this Poetry was deeply sensible, and she abandoned the emperor as soon as he ceased to represent an idea to represent merely a power. After having traversed Europe under his standards, incarnate in the Grand Army, she took refuge in the bosom of the people, in Spain, in Germany, in Calabria, and offered her protest in exile through Madame de Staël and M. de Chateaubriand. The emperor avenged himself by forbidding her his dominions, by reducing the intelligences to one formal trim, by mustering the *savans* in rank and file, and by branding with the name of *ideologists* all those who were hardy enough to think for themselves. Political materialism invaded the whole of society. The mute endurance of the Conservative senate communicated itself to the literature. When the giant fell, there was a reaction — a reaction of liberty against the levelling of despotism, of the independence of thought against the crushing of power, of the so long-stifled craving for a creed against the inertia of materialism. Romanticism sprung from this reaction.

Poetry re-entered France, not *by*, but *with*, the Restoration. This is a distinction essential to be made by whomsoever wishes to judge impartially of that period of literature that has become extinct in our own time. *Romanticism*, some one has said, stepped out from beneath the *mantle of legitimacy*. Not so; Romanticism was in its origin a protest of liberty. It

was an out-break, without fixed end or aim, if you will, other than that of evidencing the innate independence of intelligence ; but this was no servile work, and, therefore, it was that all the youth welcomed it with enthusiasm. Now, worn with time and care, we forget those days of brightness in gazing on their decline ; but does disappointment authorise ingratitude ?

It was a magnificent and noble burst ; and there was more of poetry—will the venerators of the *Grand Siècle* pardon us this blasphemy ? we speak of *ideas* and not of *forms*—there was more of poetry in the ten years that elapsed from 1820 to 1830 than there was in the age of Louis XIV. It was an impulse of youth, ingenuous, trustful, and enthusiastic, sufficient to create emotion in the breasts of even the old ; and though we have seen the fruit turn to ashes on our very lips, we cannot think of it even at this hour without experiencing a similar feeling to that excited by the remembrance of our first love. Art had then its worship, its altars, and its believers—a worship of desires and aspirations vague and imperfect—altars without inscription, and on which, to say truth, were offered sacrifices to “The Unknown God ;”—believers, often unreasoning, fanatic, and extravagant. But there was warm faith, zeal, and a disposition to devotedness ; there was life—far preferable even in its phrenzies and wanderings to actual stagnation. The same youth who at night frequented those secret assemblies of the Carbonari from whence sprang the four martyrs of La Rochelle, next morning waged a deadly warfare in the columns of *Le Globe* against all the literary lumber, all the academic prejudices, and all the petty shackles by which mediocrity, under the guise of Aristotle and Boileau, was endeavouring to stifle the freedom of the mind. Men, then ardent, and perhaps conscientious—in whom, alas ! the thirst of power has since shrivelled up the heart and withered the intellect—from the supremacy of their chairs, inoculated a numerous body of scholars with the idea and the craving for these novelties. At every instant, cheers of applause broke forth from the youthful and excited spirits that were around ; and certainly if all memory have not deserted these men, those must be moments of exceeding bitterness when they compare the by-gone days with the silence and solitude they have created. Whilst, under this guidance, they were clearing the path of history—whilst, under the impulse of Scott and the example of the *Cinq Mars* of Alfred de Vigny, they began to essay the historical romance, Victor Hugo and Lamartine, *par nobile fratrum*, were inviting them to Poetry by two different routes. The latter, vague and melancholy, pure in his design and transparent in his colouring, seeking God as one heavy laden, and solitary as the nightingale ; the former, bold, fiery, and subversive, launching proclamations under the form of prefaces, and subscribing himself *Hierro**, the poet of strong lights and shadows, overflowing with imagery, soaring to the noon-day sun like the eagle, and responding to all our instincts of liberty and struggle, as the other to our instincts of veneration and belief. Around these, grouped themselves, on one side, the followers of that school designated as the *visible*—Prosper Mérimée, Vitet, and a long list ; and on the other, those of the school called *intime*, with Sainte Beuve and Alfred de Musset at their head : the first, men of *symbol*, working in relief, and attaching themselves to the exterior face of nature ; the latter, men of *idea*, exploring and analysing the interior aspect of all things. And then, on high, flitting o’er all this labour of emancipation, were those great spirits—Byron and Goethe, a potent and mysterious duality. The twofold and

* The Spanish word for iron.

most recent formula of an epoch thenceforward fulfilled, they shone out as two clouded stars on the avenues to the route that opened to the world a poetical futurity, into which it was forbidden to themselves to penetrate.

And yet, there was on the countenance of these young and valiant *athlètes* a certain premature sallowness — a certain imprint of destiny that cast on the soul a gloomy sadness. They themselves were sad without knowing why — an involuntary sadness lurking in every lay, and dimming the brightness of their moments of triumph. As they passed by us, presumptuous innovators as they were, with brow erect, and the standard of literary rejuvenescence flaunting before them, one felt that their lips murmured to the assembled youth the *morituri te salutant* of the Roman gladiators. Then we knew not exactly the meaning; now, we know it.

In reality, it was the mask of death. In the fever of youth they had inoculated themselves by a fatal mistake with a pestilential germ, seduced by an imagination without control, and the want of a sound historical conception of the great march of Humanity. It was the sign of a mission misconceived. The sons of liberty, they had denied their mother; or rather they had denied their faith in her, trusting their future progress to agencies defunct. Whether conscious of it or not, they were thoroughly the product of that movement given to men's minds by the Revolution, and suppressed by the empire. The age sent them forth as the apostles of general emancipation through literature; and they betrayed their commission. They misunderstood both France and the age. On the one hand they discovered a throne, and on the other an altar, and they attempted to re-elevate both. True, they were ruins, but ruins poetical from the past that brooded over them! — and the ray of the setting sun is such an illustrator of magnificence in decay. They took it for a beam of the rising light, and prostrated themselves before the ruins; they termed themselves, and believed themselves, legitimists, apostles of the right divine, and fervent Catholics.

They were not so. The spirit of the Revolution murmured within them, and from that contest sprang all their extravagancies, all their incoherencies, and all their sadness. There smouldered in them two natures that shared their literary life, and often engrossed, each the half of the same work; — their original nature, of pullers-down and men of the future; their acquired nature, as men of the past and of the Restoration: and this dualism is visible in all the productions of the school — in those of Victor Hugo especially. It prevented them all calm and all true concord: it prevented them what is far more — a real and efficacious faith; without which, henceforwards, there can be no great and enduring poetry.

They felt this themselves. Corroding doubt glided in amidst their boldest phrases and their warmest prayers. Whenever a contradiction to their literary or social theory happened to meet them — whenever a sudden flash unveiled to them the work of dissolution that threatened the recesses of the re-plastered structure they trusted in, they fell to trembling. Each of them instinctively thought of a means of escape. M. Merimée wrote for and against; he did homage to the democratic inspiration by "*La Jacquerie*," — to the monarchical inspiration by "*La Chronique de Charles IX.*" Victor Hugo proclaimed Art independent of all social vicissitude; he asserted that it was dependent on Genius alone, or, in more precise terms, on the caprice of the artist. The youth, who had followed them as far as they had, in a literary sense, marched with the age, halted in astonishment on hearing these theories; they began to suspect they had been deceived in their chiefs, and desertion commenced. On a certain day a great fall was heard, as of an

avalanche. The chiefs retreated, and there was no longer any one to follow. It was in the year 1830.

The year 1830 was a fatal one. The same paving stones overturned the dynasty of Romanticism and the right divine. All the springs to which they had resorted in their simplicity were suddenly dried up. The very ruins they adored no longer existed. All was levelled: and on the levelled soil, in place of the chivalrous monarchy of St. Louis, which they had re-embellished with all their fancy, there arose an indefinable something of nameless prose, a middle class and chandler-shop royalty, a union of the counter, and the measure—too much for the most effervescing imagination. A similar feeling—we beg pardon for the comparison—to that of the disenchanted awaking of Don Quixote, was in store for the chiefs of the Romanticism of literature. Lamartine fled to the East: M. Hugo took refuge in melodrama, and sought to lose himself in poetic sensuousness: M. Sainte Beuve turned precisian, and set to work as a commentator *à la Port Royal*.

And yet there was very near them, on more elevated ground, a man more powerful than them all, more compromised with the past than them all:—Lamennais, who took a generous part, who recognised the influence of the age, and in the influence of the age the finger of God; and who enlisted himself under the flag of the people, not that it was the flag of victory, but because it was that of justice and immortal truth. Why did they not do the same?

They did it not. It is not given to all men to begin a new career after having run out the first. They then achieved "*Ruy Blas*," "*Chûte d'un Ange*," and "*Les Pensées d'Aout*." However, that the mission of the age might be accomplished on them, and in spite of them,—that might should yield to right—*ut adimpleantur Scripturæ*—Victor Hugo, who commenced by proclaiming "that there was no poetry possible, unless from a monarchical and catholic view of things," poured out, in his dramas, the most cruel satire on courts and the habits of royalty: and M. de Lamartine is driven, in his last poem, to be, we will not say catholic, but not even christian; he is dreaming, though silent on the matter, in the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, on a complete renovation, religious, social, and political.

Romanticism fell, and created an immense vacuum: this was filled on a sudden by men of *light* literature, as they name it; or, as we would term it, of *loose* literature. This is the school that reigns at present.

We have watched this school, even from the outbreak of the Romanticist insurrection, treading almost as closely on the innovations in literature, as the ape to the man. During the latter years of the Restoration, a few writers made their fame by a biting criticism on society, and by an absolute disgust at men and things. Jules Janin had written his "*L'Ane Mort et la Femme Guillotinée*;" M. Balzac his "*Peau de Chagrin*;" Eugène Sue, God knows what. This was taken for spleen, and even—Heaven pardon us—for the irritation of a puritanical virtue wounded at beholding universal corruption. One would have said that they alone of their contemporaries saw beyond all political questions, and felt that there was, in the womb of society, a far graver evil to probe and to demonstrate. We defended the hideous nudity of their *tableaux* by the mode in which the Spartans sought to fortify their youth against drunkenness, and by the example of the aged father who carried his son to the hospital to terrify him with the consequences of libertinism. The year 1830 unmasked them. Amidst that magnificent awakening of the people, at that moment of the loftiest poetry, whilst the young writers of "*Le Globe*" hastened to join the artisans fighting for the liberty of the press—whilst Farcy, poor Farcy, stuffed his carbine

with the proofs of his last sheet, and met his death — these gentlemen might be seen — that is, some days after — cool, unmoved; — the same wolfishness in the eye, the same Mephistophiles' smile on the lip, pursuing, without emotion, their labour of scandal and purposeless analysis; — they might still be seen wielding in one hand a pen tainted with filth and malice, and holding out the other to that power they despised to receive from it the key of a social organism on which they poured contempt in their writings, and the alms of an employment, a pension, or a baron's cross. It began to be understood that with them it was no longer a question of what could be affected by way of remedy, — their business was to dissect and sell. They ceased to be esteemed, but did not cease to be read, and that was all they needed; they knew well that the scandal-loving public was a large one, and so they continued, and do continue, the supply. Moreover, the arena was thinned of combatants by degrees, the dead alone remained; and they rushed forth like jackals on a deserted field of the slain.

During the cholera, at Naples, the cry in the streets was, "*Have you any dead? show lights in your windows.*" This cry is a perfect summary of the whole literature of the men of whom we are speaking: they seek out the dead and put lights around. They set to work to rake out all that there is most decayed and most unclean in society, and bring it into the full blaze of day: they place a glass ostentatiously magnifying every wound they discover. With remedies they occupy themselves not. For them, every scratch is in a state of gangrene. Every meanness, every weakness, detected or only surmised, is, for them, a piece of good-luck; they dive as far as they can into the probable or possible motives of any action, with the hope of finding selfishness at the bottom; they dredge the human heart as it were a sewer; they stir the mud till the whole stream is defiled. Then, when the stock of action fails them, they take to ideas; in default of vice, they mangle virtue. There is not a single noble thought, a single large and generous sentiment, that they have not tried to render ridiculous, either by attacking it directly, by exaggerating it into travestie, or by investing with its attributes some simple and foolish personage. One avails himself of the conceptions of the intelligence that has devoted its existence to the inquiry after good; he fastens on a false step, and exhibits it as the final result of long study and conscientious meditation; or, better for his purpose, he halts at some verbal novelties, mutilates the expression of a system, tacks together some shreds of phrases gathered here and there, and boldly declares — "*Here is Genius.*" Another puts before us a member of the Temperance Society who gets tipsy at table, or a philanthropist that invites to crime by rendering a prison an agreeable retreat; this one tells us — "*Here is Virtue.*" A third shows us a hypocritical negro, a homicide, an incendiary, receiving the Monthyon prize; or, perhaps, an atheist by practice and theory, doing evil from system, fascinating innocence with his glance, tainting it with his breath, urging it towards the precipice, mocking at it, and then obtaining that rank in society, that admiration and sympathy, which should be the lot of virtue alone. All this coolly, without contrast, without indignation; — we fancy ourselves transported to the *Herenküche* of Faust, so much of materialism is there in the atmosphere we seem to inhale during the perusal.

Again, we repeat, in nothing do we exaggerate. Read — not Jules Janin, a sort of agreeable literary lounging chair, at bottom culpable, merely as substituting wit for sentiment, grace for dignity, words for ideas, — but the principal works emanating from Balzac, Eugène Sue, Leon

Gozlan, and Soulié—or, rather, read them not, and be contented with these few lines of the manifesto of the school:—

“Called to reproduce the literature of the eighteenth century the literature of the nineteenth could not do otherwise than reproduce certain of its vices, not with a holy horror that was unfelt, but with all the simplicity and all the freedom of an epoch that re-instates another epoch, that does its best in the way of apology, pardoning the corruptness for the sake of the courage, and the vices for the sake of the wit. As a general proposition, there is nothing immoral in the arts, not even the secret museum at Naples. Wherever there is any thing of art, the form excuses the intent.”

This appeared in the “*Revue de Paris*,” from the pen of Jules Janin, on the 20th September, 1834: the publications of the school are but a commentary.

Our language is severe, but hardly enough so. All compromise, silence even, in respect to this school, seems to us a kind of crime; and we are astonished, we are compelled to avow it, at the terms observed towards it by those of the French authors who comprehend the sanctity of the duties belonging to Literature. They should wage with it a deadly, continuous, and inexorable warfare. These men have done, and do every day, an incalculable injury to France. They have unpoeticised virtue, dammed up enthusiasm, laboured with their whole might to disenchant hearts yet virgin, scotched all strong faith, corrupted young imaginations, promoted unbelief and selfishness to the rank of a dogma, and given birth to two-thirds of the moral anarchy that is even now impending over the nation in its path of progression. We know not how many self-slaughtered spirits are now cursing their lawless productions; but we do know that after having taught that virtue serves only to create dupes, and that the work of God was radically bad, they are themselves deprived of all right to condemn suicide.

And is this all? Is all the literature of France of the present day no other than base and immoral? Is all hope dead? God be thanked, that we dare not say so. Literature itself is not exhausted in France; it is but a phase of literature: another will arise; and many individuals, whom we shall perhaps have occasion to speak of hereafter, are already occupied in clearing its path. But we must first establish the present existing position, before pointing to the brightness of a better period now just dawning on the horizon.

The present position is bad; but so is every epoch of transition. The literature of France is evidently at that epoch. Romanticism, which the critics have so ill appreciated, because each of them has judged of it from one alone of its aspects, though it possess ten, has been—almost like the rising of 1830—a protest in favour of the liberty of literature rather than a revolution. It tore down the *ordonnances* signed “Boileau,” and counter-signed by the Academy. It broke up the empire of all the conventional precepts by which literary eunuchs disputed the fecundity of genius, and imprisoned it within the circle of a particular school. It annihilated the *coup-d'état* that had been in force against national European poetry since the time of Louis XIV. By affirming the right of inquiry inherent in intelligence, and the right of inspiration inherent in each epoch, it re-opened the obstructed path of futurity. If it have not entered therein, if it have abused its liberty to stray in a thousand eccentric wanderings, or even to retrograde, it is, that, like 1830, it had but the capability of all reactions—to pull down, and not to build up; to dis sever, and not to associate. But

the reaction was legitimate, and its results will be lasting. Thanks to its agency the ground is cleared; the only care is that it be built on.

The existing state is a consequence, not of want of power, but of want of unity, of want of organic belief, of a vivifying principle, of an end succinctly planned out. So long as this void remains unfilled, Literature and Poetry cannot be re-born. And this work of harmony, of *unification*, can be achieved only by Philosophy, and History, that furnishes the former with materials. France is conscious of this; and whilst the literature of Poetry, which has formed the only topic of the present article, is day by day passing off, Philosophy and the science of History have taken the initiative, and promise to prepare a new basis for literature, a new source of inspiration for Poetry. To these two branches of intellectual development, and not to Literature, must we address ourselves at the present time, to learn something as to the hereafter of France; from thence also will issue the new literature. We know, and we shall endeavour to make them known to our readers, entire schools, whose works are not yet appreciated with us, who, without producing a single romance, a single work of imagination, are yet, in our opinion, building up that literary futurity which France awaits. And there is such a being, Lamennais for example, who, without having written a single verse in his life, does more for Poetry than is done by all the pretended poets that inundate the Parisian press with fifty volumes of verse per year.

Finally, there is nothing in what we have said that ought to astonish us. We have been too much accustomed to regard Philosophy and Literature as entirely distinct, and without reciprocal influence; we have often looked with disdain on poor Criticism, which, after all, when well done, is but Philosophy applied to Literature. But there are moments in the life of a people when a source of Poetry is exhausted — when a stratum of corruption intervenes — when anarchy is busy with intelligence and spirit, in which Genius requires, for its revelation, that a public be first formed, a people of believers and friends. In the Genesis of epochs, we have elsewhere said, even as in the scriptural Genesis, the Creator sheds his light on the face of the deep, long ere he sets the glorious sun in the midst of the firmament.

M. COMTE'S SYSTEM OF POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

Cours de Philosophie Positive: Par M. Auguste Comte. Paris. Tom. I. 1830. Tom. II. 1835. Tom. III. 1838.

AMIDST the diversities of English and foreign habits and ideas, few are more striking than the position which science occupies in the public estimation, the light in which its professed cultivators are regarded, and the degree in which public interest is excited in contemplating their labours, or more especially in listening to their expositions and following their courses of public instruction. In England, if the high celebrity of a Davy or a Faraday has been able occasionally to attract crowds to the theatre of an institution, it has been almost entirely owing to the curious and brilliant experimental exhibitions which they have given, or to the popular illustrations of some of the more elementary notions of physical truth which their lectures have afforded; and even such displays commonly retain their interest but for a brief period. The celebrity of the most profound philosopher is in the public estimation equally shared with the most superficial pretender who can plausibly descant on some popular novelty of experiment, or vindicate

the loftier title to fame which is conferred by predicting the changes of the weather.

The French capital has presented numerous instances of a very opposite character. The position in society which the eminent professors of science hold, and the degree of public attention which their *séances* and lectures excite among the fashionable circles, are very striking and characteristic. Many of the most illustrious *savans* have been able to collect around them brilliant audiences, if not to follow all their profound speculations, yet to applaud their discoveries and theories, and at least to pay homage to scientific genius. Of such cases a remarkable one is now presented in the instance of M. Comte, and his elaborate course of lectures on "Positive Philosophy," delivered in Paris, and since given to the world in print.

M. Auguste Comte holds the situation of one of the "*répétiteurs*" in the "*Ecole Polytechnique*," and enjoys a considerable reputation in mathematical and mechanical science. For ten years previously to 1826 he had been incessantly engaged, in the intervals of his public duties, in the prosecution of these researches, the fruits of which have been now presented to the world. In 1826 he appeared before the Parisian philosophers by commencing a course of lectures to develop his views. This course was interrupted by a severe illness soon after its commencement: it had, however, been patronised by the first scientific men in France; and on the resumption of the lectures in 1829 the audience included Fourier, Blainville, Poinso, and Navier, besides many other distinguished professors of science.

Finding his views highly approved by these eminent personages, the author resolved on trying their reception with a more public audience; and accordingly in the next year came forward at the Royal Athenæum of Paris with a repetition of the course (slightly abridged) before a numerous assemblage of the science, literature, and fashion of the metropolis. To such an auditory were developed the profound generalisations which constitute the author's system, in upwards of sixty lectures wholly occupied with topics of abstract science, demanding a considerable knowledge of mathematics on the part of the audience, and totally unaided by any sort of popular illustration, and unsupported by the exhibition of experiments. The first volume appeared in 1830: but political changes put a stop to the publication for some time: the second, however, appeared in 1835; the third in 1838; and a fourth is yet to follow. The work has obtained a high reputation in France, not less from the profound views of the actual principles of science which it conveys, than from the close relation in which they are placed with the general history of the development of the human mind, the progress of intellectual civilisation, and the most important of all topics—the moral and religious considerations which are involved. It is, perhaps, in this last respect that public attention is most likely to be drawn towards such a system. This doubtless was one material cause of its attraction in France; and in England we think it very likely that in this point of view the work may chiefly excite notice, though probably not with any particular feeling of approbation. If we look at the general tone of English sentiment, we are not prepared to argue a very favourable reception to any extensive and new philosophical system. An author who should come forward with pretensions of so very wide a nature as to include the whole scheme of human knowledge, discussed on new principles, and, in many respects, setting aside old prepossessions, would be very likely to be set down at once as a mere charlatan, and his whole system as little more than a piece of specious sophistry; a mystification of plain and sound science under newly invented names and distinctions, in a way which is at best but mere,

quackery. And if all this were found to be associated with an undisguised hostility to religion, the entire rejection of the whole in public estimation would follow; it would be mentioned only in condemnation, or passed by in silent neglect.

Such is what we believe would most probably be the reception by the English public of a work of similar pretensions to that now before us, unless some peculiarly powerful circumstances had effected somewhat of a turn in the current of general opinion on such subjects. We believe that, at the present day, some change of this sort may be detected. In the present instance the subject certainly has attracted some degree of attention. The eminence and soundness of the author's attainments in science, and (for the most part) the absence of assumption in his manner, secure him from the charge of quackery; while the luminous method in which the principles of his system are unfolded, and the force of sound argument by which he substantiates them, for the most part, in a scientific point of view, must ensure his work from peremptory and contemptuous rejection with those who have any pretensions to the character of educated and thinking persons. All this renders it, then, the more necessary to expose those portions of the system which really involve what is objectionable; and we shall rely upon our readers' discernment, in allowing us, for a brief space, to direct towards the actual nature of these somewhat abstruse topics that attention which their real importance demands.

The term "positive philosophy" is new to English ears: it will be necessary to explain wherein the distinction consists. It may be asked, is it meant to apply to a particular class of *subjects*, or to something in the *nature* of the *reasoning* employed? It, in fact, includes a distinction of each kind. It refers to the kind and quality of the investigation, and includes all the range of subjects to which that particular kind of investigation has been applied. The "positive" character has been given to a considerable range of sciences, and the aggregate of the subjects so discussed constitute the course of "positive philosophy." Now this "positive" character is explained by M. Comte as equivalent to that which is conferred on any science, by following strictly the inductive method to establish its first principles and general laws, and the deductive processes of applied mathematics to lead to the prediction of consequences. But it is essential that these methods be used solely, exclusively, and independently of all other considerations, which might in any way influence or modify our views. Thus it implies the total absence of all gratuitous theorizing, of all prepossession or prejudice, especially of all subjection to the dominion of metaphysical subtleties, and of moral or religious authority; all which are essentially destructive to the conclusiveness and independence of real "positive" physical science.

In all this it is evident (and the distinction is important) that the influence of theological and metaphysical conceptions here spoken of is intended to apply solely to the *methods* by which we investigate the truths of science, and to the kind of *evidence* by which they are substantiated. As to any *inferences* which we may afterwards *deduce* from such scientific truths, these are in no way affected by the remark or included in the argument. A science which is strictly "positive" in its own nature may yet be made the foundation of further conclusions of a "metaphysical" or of a "theological" nature. But these form no part of the *principles* of the science, which *must* be wholly independent of them, or it ceases to have the character of true science. This, indeed, would seem sufficiently manifest if we merely observe that to *assume* such considerations in establishing the science itself

would be merely to involve the argument in a "*petitio principii*," when we attempt to *deduce* them from that science. That all branches of science have gone through such stages, more or less marked, will be manifest to all who are in any measure acquainted with the history of its progress; and that this results from the very constitution of the human mind, and the condition in which the first attempts at scientific inquiry necessarily stood, will be no less evident on the slightest reflection.

Now, in tracing the history of the different branches of science, M. Comte has announced the discovery of a great law immediately connected with the distinction thus explained. The "positive" is the perfect state of any science: but to attain to this every science not only has gone through, but must go through, preliminary states of imperfection: and of these the author distinguishes two necessarily antecedent to the "positive," which he terms the "theological" and the "metaphysical." But we cannot better present the nature of these distinctions to our readers than in the author's own words:—

"Dans l'état théologique, l'esprit humain dirigeant essentiellement ses recherches vers la nature intime des êtres, les causes premières et finales de tous les effets qui le frappent, en un mot, vers les connaissances absolues, se représente les phénomènes comme produits par l'action directe et continue d'agens surnaturels plus ou moins nombreux, dont l'intervention arbitraire explique toutes les anomalies apparentes de l'univers.

"Dans l'état métaphysique, qui n'est au fond qu'une simple modification générale du premier, les agens surnaturels sont remplacés par des forces abstraits, véritables entités (abstractions personnifiées) inhérentes aux divers êtres du monde, et conçues comme capable d'engendrer par elles-mêmes tous les phénomènes observés, dont l'explication consiste alors à assigner pour chacun l'entité correspondante.

"Enfin, dans l'état positif, l'esprit humain reconnaissant l'impossibilité d'obtenir des notions absolues, renonce à chercher l'origine et la destination de l'univers, et à connaître les causes intimes des phénomènes, pour s'attacher uniquement à découvrir par l'usage bien combiné du raisonnement et de l'observation leurs lois effectives, c'est-à-dire, leurs relations invariables de succession et de similitude. L'explication des faits réduite alors à ses termes réels n'est plus désormais que la liaison établie entre les divers phénomènes particuliers, et quelques faits généraux dont les progrès de la science tendent de plus en plus à diminuer le nombre."—Tom. i. p. 4.

This extract, short as it is, may yet suffice to put the reader in possession of the grand essential principle of M. Comte's system. If he follow out these remarks by such reflexions and illustrations as cannot fail to present themselves to any one moderately acquainted with the leading truths of science, he will readily perceive the force and importance of such a discussion as that presented in the subsequent lectures of M. Comte. In the compass of an article like the present, it would of course be impossible for us to attempt even an outline of the rich and varied illustrations, with which the author elucidates his principles. He traces them out in their widely ramified relations, not only to science considered as an abstract study, but as included in a *liberal course of education*, a point of view in which we earnestly wish our limits would allow us to follow him, convinced as we are of its extreme importance in reference to the state of instruction at the present time as pursued in this country. We must content ourselves by referring our readers to tom i. p. 40.

We have already observed, that the distribution of science into these different stages has been pursued in immediate connection with the laws of the progress of the human mind: and in illustrating them with so much force and precision, M. Comte has conferred a vast obligation on the whole body of those who are either engaged in the cultivation of science, or even interested in following its results. He has discussed, for the most part, with nice and discriminating accuracy, the boundaries of each department and the subordination (or "*hierarchy*" as he terms it), in which they stand related

to each other, depending on the necessity for the previous possession of the truths of one, before we can advance to the conclusions of the next. The author's idea in this respect bears a close analogy to that of Bacon; and in fact he may without exaggeration be described as doing that for the science of the present day which Bacon did for that of his own age; — with only this difference, that with the great father of inductive science, the work consisted almost wholly in anticipations and schemes for the *future* progress of discovery; while with the philosopher of the present day, the grand object is to trace and systematise the accessions hitherto made, as affording the surest indications by which to determine the future course of science. And to the grand principles laid down by his illustrious predecessor, the views established by M. Comte afford the most striking confirmation — a confirmation at once powerfully attesting the solidity of Bacon's speculations, and establishing the title of the French philosopher to be one of his most worthy successors.

As at once the shortest and most perspicuous method, we present our readers with an *abridgement* of M. Comte's analytical scheme of the range and subdivisions of

POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

Science of Quantity.	Mathematics .	The calculus	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Direct functions. Inverse functions. Variations. Finite differences.
		Geometry .	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Geometry in general. Geometry of the ancients. Analytical geometry. Theory of lines. Theory of surfaces.
		Rational mechanics . .	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Statics. Dynamics. General mechanical theorems.
Science of Unorganised Bodies.	Astronomy . .	Geometrical astronomy	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Astronomy of observation. Motion of the earth. Laws of Kepler.
		Mechanical astronomy	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Law of Gravitation. Application to the motions of the heavens.
		Positive cosmogony.	
		Barology.	
	Physics	Thermology	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Experimental. Mathematical.
		Acoustics.	
		Optics.	
		Electrology.	
	Chemistry . .	Inorganic . .	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> General view. Definite proportions. Electro-chemistry.
		Organic.	
Science of Organised Bodies.	Physiology . .	Structure of living bodies.	
		Classification of living bodies.	
		Vegetable physiology.	
		Animal physiology	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Ancient theories. Positive theory.
		Physiology of intellect and affections	
		General structure of human society.	
	Social physics*	Law of development of the human species.	
		Progress of civilisation	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Theological epoch Metaphysical epoch. Positive epoch.

* This last portion is not yet published, but is to constitute the fourth volume.

By this synopsis it will be seen at once what branches are actually included, and what in the present state of our knowledge the author regards as excluded from a participation in the title of *positive science*. He has devoted a long lecture to the explanation of this arrangement; to the general ground of that arrangement we have already referred. But notwithstanding its general soundness of principle, we are inclined to think that, as an absolute scheme of the whole range of science, it is defective. To a logical, or exhaustive, division and distribution of the various branches it does not pretend.* The reasons for the omission of some important branches, and what may appear an undue exaltation of others, is to be sought in the alleged position which those branches respectively have attained in the progressive stages of theological, metaphysical, and positive. But it appears to us that in one or two points it is materially defective, even upon the author's own principles.

We shall allude very briefly to *two* omissions which principally strike us; the first is the undulatory theory of light. This the author refers to as being yet in the *metaphysical* state, and hence excludes it. The reason for this is, that in this theory there is supposed the existence of a singularly subtle and elastic ethereal fluid, diffused through all space and all bodies, which is a metaphysical idea according to M. Comte. Now to us the fact appears to be this;—mathematicians have succeeded in tracing nearly all the laws of the phenomena of light as the results of certain dynamical laws, which express the propagation of vibratory motion among a number of physical points or molecules distributed through space: this, *for the sake of a name*, is called *ether*: no sound mathematical inquirer means any thing more by it; but such vibratory *motions* really exist. It thus appears to us, that this theory belongs as properly to the class of positive sciences, as that of gravitation or of sound. That it is as yet *incomplete* is no more argument against its admission, than in the corresponding cases of the theory of definite proportions, or of heat, which are ranked by M. Comte among the positive sciences.

The other yet more glaring omission which we have to notice, is *the science of geology*; and this is the more remarkable, as there are perhaps few branches which would have afforded the author a more perfect and striking confirmation of his own principle: no science has, in so extremely marked a manner, gone through the progressive changes which he insists upon; and this is the more conspicuous from the rapidity with which it has been accomplished, and this mainly within our own times. It may be useful to notice these stages. Half a century ago, geology as a science did not exist; the only notions which prevailed of cosmogony, or of changes on the earth's surface, were confined to the letter of the Mosaic creation and deluge. To these succeeded views, more or less modified, of former worlds destroyed, of successive stages or eras of creation, of universal convulsions and cataclysms, as the causes of the facts which began to be reluctantly admitted, however mystified.

It has not been until absolutely at the present day, that these unphilosophical modes of speculation have been wholly banished from the science: perhaps even now they have not been entirely relinquished by some of the older geologists. But it was almost the undivided honour of Mr. Lyell, to have been the first totally and resolutely to cast aside every vestige of the

* On the subject of comprehensive classification of the sciences, we strongly recommend to the perusal of our readers a most able pamphlet, entitled "Remarks on Classification," &c. &c. by J. W. Lubbock, Esq., F.R.S., Vice-Chancellor of the University of London. C. Knight. 1838.

trammels in which the *methods* of geology had been so long confined, and to recur unhesitatingly to the *sole* aid of simple induction, and the analogies of known and existing causes in the rigid investigation of the phenomena. Thus geology, after passing with unexampled rapidity from the *theological* through the *metaphysical* state, has now arrived at its final form of complete *positiveness*.

That all this should not have been recognised by M. Comte, is what we know not how to account for, unless on the supposition, that notwithstanding his manifest high philosophical appreciation of a vast range of science, there may yet be some branches, from comparative want of acquaintance with which he falls into the common fault of undervaluing or misconceiving. However this may be, it is remarkable that he devotes a lecture to what he terms "rational cosmogony," which is in fact nothing else than the nebular hypothesis of La Place, which he has followed out by a bold and ingenious theory of his own, connecting it with the origin of the orbital, as well as rotatory motions of the planets (tom. ii. p. 351.). To this the subject of rational and positive geology would have formed the most natural sequel.

In introducing to his readers the general subject of physics, M. Comte presents some admirable remarks on the *methods* to be adopted in physical researches. Among these his "Théorie Fundamentale des Hypothèses" holds a conspicuous place (tom. ii. p. 433.). In this important discussion, the author enlarges upon the nature of the *inductive method*, and shows, with his usual ability and distinctness, that "hypotheses," so far from being any thing really at variance with the strict method of induction, are an essential auxiliary and indispensable aid for the successful prosecution of true science, provided they be framed on strictly philosophic grounds. This truth (much as it has been misunderstood and even denied by many philosophical writers), thus strenuously upheld upon purely scientific principles by M. Comte, is in fact no other than that which has been recently contended for on quite different grounds, as being in fact the essential part of the process of induction when analysed by the rules of systematic *logic*, while the guide to such hypothesis must be simply *analogy*. We cannot here enter further on such a topic; but those readers who may be interested in it are referred for full information to Archbishop Whateley's "Logic," pp. 207. 228., and Professor Powell's "Connexion of Natural and Divine Truth," sect. i. p. 25. *et seq.*

Before proceeding to the consideration of the bearings of M. Comte's system on the most important of all topics, we must premise a few remarks of a more general character.

The subject of *natural theology*, the applications of the knowledge of nature to afford evidences of the being and attributes of a Deity, has been abundantly discussed of late. The whole question of final causes has received the fullest illustration which the increased resources of modern physical discovery could bestow. Yet notwithstanding we cannot disguise our opinion that the discussion has still not been generally cleared from several serious defects. The real argument has by most writers not been placed on what seems to us its true basis, and thus not exhibited with all the force it might possess:—more especially left open (by the faulty mode of treating it) to objections on the part of sceptics, for which they could have no plea, were the friends of religion content to rest their arguments on the sole substantial and amply-sufficient ground which the independent truths of physical induction supply.

The generality of writers on natural theology have dwelt principally on certain classes of facts in the natural world, in which we perceive, or fancy we perceive, some *practical end* answered, whose importance we recognise. They then point out the existence and excellence of the natural means adapted to that end, and accumulating numbers of such instances from different detached portions of science, principally from natural history and physiology, break forth into eloquent declamation and strains of elevated devotion on the sublime topics thus suggested, — the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Supreme Being. Not unfrequently, too, they mix up in these arguments a reference to the authority of the Bible as the true foundation of natural theology, and even as a guide to scientific truth. And, on the other hand, running into the mazes of metaphysics, they bewilder themselves and their readers with a jargon of proximate causes, efficient causes, and final causes, and finally hold forth this medley of natural science, scriptural truth, and metaphysical abstractions, as the substantial evidence of natural theology. Now in the state of knowledge and opinion which at present commonly prevails in what is called “the religious world,” all this may appear to present nothing exceptionable. And if the believer only seeks the indulgence of religious *meditation* on these topics, the inconsistent and vague nature of the *arguments* attended to will not be regarded as of any moment, even if perceived. But the legitimate province of *natural theology* is a strict and philosophical *analysis* of the actual *evidences* of those great truths which are the foundation of all religion whatever. Here it is that most writers on the subject have been defective. Such discussions as those to which we have just referred, however eloquent, however just in their conclusions, however conducive to minister to piety, offer little which can really stand the scrutiny of philosophical inquiry. The mixing up of religious considerations, *assumed* as true, with the very arguments whose special object is to *prove* them true, involves the whole argument in a vicious circle. And what is the consequence? When the more strictly logical inquirer approaches the subject *thus treated* by its advocates, will he not most naturally infer that it is really incapable of better evidence, and perceiving the manifest fallacies of its defenders, attribute those defects to the nature of the subject itself, and fancy himself warranted in a rejection of it altogether?

In truth, it must be allowed, that the confused and illogical method in which too many writers have delivered the evidences of natural theology, has afforded no small triumph to the enemies of religion; and in no instance more so than in what has been termed the doctrine of “*final causes*.” It is far from our intention here to go into the metaphysics of the question. We will merely observe that we hope, for the sake of truth, a better apprehension of the real nature of this important part of the great argument is beginning to prevail; and as at once an exemplification of this, and as furnishing the most perspicuous view of what appears to us the real nature of the case, we shall not apologise for here recommending to the notice of our readers a work (which we have, indeed, before referred to) in which the subject is discussed in considerable detail — “The Connection of Natural and Divine Truth,” by Professor Powell. London, 1838.

We have dwelt, perhaps, our readers may think, too much on these somewhat abstruse topics, but our excuse, we hope, will be found in the all-important nature of the subject, and in the immediate bearing which these remarks will be found to have on a most prominent portion of the work of M. Comte. His remarks connected with the doctrine of final causes, espe-

cially in reference to astronomy, have exposed him to the charge of atheism ; and we shall now proceed to a brief review of those remarks as the best mode of exhibiting, we will not say their emptiness and futility, but as evincing how completely a philosopher of confessedly the highest talent in mathematical and physical science, may be led into the most palpable fallacies (how far by prejudice we will not judge), but certainly in a great degree, by the confusion in which the whole subject of final causes and the arguments connected with them seems to have presented itself to his mind.

“ Pour les esprits étrangers à l'étude des corps célestes, quoique souvent très-éclairés d'ailleurs sur d'autres parties de la philosophie naturelle, l'astronomie a encore la réputation d'être une science éminemment religieuse, comme si le fameux verset, 'Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei,' avait conservé tout sa valeur.”—Tom. ii. p. 36.

Here let us first observe, before we proceed, that if by an “eminently religious science” the author means to convey any distinct meaning, it can only refer to the *inferences* which may be deduced from the study of astronomy, or the reflections which may arise out of it, and not to the *actual science itself*. A science, as such, is a mere abstract matter of intellectual contemplation, and can neither be “religious” nor the contrary ; and as to the deductions we may make, or the reflexions in which we may indulge upon the study of any science, that must depend more upon our own turn of thought, than upon any thing in the mere naked truths which the science brings before us ; so, in the present instance, it is difficult to understand how any particular advance in the disclosure of astronomical truths can affect the sublimity of the reflexion in the words of the Psalmist here quoted, or cause a diminution, as the author expresses it, in their value. We shall not so much as notice the absurd and flippant remark with which he follows out the above reflexion in a note, but proceed to his next remark, which has something more of a show of argument in it.

“ Il est cependant certain, ainsi je l'ai établi, que toute science réelle est en opposition radicale et nécessaire avec toute théologie ; et ce caractère est plus prononcé en astronomie que partout ailleurs, précisément parceque l'astronomie est, pour ainsi dire, plus science qu'aucune autre suivant la comparaison indiquée ci-dessus.”—*ib.*

Now here we beg to observe, that, to our apprehension, the author has established in his previous lectures no such thing as that “every real science is thus essentially opposed to all theology.” What he *has* established is a very different thing, which nothing but the most blinded prejudice, or the most deliberate misrepresentation could confound with this, viz., that all real science, to be so called, is, and must be, thoroughly divested of all theological views, ideas, and assumptions in its *evidence and method of investigation*. It must stand simply and independently on its own ground of strict inductive conclusion, unwarping by any theological prepossessions—unaided by any theological sanctions : thus, and thus only, it can attain a real character of substantial, scientific truth. This is quite a different thing from affirming or showing any such contradiction to theology in the *conclusions* which may be deduced from a science so established ; and, moreover, it is precisely from its being thus *independently* established in the first instance, that we are able, logically, to *infer* from it any of those sublime considerations which make it subservient to the evidences of natural theology.

But the author proceeds :—

“ Aucune (science) n'a porté de plus terribles coups à la doctrine des causes finales,

généralement regardée par les modernes comme la base indispensable de tous les systèmes religieux, quoiqu'elle n'en ait été en réalité qu'une conséquence."

Here the author is running headlong into the dangerous abyss of metaphysics, against which he, in other places, is so anxious to guard us. The unfortunate term, "final cause," is the source of all the perplexity in too many discussions of this nature; and so far we will say in candour for M. Comte, that in the hopeless puzzle in which the meaning of the term has been involved, he may find some justification in being severe upon those who have argued upon the notion in a way any thing but really serviceable to the cause of rational religion. Understood (if understood at all), or at least talked of, and discussed, as final causes have been, by many writers on natural theology, the correctness of the author's remark, that they are really the *consequences* rather than the *foundations* of religious systems, has been fully substantiated; nay, more, the subject has even been put in this light by theological writers themselves — who have in no instance more signally exposed religious evidence to fair cavils than by refusing to reason rigidly upon the bare truths which science offers, and perpetually insisting on mixing up religious truths with them; as if they would attempt to secure the *foundation* of a building by clamping it up — to the *roof*.

But let us proceed to look at these "terrible blows" which astronomy has thus inflicted on the doctrine of final causes.

"La seule connaissance du mouvement de la terre a dû détruire le premier fondement réel de cette doctrine, l'idée de l'univers subordonné à la terre, et par suite à l'homme."— *Ib.* p. 37.

This is the first of these "terrible blows," — this the notion which M. Comte entertains of the nature of final causes! a doctrine essentially implying the subordination of the universe to the earth and to man. That such an idea was entertained under the dominion of the Ptolemaic system is no doubt true, and that it was dispelled the moment the subordinate position of the earth was established is equally true: but to suppose this the essential principle of "final causes," or even in any way an exemplification of the doctrine, merely shows how totally the author is at sea upon such a subject. Astronomy proves the motion of the earth; — the motion of the earth destroys the subordination of the universe to man: — ergo, final causes are destroyed, and all theology overthrown! Such is M. Comte's logic. But we will not condemn him on a single instance; we will proceed to his next case, of the discomfiture of final causes: —

"D'ailleurs, l'exacte exploration de notre système solaire ne pouvait manquer de faire essentiellement disparaître cette admiration aveugle et illimitée qu'inspirait l'ordre général de la nature, en montrant de la manière la plus sensible, et sous un très-grand nombre de rapports divers, que les élémens de ce système n'étaient certainement point disposés de la manière la plus avantageuse, et que la science permettait de concevoir aisément un meilleur arrangement."— *Ib.*

Now, without entering upon the nice calculations by which physical astronomers have deduced what would be the results, as to the motion, &c. of the planets, had certain primary laws of the system been different from what they are; — and without discussing, whether any apparent simplicity which might be gained by such an arrangement would really have been attended by any sort of substantial advantage, or what, indeed, in such a case, is to determine the *advantageous* nature of the result at all; — we will merely ask, in what way can the calculation of a supposed *better* arrangement

detract from the *absolute goodness* of that which actually prevails? And further, whether apparently more or less advantageous, how can the question affect in any way the essential fact of the *existence* of recondite harmony in the actual *adjustment* of the laws of the system, which on all sound principles of reasoning is the sole true sense of final causes; or, in other words, the indications of design, the evidence of moral causation. According to M. Comte's logic, a common watch presents *no* indications of *design*, *because* it is not a perfect chronometer!

To crown the whole, however, —

“Enfin sur un dernier point de vue encore plus capital, par le développement de la vraie mécanique céleste depuis Newton, toute philosophie théologique, même la plus perfectionnée, a été désormais privée de son principal office intellectuel, l'ordre le plus régulier étant dès lors conçu comme nécessairement établi et maintenu, dans notre monde, et même dans l'univers entier, par la simple pesanteur mutuelle de ses diverses parties.”

Now it is precisely the establishment of this one grand principle to which all the invariable laws of our system are traced by the Newtonian philosophy, which has supplied the highest and most satisfactory argument of adjustment, design, and mind, to natural theology.

As to the “intellectual office of theological philosophy,” of which the author speaks, it has evidently nothing in common with such conclusions. Perhaps, however, the author is here simply alluding to the distinction he had before laid down with so much clearness, and means only to censure the *introduction of theological considerations* into *philosophy*. If so, we entirely agree with him, as we before said: but we rather suspect his ideas have here borrowed a considerable share of the confusion in which those of his theological opponents have too commonly been involved.

The author then proceeds to take, as an example, the law of what is termed “the Stability of the Solar System:” this, it may be necessary to inform some of our readers, is a great principle in physical astronomy, which has been fully substantiated by the researches of Laplace and others, and consists in this; — that all the slight durations or “perturbations” (as they are called) in the movements of the planets, arising from their mutual attractions one on another, (which of course are perpetually varying according to their *relative* positions in the orbits,) are, from the nature of the case, necessarily confined within certain limits, which they cannot exceed; and when they approach them, return again, and go through another similar cycle of changes; and so on perpetually.

M. Comte then refers to this truth, as having been considered an eminent instance in support of final causes: —

“Cette grande notion,” he observes (ib. p. 38.), “présentée sous l'aspect convenable, pouvait sans doute devenir aisément la base d'une suite des déclamations éloquentes, ayant une imposante apparence de solidité. Et néanmoins une constitution aussi essentielle à l'existence continue des espèces animales est une simple conséquence nécessaire, d'après les lois mécaniques du monde, de quelques circonstances caractéristiques de notre système solaire,” &c.

Here the supposed final cause is, the preservation of living beings, or the rendering the planets habitable. And this the author contends is illusory, *because* this “stability of the system” is the result of certain conditions in the nature and distances of the planets: and, moreover, it does not hold good with respect to comets which are presumed uninhabited: — a maze of reasoning which we in vain endeavour to thread.

When, however, we look at the question, under the more just and comprehensive view of *order and adjustment, as the indications of mind*, who does not perceive how immensely this very circumstance, that the "stability" is the result of other conditions of the system, adds to the force of those indications.

We have here gone through (perhaps in more detail than may be agreeable to all our readers) the whole material part of M. Comte's inferences, in opposition to the doctrine of "Final Causes," or what we would rather term the evidences of Order and Design. We have thought it desirable to enter thus into the subject, because there is, about the author's mode of stating it, somewhat of an imposing tone of philosophical authority, which, in conjunction with the prevailing confusion of ideas on the subject, may really, in many minds, lead to serious misconceptions, and the adoption of ideas at once as much at variance with all true philosophy as they are with rational faith. To those who have studied carefully the real foundations of natural theology, such sophistry will appear in its actual emptiness. But we believe it to be a maxim, as sound as it is important, that *the strength of irreligion lies in the ignorance of religion*. Natural science ministers *proof* to those great truths which are the essential ground-work of all belief. But for this very reason it must be *independent* of them: — for this very reason it must be in itself wholly divested of any thing of a theological character; and must assume its true and strictly "positive" character.

M. Comte has, we repeat, in our opinion, done most essential service to true science by insisting so powerfully on this distinctive characteristic: and therein, however unconsciously, has conducted to the stability of the evidences of sacred truth; against which his superficial cavils and sneers are really powerless. But the advocates of Divine truth, in the present times, must bestir themselves to present its evidences in that more strict and pure form which the advance of positive philosophy requires: and the cultivators of science must be careful in following up the rules so ably expounded by M. Comte, not to fall into his errors, and go out of their way to degrade philosophy, by making it a vehicle for cavils against religion.

STUDIES OF UNDEVELOPED CHARACTERS IN SHAKSPEARE; *

FROM SKETCHES AND SUGGESTIONS IN HIS PLAYS.

No. III.— *Othello*.

It will have been observed that many of these rudimentary characters, across whose unsettled superficies perhaps only one far gleam of flickering light has been shed from the shrine of their author's genius, do nevertheless frequently reflect and re-act upon the main characters of the *Dramatis Personæ*; bringing them out under new aspects, or enhancing their previous known qualities and peculiarities. As examples of this we may mention Leah, with reference to Shylock; and the nebulous characters which flicker round the belted globe of Falstaff's wit, — glimmer in his zodiac, and fall into his absorbing sun. The present tragedy, also, contains several of these humble satellites and reflectors, which will nevertheless be found to bring out into strong relief certain points and parts of the characters of the chief actors, which were previously obscure, perhaps invisible. Slight, therefore, as is the filament whereby they hold their being, they are not to be considered as mere overflowings of their author's imagination; but, for the most part, as tending, whether directly or indirectly, to elucidate individualities, and give an atmosphere of general truth to the whole.

Those with which we have to begin are the merest sketches in themselves, yet indicative of serious things — deep policies and skill in dealing with mankind, great address, a subtle-pointed tongue, and ceaseless perseverance. We allude to the "three great ones" of the city, who doffed their caps in personal suit to Othello, in order to prevail upon him to make Iago his lieutenant. What could have induced them to do this? Iago was a man of no family or wealth — a mere soldier of fortune, who followed Othello "for necessity of present life." What then but the consummate tact of this man of evil genius, acting upon the several peculiarities of less acute natures, could have caused three persons of consequence in Venice to exert their influence, and humble themselves to ask a favour for his service.

It is understood by everybody that Michael Cassio was not a married

* As we hold ourselves in some degree responsible for the title of this series of Papers on Shakspeare, which has been in part adopted by the author at our suggestion, we feel it necessary to observe that, although the term "Undeveloped" appears on the whole to be the most comprehensive and appropriate that, perhaps, could have been chosen, yet it is occasionally liable to exceptions: for example, the "lord with the pouncet box" is a portrait painted with such minute care, that the lineaments are perfectly brought out; and the "fool-suckler" and "small-beer chronicler" (described by Iago) is an instance of the complete portraiture of a most complex and anomalous character. But if the design be understood to include all those shadowy trains of Being that are suggested in allusive passages throughout the dialogue, and never appear upon the stage, or, appearing, never speak — the Voiceless and Invisible Characters of Shakspeare's Plays — the title, which in all cases is a matter difficult of determination, will sufficiently convey to the reader the purport of these curious, and, we hope we may be permitted to say, beautiful studies of an unexplored world of dramatic Poetry.

The value of these Papers, as throwing a strong light upon the Plays of Shakspeare from a new point, and, indeed, discovering to us some springs of Truth in the drama of Nature that had hitherto not been sufficiently considered, is universally recognised, and has led to some conjectures concerning the authorship which we feel ourselves bound to set at rest. These essays are written by R. H. Horne, Esq., the author of "Cosmo de Medici" and "The Death of Marlowe." Such subjects demanded the enthusiasm and power of one who, like Mr. Horne, had himself excelled in the Art which their investigation unfolds. — Eds.

man. He was a rather wild sort of handsome young bachelor-officer, who had a jealous mistress named Bianca, but no "proper" wife. Yet the thing is actually said in the first scene of the play:—

"Iago. And what was he?
 Forsooth a great arithmetician,
 One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
 A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
 That never set a squadron," &c.

Did Shakspeare alter his mind as he proceeded, and forget to alter this passage; or is it a misprint in all the early copies? The difficulty, as the text stands, is not lessened by the probability that Iago was himself a Florentine (see Act III. Sc. I.) and "had a fair wife" of questionable marital theories. It is requisite to take great liberties with the text to make such a reading intelligible in that place. The acting copies, of course, settle the matter with their accustomed facility; and professing the most grandiloquent admiration and the profoundest veneration for Shakspeare, just cut away or alter any passage they think proper. Whoever, therefore, the "fellow" might really be who was thus "almost damned in a fair wife," the honest reading of the original text certainly gives her to Cassio; albeit the poet divorced them in the progress of his plot, and gave the lady (as it would seem) to Iago, and furnished Cassio with a jealous mistress instead. This speculation as to the ante-natal and artistical history of Emilia is curious, and no less temeritous, because it requires that she should be traced back to her origin in the author's brain, where she was first conceived as the wife of Cassio. It is also curious, and no less interesting, that the first time they appear together on the stage, Cassio kisses her, with an apology to Iago.

The next of these characters that occurs in the tragedy (though we do not always take them in the regular order of their occurrence) is the gondolier who took Desdemona to the Moor, when she fled from her father's house. It is quite evident that he could not have been a common gondolier, or one chosen by her at the moment. Othello was prepared to receive and secrete her awhile, until they were married; he therefore knew of her intention to leave her home that night, and would certainly have gone for her himself, whatever reasons there were against it, unless he could have found some one on whose fidelity, skill, and courage he could firmly rely for the safety of so precious a charge. It is difficult not to believe that Othello went secretly in the gondola to bring her away, but the text rather gives us to understand otherwise, and that she was "transported to the Moor" by a certain gondolier.

Othello alludes to his ancestors, and distinctly claims to have royal blood in his veins. This is no more than might have been expected. There is something so lofty and severely noble in the character of Othello, that we might have easily conjectured, without any such authority or hint, that some of his ancestors had sat like spirits of night, with starry crowns, upon high pyramidal thrones "of Ormus or of Ind," or had raised a swarthy arm, before which a locust-like host of Arabians fell prostrate to hear its bidding. The father of Othello, however, is a more tangible character. The characters, both of Othello's father and mother, are brought very near to us, through the medium of a sorceress, who found means to infuse the darkest spells into the mind of the latter, by an influence which, if we grant the premises (as of course her circumstances of birth made it certain she would regard with profound and trembling belief), was perfectly natural in its effect.

Iago. That handkerchief
Did' to Egyptian to my mother give :
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her amiable, subdue my father
Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me ;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wived,
To give it her."

Othello evidently inherited much of his mother's superstition, although the active and mixed circumstances of his life had lulled, or kept in abeyance, such notions, until suddenly developed by his passion. No sooner is he possessed with the idea, than he enhances and aggravates it to himself as though to give him fresh cause for lashing himself into fury. In doing this we hear of another preternatural power, and then his imagination loses all government and dashes off into gross absurdities, probably never set down even in the magic chronicles of his parents.

*" Othello. Take heed on't !
Make it a darling, like your precious eye ;
To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition
As nothing else could match."*

It is plain that his passion invents this extreme value and surpassing punishment, because he believes she has given it to Cassio. Poor Desdemona had never heard before of the perilous value of this present: she might well ask if it could possibly be of such supernatural importance.

*" Desdemona. Is't possible ?
" Othello. 'T is true; there's magic in the web of it :
A Sybil, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work.
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserved of maidens' hearts !
" Desdemona. Indeed ! is't true ?"*

No wonder she doubted it : Othello was a changed being. His passion at this moment had transformed him, or rather cast back the elements of his nature into the time and circumstances of his ancestors and parents, upon whose wild imaginations and fiery blood the dark incantations of this awful sybil, with her two hundred years of age, had wrought so potently. How unlike to the habitual character of the high-minded and self-possessed Othello does the utterance of the gross barbarian superstition, about the mummy of maidens' hearts, render him ! But at this instant, his own life and practice are compromised, and he flames in all the pagod state of his benighted ancestors.

An amusing instance occurs in one of the early scenes, of the universal interest Shakspeare took in every body and every thing that, by the most remote or indirect means, happened to flit across the imagination of any one of his interlocutors. When no longer a doubt can exist as to the fleet of the Ottomites bearing down upon Cyprus, the following hurried dialogue occurs : —

*" Duke. 'T is certain then, for Cyprus.— Marcus Lucchesé,
Is he not here in town ?
" First Senator. He's now in Florence.
" Duke. Write from us to him ; post — post-haste — dispatch !"*

This profound statesman — this successful admiral — back great engineer — this consummate political economist — this influential foreign diplomatist — this loan-lending capitalist — or whatever this Marcus Lucchesé might have been — about whose absence at so critical a time the Duke suddenly falls into such a state of excitement, — this wonderful personage never once appears, and is never mentioned again. But though not in the least degree necessary to the development of the tragedy (so far as we can see, — though seeing further might, for aught we can tell, have shown us that had he been present Iago might have been apprehended on “given” grounds, and hanged), this personage evidently held an important position in the mind of the Duke. Though the Duke’s mind, like Marcus Lucchesé, is little or nothing to Othello, still they were both something to nature. This is one of the reasons why Shakespeare’s works are like the world.

The Duke’s son is mentioned. In order to show his respect and regard for old Brabantio, who cries aloud of his loss and injury, the Duke says, that even if his own son prove to be the offender —

“The bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense.”

This permission given to an enraged old man to interpret the law his own way, not only conveys a very bad opinion of the Duke’s justice, as well as governing temper, but leads to the opinion that the said son was by no means a very great favourite with his father. The daughter of the Duke originates, however, a more lively and definitive interest, and a novel speculation. After Othello has told the story of his eventful life, and the origin and progress of the feelings he excited in Desdemona, the Duke exclaims, —

“I think this tale would win my daughter too!”

Supposing this had been the case, the subsequent fortunes and fate of Othello and Desdemona would have been totally changed. In the first place, the Duke — notwithstanding what he says upon impulse, the case not applying to himself except as a passing idea — might have had Othello privately seized and strangled in one of the dungeons beneath his palace. Then Iago (who had discovered the assassination,) induces Cassio (who has married Desdemona) to create an insurrection in the army, in order to revenge the murder of their renowned general. The palace is attacked and taken. The body of Othello is found in the dungeon, together with that of the Duke’s daughter, lying by his side, who has just died, having poisoned herself. Iago betrays Cassio to the Duke, with an ultimate view to be made general of the forces. Cassio is seized, but the Duke being haunted night and day with the ghastly faces of the Moor and his daughter, goes mad, and kills Iago in one of his paroxysms, mistaking him for some horrible creature of his own diseased imagination. The Duke, being placed under restraint, bursts from his chamber, and dies in the dungeon where the bodies of his daughter and Othello were found; and Cassio and Desdemona become Duke and Duchess of Venice.

The character, so comprehensively outlined, and, though painted of “distemper,” so glossed over with deceptive varnish by the cynical Iago, must not be omitted. He gives all the qualities such a fine balance, and adjusts each perfection to such a finished point of propriety with the whole, that we are not at all surprised he should deduce the inactivity of body and mind, as a result of the aggregate.

"*Iago*. She that was ever fair, and never proud ;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud ;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay ;
Fled from her wish — and yet said ' *Now I may ;*'
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her *wrong stay*, and her *displeasure fly* ;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and ne'er look behind ;
She was a wight — if ever such wight were —

"*Desdemona*. To do what ?

"*Iago*. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

Now, that this is a "most lame and impotent conclusion," with reference to what the imagination might well anticipate from such specious premises, may be too true; but, to the understanding, the result of all these neutralised forces could excite no surprise by its imbecility. The unfortunate fool-suckler appears, nevertheless, to be very unkindly treated by this philosophy; and when we add to the occupation her other duty in keeping a diary of the weekly changes in sourness, acridity, mouldiness, and bad odour of such a rascally compound as small beer, one can but feel glad to perceive that such a character is anomalous, and a pure invention of malicious hilarity. It can hardly be said to exist, except as an exaggeration of a very small class. The perfection of the negations, negatives the fact itself.

It is worthy of remark, that although Iago possesses a quick fancy, and considerable powers of invention, the foregoing creation of sourness and bitterness out of a deceptive assemblage of sweets, and of domestic inanity out of apparent excellence, is the only instance of his indulging his vein. No other ideal character ever flies incontinently from the play of his imagination, as is the case with the majority of characters in Shakspeare, who possess good animal spirits. He has no passing allusions to kindred or friends; no memories of past days. He seems to walk alone among mankind. The reason is, that Iago is a being without any sympathies. He only thinks that he may act for his own advantage, to the injury of others. He is strictly a practical man; and though he often thinks fallaciously, and (consciously) without any certain grounds, he yet determines to act upon his thought, — partly from personal motives, — partly from the love of mischief, — and partly from the excitement derived from a splenetic contempt of dangerous consequences.

An idea is thrown out of Othello having a brother, who was killed in battle by his side, while defended in vain by his arm; and a supposititious twin-brother is also open to speculation. The sailing-master, or pilot, who brought Othello safe through the storm, in which his vessel got a worse buffeting than the rest, is mentioned with grateful care that his merits should not be overlooked. These things show a sympathy with humanity.

"*Othello*. Prythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers :
Bring thou the Master to the citadel ;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect."

ACT II. Sc. I.

With what contempt must Iago have thought of all this goodness. The pilot seems to have been detained ashore, and hospitably treated by Othello, who entrusts him with important state papers, when he is about to return to Venice.

"*Othello*. Those letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the senate."

ACT III. SC. I

It would be a most interesting portrait — were any such extant — of the Venetian lady who would have made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and barefooted, in order to obtain a kiss from the lips of one she loved, but who was insensible both to her beauty and affection. In the same scene in which this is mentioned, we discover Desdemona's mother, together with a poor, sad-singing girl, and her false lover. But they all form an essential part of the pathos of the scene, and must be taken in a general view of its entire emotions.

One of the most exquisitely pathetic and highly finished scenes in this great tragedy (omitted in all the acting copies, as in representation), and one of the most consummate proofs of Shakspeare's profound knowledge of the inward workings of the creatures he had called into being, from their first step in life even unto the threshold of the grave, — is the scene between Desdemona and Emilia, while the latter is assisting in loosening her attire before she goes to her convulsive death-bed. Amidst the indifferent and almost unconscious directions concerning her night-dress and her wedding-sheets, — indifferent, because they are only things of this world, with which she feels she has well nigh done; — amidst the one sad, passing effort to rally her wandering soul, and her heart, sinking down with every minute, by trying to converse on ordinary matters — objects pleasing to look upon, and qualities to admire; — amidst the irresistible ingress of a strong *sense* of that despairing philosophy which teaches the fallaciousness of hope, and the fond foolishness of our minds (thus showing how a young heart, hitherto ever happy, which had thought but little, now on a sudden, by stress of anguish and the deep pulses of ending time, arrives at the ultimate despondencies of a long life, worn with constant disappointment, and sceptical of the use of existence); and amidst the drowsy languor, not of sleep, but of coming eternity, and a yearning resignation to the fate, whose breath is already upon her soul; — in this last extremity of over-wrought and passive emotion, the sweet of all humanity gently gushes forth in sympathetic memory of the sufferings of another. Poor Barbara and her song, full to overflowing of hopeless tenderness, and the desolate beauty that rises up to heaven with the appealing effluence of every broken heart; — poor Barbara with her mad lover, — called "mad" by Desdemona, because "he did forsake her," — she is not much thought of — nor, perhaps, generally known. Yet her sad fate may be remembered with that of Ophelia — her song with the songs of all those who have died for love.

"*Emil*. I would, you had never seen him!

"*Desde*. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns, —
Pr'ythee, unpin me, — have grace and favour in them.

"*Emil*. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

"*Desde*. *All's one. Good Father! how foolish are our minds!*
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

"*Emil*. Come, come; you talk.

"*Desde*. My mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*:
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a song of "*willow*" —
An old thing, 'twas; but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song to-night
Will not go from my mind. I've much ado,
But to go hang my head all on one side,
And sing it like poor *Barbara*. — *Pr'ythee dispatch!*

"*Emil.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

"*Desde.* No ; unpin me here.

This Ludovico is a proper man.

"*Emil.* A very handsome man.

"*Desde.* He speaks well.

"*Emil.* I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

"*Desde. (singing).* *The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore tree,*

Sing all a green willow !

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow ! willow ! willow !

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans ;

Sing willow ! willow !

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones ;

Sing willow ! willow !

[*Lay by these.*] *Willow ! willow !* [*Pr'ythee, hie thee ! — he'll come anon.*]

Sing all a green willow shall be my garland !

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve —

Nay, that's not next — hark ! who is it that knocks ?

"*Emil.* It is the wind."

No ! it is the bloody Othello ! — the abused, misguided, friend-betrayed, but still the blood-bereaving, murderous Othello ! With glaring eyes — with mouth, as of a wild beast raging in parched thirst, and fingers that clutch the poniard, and are ready to be tangled in the knot-twisted hair, moist with horror, — he comes ! — comes to destroy the loving and the innocent, — justified by passion only, in the abstract judgment of our passionate imaginations.

The scene of Desdemona's death is harrowing to every thought and feeling. How do the frightful deeds of war, the combats of gladiators, the duels of the aggrieved, sink into mere physical energies and shudders, when compared with the remorseless murder, by an infuriate husband's hand, of a most loving and gentle being, who has not the strength to resist the sanguinary law he has taken into his own purblind execution (himself, it is an hundred to one, more criminal in the very respect wherein he conceives her so guilty), and who is certain to fall a victim, through her bodily inequality, be her mind, or *her* "cause," as strong as possible in nature.

But what, then, was the predominant and passionate "cause" in Othello's soul ? Did the despotic influence of his Eastern blood propel him, being exasperated, to some vague notion of the several relations of master and slave ? Was it a more modern idea of the outrage of marital legalities and rights over his female "property ?" did he murder his wife because he believed she loved Cassio ? and was his hand nerved by a deadly revenge, his cause being the maddened vanity of mere jealousy ? Certainly not : these things show small and common beside the vast passion and anguish that filled Othello's breast. But that one, to whom he had devoted his soul, in the fixed assurance that she was the paragon of all that was fair in nature, should, in a few weeks, in the very ripeness of his joy, prove to be all that was gross in nature and foul in art, — whose affection had appeared to be so strong, that unsolicited it did bestow itself, — and yet it was all a lie, to use him for a means and blind, by and behind which she could the better carry on her intercourse with another, and this other his most trusted friend ; — these feelings, added to the "extreme perplexity" of her most innocent, and therefore, maddening face, — these were the "causes" why Othello destroyed her. His deep love for her nothing could erase, or even injure, beyond the moment of rage. He could not bear the abstract idea of murdering so sweet a creature — her in whom he had "garnered up his heart." He contemplates her death as a severe and necessary act of justice, "else she'll

betray more men." He would on no account injure her beyond the corporal tenement of beauty, whereby she had abused and frightfully deformed the supreme idea of perfection with which she had possessed and enchanted him to rapture. He "would not kill her soul;" he would have her live again, and for ever — but not here.

The convulsive reaction of Othello's mind on discovering that all his passion, and its casuistry, had been founded upon a delusion — while the consequences were beyond recall — is so extreme as to be of brief duration. His very heart and spirit both sink back into the past. He makes a thrust at Iago, but is not sorry to have missed his blow, and is glad to find himself disarmed. He feels death too sweet and simple a consummation for so wicked and complex a thing as Iago. He returns to where he had "garnered up his heart," and again he is with his murdered love. His hand — he believes so, though he is confused with the dreadful dreaminess of the thought — had destroyed her — yes, he had done it. He compares himself to Herod, who slew Mariamne from jealousy: —

"Othello. Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe."

He does not make this comparison on account of the mere jealousy; he was "not easily jealous; but, being wrought upon, perplexed in the extreme." The association in his feelings is that of the *cruelty* of Herod; and instantly, the cruel thought melts him to the very soul, and his eyes

"Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gums."

These tears afford some "medicine" to his anguish, and he feels it. His heavy and half-suffocated heart is relieved — and with relief comes strength. His renovated strength he instantly turns upon himself. The idea of Herod's cruelty is not enough for the sense of his self-reproach and self-abasement; there must be self-revenge, which is justice. He feels that Othello has acted like a *malignant infidel*: — in imagination he again grasps the throat of the malignant Turkish "dog" who "beat a *Venetian*, and traduced the state;" and, in his last moments yet once more the lofty-minded Othello, he stabs to the core of his *own* base crime, through the memory of that unbeliever's baseness.

The Sketches and Suggestions of character in this tragedy are the following: —

Three Great Ones.
Cassio's Wife.
The Gondolier.
Othello's Ancestors.
Othello's Father.
Othello's Mother.
Marcus Lucchesé.
The Duke's Son.
The Duke's Daughter.
The Fool-suckler.

The Pilot.
The Egyptian.
The Sybil.
Othello's Brothers.
Desdemona's Mother.
Poor Barbara.
Barbara's Lover.
The Lady in Venice.
The Turk, &c.

THE SOCRATIC IRONY.

Καὶ αὐτοὶ ἴσασκεν ταῦτα πρὸς αὐτοὺς· οἷόν τι εἰπόμενον φερε τὸ πρᾶγμα εἶναι.—“I told them so myself; but they supposed that the whole matter was mere irony.”

THE man knows nothing whatever, being equally and utterly ignorant on all subjects; moreover it is impossible to believe a word he says, or to tell whether he be in jest or in earnest; perhaps it may rather be said that he is never in earnest! There is no office so trifling, no employment so humble, which would be accessible, in the present wise or unwise, learned or unlearned, refined or unrefined age, to a candidate, who had no other recommendation than the description, that was accounted the most admirable and excellent in the wise or unwise, learned or unlearned, refined or unrefined age of Pericles, and in his renowned city of Athens. The fullest attestation of constant, universal ignorance, and of perpetual, undeviating falsehood, would not conciliate regard, or provoke envy; it would serve only to secure neglect and contempt for one, of whom it might be truly affirmed, that he knows nothing, and never speaks what he thinks. Yet such was the character of the wisest of the wise — of the best of the good men of antiquity. Who was the wisest man? Solomon. Who was the most ignorant? Socrates. Who was the least veracious, and the most insincere?

Pater Sophorum, magnus ille Socrates.

The son of a stone-cutter and a midwife, a man of humble station, scanty fortune, and mean aspect, came to be highly esteemed on account of his natural talents and extensive acquirements. His reputation accords with the ordinary course of events; the well-born and the wealthy possess certain advantages, which led them in the pursuit of knowledge and of fame, and they are often retarded by the favours of fortune; on the other hand, a person of low origin and indigent is at once urged forward, and held back, by his meanness and poverty; consequently the success of the rich or of the poor aspirant is seldom surprising in the eyes of those, who form a right estimate of difficulties and facilities. Inasmuch as it is necessary, that some one should be first amongst the first, as well as amongst the last, it is easy to conceive, that some one philosopher must, or may be preferred to the rest; but it is hard rightly to understand the reasons and grounds of preference. The pre-eminence of Socrates is well known and generally acknowledged; to bring together proofs and illustrations from the writings of historians and of philosophers, would be only to do again what has been done already and often: one argument, however, of his transcendent greatness, to which no common authority was ascribed in his own time, merits more consideration and notice, than it has hitherto received. The priestess of Apollo at Delphi returned for answer to Chærepho, who consulted the god on this subject, the celebrated response, which conferred a distinction at once so glorious and so invidious: —

Ἄνδρῶν ἀπάντων Σωκράτης σοφώτατος.

“Of all mankind Socrates is the wisest.”

And it would not, perhaps, be wholly unprofitable to discourse, or to speculate, concerning this very remarkable oracle, and to speak of men, who were styled *Σοφισταί*, and who had been the subjects of prophecy, of oracles,

and divine predictions ; about whom the gods themselves had spoken ; but it is necessary to look another way, towards the Socratic Ignorance and the Socratic Irony, to the peculiar causes of recognised superiority. Socrates knew nothing whatever, being equally and utterly ignorant on all subjects ; moreover it was impossible to believe a word he said, or to tell, whether he were in jest, or in earnest ; perhaps it might rather be said, that he was never in earnest. If this character were literally and exactly true, it would paint a porter, a lighterman, a labourer, too despicable by far to be employed by any prudent master about the coarsest offices of manual occupation. It is evident, therefore, that it did not refer to the son of Sophroniscus and Phænarete, in his private and insignificant capacity, as a humble citizen of Athens, of the ward of Alopece. Notwithstanding his ignorance, he knew enough to perform the ordinary business of life, to the trifling extent in which he engaged in it, sufficiently well ; and notwithstanding his disingenuousness, he might be implicitly believed and trusted in the small transactions, in which he embarked. He was conversant in the denominations of money, and he had no misgivings, no doubts, or scepticism, as to the bearings of the streets, the names of his acquaintances, and the like. Whenever he gave a small order to a tradesman it might be executed with safety ; he really desired that the firewood, the flour, the flannel, which he ordered, should be sent to his lodgings ; no hoax was intended, no fraud designed. In these minute matters he was ever in earnest and sincere. But it was far otherwise, we are told, in his public and most exalted station, as master and prince of the philosophers ; when he treated for the purchase of some pounds of bread, an affair in which a brother freeman, a master baker, was alone interested to the extent of a few pence, he was quite serious ; but the wisest of mankind jested, dissembled, feigned, and deceived, from first to last, in discoursing of eternal verities of perpetual concernment to the whole human race. To cheat a baker is a venial offence, which may be expiated in one hour, provided that one hour be spent in the stocks ; but if there be a bad pleasantry, a thoroughly ill-natured joke, which is sport to one, and death to all the rest, it is, that he, who has been set above all men as the wisest, by divine authority and sanction, should mislead his disciples and hearers in those things, which it greatly behoves them to understand rightly. What weight or duration of punishment is adequate to the most heinous offence ? If any were really led astray by the habitual simulation and dissimulation of the king of philosophers, he would seem to be less reprehensible, had he only been such a person as the literal apprehension of his character would make him, — namely, one not to be trusted or believed in buying and selling, but tricky and dishonest in mundane affairs, like a common rogue or thief. We are not permitted to believe, that any were so led astray or deceived ; how hard, then, is it to seize the force and meaning of the Socratic Irony ! The Socratic Ignorance is less incomprehensible, to a certain extent at least. The assertion, that the wisest of men knew nothing, although at first it may seem startling and paradoxical, appears, upon further reflection, generous and noble. How much the doctrine exalts our notion of knowledge ! What encouragement does it afford the student ; it is the best assurance, that his beloved studies will never fail him ; that after years upon years of unwearied application he will still be far, very far from the end of his pleasant journey ; that of him, who seeks only, that he may seek again, the occupation will never be gone ! To attain fully to the Socratic Ignorance is to be as wise as Socrates himself, — a result rather to be earnestly desired than confidently anticipated. Some progress, however, towards the acqui-

sition of a general conception of its nature and properties may certainly be effected by the careful and continued perusal of the precious writings of the divine Plato. In order that he may venture to say, that he is ignorant of its contents, it is necessary for a student to read a work throughout very diligently, from the beginning to the end, twelve times at the least. It is the sentence of a rabbi; and whoever sought to explain the Socratic Ignorance, and was conversant with rabbinical literature, might draw many illustrations, and might derive much aid from these hidden stores. For it was truly remarked many ages ago of a learned Jew, either Plato talks after Philo, or Philo after Plato; and continually, for many ages, have the Jewish doctors been wet, often very wet, with the Socratic discourses:—

*“ Non ille, quanquam Socraticis madet
Sermonibus, te negliget horridus.”*

After the third reading, says the rabbi, you just begin to feel your ignorance a little, to catch faint glimpses of it, and to discern something, which you do not quite understand; the gradual development of negative knowledge is the consequence of each successive perusal; and after the twelfth, if the reader be in truth a man of competent learning, good abilities, and strenuous industry, he understands what there is in the book, that he does not understand; and is now in a fit state to begin to study his author with delight and advantage. To follow the erudite Hebrew, step by step, in his careful and minute dissection and demonstration of the anatomy of ignorance, and of its exterior integument, and hard, thick, and tough outer-shell and husk, the unconsciousness and ignorance of ignorance, would perhaps be instructive, but it would divert the attention from another subject. In order to comprehend the difficulty of mastering thoroughly any science, or department of knowledge, it is sufficient for the present purpose to have suggested the mind, by way of illustration, a sketch and outline of the valuation of the amount and extent of the difficulty of understanding a single book drawn by the pen of a critic, whose natural position had a peculiar tendency to augment the inborn subtlety of Eastern wit. The doctors and scholars of the Jewish nation having been occupied for more than three thousand years in expounding a written code of laws, have attained to a degree of refinement, penetration, and acuteness in the nice arts of exposition, interpretation, and construction, which astonishes even a reader not unacquainted with the marvellous ingenuity and astuteness of the expounders of the text of the civil law. If the difficulty of rightly understanding books may be gathered from the lessons of rabbinical teachers, we must frequent the school of Socrates and ponder over the Socratic writings with a Jewish patience, and especially the golden pages of Plato, to glean so much of the Socratic Ignorance, as is scattered over them. To strive to learn ignorance is a generous ambition; and every occasion is a happy one which brings us nearer to the wise men of antiquity. “Many are possessed and actuated by a divine spirit derived to them through others, in the same manner, as it is reported of the Delphian priestess, that when she approaches the sacred tripod, where a chasm in the earth, they say, respires some vapour, which fills her with enthusiasm, she is immediately by that more than human power made pregnant, and is there upon the spot delivered of oracles, such as the particular nature of the inspiration generates. So from the great genius residing in the ancients, through them, as through some sacred openings, certain emanations issuing forth pass into the souls of their admirers, by which many, who of themselves but little

feel the force of Phoebus, swell with the expansive virtue of these great and exalted spirits."

Not only will the blessed vicinity of elevated genius, as he who wrote with sublimity concerning sublimity teaches, fashion, and inform us for honourable efforts and for a condign success; but it will enable us also to discern the best amidst the good, so that should a writer spring up once more in our time not inferior to the bright luminaries of former days, we should be qualified to recognise the illustrious stranger, to entertain him with a convenient hospitality, and to encourage him to lay aside all reserve and every disguise, and to appear in his real character, by our ready acceptance of him for such a personage. It is by a glorious exaltation of the soul, that the understanding is gradually brought to fix the limits of knowledge so far apart, to conceive knowledge itself, as being so high, so profound, so wide, so comprehensive, and at the same time so minute, so exact, so precise, that it is hard, or rather impossible, in the sense of the intellectual sense, when thus uplifted and so far raised, duly and fully to know any thing whatever. We are able, indeed, from our own resources, by assiduous meditation and earnest attention, to compass a general, but yet not a vague, or unsatisfactory, notion of one of the grand characteristics of the sovereign of the Grecian philosophers, the Socratic Ignorance; but with respect to the other, and more remarkable peculiarity, the Socratic Irony, the more painful and patient our investigations, the more inevitably do they lead to disappointment. In seeking to understand the nature of that famous mode of speech, in which the meaning was contrary, contradictory, or opposite to the words, we illustrate the other cardinal principle only; we look for the Irony, and we find the Ignorance. The dialogues of Plato are the great mart of this commodity, we are informed, and truly; for wonderful, most wonderful indeed, and altogether astonishing is the supply, is unwearied plenty and unbounded variety; we find in them dissimulation of every kind, unless peradventure we seek the Socratic ~~that~~ alone is wanting. In these dialogues the soul of the reader revolves continually in a circle and cycle of delight; being married to his book, he desires no other; to end is to begin again, as surely as to commence is to finish; he is happy and contented with his author alone, unless he shall deem some acquaintance with the Socratic Irony an indispensable condition and ingredient of his felicity, and then the new-born wish will trouble his former contentment. The Irony of Plato was not that, which Socrates used, because we cannot find a vestige of it in the more faithful portrait drawn by Xenophon of the emperor and autocrat of all philosophy.

It has been asserted, so unspotted was the reputation of the last-named writer, so eminent his fidelity, that he actually took notes in short-hand of the conversation of his master. He was a disciple of Socrates, whose discourses he took down in short-hand (such is the signification which interpreters usually ascribe to the word *ὑποσημειωσάμενος*), and first made them public under the title of *Memorabilia*, remarkable sayings. *Καὶ τοὐναντίον ἀκροατῆς Σωκράτους ἦν καὶ πρῶτος ὑποσημειωσάμενος τὰ λεγόμενα, εἰς ἀνθρώπους ἤγαγεν, διαμνημονεύματα ἐπιγράψας.* The exquisite scenes portrayed by the vivid pencil of Plato are not less notorious on account of the rich figments and embellishments of the learned and inventive author, than the modest narrative of the rival biographer for its simple and scrupulous veracity. History has preserved the testimony of Socrates himself, touching the fictions, the inaccuracy, and infidelity of Plato. "Good God! how many things has he said of me, and made me say, which I never said or did!" was the well-known exclamation; an observation so well known,

indeed, and so often repeated, that it would be unnecessary to cite it again, but that the full force of this denial and disavowal is not perhaps always justly apprehended. Not only did Socrates use a strong expression, *κατεφύετο*, "what lies did he tell," but the occasion, which provoked it, is also very remarkable. Φασὶ δὲ καὶ Σωκράτη ἀκούσαντα τῶν Λύσιιν ἀναγινώσκοντες Πλάτωνα, Ἡράκλει, εἰπεῖν, ὡς πολλὰ μὲν κατεφύετο ὁ νεανίσκος, αὐτὸς δὲ ἄλγος γὰρ, ὃν οὐκ εἶχεν Σωκράτης, γέγραφεν ἀνὴρ. "It is reported that Socrates, on hearing Plato read aloud the dialogue, which is inscribed *Lysis*, exclaimed, 'Good God! what a parcel of lies did that young man tell about me!?' For the man has written not a few things which Socrates never said." The short and elegant dialogue concerning Friendship, is in truth not much unlike the plainness, and direct and artless candour of the Socrates of Xenophon; if then the comparatively simple *Lysis* could so far excite the chief and president of ethical philosophers, as to tempt the master to deny his disciple with an oath, how utterly dissimilar, how strangely dissonant and abhorrent, both in matter and manner, from the divine type and theme, were the scarcely less divine, but more Platonic, copy and variations, which the more fanciful and artful dialogues present. It is probable, therefore, that there is the same relation or proportion between the Socratic Irony and the Platonic, as exists between the natural, actual Socrates of the son of Gryllus, and the ideal, imaginary Socrates of the son of Aristo. But what was the genuine Socratic Irony? Irony, *εἰρωνία*, *quæ diversum ei quod dicit, intellectum petit*, is, as it is commonly understood, a cool, cutting, bitter, biting, stinging sarcasm, uttered "*ad concitandum odium*," in which it is usually very effective, for it grates so harshly on the ear, that it is able to set on edge the teeth of the meekest man. The great master of rhetoric affirms — "We are offended also with those, who we perceive are mocking us, when we thought we were discoursing seriously with them, for irony has this property, that it is exceedingly contemptuous;" *καταφρονητικὸν γὰρ ἡ εἰρωνία*. To pass at once from Aristotle to a very different but famous writer, in a popular and most influential treatise on Education, Mr. Locke, amongst other traits of Spartan discipline, directs — "In the little harms children suffer from knocks and falls, they should not be pitied for falling, but bid to do so again; which, besides that it stops their crying, is a better way to cure their heedlessness than knocks and blows, and to prevent their tumbling another time, than either chiding or bemoaning them." The cold-blooded irrision is more painful, even to an infant, than a smart stripe; nevertheless he does not cry under the infliction, because he perceives from the frigid sneer, that the sources of compassion are dried up. The invitation to try again, which the calm Locke would prescribe as the proper address towards a servant, who broke a plate, must surely be more annoying than a volley of oaths, and although less indecorous, far more symptomatic of abiding anger at the fracture of china and the breach of the peace and of quietness. Quintilian, in discoursing of irony, inquires, whether it be a trope or a figure, and decides, that if it be short the former, if long the latter; for irony, he says, may be continued for a long time, even for the term of a man's life, as in the case of Socrates, whose whole life was one perpetual irony: "*tam etiam vita universa ironiam habere videtur, qualis est vita Socratis. Num ideo dictus εἰρων, id est agens imperitum, et admirator aliorum tanquam sapientium.*" The renowned rhetorician mingles precepts with examples, the first of which is drawn from the orations of Cicero, who says to Catiline, "You then took yourself off to your companion, that excellent man, Marcellus;" *a quo repudiatus, ad sodalem tuum, virum optimum, M. Marcellum demigrasti*. Here the whole irony, he observes, is compre-

hended in two words, — two bitter words, and selected and uttered in a bitter spirit, more cutting than if he had said, as the great Tully was quite capable of saying, and accordingly he greatly delighted and dealt largely in irony in its ordinary acceptation; more cutting by far, than if he had spoken out and said plainly, “to that brother traitor, that murderous ruffian, that finished scoundrel, that cowardly and despicable villain;” consequently he chose rather to convey all this vituperation, and much besides, in the two words “excellent man.” Another example is taken from the *Æneid*: —

*“Meque timoris
Argue tu Drance, quando tot cædis acervos
Teucrorum tua dextra dedit,”*

from a furious speech delivered by an impetuous character under circumstances of extreme provocation. In short, wrathful pleaders seeking to indulge their own irritated feelings, to gratify their exasperated clients, and to vex and harass their opponents, delight in this trope, or figure, in the use and abuse of which political partisans also love to indulge; and all writers and speakers indeed, to whom it is pleasant, or profitable, to be, or to appear angry; to whom hatred and all evil passions yield fruit, or flowers. Consequently it is utterly incredible, that irony of this kind was grateful to the meekest, the mildest, the most benevolent of the professors of meekness, of mildness and of benevolence — the philosophers; and when the amiable Quintilian asserts, that the whole life of Socrates was one perpetual irony, it is impossible that he should mean irony of that kind, of which alone he and the other rhetoricians furnish examples, but of some other and very different kind, that was unknown to him, or which he did not choose to explain; some bland, soothing, winning, insinuating, humane, lovely form and scheme of speech, that even in the days of the Spanish critic and his patron Galba was disused, or wholly lost. We cannot believe, that the life of Socrates was spent in uttering such ill-natured taunts, as the instances, which are commonly put forward to illustrate the figure, that formed, it is said, the entire substance of all his discourses; on the contrary, we have no reason to suppose, that he ever forgot himself, and departed so far from the surpassing sweetness of his temper and character, as to throw out a single spiteful, sneering, satirical remark: we cannot believe him to have been once ironical, as we now understand the word, much less can we believe, that he was constantly such. Aristotle discourses, as he is wont, of the golden peripatetic mean in ethics, of the due measure of self-estimation, which lies between arrogance on the one hand, and irony on the other, being equally distant from each extreme. The arrogant, boastful, or vain-glorious man, affects and attributes to himself and magnifies whatever is honourable and commendable, whether he really possesses it, or not, or only in a small degree: but an ironical person, on the contrary, either altogether denies that he has, or strives to lessen the importance of, such advantages, as he actually possesses. ‘Ο δὲ εἰρων ἀνάπαλιν ἀρνεῖσθαι τὰ ὑπάρχοντα, ἢ ἐλάττω ποιεῖν. “The ironical, who dissemble and represent their own advantages as being less than they really are, are more polite and agreeable than the vain-glorious; for they do not appear to have any interested views, and are not fatiguing or importunate; and such persons are especially disposed to deny and to extenuate whatever tends to their own honour and glory, as Socrates used to do. If, however, this ironical dissimulation be carried to an excess, it becomes a kind of arrogance and vain-glorious boasting. But persons who use irony with moderation, and do not dissemble ironically about matters that are plain and palpable, appear to be polite and agreeable.” In a

treatise on morals Aristotle necessarily confines his attention to the morality and ethical theory of irony, and does not treat of the mode of using it practically: he tells us shortly, that the method of Socrates was polite and agreeable. How much is it to be regretted, that the grand master of the peripatetic philosophy, who has comprehended in his voluminous, but condensed, writings, nearly the whole of the knowledge of his age, physical, metaphysical, critical, moral, and political, did not esteem the Socratic Irony worthy of a minute, exact, and searching analysis and an ample exposition. From his preceptor, Plato, and from many, who had often listened to the wisest of all men with delight and admiration, Aristotle had duly received the tradition and description of this celebrated manner of speech, of which the renowned professor and inventor had so recently been put to silence. Our curiosity, moreover, is somewhat stimulated by an apparent contradiction in the statement of the philosopher. In his *Ethics* he says the irony of Socrates was "polite and agreeable;" but in his *Rhetoric*, in a passage before referred to, he observes, irony is "offensive and exceedingly contemptuous." It should seem, that the Socratic Irony was tacitly excepted from this censure. Yet we may infer, that in his heart he did not altogether approve of any dissimulation or irony, even the most innocent, urbane, and feative, but would rather adhere to a direct, inflexible, and punctilious veracity; and perhaps the implied disapprobation of the pupil's pupil stimulates our curiosity the more. For he says in another place—"As to the true, the person, who observes the mean, is called true, and the mean itself the truth; and feigning, or simulation, if it tend to make the subject of discourse greater, is called arrogance, and the person, who has that quality, arrogant or boastful; if to make it less, the quality is called irony or dissimulation, and the person ironical." And in other passages of the same treatise on *Ethics*, Aristotle speaks of irony as being opposed to the just peripatetic mean, in which alone truth and virtue are to be found, and as being, therefore, to a certain extent, reprehensible; but he acknowledges, that irony is less strongly opposed to truth and less blameable than the contrary extreme of boastful arrogance: ἀντικείμεθα δ' ὁ ἀλαζών φαίνεται τῷ ἀληθευτικῷ χεῖρων γάρ. It is worthy of notice that the word *ἔρων* is used in a bad sense, and as a term of reproach, in the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, in the same verse with the word *ἀλαζών*, "an effeminate person, a dissembler, a slippery fellow, a boaster." Μάσθλης, εἶρων, γλοιὺς, ἀλαζών. It is a clever thing, doubtless, and a wise one also, to learn of Aristotle to dance upon the tight rope; to form a moral habit of passing in safety along a line, narrow, difficult, slippery, and through exceeding tension argute, which is the happy and just mean between the two perilous extremes, a fall towards the right on the one hand, and a fall towards the left on the other. But it were sweeter and better far to penetrate with Socrates a vast forest of ethical philosophy, wherein the intellect might repose calmly under the boundless contiguity of instructive amending pleasantries; a forest of how many gigantic trees, of how many huge branches, of how many quivering, countless leaves; and with as many moral precepts, as leaves, and under each leaf lurked an exhilarating jest. If it be conceded, that of mere human teachers Aristotle is in every department of science supreme, yet it cannot be denied that he is only as a child in comparison with divine men, with the superhuman Plato, and especially with Plato's master, whose merits, we are told, still further, and by a far wider interval, advanced beyond the limits prescribed to ordinary mortals.

Indeed it is a grievous thing, that tradition has not handed down to us any authentic examples of the genuine Socratic discipline; that time has not preserved the true form and pattern of that powerful and fine-edged

tool, the Socratic Irony. Impelled by a strong sense of solid utility, or, perhaps, by a liberal curiosity only, we anxiously search in every corner of that valuable repository, storehouse, and museum of Grecian literature, the miscellaneous and elegant compositions of Cicero; and we find frequent mention of Socrates and of his irony. If the several passages do not increase our perplexity, they certainly do not relieve our ignorance. The mode of speech, concerning which we eagerly inquire, is frequently commended in general terms, as in one example of many: "*Sed, uti ferunt, qui melius hæc norunt, Socratem opinor in hac Ironia, dissimulantiaque longe lepore et humanitate omnibus præstitisse: genus est perelegans, et cum gravitate salsum, cumque oratoriis dictionibus, tum urbanis sermonibus accommodatum.*" Such criticism is vague and unsatisfactory, and not more instructive than historical facts thus briefly conveyed: — "*perfectam prudentiam soli Socrati oraculum Delphicum adjudicavit.*" Not only are the descriptions of the Socratic Irony vague and general, but they certainly appear to be — let the word be used with the pardon and peace of so great a man — erroneous; and to be tainted with the mistake which has already been shortly noticed. The instances of the occurrence of this misconception — and such it must surely be — are numerous; it is enough to cite one of them. "*Tum ille, ego, inquit, Ironiam illam, quam in Socrate dicunt fuisse, quâ ille in Platonis, Xenophontis, et Æschinis libris utitur, facetam et elegantem puto. Est enim et minime inepti hominis, et ejusdem item faceti, cum de sapientiâ disceptatur, hanc sibi ipsum detrachere, eis tribuere illudentem, qui eam sibi arrogant. Ut apud Platonem Socrates in cælum effert laudibus Protagoram, Hippiam, Prodicum, Gorgiam, cæteros, se autem omnium rerum inscium fingit et rudem; decet hoc nescio quomodo illum: nec Epicuro, qui id reprehendit, assentior.*" The irrision of his opponents, and especially the sophists in dialectics and dialogue by Socrates, as it is exhibited by Plato, with which Cicero is so much delighted, and which must captivate every reader of taste and learning, is, indeed, admirable, astonishing, and so to say, miraculous; but inasmuch as it is commonly most exceedingly satirical, and must have been extremely offensive to the objects of it, and to their pupils, friends, and adherents, it is surely contrary to the duty of our allegiance and affection towards the sovereignty of the king and despot of the philosophers to accept, as genuine samples of his peculiar talent, the splendid specimens of the genius and originality of his divine disciple. Yet it is not to be denied, that, notwithstanding the reputation of his singular and unequalled benevolence, there is direct testimony of the fact, that his contemporaries were occasionally annoyed and exasperated by the exercise of his marvellous powers of refutation. Diogenes Laertius tells us, that the oracle, which conferred upon him the supremacy in wisdom, stirred up against him much envy and ill-will; and moreover, he was disliked because he had proved clearly some to be ignorant and incompetent persons, who entertained a very exalted opinion of themselves. Ἀφ' οὗ δὴ καὶ ἐφρονήθη μάλιστα καὶ δὴ καὶ ὅτι διήλεγχε τοὺς μεγαλοφρονούντας ἐφ' ἑαυτοῖς, ὡς ἀνόητους, καθάπερ ἁμέλει καὶ τὸν Ἄνυτον ὡς καὶ ἐν τῷ Πλάτωνός ἐστι Μένωνι. There is much that is strange, contradictory, and unintelligible in the accounts of Socrates. Perhaps no portion of ancient history presents more formidable difficulties than the narrative of his life; but the concluding words of the passage last quoted may possibly solve the paradox, so far at least as to show how to a great practical philanthropist of rare humanity discredit and unpopularity might be attached by reason of a sarcastic and derisory form of dissimulation and confutation, which was ascribed to him, as it appears from the words of the witness himself, if rightly interpreted, incorrectly and unjustly. Laertius states that Socrates was disliked, because he had proved clearly some to be

ignorant and incompetent persons, who thought very highly of themselves, and particularly Anytus; and this man not being able to endure the derision of Socrates, first incited Aristophanes against him, and then persuaded Melitus to accuse him of impiety. His words are—"as for example, Anytus in particular, as he is also in the *Meno* of Plato." Καθάπερ ἀμείλει καὶ τὸν "Anytov" ὡς καὶ ἐν τῷ Πλάτωνα; ἐστὶ Μένωνι. In the tentative dialogue concerning virtue, inscribed *Meno*, Anytus is introduced as an interlocutor, and is represented as being interrogated by Socrates, and as being dissatisfied with the examination; it might be that he had reason to be offended at the libellous representation, but the disciple, most probably, not the master, was the real author of the libel. It would be unfair, indeed, to blame Socrates for what he might utter at the suggestion of Lucian, Lyttelton, Landor, or any other inventor of imaginary conversations; nor was it in truth more equitable to punish the defendant on the prosecution of Anytus for discourses held by the mouthpiece of the learned Plato, and of which Pythagoras had really as large a share as Socrates.

"Pythagoram, Anytique reum, doctumque Platonem.

If, indeed, the inconsiderate attempt of the eloquent scholar to display his wit, or his malice, at the expense of Anytus, actually provoked the accusation, and cost the life of his master, the results of his rashness were deplorable and remarkable, but the tale is not by any means incredible. For if a cutting sarcasm ascribed to a person, who never uttered it, were to reach the ears of a sensitive man having power to injure, it might easily happen in the present times, or in any times, that being too angry to ascertain, whether the alleged author was really the author, he might inflict a heavy and irreparable injury upon an unoffending party. It is probable that Socrates was altogether ignorant of the fatal dialogue inscribed *Meno*, and of its contents: it appears, that he only knew that intitled *Lysis*, because he chanced to hear it read in public. It is possible that he might be acquainted with many things, which Plato puts into his mouth, and that he might disapprove of some of them in a greater, or a less degree, totally, or in part; nevertheless, since his character and principles were generally understood in Athens and throughout Greece, he might deem it wholly unnecessary to disavow what he might well suppose could not be seriously attributed to him, the inventive and fanciful turn of Plato's writings being moreover universally estimated. Besides, some indulgence was due, perhaps, even to the excesses of a pupil; whose language was acknowledged to be such, that if Jupiter himself were to speak Greek, he would adopt precisely the same diction, and in whose compositions every other excellence was found not less perfect and divine, than the style itself. The benevolence of Socrates to the one, appeared as malevolence to the other; and the forbearance of a good-natured preceptor towards his disciple was accounted by his irritated accuser the malignity of an ill-natured satirist. Of the many strange, contradictory, and unintelligible matters, with which the history of Socrates abounds, no portion is more difficult,—the descriptions of the Socratic Irony, the most peculiar and illustrious of divers famous faculties, being alone excepted,—than the narrative of his prosecution, trial, and punishment. The more attentively we consider it, the more entirely and inextricably are we perplexed, especially if we seek in that labyrinth to find a clew, which may conduct us to a just apprehension of the far-famed Irony. The indictment is short, but it is not precise, or distinct; Socrates is guilty of a capital offence for this, that he does not account as gods, those whom the state so accounts; but introduces other new deities: and also for that

he corrupts the youth. The charges as alleged seem mainly to rest in the mind, and in the intention, and the compassing of the imagination; it would be less undetermined and unsatisfactory, if some open acts, two at the least under each division of the first charge, were set out in the act of accusation. Criminal acts of disrespect committed against the established religion of the country; and acts manifestly denoting a design, and proving an attempt, to introduce new deities; the first charge ought to have been defined and explained in each branch by allegations, that might be supported, or repelled by evidence. And the second vague, wide, loose imputation of corrupting the youth plainly requires to be brought within the reach of testimony, in order to be proved, or disproved, by representing what young men had been corrupted, in what manner, by what deleterious instructions, at what time, in what place, and with other the like circumstances of certainty. From the apologies, or speeches written on behalf of the accused, but not delivered, now extant, little can be gathered as to the real nature of the accusation, for they are rather philosophical than forensic; it is deeply to be deplored that the oration of Lysias has not been preserved, not only on account of the matchless, the celestial beauty, which penetrates and pervades the compositions of this orator, but because having been rejected as rather forensic than philosophical, it was probably replete with the information, that we look for in vain elsewhere. The speeches of the three prosecutors would doubtless explain the character of their accusation, but these have disappeared long ago, and almost all memory and tradition of the contents. The scanty notice, which survives, serves only, like the other materials for this passage of history, to augment our perplexity. Anytus, the chief accuser, prosecuted, we are told, on behalf of the trades, and the civic or political — the word is ambiguous — parties. If the accusation was of a political character, as most accusations were at Athens, we may desire to understand its nature and the details, but we cannot be surprised at its existence, however groundless it might be. The suggestion of the trades and the civic bodies sounds business-like and earnest, and denotes municipal inquiries and corporation reforms, at which, even if they were conducted with honesty and impartiality, all who wax fat in antiquated abuses, might with show and colour of probability be offended: but what bone of contention could there be between the worthy citizens and Socrates? how had he come in collision with the Guildhall, or the Mansion-house? Here darkness, dense and universal, covers our eyes! The second prosecutor, Lycon, accused the philosopher on behalf of the orators; and Melitus, the junior, for the poets; all of whom Socrates used to flout and twit: *ὄδς ἅπαντας Σωκράτης διέσυρε.*

A suspicion will steal into the breasts even of the least suspicious, on considering the interests, which were represented by the two last-named prosecutors, that there was no serious design against the life of Socrates; that the fierce spirit of literary rivalry sought only to lower his pride, to humble him by a course of law, and possibly to get rid of him for a time, by means of a temporary exile from Athens. Is it probable that Lycon and Melitus, and their clients, the orators and poets, could desire or would call down a heavier punishment? Authors have been angry, very angry, with their critics in our days; we all remember the Edinburgh Review, for example, when it was well conducted, and worth reading, whilst smart sayings still sparkled in its pages, the occasional coruscations of northern lights, or more usually the reflections of southern brightness against a dark northern sky; how wrathful were the victims of sharp jests and keen remarks; but nobody, not even that noble bard, whose boyish

indignation glowed the hottest, and who would willingly have swept away the whole critical body by dint of pistols, had they desired it; — nobody hinted such a thing, as an indictment for a capital felony against the offending witlings. In truth, our souls are sorely troubled with a most grievous perplexity, when we contemplate attentively the strange story of the death of Socrates, as it is half told by what remains of the one-sided testimony of his admirers and sectaries. We are sometimes almost tempted to conclude that he chose to be tried, he chose to be found guilty, he chose to be capitally condemned, he chose to be sent to prison, he chose to remain there, and he chose to be executed. The accusation was a charge of heresy and schism, — a rare one in those days, but which in after ages became more common, — of wilful and culpable error in theological matters, and of a vicious and reprehensible course of education and instruction, with reference probably to theology. The tribunal which decided upon the grave and difficult question of orthodoxy, was not a college of pontiffs, or augurs; not a council, or synod of prelates; not a consistory of clerks, of learned and reverend divines, of monks and inquisitors, Dominicans, or Benedictines, — but the citizens, or burghesses, of the good town of Athens, in common hall assembled, pursuant to notice; or rather such of the commonalty, as were too idle to be more actively and more profitably employed, and too ignorant to know, that they were unfit for the task. The proceedings of the holy office have never been accounted very admirable; they certainly would not be more satisfactory, or less tyrannical, if the dark functions of the Inquisition were placed in the dirty hands of a body of freemen, or of the constituency of a metropolitan borough. The ponderous volumes of the canonists show, that their praxis differed in two important respects from that of the Athenian people: first, their patients were required to answer, not a vague and general imputation of irreligion, but articles containing the heresies propounded against the party specifically and precisely; and, secondly, the extreme penalty of a cruel law was only inflicted upon a lapsed heretic, — that is to say, upon a person, who, having been formerly convicted of heterodoxy and censured, had relapsed into the irregularities previously condemned, and had been a second time found guilty. The large amount of the majority — two hundred and eighty-one votes — of itself demonstrates, that the prince and lord of philosophers fell by the verdict and sentence of a senseless rabble. Forasmuch as the disastrous results, and the whole inconvenience of being subjected to such a decision, might have been readily avoided by a short trip by land, or by sea, and by a brief absence, the wretched rout repented of their folly and wickedness, as soon as repentance was unavailing, it raises wonder, that the defendant, the most prudent of mankind, did not elope himself, and withdraw from the jurisdiction of the inquisitorial mob. When the philosopher determined to surrender himself, and to abide the event of an unjust trial, it is surprising, that he did not think fit to avail himself of the resources of forensic art; or, at least, to shape his conduct and demeanour so that he might as little as possible displease those, whom he was content to have for his judges. On this part of the subject the opinion of Cicero is valuable. He expressly asserts, that Socrates was condemned on account of his haughty carriage towards the court, and because he refused to adopt the measures suitable and necessary for his defence. When Socrates, he says, who was the wisest of men, and lived ever purely and irreproachably, spoke on his own behalf on a capital accusation, he did not appear like a suppliant, or a defendant, but as if he were the lord and master of his judges. Moreover, when that most eloquent orator offered him a written speech to be used in his defence,

he said it was well written and well adapted for the purpose, eloquent, and befitting an orator; but he would not use it, because it was not bold and manly. Therefore he was condemned. "*Vetus ille Socrates, qui, quum omnium sapientissimus esset, sanctissimèque vixisset, ita in judicio capitis pro se ipse dixit, ut non supplex aut reus, sed magister aut dominus videretur esse judicium. Quin etiam quum ei scriptam orationem disertissimus orator Lysias attulisset, quam, si ei videretur, edisceret, ut ea pro se in judicio uteretur, non invitatus legit, et commodè scriptam esse dixit, et disertam et oratoriam videri, fortem et virilem non videri. Ergo ille quoque damnatus est.*"

Not only on the trial, but on the estimation of the punishment, when it was deliberated what penalty, or sentence, should be awarded, the same lordly and masterly tone was preserved, the deportment of the sage culprit, according to the reports of the proceedings, which now remain, was equally contumacious. Yet the philosopher did not go far enough in his contempt; he forebore to touch upon the real defect in their jurisdiction. "You do not understand the question, O Judges! you are quite incapable of understanding it, and utterly incompetent to try it!" To advance to that point would be to take a bold and manly line of defence indeed; to stop short of it, and yet to incur the odiousness of contumacy, is an unintelligible course of conduct; and how many passages are unintelligible in the apologies and other legends of the precious death and martyrdom of the patient suffering prince of philosophers. "I told them so myself; but they supposed that the whole matter was mere Irony." The witty Lucian, always touching the weak point with a light jest, commonly touches it to the quick; the complaint, which he puts into the mouth of Socrates, haunts with distrust the reader, as he peruses the Socratic writings; he knows not what he ought to believe. Having chosen to submit to a trial, which it would have been easy to have avoided; having provoked the judges to find him guilty, and having further provoked them to sentence him to death, he chose to undergo the sentence, although the doors of the prison would have been opened to him. The respect for the laws, which every good man ought to feel, is proposed as a motive to remain in prison, and to await death; but if it be a duty to reverence the laws, it is also a duty to revere those, who administer the laws: he alone is lord and master of the judges, who is lord and master of the laws. In the narrative of the death of Socrates, as the story is told us, there are passages concerning which it is hard to determine, whether they are serious, or jocular. Who can expound in a satisfactory manner his last words — "We owe a cock to Æsculapius." Were these also ironical? And what was the Socratic Irony? To protract the discourse would be superfluous, for it is impossible by any repetition of words, or iteration of arguments, either to give a just utterance to the profound sense of entire admiration, which the golden reliques of antiquity inspire for the character and memory of Socrates, or to represent by a fit description the vast perplexedness, wherewith a painful and minute examination of the monuments and memorials of his grandeur entangles and embarrasses the mind. When the curiously diligent student shall have read twelve times carefully and attentively, according to the direction of the learned rabbi, whatever the wise of past ages have written touching their master and monarch, and time has spared, if he have penetration he will probably perceive, and if he have candour he will acknowledge, that with respect to the Socratic Irony at least he has arrived at the state of deep, dark, and Socratic Ignorance.

PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS.

AMONG the many monuments of past ages which remain to us, those of the most remote period and indefinite design are often rightly referrible to the amusements of the people, rather than to the religion, laws, and the art military to which their origin is very generally attributed by the learned. The *useful* struggles vainly with time, but that eater-up of all things breaks his teeth on the *agreeable*. If one stone of the Birs Nimroud yet clings to another, it is only to point out the folly of those ambitious labourers who gravely sought to raise a tower whose top should reach to heaven; but the very trees of the hanging gardens, which were constructed for the pleasure of an individual, are extant, after the long lapse of many ages. Thus the city of the Euphrates itself bears witness to the perdurable vitality of that which is done in the name of delight, and to the perishableness of the mighty works of the wise. We are not persuaded that the pyramids were unconnected with pleasure; they are evidently the mere bones of a body which has lost the form and the flesh; and, however grave their presently-apparent purpose, as the keepers of kingly carcasses may be, the walls of their chambers were never decorated with emblematical devices and pictorial histories, without reference to a more agreeable application even of their internal space. These, and the tombs of the Etruscans, show that the delight of the departed, at least, was consulted in such labours of the living. In these memorialia of very ancient superstitions we see no trace of a belief in eternal punishments. The "delighted spirit" is never once represented "as bathing in fiery floods," or resident "in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," but, on the contrary, the eternal essence appears to have enjoyed in the Egyptian and Etruscan imagination an everlasting elysium. The bull and the beetle, the ibis and the winged circle, guard the one, and the panther and the pampinus protect and shelter the other. The lotus of the Egyptian Isis, and the thyrsus of the Etruscan Bacchus, are the budding rod and the magic wand that melt rocks into perennial fountains, and call down manna showers as a heavenly dew, renewed for ever, in the verdant fields of the dead. It is not clear that the druidical stones and avenues had not to do with amusements, at least, in conjunction with religious services. Temples were reared for the admiration of men and for the delight of deities. Roads and bridges, constructed for public utility, have perished,—save where the social pleasures to which they continued to minister have succeeded in preserving them;—while amphitheatres, and aqueducts, and baths, serving to the gratifications of sense, appear imperishable even in their ruins. The most striking monuments of ancient manners, even in the all-recording Homer and the minutely descriptive Virgil, are their accounts of the funeral games—those grand links between the living and the dead, which prove how intimately connected in the ancient mind were the spiritual and bodily states. The occupations and amusements of the blessed differed in degree, but not in kind, from those of the still struggling wayfarer in this world. The great difference was supposed to be in the increase of

amusements and diminution of labour; and this comforting belief not only pervaded the ancient world, but has extended itself among the Mexicans of South and the numerous Indian tribes of North America, whose "happy hunting-grounds" are the valhalla of the nations of northern Europe. It may appear paradoxical to seek for amusements in the tomb, but Denon, and Champollion, and Rossellini, and Wilkinson have shown, that not merely the buried majesty of Egypt, in its habits as it lived, but that most inexplicable theocracy to which the kings of Egypt were but subject ministers — those slave-nobles and that tyrant-people, whose memory is an enigma more recondite than that of their own sphinx, *live* — strange images of life — in those receptacles of death. In the Egyptian necropolis all the business and amusements of life are vividly represented for the solace of the spirit of the dead; while in the tombs of the Etruscans — where lights for ever burned, where treasures of immense value were stored up, and where all the arts and elegances of a tasteful and inventive people were lavished in dedicatory homage to the manes of their ancestors — the statues of the dead assumed the attitudes of the living; not like the recumbent effigies of the Gothic churches, but, as seen in the specimens lately purchased for the British Museum, half-robed, and armed with the strigil, as at the bath, or reclining on the Scimpodion, as at the festive board, attentive, excited, and observant of the paintings that surround them, and which generally represent the interchange of goblets, the crowning of the wine-vase, the dance, the public show, the arena, the gymnasium, and the games.* Some regard the newly-yoked chariot, as if it would still delight them, *curriculo pulverem Olympicum collegisse*; others gaze stedfastly on the symposion, where *mutua inter se leti convivia curant*; and the living-stone representative of the dead worthy appears to envy the painted shadow, those *veteris pocula massici*, which are poured out in libations in his own honour. In the very spirit of the old song of James V., —

"He would be first at his ain lykewau'k,
And help to drink his ain dirgie."

Love of amusement, therefore, is a leading principle of the human mind, which, like the "hope" of the poet, "travels through, nor quits us when we die." If, then, we would form a just estimate of national manners, let us look into popular amusements; for the great mistake of the generality of observers is, their tendency to regard and record every thing as serious; having no humour themselves nor capacity to perceive it in others. Hence the pompous trifling that crowds our books of travels! hence the grave inanities that pass for subtle speculations on national customs, and their effects in working out varieties of national character.

How is the progress of civilisation marked by the prevalent amusements of the given time? Nearly all that remain to us of the British period are funereal urns, beneath such barrows or tumuli as formed the centre of the area in which among the Greeks and Romans the funeral games were celebrated, and such recollections of religious observances as may be traced so high are all mingled with the mirthful and the holiday rites, — the amusements, which retained their grasp on the mind long after the religious doctrines they illustrated had sunk into oblivion. Of the Roman period, roads and camps, and walls and fosses, and towns and

* Hereuse peuple! qui emportait encore au dela du trépas les illusions de la vie; les morts, ehez, eux, ne renoncèrent pas à l'amour, ni à la joie; ils demandaient des cheveux, des fleutis et du vin. Notre siècle des enchante tous.

temples, and votive altars and monumental stones are rife, and are duly valued by the educated mind; but the period of the year we have just passed over proves that traditions and legends of the frolic festivals of the heathen youth, the rites of Liber and Alma Ceres, had impressed imperishably the universal memory, and still dwell with those who never heard the names they ignorantly honour. The sullen and the gloomy traits of the Roman polytheism have left few traces even in our superstitions; but the light, the sportive, the amusing features remain; the nymphs and dryades, the fauns and satyrs, have become owfs, and fairies, and brownies, and the great Arcadian Pan has dwindled to the "lubberfiend," who drains the cream-bowl as the set reward of his nightlong drudgery.

But what were the theatres and amphitheatres—the tragedy, comedy, naumachia, agonalia, the chariot race, the foot race, or other sports of the ancients, with the parsley crown or the palm they brought the winner, compared with the native old sports and amusements of Saxon or Norman England—of England at all periods? "*Merry* old England," in the modern, as well as in the ancient sense of the word. How often do we still find, in the hilly parts of our country, regularly formed terraces, rising in series over the wide plain, evidently constructed for purposes similar, but long antecedent, to the gemotes, and folkmotes, and waponschaws, and wapentakes of the Saxon! How often do we still discover well-defined traces of the levelled circle, surrounded by walls and ditches, and overlooked by rising heights, natural and artificial, evidently intended for the general purposes of exhibition, although invariably attributed by the hard-hearted archæologist to purposes of offensive or defensive warfare! Within those verdant circles, and beneath those terraced hills, how many hearts have beat with the high ambition of conquering in other contests than those of war—although fighting must be a very pretty amusement too, and to its entertaining qualities doubtless owes its permanent hold on the affections. Around those arenæ have beat also the hearts of admiring spectators with all the varying passions that our nature knows;—for these, like the love of amusement, survive all changes of the still-revolving world; they are inherent in our breasts, and, as *we* feel them, so did our remotest ancestry, however affected by the changeful incidents and accidents of variegated life.

The sports of the field owe little to time or clime; the tiger-hunt in the jungles of the Ganges, where the elephant-borne palanquin is the luxurious hunter's seat; the boar-hunt, among the sugared boles of the Savannah; the chase of the moose-deer in the prairies, and of the racoon, in the forests of the far west, excite the same sensation, slightly modified, which tempted the wolf-hunter in our ancient glades, and still inspires the fox-hunter among our well-fenced plains, and over cultivated hills. The pleasure of the pursuit, the delights of danger, the glory of excelling, and the natural impulse of the animal part of our nature, are the hunter's stimuli; as in the moral world a set of kindred feelings excite to emulation, and spur on the weary step to climb

"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

It is the pursuit and not the prize that lends its charms to the chase. In the fields of honourable ambition, of literary effort, of artistic endeavour, of political struggle, of moral progress, how often are the ends as worthless as the head and horns of the deer, the scalp of the wolf, or the brush of the fox! In the mind of the falconer, the fisherman, the fowler, the archer, or the deer-stalker, on the other hand, how often are the thoughts elevated

above his occupation as far as heaven from earth ! How thought the pious Henry and the good Duke Humphrey ?

“ But what a point, my lord, your falcon made ;
And what a pitch she flew above the rest ! —
To see how God in all his creatures works ! —
— My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.”

Auceps, as old Izaak Walton paints him, says, with the true spirit, —

“ In the air my troops of hawks soar up on high, and, when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods. * * * She makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers ; and, in her glorious career, looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at.”

For the angler's piety let old I. Chalkhill speak : —

“ Oh ! the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any ;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 't is beloved by many :
Other joys
Are but toys ;
Only this
Lawful is ;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

* * * *

We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour,
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow.
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath.
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.”

Cornelius Agrippa* reminds us that the Licinii, the Murenæ, the Sergii, the Oratæ, and other noble Roman families, took their names from the strange fishes which they naturalised in the seas and lakes of Italy. “ I marvayle,” he says, “ that hunting is commended of Plato, the prince of philosophers.” He is compelled to ascribe the invention of fowling to Ulysses, and reluctantly confesses that in his own day these exercises were so much esteemed, that, setting aside all liberal studies, they “ are the first beginning and proceedings of nobility, and by the meanes of them men aspire to the highest degree of nobilitie : and, in our time, the life of kings and princes, and (which is more to be lamented) the religion of abbottes, bishops, and other prelates of the church, is *nothing els but hunting* : wherein they do chiefly occupie themselves, and show their worthinesse.”

The melancholy Jaques could moralise the spectacle of the wounded stag into a thousand similes as interesting and impressive as the lesson taught us in the fall of a Wolsey. All field sports, if rightly used, should elevate, and not debase the mind. Their practice is consistent with the

* “ Englished by J. San, Gent.” and “ imprinted ” in black letter by Henrie e Bynman, dwelling in Knight-ryder Streete, at the signe of the Mermayde. Anno 1575.

highest talent, and there is no more aspiring, adventurous, or assiduous hunter of our day than the Duke of Wellington. The obsolete "squire" of the last century was an instance only of the abuse from which the use of manly exercises has been too much decried. He who makes any delight his occupation debases it and himself. Our object is to show that in all ages amusements have been regarded as the necessary refection of the mind and body, and were not considered hurtful to the soul or spirit: — "where virtue is, these are most virtuous."

Home amusements vary with the clime and the period. In the day when every man was his own miller, the quern supplied at once domestic occupation and amusement for the nobler sex, while the fair spouse, reversing the lesson of the birds, lightened his labour with a cheerful song, herself plying with equal assiduity the loom or the needle. Among the higher classes, while the lords sought the *balneum* or gymnasium, the ladies superintended their maidens in the weaving or enriching of the woof, lending, ever and anon, a not unwilling hand. Here was a mental as well as a manual occupation; for the classic story or the rich landscape grew beneath the eye, the needle took the place of the style, and the pieces of the tapestry became historical volumes, delightfully instructive to the inquiring youth, whose early education was wisely entrusted to the mother's care.

It argues a high state of civilisation when both sexes feel the desire and are allowed the liberty to enjoy the same amusements, and a still higher elevation when, at the common charge, extensive buildings are erected, and artists educated and set apart, for the purposes of general amusement. Now, when the sports of the field are hunting and shooting only, and the out-of-door exercises are robust and exhilarating; while yachting is not, nor rowing; while the balloon is folded up and laid away; while Vauxhall is closed; while the Hippodrome, at Notting-hill, is a mere ground for exercise; and the Stadium, at Cremorne-house, sinks back into a pleasant villa; while the Zoological Gardens, on either side of the river, invite no visitors; while even the tepid baths tempt us not to swim; while football, golf, cricket, bowls, and the summer amusements, give way to sliding, skating, curling, and the energetic exercises of the ice-time, household amusements are at a premium: and, notwithstanding the variety of means that minister to pleasure in this gay metropolis, there are those who, like the ancient emperor, would give the value of a diadem to procure a new delight.

The drama, the highest attainable point of popular and rational amusement, appears lately to have resumed, or we might say, without much impropriety, to have assumed, for the first time, its right place among us. When we open the edition of the "*Tempest*," as it was played and published by John Kemble, and find that it begins with this question —

"Miranda, where's your sister?"

we need only contrast this with the performance of the same play at Covent Garden now, to feel that actors and audience have made a sure step in advance; since they are capable of rejecting the ribaldry of Dryden, and the trash of Davenant, and the pompous fribbling of John Kemble, and rejoice to drink again from the wholesome fountain of the unadulterated Shakspeare.

"Miranda, where's your sister?"

Could any other four words be contrived by human ingenuity so completely to

confound all just notions of the character to which, and of the scene wherein, this question was asked? The enchanted isle of Prospero, and the poetry of Shakspeare, converted into Mr. Johnson's parlour, and the prose of Mrs. Heidelberg! If we had gained nothing more from the new arrangement than this restoration, it would have conferred an obligation on the age, equivalent to a certificate of character, or a diploma of qualification; for it must be observed that Miranda's "sister" had been thus affectionately inquired after at every representation of the "Tempest" during the last century, and this, too, in England, among the countrymen of Shakspeare.

Next in the order of public amusements to the "well-conducted stage," as Milton loved it, are the poetry, the music, and the painting which it combines, but which may be enjoyed separately, with greater relish, in the closet, at the concert, and in the collections of art. If Poetry be fast falling asleep, Music appears to have aroused herself of late. A just estimate of foreign artists, and a higher appreciation of the works of deceased native composers, combine to this effect, which will be stimulated powerfully, if neither by the Royal Academy of Music, nor the established concerts, yet by such associations as the Choral Society, at Exeter Hall, such lecturers as the Gresham professor, and such a periodical as the "Musical World" has proved itself during the last few months, and as it promises to prove hereafter under its present management. Our public provision for the gratification of a taste for the Fine Arts is not small; the National Gallery, if ill adapted to its design, is at least a step to improvement; and the Angerstein collection (of which no satisfactory account has yet found its way to the public) is the nucleus, at least, of a collection, such as may, if the nation please, deserve the name of national. The Dulwich Gallery presents many very valuable pictures to the public, at the mere expense of a little exertion. The British Institution, in Pall Mall, exhibits twice in the year its selection from the galleries of the great, and its specimens of living ability; and the pictures in the British Museum, if properly arranged, or perhaps if weeded, and the flowers transferred to the National Gallery, would greatly extend the national means of enjoyment in this department. The Royal Academy, like the British Institution, demands a fee for its exhibitions, but it displays the best works of our sculptors and painters in their newest garb, and, though not without partiality, institutes an advantageous comparison among contending claimants. If this could be managed without the existing unfairness, we should value it more; but, even with its cost and its discourtesy, the academy in its public exhibitions aids in the enlightenment of the public mind, by opening the public eye, and stimulating the public judgment. The Society of British Artists, in Suffolk-street, and the two Societies of Painters in Water Colours, bring their share to the general stock of public improvement and entertainment; and all these are acted upon very favourably by the Art-Union, and the Society for the Encouragement of British Art, formed within the last two years. The individual merits of our greatest living painters have been so analyzed in our pages, and the operation of their works on the public mind so fairly estimated, that with these general observations we may dismiss the subject, remarking, however, that we have found the *studio* and the *atelier* of the sculptor and the painter of ready access to ardent amateurs and candid critics, while associations among the artists themselves excite and sustain an urbanity of manner, a general love of art, and a liberal spirit of mutual appreciation, which is beginning to distinguish them from other classes of the community. Private schools, also, have been founded that present peculiar advantages to the

student: we may instance the new experiment in Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, the models for which are supplied by the successors of Sarti, late of Dean-street, Soho, and of which Don Angel de Villalobos is the zealous and estimable director. In the sense of schools combined with amusement may be considered the several scientific and artistical associations, with their libraries, museums, and conversaziones. If they are generally confined to the gentlemen, and not, in the right sense of the word, "public," yet their combined effect on the public taste is too important to be omitted from our estimate. We must now come to exhibitions of somewhat humbler pretensions, but more directly *en rapport* with our subject.

During the late holiday season, we believe the Diorama, in the Regent's Park, and the Panorama at Leicester-square, were both closed; and the dioramic exhibition at the Strand Theatre, in illustration of the Bible, was discontinued in consequence, as we have heard, of a clause in the lease, which empowered Mr. Burford to prevent any such exhibitions at that theatre; neither Babylon, therefore, nor the Basilica of St. Paul, with its miraculous ruin effected in sight of the spectator, nor the Bay of Islands, were open to the holiday gaze; but masquerades and concerts *à la musard*, and the Colosseum balls, alternated with the pantomimes. It is true that M. Tardivel brought back to the Egyptian Hall the Bayadères, whom an alarm of fire lately frightened out of it into the street in their costumes so ill adapted to a promenade at such a season; and there the old Homeric bard and his associated tabouret and pipe raise their strange harmony, modulated to the measures of the Indian dance. It was to little purpose, however, that Devanee blew his antique pipe, or Ramgaum beat the clashing cymbals to mark the time of his animating song, and to "stir up," as old Lady Huntingdon would have said, the spirit of the dancers. Amany pantomimes, in vain, the Hindoo widow's inducement to death, and in vain the little Ramalangan salutes the Rajah, the long arms extending, and the fingers working like the tail of a rattle-snake, the toes delving into the carpet, and the well-defined limbs quivering beneath the fair-proportioned form, neither music nor motion could charm away the soul-subduing cold, and the poor priestesses of Pondicherry pine over the charcoal fire, and muse on M. Tardivel and his speculation. It was a painful sight, and gave strange notions of the Zenana and the Temple, but we should prefer to witness such exertions in more genial weather.

Above the Bayadères, and also in the Egyptian Hall, is exhibited the celebrated model of the Battle of Waterloo, which, when seen to advantage, under artificial light, and through a magnifying medium, is an exhibition worthy of its subject. The work of an officer, it may be regarded as an elaborate professional study of the scene, and in artistical execution it can hardly be surpassed. From the minuteness of the figures, the first feeling of the spectator is disappointment, which, on a closer inspection, passes into curiosity, and by dint of long looking we become capable of distinguishing and identifying every object — of perceiving the parts in relation to the whole, and of actually realising the field of battle, and every several section of the force engaged.* Life-like dolls of larger size are prepared for the grown babes about town by Madame Tussaud, in her gallery at Baker-street, Portman-square, where the Coronation of Victoria, a grand group of figures,

* A pamphlet in circulation claiming for this admirable exhibition a place in connection with the intended monument to Wellington. It will at least supply hints for the decorative sculpture of the base.

flourishing in cotton velvet, and glittering in glass foil, vies in interest with the form of Fieschi, in the act of firing the infernal machine. The *chef-d'œuvre* of waxwork, the celebrated anatomical model, is no longer exhibited. Madame Tussaud's figures might be improved if, as Young Rapid suggests, they could be made to "keep moving;" but even this perfection is attained in the exhibition of Grace Darling at the Egyptian Hall, and at the Mechanical Exhibition of Signor Somebody, in Windmill-street, near which is the exquisite exhibition of tapestry, so long known as Miss Linwood's, and so generally admired as to render comment superfluous. Not only at Baker-street Bazaar, but at the Pantechnicon, the Pantheon, and even at the Old Soho Bazaar are to be seen such curiosities in arts as make bazaaring a favourite amusement, improving vastly on the Oriental markets, from which we borrow the word. The Cosmorama, in Regent-street, has added a bazaar to its attractions. In Grosvenor-place is the well arranged Gothic Armoury of the Messrs. Pratt, which, when lighted up, as it is two nights in the week, is one of the most interesting exhibitions in London, and should be visited before the Armoury at the Tower.

But the grand distinction between the tastes of the present and of any past period, with respect to public amusements in this metropolis, is marked, partly by the rush of visitors to the Museum, and the class of such visitors, but still more by the encouragement afforded to two undertakings of an entirely different character from all that have preceded them: we allude to the Gallery of Practical Science in Adelaide-street, and the Polytechnic Institution, in Cavendish-square. These undertakings, and the patronage extended to them by the public, exhibit most clearly the practical character of our period, the tendency to inquire into, and the generally diffused capacity to understand, the processes of practical science. It is only through repeated visits that the value of these places of instructive amusement can be fairly appreciated; but a carefully conducted and well-digested inspection of each, with some interval of repose, to those who have leisure to take the microscope, and the lecture, and the diving-bell, and the inspection of mechanical apparatus, on several days, the benefits will be considerable. It will be found that a law of mechanics, or a principle of natural philosophy, may be impressed pleasantly and fixed permanently in the mind of the young during each such visit, and, being received as an amusement, will, with the tenacity of its nature, cling to the mind, and be reproduced, perhaps, when least expected, and applied to profitable purposes. We have said that the true test of national taste is the quality of the popular amusements. Then these exhibitions no amusements are more popular, especially among the rising generation; the crowning character of our time and nation then is decidedly scientific, and to this prevailing character the caterers of instruction and amusement will most successfully appeal.

THE PRESS OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE daily papers of France from 1787 till 1798 offer a mine of precious information to the historian of that gloomy era. It is in their columns alone that he can expect to find the proximate causes of every popular outbreak against the authority of the unfortunate Louis XVI.—the explanation of every tumult in the National Convention—the motives of every comprehensive massacre or proscription. The influence which Marat and Hebert exercised over the populace of Paris during the reign of terror is well known. The *Publiciste Parisien* of the former, and the *Père Duchêne* of the latter, rivalled the tocsin in promoting the work of insurrection. Is the *Père Duchêne* angry this morning? was the first question of the Parisian citizen in those good old revolutionary times, when about to gird himself for the business of the day. If such was the case, and it rarely happened that the *Père Duchêne* was in good humour, unless when there had been a good many heads chopped off the day before, the citizen became wroth too. He repaired to his club, and denounced some aristocrat or other, or joined in organising an insurrectionary movement for a future occasion. When the republican armies were struggling too at the frontier against combined Europe, the journals of Paris proved powerful allies to the central government. Whole bales of the *Père Duchêne* were forwarded to the soldiers with more regularity than pay or clothing. The leading articles were commented upon over the camp-fires, and contributed greatly to that enthusiasm which rendered the armies of the Republic ultimately victorious over all her enemies.

The moderate parties had their organs as well as the mountain or revolutionary faction. Brissot, Condorcet, Roland, and the other Girondist leaders, were all journalists. Camille Desmoulins founded, after his expulsion from the Jacobin club, the *Vieux Cordelier*, in which he bewailed in eloquent terms the woes of his country. But these were few in comparison with the multitude of papers arrayed on the opposite side. There was hardly a leading conventionalist, or a fiery Jacobin, but had an organ of his own, in which he denounced war against the king, the aristocracy, and clergy, and, when these were overthrown, against his own colleagues. After looking over the incendiary columns of such papers as *The Journal of the Mountain*—*The Aristocracy Chained and Muzzled*—*The Echo of the Palais Royal*—*The Journal of the Jacobins*, we turn without horror, and almost without surprise, to the wholesale proscriptions of the Girondist party—the fusillades of Lyons—the *royades* of Nantes—and even the massacre of the 2nd September. The one is but the necessary consequence of the other. It is usual for modern writers to represent the excesses of this lamentable period as the exclusive work of one or two satanic characters: they place Robespierre, Danton, and Marat on a sort of pedestal, and make them rule alone over the revolutionary chaos. Nothing can be more absurd than this: there was a power at work in those times which none of the personages in question could control. The moment they attempted it, their influence and popularity disappeared as if by enchantment, and they themselves became victims in turn. Why were the Girondists hunted through the forests like wild beasts? because they were too moderate. Why was Danton, whose tocsin voice gave the signal for the massacres of September, handed over to

the revolutionary tribunal? because he faltered. Camille Desmoulins met with a similar fate and for the same reason. Even Robespierre himself might have gone on for many years longer, had he not manifested a tendency towards the paths of order and moderation. The party who triumphed over Robespierre saw, with a secret terror, that he was on the eve of calling his own colleagues of the convention to a severe account for the atrocities which they had committed during their missions to the different departments: that Robespierre would have done so had he lived, seems pretty certain.

The following extracts from *The Moniteur* of 1793-94 are submitted to the consideration of those, who maintain that the revolutionary excesses were the sole and unaided work of a few demagogues:—

“Bourdon de l’Oise, a member of the Convention, denounces Deutzel, one of his colleagues, for having confined the commander of the battalion of the Corrèze in an iron cage, only three feet wide.”

“Andrew Dumont, in mission at Amiens, writes to the Convention that he has spread his wide net, and caught for the guillotine a quantity of aristocratic game.” [Andrew Dumont was a wag? but what a wag!!]

“The services rendered in the department of the Lower Rhine by the citizen representatives, St. Just and Lebas, are cited by the reporter as models worthy of imitation. These two patriots terminate their letter with the following words—‘Ten millions have been levied on the rich, and all the aristocrats, including the king of Prussia’s bankers, guillotined.’”

“Letter from the representative Delcombe, in mission at Strasburg, announcing that the guillotine is working bravely. The Convention applaud! The aristocrats and the moderate are disappearing fast. We are pressing the enemy close, and shall force them to drink the Rhine, or jump across it.”

“Hebrart, the orator of a deputation from Cantal, informs the Convention that a central army of *sans culottes* has been formed in that department. The moderate, the rich, the egotists, and aristocrats are all undergoing the pruning process of the guillotine, according to the maxim of Solon, *Whoever is not with us is against us.*”

“Hebert denounces the calumnies of the royalists against the patriots, and demands that every effort be made in order to annihilate the whole race of the Capets. Monmore thinks, that there is cause for fear as long as there exists a single priest. Robespierre cannot believe that the punishment of Capet’s despicable sister will intimidate the enemies of the republic more than that of Capet himself and his criminal partner. As for the priests, it is not their dress that ought to excite apprehensions, but the new mask which several among them have assumed; he affirms, that there are persons seeking to allure the patriots into extravagant measures, men who want to attack fanaticism by a fanaticism of another kind,—to convert, by a scandalous process, the solemn homages due to truth into the most ridiculous farces—to attach the bells of folly to the very sceptre of philosophy, and make a sort of religion of atheism itself. He maintains that, atheism is essentially aristocratical, while the idea of a Supreme Being watching over oppressed innocence, and punishing triumphant guilt, is thoroughly democratic.”

When the speeches from which the above extracts are taken were made public, Robespierre was himself denounced by several of his Jacobin associates, and among the rest by bishop Massieu, whom the Convention had sent on a mission (not a spiritual one!) to Vitry le François. Massieu ascended the rostrum and harangued the people in the following terms.

“Priests are all monsters of the most odious description; I know them well, better perhaps than any other, having been their colonel for a long time.”

“Woe be to you all if you do not wage a war of extermination against fanaticism.”

“Robespierre himself will be called to a severe account by the patriots for the fanatical speech delivered by him in the Jacobin club on the first of Frimaire.”

When Bishop Massieu had finished his pithy harangue, he joined the crowd, who were parading an ass through the town with a skeleton on its back, dressed in pontifical robes. Having amused himself in this manner for a while, he led the populace to the cathedral, and broke or carried off

all the consecrated vases. The other ornaments were collected and burnt by his order in the principal square. The following day he recounted these exploits to his colleagues of the Convention, who declared by an almost unanimous vote that bishop Massieu had deserved well of his country.

It would be easy to multiply extracts of this kind. The journals of the time are filled with them, and it is curious to see the encomiums which they bestow on the patriotism, energy, and republican zeal of such maniacs as the orator alluded to. The only sure mode of acquiring popularity was to surpass if possible Marat and Hebert in violence. These two monsters were for a long while the models that every conventionalist affected to imitate; not that their characters were to the taste of all, but because it was only by carrying the hatred of royalty and aristocracy to a higher pitch, and manifesting it in an extravagant manner, that the politicians of the time could hope to avoid becoming victims themselves. So easy it was to arouse the suspicions of the tyrant populace.

In the introductory article of the *Vieux Cordelier* by Camille Desmoulins, we find the following passage, which gives perhaps a more correct idea of the French Revolution than all that has been since written on that subject.

"Our enemies have no other resource than that to which the Roman senate had recourse in order to effect the ruin of the Gracchi. Seeing that all their other batteries had failed, they instructed one of the tribunes to stand up every time Gracchus proposed a measure, and make a more popular motion still, with a greater degree of vehemence if possible, in order to destroy principles and patriotism, by principles and patriotism carried to excess."

Since Thiers and Mignet published their histories of the French Revolution, a taste has sprung up in France for the journals and pamphlets of that period. Buchez and Leroux have given some curious extracts in their parliamentary history, but they appear to have never consulted many of the more popular papers. The truth is, it is now hard to form a complete collection of all the revolutionary publications. Several were proscribed with the parties whose views they professed to advocate; others only circulated in the departments, and that too by stealth, as their subscribers, if detected, were instantly handed over to the *homme rouge* of the guillotine. It was not more dangerous for a Roman of the empire to be found with a purple garment in his possession, than for a citizen of the French Republic to admit into his abode certain proscribed papers. We met some time ago in one of the provinces of France with a valuable collection of revolutionary journals, among which we noticed a number of *La Feuille du Jour* with the following significant hint, written in red characters, at the head of the first column: *Citoyen, veux tu continuer ton abonnement, l'ancien redacteur vient d'être raccourci!* Citizen, wilt thou continue thy subscription, the late editor has just been shortened, i. e. guillotined!! It was usual with parties in those times, the moment they triumphed, to seize upon the presses and other printing materials of the vanquished, which they generally distributed among the journals *bien pensans*, or of their own opinion. Thus for instance, when on the night of the 10th of August, 1792, the insurgent commune of Paris declared that the public safety required that all the powers of the state should be vested in its own hands, it fulminated the following edict against the adverse portion of the press.

"Resolved, that the *poisoners* of public opinion, including the editors of the different journals, shall be arrested, and their presses and characters distributed among the patriotic printers, who are to be called for that purpose.

"The assembly appoint likewise commissioners, who are to repair to the Post Office and seize all the aristocratic papers, such as *The Journal Royaliste*—*The Ami du Roi*—*The Gazette Universelle*—*The Indicateur*—*The Mercure de France*—*The Journal de la Cour*

et de la Ville — *The Feuille du Jour*, etc.' Procès verbal of the commune of Paris, sitting of the 12th of August, 1792."

Several of these papers continued nevertheless to appear, but under new names. One of them adopted for a motto the following line

"Incedo per ignes suppositos cineri doloso."

On the 18th of Fructidor, the 5th year of the Republic, the Directory issued the following proclamation :

"Orders are hereby given to the executors of the mandates of justice, to arrest and conduct to the prison of La Force, the editors and printers of the *Courier des Départemens*, — *The Courier Universel*, — *The Journal de Perlet*, — *The Eclair*, — *The Messager du Soir*, — *The Mercure Universel*, — *The Quotidienne*, — *The Censeur des Journaux*, — *The Auditeur National*, — *The Gazette Française*, — *The Gazette Universelle*, — *The Veridique*, — *The Postillon des Armées*, — *The Precurseur*, — *The Journal Général*, — *The Accusateur Public*, — *The Journal des Elections*, — *The Grondeur*, — *The Journal des Colonies*, — *The Journal des Spectacles*, — *The Dejeuner*, — *The Thé*, — *The Memorial*, — *The Annales Universelles*, — *The Miroir*, — *The Spectacles Politiques*, — *The Acts des Apôtres et des Martyrs*, — *The Aurore*, — and the *Etoile*, — all guilty of having conspired against the internal and external repose of the Republic."

All the presidents of the National Convention were, with one or two exceptions, journalists. Of the sixty-three who attained that honour, eighteen were guillotined, three committed suicide, eight were transported, six imprisoned for life, four became mad and died at Bicêtre, twenty-two were declared outlaws; and there were only two who escaped without a castigation of some kind. If we extend this synoptical *tableau* to the entire press, we shall find its proportions pretty exact. There perished, from 1789 till 1797, at least one half of the political writers of Paris. Should a martyrology of the press ever be drawn up, this period will enrich it with an ample harvest of names.

It is rendering a service to the philosopher, as well as to the historian, to point out the leading revolutionary publications of France, and give a few specimens of the style of such as exercised any marked influence on the march of events.

1°. — *The Acts des Apôtres*, par Pelletier, Champcenetz, Lantaguias, Rivarol, Regnier, and others; begun in 1789; suppressed in 1791 by the king's order.

Motto — "Liberté, gaité, démocratie royale."

The first number is dated the year of liberty 0., and entitled "The Acts of the Apostles, beginning with the Day of the Dead, and ending with the Day of Putrefaction." The entire collection forms ten volumes in 8vo. comprising 311 numbers.

"Only four months ago Louis Capet reigned over 24,000,000 of subjects, to day he is the only subject of 24,000,000 of kings. It remains to be seen how this nation of potentates will establish the limits of so many empires, and how the single subject will obey all his sovereigns."

2°. — *Actions Heroïques*, par Leonard Bourdon et Thibaudeau; begun the 1st October, 1791; suppressed the 10th of August, 1792; issued 237 numbers. The numbers of the first seven months are very rare.

"I shall embrace, in a few lines, the entire operations of the new national assembly. It made its début on the theatre of the ménage the 1st of October, 1791, the third year of the revolt. It verified its powers in two days, insulted the king, the national guard, and the public; it overturned the ministry, and voted itself the sum of 150,000 francs. . . . The assembly has renounced the titles of honourable and honoured. It is gratifying at least to see that it does itself justice. . . . Our revolutionists are proud of having succeeded in rendering it the interest of Europe that they should be hanged."

3°. — *The Aristocracy Chained and Muzzled by the People*. It would be superfluous to give extracts from this paper; its title alone speaks volumes.

4°. — *The Defender of the Constitution*, by Maximilian Robespierre, founded the 1st of June, 1792. From the 10th of August, 1792, till it ceased in 1793, it bore the title of Letters from Maximilian Robespierre to his Constituents. This paper, as its title announces, was edited according to conservative principles, which, strange to say, were those professed by Robespierre throughout his whole career: a proof, if proof were wanting, that conservatives may be very energetic in their own way.

"It is the constitution that I purpose to defend,—the constitution under its present form. If asked, why I defend with so much zeal what I have often pronounced to be defective, I answer that I opposed in my capacity of member of the Constituents every clause proscribed by the public opinion to-day; but since the constitutional act was cemented by the nation, I have thought myself under the obligation of limiting my demands to its faithful execution alone."

A tory of the most orthodox species could hardly say more than this!

5°. — *Dejeuner Patriotique du Peuple*, in 8vo., from the 20th January to the 3d of April, 1791, in all seventy numbers.

"A proclamation is announced, defending, in the name of the department of Paris, public meetings, and warning the evil-disposed that the days of anarchy are over, that the laws have resumed their empire, and that we are at length going to enjoy our great conquest, Liberty!"

"The mayor of Beauvois was hanged yesterday. Should any one meet with his body in its present exalted state, he is requested to strip off the official badge, and return the latter to the municipality, whose turn is soon to come."

6°. — *Echo of the Palais Royal*.

Motto—"In nova fert animus."

"A ferocious animal of the most dangerous description has been discovered within the last few days near the Louvre. The naturalists say, that it is the same as that which the ancients denominated *ministry*. Its voice is alluring, its gait crooked, every thing it takes is converted into poison. Its face, although attractive, inspires a secret dread. It strives to lull its victims asleep, and no sooner sees them off their guard, than it devours them. It has committed dreadful ravages of late. Many attempts have been made to dispatch the monster, but no sooner does it perceive an assailant, than it runs for shelter to the Louvre, where the respect due to the king assures it an inviolable asylum. It is rumoured that a venerable matron, with an antique costume, favours it secretly. Her name is *aristocracy*. She holds in her hand a scroll of parchment, on which the word *conspiracy* is written."

7°. — *Journal of the Presse par Babœuf*, from the 17th September, 1794, till April, 1796.

"All is over. Terror has become the watchword of our tyrants. We are no longer free to speak; we are no longer free to read; we are no longer free to write; we are no longer free even to think.

"We are no longer allowed to say we suffer; we are no longer allowed to say that we live under the rule of the most horrible tyranny.

"We are not allowed to express our pain when our hangmen tear our members with pincers, and banquet upon our writhing bodies; we are not allowed to supplicate these savages for less atrocious tortures, for less refinement in the variety of our torments, for a death less cruel and slow.

"We are not allowed to exclaim, that the legislation of Constantinople is mercy itself compared with the ordinances of our sovereign senators.

"We are not allowed to manifest a wish to have Draco for our governor, rather than our present irresponsible masters.

"We are commanded to let the government starve, plunder, chain, and torture the people, without exhaling our indignation in even one murmur.

"We are commanded to praise, to admire, to bless this oppression, and proclaim aloud that nothing ever existed half so admirable or beautiful.

"We are commanded to bow down before the atrocious code of 1795, and call it a holy and venerable law; and we are commanded in the same breath to blaspheme the sacred and sublime pact of 1793, and call it atrocious.

"Are we near growing tired of so many vexations? Since there are no limits where we can conceive our tyrants will stop of themselves, shall we not ask ourselves what are the limits which we are resolved not to let them pass."

8°. — *Journal de la Savonette Republicaine*, for the use of the ignorant deputies, and such as purpose betraying their country, in 8vo. 1792, 1793, eighteen numbers.

Motto — "We shall pursue them, the scoundrels! We shall pursue them!"

9°. — *Journal des Amis*, par *Claude Fauchet*, bishop of Calvados, in 8vo. from the 1st of January till the 15th June, 1793, two volumes. This journal, now very rare, began with the terrible struggle between the Girondists and the Mountain party. None throws more light over the events of this epoch. Its author was himself a Girondist.

"The old world is drawing near its close; it is on the eve of dissolution. A second chaos is to precede the new creation. The elements of social nature must come into conflict, and war violently against each other, in order to give birth to the true society. It is universal war which is going to produce universal peace. It is the entire dissolution of morals which is about to create the virtue of nations. It is general woe which is going to necessitate general happiness.

"We have reached the most terrible crisis of humanity. I thought that philosophy, which had prepared it, would have been able to soften it, and render less painful this second travail of nature; but philosophy, whose name is on every lip, has not yet extended her empire to the heart. Every where its want is felt, but no where is its reality to be found. Nothing is more opposed to philosophy than those domineering and legislative heads, that do not possess even the elements of morals, or the principles of common sense. With materialism, what can we expect but the morality of brutes? With irreligion we can have nothing but dissociability itself. With habitual irreflection we have an utter incapacity for forming a permanent code, for creating a regular administration. With passions that know no restraint, we have wars without a remedy. Thus do we touch the extremity of human things.

"Look round you; contemplate, if you can, those men who style themselves the friends of wisdom, and start back with horror. They are monsters of an unbridled violence — of infamous morals; an insatiable thirst of power possesses them; they hunger for every species of tyranny, and thirst for every crime. These are the fathers of liberty! Yes, they are! They shall bring it forth by the necessity which they have placed humanity under, of producing it, in order to exterminate this last despotism of licence and impiety, which aspires to the place of the worst despotism of courts and superstitions. No! cannibal tyrants of opinion, you will not devour — devour to the root the reason and liberty of mankind. Man will soon see that this *ogrerie*, which impels him to tear his fellow man, and to trample under foot every virtue, is your work. He will summon fraternal religion, the gospel of equality, the God of sweet morals, to the assistance of humanity in distress. From her ruins humanity shall spring forth again. Then shall you be confounded by her holy majesty, and annihilated by the sight of her happiness."

10°. — *Publiciste Parisien*. — *Ami du Peuple*, par *Marat*.

The Provost de Beaumont accuses Malherbes, the defender of Louis XVI., of sundry unpatriotic acts. Marat, to whom the accusation is addressed, undertakes his defence. The following passage proves that, even in the bosom of Marat, there existed noble principles.

"Citizen, you are wrong. I cannot despise or blame Malherbes, who has given proofs of his courage in volunteering his services as defender of the dethroned despot. He is infinitely less despicable in my estimation, than the pusillanimous Target, who has the audacity to style himself a republican, after having long crawled at the feet, and profited by the profusions of a master, whom he now abandons in the most dastardly manner. [Target, requested by Louis XVI. to undertake his defence, had refused.] I admire courage even in a malefactor; I prefer a thousand times the audacious villain, to the hypocrite who broods over his base projects in secret. Moreover, the one is infinitely more dangerous than the other. The bold oppressor soon excites the oppressed against himself; but the cowardly traitor does not let them see their destruction until it is accomplished."

Portrait of Marat, by Marat himself, from the *Ami du Peuple*.

"My readers will excuse me if I speak to them to-day of myself: it is neither self-love nor fatuity, but the desire of being more useful to the Republic that impels me to it. Why should it be imputed to me as a crime to show what I am in reality, when the foes of liberty are incessantly backbiting me, and representing me as a fool, an enthusiast, or as an anthropophage, a tiger thirsting for blood, a monster that breathes nothing but carnage, and all this, that my name may inspire horror, and prevent any good that I should attempt to effect.

"Born with a sensitive heart, a fiery imagination, and a character hot, frank, and persevering — with a straightforward mind, prone to yield to every exalted passion, particularly the love of glory, I have never done any thing that could alter or destroy these gifts of nature, but have, on the contrary, cultivated them with the utmost care.

"By an extraordinary chance I have had the advantage of a good education in my father's house, thus escaping from all the vicious habits of childhood, that enervate and degrade man, so that I attained the age of virility without having ever once abandoned myself to the impetus of my passions. At the age of twenty-one I was still pure, although I had for a long time before addicted myself to study and meditation.

"The only passion which had taken possession of my soul was the love of glory; but this was only as yet a fire that burnt in secret.

"It is from nature that I have inherited the temper of my soul; but for the development of my character I am indebted to my mother. My father never wished to see me become any thing else than a man of letters.

"This respectable woman, whose loss I still deplore, cultivated my first years; she alone nourished in my bosom philanthropy, the love of glory and justice, — precious sentiments, which soon became the all-absorbing passions of my life. I was her instrument in distributing alms to the distressed; and the tone of interest with which she addressed them communicated itself to me.

"The love of man is the basis of the love of justice, for the idea of what is just is no less the produce of instinct than of reason. Before I had attained my eighth year my moral feelings were developed. At that age I could not bear to see any one harshly treated: the sight of a cruel action filled me with indignation; and the spectacle of an injustice made my heart bound like a personal insult.

"In my extreme youth my constitution was very weak; I therefore avoided childish plays, and was neither giddy nor petulant. Submissive and studious, my masters could obtain any thing from me by mildness. I never was chastised but once, and the resentment for so unjust a humiliation made so powerful an impression on my mind, that no intreaties could induce me to return to my tutor; I remained two whole days without food; I was then eleven years old; the firmness of my character may be judged from this trait alone. My parents, unable to overcome my scruples, and thinking their authority compromised, shut me up in a solitary room. My indignation almost suffocated me. I opened the window, and threw myself into the street. Fortunately the casement was not high; still I was much hurt by the fall, and bear to this day a *souvenir* thereof, in a scar on my forehead.

"The frivolous persons who reproach me with being *headstrong*, will learn from this that I was so at an early period; but what they will hesitate to believe is, that I burned from my very infancy with a love of glory: this passion, although its object has often changed during my life, has never abandoned me for a moment. In my fifth year I had a fancy for the profession of a schoolmaster; in my fifteenth I should have liked to have been a professor; an author at eighteen; a creating genius at twenty; as to-day my whole ambition is to sacrifice myself for my country.

"Such I was made by nature and the instructions of my childhood; circumstances and my own reflections have done the rest.

"I was serious at the age of fifteen, an observer at eighteen, and a philosopher at twenty-one. When ten years old I had contracted the habits of a studious life: study has since become for me a necessity, even in my moments of sickness; and my purest pleasures I have found in meditation in those moments when the soul contemplates with admiration the magnificence of nature; or when, falling back upon itself, it seems to listen in silence — to weigh in the balance of happiness the vanity of human greatness — to pierce the mists of futurity — to follow man beyond the grave, and concentrate an anxious curiosity on his eternal destiny.

"With the exception of the few years I consecrated to the active cares of the medical profession, I have spent twenty-five in retreat, wholly occupied with reading the best works of science and literature, with studying nature, and making many profound investigations. I think I have passed in review all the combinations of the human mind, — in morals, philosophy, and politics, — with a view of extracting what appeared to me to be the best results. I have composed eight volumes of metaphysical, anatomical, and physical, re-

searches upon man ; twenty of discoveries in the different branches of physics. Several of these were published long ago, the remainder are in manuscript. In the recess of my study I have always entertained a sincere desire of being useful to humanity — a holy respect for truth. It is this last sentiment which has alone decided me, with regard to the choice of the matters I have occupied myself with, and made me reject on every occasion such subjects as did not authorise a well-founded expectation that I should obtain great and practical results, and move alone in my sphere ; for I never could prevail upon myself to enter upon a path that had been already trodden, nor to owe the discovery even of truth to the hints of other writers.

" Were I to judge from the unworthy persecutions which I have suffered, for more than ten years, at the hands of the Royal Academy of Sciences, my vanity would tell me that my aim is attained. I have been exposed to this treatment for no other reason than because the assembly alluded to saw that my discoveries on light were in direct opposition to its labours for the last century ; and that I had a strong repugnance to become one of its members. As the Delambert, the Caritat, the Leraî, the Meunier, the Lalandes, the Laplace, the Mougès, the Cousins, the Lavoisier, and the other quacks of this scientific body, wanted to reign alone, and as they had at their exclusive disposal every trumpet of literary fame, the public will believe me when I say that they succeeded in depreciating my discoveries all over Europe — in exciting against me every learned society — in excluding me from all access to the journals, to such a point, that I could not even announce the titles of my works, but was under the necessity of borrowing a name, in order to cheat them into a laudatory notice of some of my productions.*

" I had been groaning for five years beneath this cowardly oppression, when the convocation of the states-general announced the revolution. I instantly perceived the turn which things were likely to take. I began to breathe with freedom, in the hope of seeing humanity avenged, and contributing to break its chains, as well as my own.

" This seemed for a long while but a dream. A severe sickness threatened me with the tomb for its conclusion. Unwilling to quit life without doing something for the cause of liberty, I composed *The Offering to my Country*, on a bed of sickness. This little work had great success : it was crowned by the patriotic society of the *Cave* ; and the pleasure I felt in consequence contributed not a little to my recovery.

" Restored to health, I turned my undivided attention to the means of serving most effectually the cause of liberty.

" I soon felt indignant at the bad faith of Necker, and his criminal efforts to render the double representation illusive, and arrest the progress of that reforming spirit, which he had himself excited.

" It was not long before I felt indignant, likewise, at the want of zeal of the deputies of the people, and the lukewarmness of their efforts against the privileged orders, that aimed at dissolving the states-general.

" Fearing lest they should be deficient in wisdom or in means, I published my plan of the constitution after six weeks' conference with those who then passed for zealous patriots, such as Chapelier, Sieyès, Rabaud, Dupont, Barnave, &c. ; but I soon discovered that their apparent nullity was owing to other causes than a want of knowledge — that it was far more necessary, in a word, to cure their vices than their errors. This could not be done without a daily paper, in which I might speak the language of austere truth, putting legislators in mind of principles, — unmasking pickpockets, prevaricators, traitors, — revealing every plot, pointing out every hidden snare, and sounding the tocsin at the approach of danger.

" I therefore commenced the '*Friend of the People*.' The success of this paper is known, as well as the terrible blows which it has inflicted upon the enemies of the revolution, and the cruel persecutions to which it has exposed its author.

" No sooner had I fixed my eyes upon the national assembly, than I saw that, composed as it was, with the enemies of liberty in a majority, there was no possibility of its ever effecting the triumph of the holy cause of freedom. I therefore demonstrated the necessity of excluding the nobles, the prelates, the sinecurists, the *robins*, the bankers, the creatures of the court, and the wranglers of the bar. Seeing them engaged in plotting secretly to stop the working of the constitution, and watching for a pretext to destroy it altogether, unless in moments of danger, when they were frightened into an appearance of honesty, I have constantly pointed out the necessity of purging the national senate by a comprehensive proscription of all these public enemies. If driven to despair by the spectacle of their odious attempts — of their hydra-like plots, springing up from one another, — of the murder and massacre of so many patriots whom they had butchered — indignation has at length torn from me the melancholy truth, that there can be no freedom, no surety, no peace, until these base machinators are cut off from the number of the living ; it was when their death seemed to me the only way to consolidate the Republic. This truth has been

* Thus my Remarks on the Optics of Newton, which I published in 1785, under a pseudonym, were warmly commended by Voltaire.

salt so well by every nation that has broken its chains, that all have commenced their revolutions by immolating the enemies of freedom.

"Since the day on which I first took up the pen to defend my country, my opinions have not been once grappled with by a single adversary. Oh, no! it was far easier to assail my character in a multitude of atrocious libels, as they are in the habit of doing every day of their lives. Those which the government have published with a view of counterbalancing the influence of my paper and defaming my honour would alone more than fill the cathedral of Nôtre-Dame. And what result have they produced? Why, they have only served to enrich libellists and booksellers. For my own part I am able to affirm, that they have not deprived me of a single shade of my popularity, nor weaned from me, in the slightest degree, the esteem of such as read and understand my writings.

"I know, indeed, that my writings are any thing but calculated to tranquillise the enemies of my country. There is nothing so dreaded by pickpockets and traitors as their being unmasked. Therefore are the wretches who have sworn my destruction innumerable, disguising their low and resentful passions under the cloak of philanthropy and respect for the laws: these vomit forth against me from morning till noon a thousand atrocious calumnies. The only calumnies of theirs that have yet found dupes are, that I am of a fiery temperament, a bilious fool, a sanguinary monster, or a hired ruffian. These I should not have stooped to refute were it not for some of my colleagues of the Convention, who, deceived by such selfish scoundrels with regard to my true character, looked to me for a victorious exculpation of my conduct.

"To the well-meaning among my colleagues who have thus been led into error, I shall say, read the works I published at the beginning of the revolution, such as *The Offering to my Country — my Plan of the Constitution — my Code of Criminal Legislation*, and the first hundred numbers of *The Friend of the People* — read these, and then say what writings renowned for wisdom and philanthropy can compete with them for prudence, circumspection, and moderation, for the ardent love they breathe for my country, for liberty, and justice.

"'Oh,' but my accusers will say, 'you have demanded the heads of traitors and conspirators!' Did I ever denounce these ruffians to the vengeance of the people, save when they were allowed to brave with impunity the axe of justice, our ministers only plotting how they might swindle them off unscathed. A great crime indeed to ask for five hundred criminal heads to save as many thousands of guilty ones! Is not the smallness of the number in itself a trait of wisdom and moderation?"

"I am called a hired ruffian, I who could have gained millions had I only sold my silence, and who am at this very moment in a state of want and misery. I have lost by the Revolution my profession, the remnant of my patrimony; and all the fortune that I have still remaining is a debt of two thousand francs, imposed upon me by swindlers, in whose probity I had confided, and who, having abused my name, decamped, leaving me responsible for their villainy.

"I have unfolded my most secret thoughts to such among my colleagues as seemed desirous of knowing — knowing me for what I really am, in order to join me in my mission for the good of the people, too long forgotten amidst the cruel dissensions that distract the Convention. In order to effect a reconciliation I am ready to go any length compatible with the public safety, with the rights and interests of the nation. All I ask for in return is a corresponding degree of honesty and sincerity. Let my adversaries but say the word, and I am ready to concert with them the means of consolidating the liberty, the peace and happiness of the nation. I am quite willing to lay down the censor's scourge and take up in exchange the rule of the legislator. But let them reflect upon what they are about to do. If their object be to abuse my confidence and chain down my pen, their triumph will not be of long duration. I shall not hesitate to brand them with the mark of opprobrium, and make them my first victims; for never will Marat consent to betray the cause of the people."

Such as love to detect mortified vanity or disappointed ambition at the bottom of those motives that urge on revolutionary characters in their headlong courses, will not be astonished at the tone of bitterness with which Marat dwells on the hardships he had to undergo at the hands of the Royal Academy. His works, we mean those he published on subjects connected with the natural sciences, merited, it must be admitted, a better reception; nor can we read them without feeling that the historians of the French Revolution, who represent Marat as a maniac utterly devoid of talent, are grossly mistaken in their appreciation of his literary qualifications. His first work was a little treatise in English, now very rare, entitled "*The Chains of Slavery*." It appeared in Edinburgh, while Marat was studying medicine

in that city; his pecuniary resources being limited to what he derived from a few pupils whom he instructed in the French tongue. This work contains the theory of those political principles which Marat lived to carry into practice: but as Marat had not then foreseen the numerous difficulties which the most acute theorists meet with when they grapple with the realities of things, nor, consequently, provided his universal panacea — the guillotine, his system is not one jot more unpalatable than those which have been so often expounded by the friends of uncontrolled democracy, from Rousseau down to the Abbé de Lamennais.

In 1785 Marat returned to Paris, and was soon after appointed to the situation of surgeon to the Guards of the Count d'Artois. Although his writings had failed in obtaining the approbation of the Royal Academy, probably from the dogmatical and imperious tone in which they were conceived, he acquired many friends among the leading literary characters of the time. Among these was Brissot, the Girondist leader, whom Marat ultimately denounced to the people as "a statesman;" Roland, afterwards Minister of the Interior, and the peculiar object of Marat's hatred; Condorcet, Camille Desmoulins, and others. Their conversation and example are supposed to have weaned Marat's thoughts from the studies in which he was then engaged, and turned them towards those great social questions which were beginning to engross the thoughts of the literary characters of France. Hardly had the States-general been convened, when he seemed metamorphosed all of a sudden into a fiery demagogue. Abandoning his profession, and flinging aside his mathematical instruments, he devoted his whole attention to the popular clubs, and to the exposition in the "*Ami du Peuple*" of those sanguinary principles which the populace followed up with so much vigour a short time after.

It was not long before Marat's proceedings drew down the vengeance of the Court. His paper was proscribed, and he himself hotly pursued by the police. Neither of these circumstances, however, prevented the "*Friend of the People*" from appearing with the same regularity as before. There were always printers to be found who were bold enough to brave the constituted authorities; and Marat, in his subterranean asylum, seemed every day to acquire a new degree of fanatical energy. To the fervour of his previous political faith a new impulse was now added, by the idea that he was himself the victim of a tyrannical persecution; and this circumstance alone sufficed to make him the idol of the populace. Alas! The torrent must have been strong indeed, when the descendants of the Richelieus, the Crillons, the Montmorencys, — when even the most intrepid generals or the republic — the Mirandas, the Westermans, the Dumouriers, who had faced death in a hundred battles, were forced to bow the neck before Marat, or fly their country, or suffer themselves to be led unresistingly to the scaffold, amidst a herd of obscure malefactors. This lamentable period had not, however, yet arrived. Marat was still struggling for his own personal safety. His friends, in the mean time, were not idle. The insurrections that preceded that of the 10th of August reduced the royal authority to less than a shadow, leaving it optional for the demagogues to remain in or emerge from their dark abodes. Marat hesitated not to profit by the turn which things had taken. He presented himself before the famous Commune of Paris and claimed a place among its members, in his quality of the author of the "*Friend of the People*." The title was judged sufficient, and Marat was admitted without the formality of an election. His nomination to the Convention soon followed. He was returned by the citizens of Paris in company with Robespierre, Danton, and Collot d'Her-

bois. In the hands of the Mountain party Marat proved a formidable instrument. Madame Roland calls him in her Memoirs a mad dog, whom Danton was in the habit of letting loose against his personal foes, and whom he inspired with all his rabid notions. This is not exactly true. Although Marat acted in unison with Robespierre and Danton, it is truer to say that he led them than that he was led by them. One of the great political levers of those times was a generic or party term, which implied an unpopular meaning, and which when affixed to any class marked it out to the vengeance of the mob. Marat's inventive powers were, indeed, in this respect unequalled. He had always a name in readiness for his less imaginative confrères. The epithets *Aristocrats*, *Federalists*, *Girondists*, *Brissoins*, the *Moderate*, the *Statesmen*, were successively applied by him to the antagonists of the Mountain party, we know with what success. But it is time to see what Marat really was as a legislator and publicist. A few extracts from what he terms himself his *most lively compositions* will suffice for this purpose:—

Speech delivered by Marat in the National Assembly, the 25th September, 1792, as reported by himself in the "Publiciste Parisien."

"Gentlemen,

"I may boast of having a great number of personal enemies in this assembly—(Here the three fourths of the assembly started up and exclaimed, 'Yes, we are all your enemies,—all!') Violent rumour for several minutes, and profound silence on my part until order was in some degree restored)—I may boast of having a number of personal enemies in this assembly; well, all I ask for at their hands is a little decency. It is not with clamours, menaces, or insults, that you can convince the man whom you accuse that he is culpable; neither is it by vociferating 'Down with him!' against a defender of the people that you will substantiate the charges that may be brought forward against him.

"I thank the hand that has secretly evoked in the midst of this assembly an empty phantom to frighten the timid, to disunite the good citizens, and bring into discredit the deputies of Paris. I thank my persecutors for having afforded me an opportunity for unfolding to you the most secret recesses of my soul.

"There are persons who dare to assert, that the deputation of Paris aspire to a dictatorship—to a triumvirate or *tribunate*. So absurd an accusation can only borrow a shadow of probability from the fact of my being a member of the said deputation. Hear me, then, Gentlemen, while I assert, in the most solemn manner, that my colleagues, particularly Danton and Robespierre, have constantly repelled every idea of such an authority. I have even had more than one lance to break with them on this very subject.

"I believe I am the only writer in France, since the Revolution, who proposed a dictator, a military tribune, or a triumvirate, as the only effectual method to crush conspirators and traitors. If this opinion be found reprehensible, I alone am to blame; if it be found criminal, it is on my head that the vengeance of the nation ought to fall. I offer myself as a willing victim, but before you strike deign to hear my views on this subject: I expressed them in writings published by myself, under my own name, nearly three years ago. It is only to-day that an attempt is made, for the first time, to metamorphose them into crimes of high treason.

"Is it possible that what I have proclaimed before the world, and submitted to the appreciation of my readers should be stigmatised as criminal? No, that cannot be! Were my views false, they amounted, at most, but to so many errors; were they extravagant, it only followed that their author was a dreamer—a fanatic. Traitors conceal themselves in the dark when they set about organising their plots: never has a conspirator proclaimed his designs on the house-tops; but I have submitted all my opinions to the public frankly and honestly. If dangerous, they should have been proscribed by solid arguments, and not by those vain anathemas which my enemies have hurled against my person. It was an odd way of destroying their pernicious influence to brandish over their author's head the scimitar of tyranny.

"But to come at once to the point: what, Gentlemen, do you reproach me with? At a time when the eternal treachery of a perfidious Court and its creatures,—at a time when the incessant plots of the enemies of our Revolution,—at a time when the sanguinary machinations of the instruments of tyranny threatened to destroy our rising liberties—who among you, Gentlemen, could blame me, if, in the paroxysm of my despair, I invoked upon their criminal heads the vengeance of the people? Who among you would dare to impute to me as a crime my having counselled the only way that was then left to save the good citizens?

“Without being in the least influenced by my voice, the people had the good sense to see of themselves that there was no other resource left; they, therefore, tried it more than once, with the view of counteracting the efforts that were making to effect their destruction.

“The sanguinary executions of the 14th July, 6th October, and 2d September have saved our country. Alas! what a pity that they were not directed by some vigorous and skilful hand. Dreading these terrible impulses of an unbridled multitude, and distracted at seeing the axe fall promiscuously on all the culprits, confounding the humble delinquents with the proud and hardened villains, — anxious to see it descend alone on the heads of the principal *contre-revolutionnaires*, I sought to submit these terrible movements to the wisdom of a chief, at once a pure patriot and profound statesman, who having singled out the principal traitors might have cut off, at one stroke, the thread of so many machinations, and thus consolidated, without a great effusion of blood, our young liberties.

“Had this salutary measure been adopted immediately after the taking of the Bastille, what a multitude of disasters we would have been spared! Had the heads of only five hundred arch traitors been chopped off then, 100,000 patriots would not have been butchered since; 100,000 more would not be threatened to-day with the same fate; nor the state rent by factions, and a prey to anarchy, famine, and civil war, while the barbarous hordes of a multitude of combined despots are hovering round our frontiers ready to pounce upon us.

“Whoever is capable of reflection will feel the justice and utility of the measures I prescribed; but you, citizen legislators, if you have not attained the same philosophical elevation, nor are as advanced in this respect as myself, so much the worse for yourselves. An ocean of blood will one day convince you of your error, and make you deplore, with bitterness, your present fatal apathy.

“Permit me, before I conclude, to add one word concerning myself. There are people brazen enough to accuse me of ambitious and selfish views, but I shall not stoop to repel such an imputation. Let such as may be tempted to listen to it but look at my public conduct. Had I set a price only on my silence, I might have been wallowing in wealth, and here I am in a state of glorious misery. I never asked for place nor pension. To serve my country I have braved want, danger, and sufferings. I have been tracked every day of my life by legions of assassins. For three whole years I have condemned myself to a subterraneous existence, with rats and owls for my only companions. I pleaded the cause of freedom with my head on the block. Speak, then, dastardly calumniators, and say if that be the conduct of a selfish or an ambitious man.”

When Marat delivered the above speech the rupture between the Mountain party to which he belonged and the Girondists, or as he jeeringly called them *the Statesmen*, was complete. The latter disposed of the majority in the Convention, were in possession of the executive authority, had the army at their command, or, at least, the generals, and yet they were unable to put down Marat, who did not let a single day pass without pointing out their leading members to the knife of the assassin. Their weakness may be traced to two causes—the want of a guard to protect them from the populace of the Faubourgs which the demagogues wielded at will, and their strange oversight in not having the tribunes of the Convention against the Jacobin emissaries, whose vociferations drowned the voices of their orators and damped their energies. The Girondists subsequently attempted to obtain for the assembly the protection of a *garde départementale*; but before the bill passed an insurrection was got up, which drove them from the Convention for ever. We shall conclude our notice of Marat's writings with the following extract from the “*Publiciste Parisien*,” written a short time before the proscription of the Girondist party:—

“‘The Statesmen’ are the worst and most formidable enemies we have. They are almost wholly composed of the rotten members of the *Constituante* and *legislative* assemblies. They not only give their protection openly to all the *Contre-revolutionnaires*, but are themselves in a flagrant state of *counter-revolution*. What have not these scoundrels done within the last few months to save the tyrant (Louis XVI.), re-establish royalty, and rekindle the flames of civil war.

“Indulgence for these miscreants becomes barbarity towards the people. We must either annihilate them, or be annihilated by them. Whither, then, does your system of *moderantism* lead but to the ruin of our country? Is it possible that you do not feel, since the death of the tyrant, that your only path to safety is that which leads across the odious carcasses of your multitudinous enemies?

"Rouse, then, and shake off your apathy. Unite with the ardent patriots of the Mountain, and advance against the criminal faction, or your own ruin will atone for your moderation and timidity."

We come now to a writer whose name, notwithstanding the lamentable events with which it is associated, is never pronounced without respect and veneration. Camille Desmoulins, to whom we allude, was one of the most ardent promoters of the work of insurrection in the French capital. It was he who headed the first and most justifiable of the popular movements of 1789, 90, and 91, that which led to the destruction of the Bastille. On the evening of the 19th July, 1789, a report reached Paris that Necker, the idol of the people, had been banished by the Court of Versailles. The Palais Royal, then the political forum of the French capital, became instantly thronged with students and citizens, all engaged in commenting upon the important event which had just occurred. Suddenly a young man broke through the crowd, and bounded upon a table in the midst of the garden, from which he addressed the people in the following terms:—"Citizens, you know the nation have demanded that Necker should be maintained in office, and a monument erected in his honour. Well! he has been banished—yes, banished for life from the country which he alone was capable of saving. Now that they have struck this blow, your tyrants will stop at nothing. What do I say? Are they not plotting for this very night a St. Bartholomew of the patriots? To arms, then—to arms! Let each of us hoist a green cockade, the colour of hope, and march against our oppressors." Hardly had Desmoulins pronounced these words when every tree in the garden was divested of its leaves, the spectators having transferred them to their hats. The shops of the armourers were then plundered of their contents, as well as the public arsenals; and the second morning after this event, 100,000 men, armed with guns, pikes, and bayonets, were seen advancing upon the Bastille.

Although the influence which Camille Desmoulins exercised on the above occasion was wholly unconnected with his character as a writer, he had, nevertheless, acquired already a sort of fame by two periodical publications—"La France Libre," and "Le Procureur Général de la Lanterne." Were our object to enumerate the causes of the Revolution, we could demonstrate that the fall of the Bastille was not a thing wholly unpremeditated. Desmoulins, who gave the signal, was in direct communication with Mirabeau, and one or two of the leading members of the States-general, from whom he derived his literary inspirations. We have seen letters addressed to him by Mirabeau about this period, in which the Bastille is alluded to in terms of the most significant kind. Be this as it may, the principles of Mirabeau were not long to Desmoulins's taste. The former never intended that the movement of which he was the apostle should extend farther than a constitutional government, similar to that of Great Britain; the latter aimed, from the very beginning, at a republican form of government. Between the republicanism of Camille Desmoulins and that of Marat and Hebert there was, however, as wide a difference, as between the ideas of the latter and the constitutional notions of Mirabeau. Marat and Hebert meant by a republic the preponderance and sway of the mob; they hated, moreover, with a truly Spartan zeal, all the refinements of civilisation. Desmoulins, on the contrary, was fond of the arts, was no foe to the luxuries of modern civilisation, and studied to frame his commonwealth after an Athenian rather than a Lacedæmonian model.

When the democratic party triumphed on the 10th of August, 1792, Camille Desmoulins became the secretary of Danton, whom the omnipotent

voice of the clubs of Paris raised from a state of factious misery to the department of Justice. He was returned to the Convention some time after by the electors of the capital, and took his place among the more ardent spirits of the *Mountain*. For a long time Desmoulins followed submissively in the wake of Robespierre, who had formerly been his class-fellow in the college of Louis le Grand, the great nursery of the revolutionary characters of that period. But when the Reign of Terror was proclaimed all over France,—when the prisons were thronged, and the guillotines reeked with the blood of her best citizens, the generous instincts of Desmoulins's nature rose against this new tyranny. He boldly undertook the defence of the suffering and oppressed in a work, which for eloquence and pathos surpasses all the other monuments of the French Revolution. The "Vieux Cordelier" was tolerated for a time by the infamous committee of public safety, so great was the respect which even Desmoulins's enemies entertained for his character. Had he not wounded the literary pride of Robespierre, it is even probable that he would have survived his colleagues of the Convention. An article of Desmoulins's having been denounced in the Jacobin club by Hebert, who demanded that its author should be expelled from the society, Robespierre spoke in his defence, but admitted that the article was counter-revolutionary, and merited to be burnt by the hand of the executioner. "To burn," exclaimed Desmoulins, forgetful of the danger to which he was exposing himself—"to burn is not to answer." Robespierre, irritated at the remark, joined with his accusers. Desmoulins was arrested soon after with Danton, and Fabre d'Eglantine, and hurried off to the prison of the Luxembourg. On his arrival, the prisoners, who amounted at that time to more than 1500 in the Luxembourg alone, all ran to receive him, and gave him every mark of their esteem and sympathy; even the Royalists, Girondists, and all the others whose principles he had so long combated. He was guillotined with his two companions on the 5th April, 1794. His wife, whom he adored, met with the same fate a few days after, leaving an only son, who died in exile in 1815.

The following extract from the fourth number of the "Vieux Cordelier" is offered as a *pièce justificative* of our eulogy of Camille Desmoulins's character and writings:—

"O my dearly beloved fellow-citizens, are we so ~~far~~ degraded as to prostrate ourselves before such divinities as are offered to our homage? No. liberty, that liberty which descended from above, is not a nymph of the Opera, nor a Phrygian bonnet, nor a dirty shirt and rags: liberty is happiness, reason, equality—it is justice, the declaration of our rights and our sublime constitution! Would you have me to recognise her, to fall down at her feet, to shed all my blood for her? Set at liberty the two hundred thousand citizens whom you call *suspects*, for in our declaration of rights there is no house of suspicion, there are only houses of detention. And do not fancy that such a measure as that which I propose would be fatal to the Republic; far from this, it would be the most revolutionary measure you ever adopted. You want to exterminate all your enemies by the guillotine! But was ever madness comparable to that? Can you exterminate one by the scaffold without making yourselves ten enemies among his relations or friends? Do you think there is danger to be apprehended from the women, the old men, the sick, the egotists, and the stragglers of the Revolution, whom you detain in bondage? Of all your enemies the cowards and invalids alone remain among you; the brave and the energetic have all emigrated; they have fallen at Lyons or in *La Vendée*; their *leavings* are not even worthy of your resentment. Those *feuillans*, bankers, and shopkeepers, whom you keep in prison since the beginning of the great duel between the monarchy and the republic, can only be compared to the population of Rome, whose indifference, during the combat between Vitellius and Vespasian, is thus described by Tacitus:—"While the action lasted the Romans gathered round the combatants like curious spectators; and, as they were wont to do in the amphitheatre, they applauded one while these, another while those, according as chance seemed to favour either party; and when any portion of the combatants happened to lose ground and retreat, they dragged them from the houses and gave them up to the enemy. On one

vide nothing was seen but dead and wounded men ; on the other, theatres crowded with spectators, and inns filled with banqueters.'

" Have we not in the foregoing passage a perfect portrait of our *moderate*, our *chapelains*, our signers of the famous petition of the eight and the twenty thousand, and of that intermediate multitude between the Jacobins and Coblenz who cry out according as the scale of victory descends — ' Long live Lafayette and his white horse ! ' or who bear in triumph the bust of Marat ? It seems that the citizens of Paris bear as close a resemblance to those of Rome in the time of Vitellius, as those of Rome resembled the citizens of Athens contemporary with Plato, for whom the philosopher refused to prescribe any thing in his republic, ' their nature impelling them to a servile submission to the government and the stronger party.' While we were shedding our blood in the Carrousel and the Champs de Mars, the Palais Royal exhibited its shepherdesses and its Arcadia. Beside the axe of the guillotine even while falling upon the necks of royalty, the guillotine of Pouchinello was also in progress, and shared the attention of the public. It was not love for the republic, but curiosity that attracted every day such a concourse of spectators to the place of the Revolution. They all wanted to see the new play which was only to have one representation. There is one truth which cannot fail to strike my readers. Although Pitt, seeing the necessity we were under of shedding blood in order to ensure our triumph, has changed his batteries all of a sudden, and, taking advantage of our situation, has done his utmost to give to our liberty the attitude of tyranny, and turn against us the reason and humanity of the eighteenth century, that is to say, the very arms with which we vanquished despotism ; — although Pitt, feeling himself, since the great victory which the Mountain obtained on the twentieth of January, too weak to prevent freedom from establishing itself in France, by combating it openly, has adopted its costume and language, as the only way left for rendering it odious and destroying it entirely ; — although, in accordance with this plan, he has secretly instructed all his agents and all the aristocrats to hoist the Phrygian bonnet, to exchange the pantaloons for the short breeches, and metamorphose themselves into furious patriots ; — although the patriot Pitt, become a Jacobin, has in his orders to the invisible army he maintains among us prescribed that they should demand with the Marquis de Montant *five hundred heads in the bosom of the Convention*, and that the army of the Rhine *should exterminate their fellow-citizens, the garrison of Mayence*, or, in the language of a certain petition, that *nine hundred thousand heads should be chopped off*, or, with a certain attorney-general, that *the one half of the French people should be EMBASTILLED as suspect*, or, with a certain motion lately made in the Convention, that *under each of those innumerable prisons there should be placed barrels of powder, and beside them a permanent faggot* ; — although Pitt has tried these and other schemes, which it would be too tedious to enumerate, I shall continue to raise my humble voice in behalf of my proscribed countrymen. To Pitt and all his fellows I shall say, ' Your efforts are vain as long as you attack the Mountain from the *marais* or the *côté droit*. We of the Mountain can only be taken by the enemy seizing upon the heights, and establishing themselves on the summit as in a redoubt, or, in other terms, by gaining the voices of the multitude ever rash and inconstant — by making motions more popular still than those of the Old Cordeliers, and raising up warmer patriots than we, and greater prophets than Marat.' Pitt is well aware of this truth. It is he who lately sent to the bar of the Convention two deputations with addresses of such a kind that even the inhabitants of the upper regions of the Mountain are moderate when compared to them. Fortunately for us Marat was there — Marat, who by his subterranean life and his indefatigable labours, is looked upon as the *ne plus ultra* of patriotism, and whose titles are so universally admitted, that the people will always think that beyond what Marat proposes there can only be madness and folly, and that beyond his motions we must write as the geographers of antiquity did on the verge of their maps, ' Here cities and habitations are no longer to be found : there is nothing but deserts and savages, oceans of ice and volcanoes.' Marat instantly perceived the purport of the petitions, and had their authors driven from the bar."

The following affecting and beautiful composition is the third and last letter of Camille Desmoulins to his wife, written a few days before his execution : —

" Prison of the Luxembourg, 1st April, 1794.

" A bountiful sleep has suspended my torments. We are free when we sleep ; we have not the consciousness of our captivity ; Heaven has had pity on me. Only a moment ago I saw you in a dream ; I embraced you, the little Horace, and Daronne each in turn, but our little one had lost an eye from a humour which had broke out upon it ; and the grief I felt for this accident awakened me. My dungeon rose around me anew : daylight was beginning to break upon me. Unable to see you — to hear you any longer (for you and your mother were speaking to me), I got up to enjoy at least the consolation of conversing with you upon paper ; but as I opened my window, the consciousness of my loneliness, the frightful bars, the locks and bolts that interpose between us, overcame my firmness — I burst out into tears,

or rather I sobbed aloud in my living tomb, 'Lucille! Lucille! O, my beloved Lucille, where are you?' Yesterday evening I felt the same sensations, and my heart was cleft in twain when I saw your mother in the garden. My first impulse was to fling myself on my knees against the bars, to implore her compassion with joined hands — her compassion, alas! She groans, I am sure, at the bottom of her heart. I could read her grief yesterday in the frequent application of her pocket-handkerchief, and in the promptitude with which she let fall her veil. When you come again to see me*, let her approach a little nearer with yourself, in order that I may be the better able to distinguish your features. I fancy this can be done without danger. My glass is not good; I wish you could procure me one similar to that which I had six months ago. But, my beloved Lucille, in the name of our mutual fondness, I conjure you to send me your portrait: let your painter have pity on me, who only suffer for having too much pity for others. Let him give you two sittings every day till it is done. In the horror of my prison, it will be a holiday for me — a day of delicious intoxication, to receive your portrait; in the meantime, send me some of your hair in order that I may place them close to my heart. My beloved Lucille, I am just as foolish as in the time of our early loves, when I could have prostrated myself before whomsoever I saw leaving your house, after conversing with you. When the citizen who brought me your letter, yesterday, returned, 'Well,' said I to him, 'have you seen her?' just as I used to say to the abbé Landreville: and I surprised myself looking at him, as though there remained something of you on his garments or his person. He is a charitable soul, since he delivered you my letter without effacing a single line. I shall see him, it appears, twice a-day — the morning and evening. This messenger of our grief is becoming as dear to me as was formerly the messenger of our joys. I have discovered a cleft in the wall of my apartment. I have applied my ear to it, and heard moans. Hazarding a few words, I distinguished the voice of a sick man in pain: he asked me my name; I told him, 'Gracious Heaven!' he exclaimed, falling back upon his bed, from which he had raised himself. The voice struck me as being that of Fabre d'Eglantine! 'Yes, I am Fabre,' he said; 'but thou here! the counter-revolution is then accomplished! We dare not, nevertheless, speak to each other, lest our enemies should envy us this feeble consolation, and guard us, still more narrowly, in a worse part of the prison.' There is a chimney in his room, and mine would be tolerable, were it possible for a dungeon to be so; but, my beloved, you know not what it is to be excluded from all commerce with one's fellows, without even the formality of a preliminary interrogation — without receiving a single journal. It is to live and to die at one and the same time; it is to exist for no other purpose than to feel you are in a coffin! It has been often said, that innocence is calm, courageous: — ah! my beloved Lucille, my innocence, is often weak, weak like that of a husband — of a father — of a son! Were it but Pitt or Cobourg who treated me with such barbarity! but my colleagues! but Robespierre! who signed the order for my detention! but the Republic, after all I have done for her! this is the reward I receive for all my virtues and sacrifices! I saw, when I first entered this abode of sighs, Herault Léchelles, Simon, Ferroux, Chaumette, Antonelle: they are all better off than I am; they are not, at least, in close confinement. It is I who have exposed myself for the last five years to so much hatred, and to so many perils for the republic — I, who have remained poor in the midst of the Revolution — I, who have no other forgiveness to ask save thine, my beloved Lucille, and who have obtained it from thy heart that, notwithstanding my errors, knew how to appreciate my own: it is I who have been thrown into a dungeon, like the basest conspirator, by men who called themselves my friends, who styled themselves republicans. Socrates drank his hemlock, but they allowed him to see, in his prison, his friends and his wife.

"What an accumulation of woes in the single circumstance of my being separated from thee! The greatest criminal would be too severely punished were he torn from thee otherwise than by death, which would only cause a momentary consciousness of the pain of such a separation: but a guilty man could not have been thy husband; nor would you have loved me had you not known me to breathe for the happiness of my fellow-citizens alone! I hear my name called The commissaries of the revolutionary tribunal have just interrogated me. The only question they asked me was, whether I had conspired against the state! What a mockery! What an insult to the purest republicanism. I see the fate that awaits me. Adieu, my Lucille! my beloved Lucille! my angel! bid your father farewell in my name. You behold in me a living, and I hope an immortal example of the baseness and ingratitude of man. My last moments will not dishonour thee. Thou seest my fears were founded, and my forebodings but too true. I wedded a wife of celestial virtue; I have been a good husband — a good son — I should have been a good father, too. I am esteemed and regretted by every true republican, — by all whose hearts bound at the words, virtue and liberty. I die in my thirty-fourth year, but it is a phenomenon that I should have traversed, for the last five years, all the precipices of the Revolution without falling into them; and that I am still alive. I lean my head calmly on the pillow of my too

* Desmoulins's wife and mother-in-law were in the habit of placing themselves under his window, and conversing with him by signs, from the beginning of his captivity.

numerous writings, but which breathe, all of them, the same philanthropy—the same desire to render my countrymen happy and free, and which the axe of tyranny will not destroy. I now see that power is too much for human weakness; that it renders us all drunk; and that we all exclaim, with the despot of old, ‘Tyranny is a handsome epitaph.’ But weep not, afflicted widow, the epitaph of thy poor Camille is more glorious! it is that of Brutus and Caton, the tyrannicides. Oh! my beloved Lucille, I was born to write poetry—to defend the unfortunate—to render thee happy—to form with thy mother, my father, and a few friends of our choice, a little Otaiti. I had dreamt a republic which mankind would have adored. I never could believe that man was so ferocious and unjust. How could I think that one or two *sailles** in my writings against colleagues who had provoked me would efface the memory of my former services? I cannot but feel that I die the victim of this jest, and of my friendship for Danton. I thank my assassins for putting me to death in company with Danton and Philippeaux; and since my colleagues are base enough to abandon us, and hearken to calumnies without foundation, I shall tell them that we die the victims of our courage in unmasking traitors, and of our love for truth. We may console ourselves with the belief that we perish the last of the true republicans. Forgive me, my beloved Lucille, if I have lost sight of you for a moment. Notwithstanding my doom, I believe that there is a Supreme Being. My blood will atone for my errors, and for those weaknesses inseparable from humanity. The good features of my nature,—my virtues, my love for liberty,—will find their recompense above. I shall see thee again one day, Lucille! Sensible as I am by nature, I have reason to rejoice at the approach of death, which delivers me from the spectacle of so many crimes. Farewell, my soul, my divinity, upon earth, farewell! Farewell, father and child! I feel the coast of life flying before me; I still behold my Lucille! I see her that I love and cherish. My Lucille, my fettered arms embrace thee, and my severed head turns still to thee its last dying glances! Adieu! — Adieu!”

When the above letter was written there were in the prisons of Paris alone 6681 souls!!!

DIARY OF A DUTCH DIPLOMATIST IN LONDON.

EXCERPTA FROM A PRIVATE JOURNAL KEPT BY MR. NICOLAS WITSEN, BURGOMASTER OF AMSTERDAM, IN THE YEAR 1689, DURING HIS RESIDENCE IN LONDON AS MEMBER OF A DEPUTATION FROM THE STATES OF HOLLAND, AND SUBSEQUENTLY AS AMBASSADOR AT THE BRITISH COURT.

[We are enabled by the kindness of a Correspondent to lay before our readers a translation of the following curious document. We give the introduction in our Correspondent's own words, and have only to add that the authenticity of the Journal is unimpeachable.]

It has been the concurrent opinion of all who read the history of Holland with more than common attention, that our judicious historian, Wagenaar, has been particularly successful in relating the events connected with the great revolution which took place in England in the year 1688, and terminated in the elevation of William the Third, Prince of Orange, to the throne of that kingdom.

The fullness and accuracy of the account which he has given of the occurrences of that important period may be chiefly attributed to the information he derived from two very interesting documents, to which he was fortunate enough to have access, viz. :—

1st. The notes taken by Burgomaster Nicholas Witsen, of Amsterdam, in his own handwriting, and called by him “A relation of every Thing that happened to me during my Journey to England in the Year 1688.”

2ndly. A private journal, kept by him of all the occurrences relating to the deputation and subsequent embassy to England in the year 1689; in which, ac-

* Desmoulins alludes to a sarcasm which he had directed against St. Just. In a letter to General Dillon, he observed: “Just look at St. Just. His gait and demeanour announce that he considers his head as the corner-stone of the Republic, for he carries it upon his shoulders with the same respect as if it were a holy sacrament.” “Let Desmoulins look to himself,” cried St. Just, when he read the letter, “I shall make him carry his head yet like St. Denis—in his hand.”

cording to his own declaration, he committed to paper every thing that occurred while it was fresh in his memory, with the same scrupulous regard to truth as if he were called upon to attest it by a solemn oath.

Both these documents are repeatedly referred to by Wagenaar, in the sixtieth and sixty-first books of his history, and the friends of historical research have long been desirous to see the whole of these interesting records.

In the year 1817, I had reason to hope that I should have an opportunity of inspecting the papers of the learned and patriotic magistrate and statesman De Witsen, a considerable collection of which were preserved, till within these few years, in three chests; and I then flattered myself that I should find those interesting documents; but I was disappointed in my hopes, and I was assured soon after, that all those writings had been lost. Not long ago, however, some extracts of them fell into my hands, which had been taken in April and May of the year 1756, by Mr. Johannes Stael, pensionary of the city of Amsterdam, who had been intrusted with the original manuscript by the secretary, Mr. Nicholas Witsen, a nephew of the ambassador.

I shall only add that I copied them literally, omitting only the figures which indicated the numbers of the paragraphs, as also of the pages and of the columns on each; the former amounting to 185 and the pages to 225, with four columns on each.

It was inscribed, "A private Journal relating to the Deputation and subsequent Embassy in England, in the Year 1689, at which I assisted.

(Signed) N. WITSEN."

Here follow the extracts above alluded to, in the order in which they were copied.

In the beginning of the month of January, 1689, his highness requested that three deputies might be sent to England, pointing out as members of the deputation, Messrs. Witsen, Van Odÿk (William Count of Nassau, Lord of Odÿk), and Dÿkveld (Everhard Van Weede, Lord of Dÿkveld). Witsen was with difficulty prevailed upon. The deputies arrived at Harwich, after having experienced a violent storm at sea.

On the 18th of January, they had a conference with his highness, who inquired, "What do they say now in Amsterdam? Are they pleased now that you advised me to this undertaking? Did they expect it would turn out so well?" Shortly after he added, "Now they cry 'Hosannah!' here; perhaps they will soon cry 'Crucify him.'"

Witsen put the prince in mind of this observation on the 11th of February, when things went cross in the convention.

When King James returned to Whitehall, his highness sent him an intimation to withdraw. The king was asleep when the messenger arrived, and he complained much of being disturbed. Captain Wik led him away. He trusted the Dutch more than his own soldiers.

In the palace at Whitehall he had an index in his apartment communicating with a weathercock on the roof, so that he could always see whether the wind was fair for the prince before he landed.

The English lords begin already to complain that the prince is not sufficiently conversable and familiar, contrary to the custom of English monarchs; likewise that he does not spend money enough. Mordaunt and others requested Witsen to exhort the prince on this head.

Dÿkveld had arranged every thing for the expedition during his former embassy; and in January likewise he exerted himself very zealously to get the prince raised to the throne.

On the 23d his highness corrected the letters from the deputies to their high mightinesses.

The prince related that, when he landed in the west, more than fifty women fell at his feet, supplicating him to deliver the chancellor into their hands, because he had caused their husbands to be hung on account of Monmouth's rebellion.

Witsen visited the apartment in which the prince of Wales was said to have been born; and he observed that there were several private doors in it, communicating with secret staircases.

At the prince's desire, Odyk got a resolution carried through in Holland, to have deputies from the admiralties sent over to England, in order to treat concerning the number of ships which were to join the fleet, contrary to the opinion of Witsen, who thought that De Wildt was quite competent to manage that affair alone.

The prince observed facetiously to Witsen, that, when he used the term "we," he did not know whether he meant England or Holland, as the sovereign authority in England had at this time been vested in him *pro interim*.

In a pasquil which was spread about London, it was said that the prince strove to restore in England the liberties and rights, which he treated with very little respect in Holland; and that, though a presbyterian in his heart, he wished to protect the bishops.

Witsen urged the prince, on several occasions, to get the Act of Navigation repealed; but his highness lent a deaf ear to this.

When the Spanish ambassador's hotel was plundered, after the prince was landed, the French ambassador saved his by drinking the prince's health, and throwing money to be scrambled for by the populace.

Witsen complains that time hangs heavy on his hands in England, as he is no courtier, does not understand the language, and finds that he is of little use there. He soon discovered that he had been appointed with no other view than to make a display before the people of England of the perfect unanimity which prevailed between the prince and the city of Amsterdam.

When King James was caught endeavouring to make his escape, he laughed at the people's taking a short man for Father Peters, as the latter was a very large man. This was related by an eyewitness.

The prince observed to Witsen, that it depended greatly upon the city of Amsterdam whether the war could be carried on for two or three years. When King James was arrested, a stout dark-looking fellow carried him on shore from the small vessel; and, upon somebody calling out to this man not to let him fall, he answered, "Never fear, I could carry him and the Pope together." His majesty, who was taken for a priest, was searched to his very shirt, and was robbed of every thing about him.

When he was at Rochester, he inquired, through a third and fourth hand, whether it was the prince's intention to detain him and to keep him in custody. The prince had at first given directions to this effect; but he afterwards sent orders, through Mr. Schaap to connive at his escape. A report having reached King James's ears that the prince had appointed four judges, he became greatly alarmed, recollecting his father's fate; and he immediately fled from Rochester. No judges, however, had been appointed.

On the 1st of February the convention met, and printed notes were distributed at the entrance of the hall where the members assembled, recommending certain resolutions to be adopted.

A part of the English soldiery having been cashiered by the prince, they became so discontented, that they drank openly to the confusion of his highness.

King James was highly displeased with Van Citters, on account of the false assurances he had repeatedly given him of the favourable sentiments entertained towards him both by the States and the prince.

During the meeting of the convention, the prince remained perfectly quiet, without attempting to influence the members by promises or otherwise, as many persons expected he would do.

When king James returned to London after his first escape, the bells were rung, and the people called out God bless the king. Witsen was of opinion, that this was what induced the prince to get him out of the way.

Captain Matthews, having formerly been admitted a burger of Amsterdam by Witsen, called upon him, on the 3d of February, to thank him.

Burnet remarked at table, that Dijkveld deserved to have a monument erected to him in England for the services he had rendered to the state.

Witsen expresses his surprise, that every body in England knew of his having been intrusted by the prince with the secret of his expedition.

On the 11th, the prince had a private interview with Dijkveld, who immediately after went and conferred with the lords of the convention: the prince, however, makes no demand hitherto, nor does he promise or threaten any thing, but his friends are active. He advises Witsen not to make any mention, in his letters to Holland, of the differences in the convention.

The House of Commons is desirous to raise the prince to the throne,—the House of Lords wish him to be appointed regent, and the princess to be queen. Some wish to recall James, others to establish a republic, which it is thought would infallibly take place if the prince were named regent.

The populace having risen at the instigation of lord Lovelace, sent in a petition, desiring that the prince might be declared king; his highness prohibits all popular tumult.

Witsen and the others represent to the prince on the 17th that tar is not an article of contraband, and therefore that a certain French vessel in the Scilly Islands cannot be legally detained on that pretext. This made the prince very angry: such an opinion, he said, was absurd; and he expressed his surprise that Witsen knew no better; but, he added, "seamen know nothing of politics." This cut Witsen to the quick.

One of the lords asked Witsen whether the prince could sign any thing as stadtholder of Holland after he had been raised to the throne of England. Witsen answered, that he still retained the former dignity, which the other considered rather derogatory in a king of England.

Some of the lords are desirous of retaining Dijkveld in England, and naturalising him.

Witsen now discovers, that the correspondence which had been carried on with England, consisted of two branches, viz., one for the deliverance of the kingdom, and the other relating to the crown, the knowledge of the latter having been withheld from several of the leading men.

Ferguson, who had resided long in Amsterdam, called upon Witsen, and, in the course of conversation he related, that the sheriff of that city had always given him notice privately when he had orders to arrest him; he added, that king James had offered him pardon, and a large sum of money, if he would desert his party, but that he had always refused to comply.

On the 19th every thing was prepared for the coronation, but a solemn engagement for the maintenance of the laws was required of the prince, which Bentinck, it was said, positively refused. This created suspicion and discontent. Application was made to Witsen to speak to the prince, and to give him better counsel; but he writes "I shall take care not to interfere, as I well know how punctilious he is." Dijkveld however spoke to the prince on the subject, and he soon after consented to it.

Witsen is informed that an apartment was preparing for Bentinck at Whitehall, with a door opening into the king's cabinet.

Every thing that had occurred in Amsterdam relating to the election of the schepens (aldermen) was known in London, as also how every member of the vroedschap (common council) had voted. Witsen was the object of much rallyry at table on this account, but the king was displeased at it, of which Bentinck informed Witsen.

On the 24th, Witsen congratulates the king, wishing him the wisdom of Solomon, the good fortune of David, and the years of Methuselah.

On the 25th, King William desires that the deputies may be appointed ambassadors extraordinary. Witsen, whose residence in England was attended with much vexation, and who spoke French imperfectly, was very averse to this; it was however carried into effect afterwards.

Satirical ballads were sung about the streets, "The Butterboxes have sent us a King."

King William read his first speech to the parliament, though he had been accustomed in Holland to make very long speeches extempore.

On the 1st of March, a beggar, to whom Witsen gave a piece of money with the effigy of the pretended prince of Wales on it, returned it, saying, "That's bad coin, God bless king William;" and the ambassador was obliged to give him

another piece in lieu of it. Witsen found that the king lost his temper when he met with the least opposition.

On an occasion when some Englishmen were extolling the king highly for what he had done, he answered, that the states had done much more, as they had put to hazard their lives and fortunes, and ought therefore now to be assisted.

It is worthy of notice that the throne was declared vacant by a majority of three votes only in the House of Lords.

On the 11th the king asserts that advices have reached him of a secret understanding with the French, which was suspected to exist in Holland, and that burgomaster Appelman, of Amsterdam, was implicated in it. Bentinck observed to Witsen on the same day, that matters could not go on in this way in Amsterdam; that it would not do to be friends by halves: he likewise refused to inform him who had been appointed alderman there. Witsen now remarked that Bentinck had long corresponded with the court, and had continually written to Fagel in cypher.

The English lords complain of Bentinck, whom they accuse of carrying every thing through by violence, treating them with contempt, and being difficult of access. Some of them observed that the nation objected greatly to the king's having a favourite.

The king proposes to Witsen to take a trip to Holland, in order to keep the disposition of the Amsterdammers in the right track. Witsen neither said yes nor no, but merely answered, in general terms, that his services were always at his majesty's disposal. Van Hekeren had expressed, in a letter to Dykvelt, his earnest desire that Witsen might be sent back; and it was from hence that the proposal originated.

On the 13th, De Wildt, secretary of the admiralty at Amsterdam, endeavoured to prevail upon Witsen to use his influence with the king, in order that both men and money might be sent to Holland, without which matters could not go on properly there, as some people would probably turn their attention towards France; if favourable conditions were offered in that quarter. Witsen answered, that he had already applied to the king on the subject, but in vain.

The king expressed his sincerest good will towards the state, and even declared that he would abandon every thing in England, and leave matters to take their own course there, rather than see our country ruined.

Much jealousy was excited by the province of Zealand's having obtained, probably through Van Odyk's influence, the largest share of the money sent over by the king.

On the 18th, application was made to the king on the subject of certain treaties to be concluded: he promises to appoint commissioners.

The king assures Witsen that the schepens of Amsterdam had been elected by him, although the nomination had not been referred directly to him, as he thought it ought to have been; but he had passed over two gentlemen, strongly recommended by Witsen, and whose names had been marked for election. Their high mightinesses had now appointed Witsen and four others ambassadors extraordinary, and commissioned them to urge the king to break with France and to support the States.

It is publicly asserted that most of those who invited the prince over, entertained no idea of raising him to the throne, and that they would have held back if they had at all imagined that this was the object in view. It must, however, be acknowledged that the prince never made any demand whatever.

The queen declared to one of the ladies at court, that she looked back with regret to the peaceful life she had led in Holland — that her best days were past — that she was not at liberty here, and could not please those around her; she shed tears when she said this.

On the 24th, the ambassadors addressed the king in favour of the Piedmontese. They afterwards repeated their application, but in vain.

A mutiny has broke out in the regiment which first joined the king in the west.

On the other side of the Thames, within a musket shot of Whitehall, they will not pray in the churches otherwise than for William and Mary, our governors.

The king has lost eighty thousand adherents in London alone, by his proposal for an union between the episcopalians and presbyterians.

On Good Friday their majesties refused to wash the feet of twelve poor men and twelve poor women, according to custom; it was accordingly done by the bishop of London, but this occasioned some murmuring.

The king dined that day with Bentinck and the ambassadors, though it was a fast day; but he said, that he neither would nor could keep the fast.

The king intends to raise Bentinck to an earldom, and then he can wear a gold coronet on his head at the coronation.

It was through Dijkveld's exertions that the princess was raised to the throne as well as the prince, though very active endeavours had been made in a certain quarter (probably by Bentinck) to elect the prince alone.

Van Oyen, lord of Engelenburg, was appointed one of the ambassadors extraordinary through the intervention of Witsen, and he became the spokesman of the embassy, because Witsen thought himself unfit for the office, on account both of his diffidence and of his imperfect knowledge of the French language.

Witsen conferred with Nottingham on the subject of commercial arrangements, but he soon discovered that no advantages were to be expected by us from the English.

He complains of the detention of so many Dutch ships in France, in consequence of his not having dared to divulge the secret of the expedition to England, with which he was well acquainted.

A conference was held between the ambassadors and the royal commissioners concerning the union of the Dutch and English fleets; the point of precedence in councils of war gave rise to much wrangling. Witsen insisted strongly on alternate votes.

On the 18th he received a letter from Hop, the ambassador at Vienna, stating that the emperor would not acknowledge king William, unless he broke with France and entered into an alliance with him.

On the 25th, Witsen conversed with the king, at Hampton Court, where he was very kindly received by him. He assured his majesty that the inhabitants of Amsterdam were ready to risk their lives and fortunes in a war against France. The king asked him whether he had seen the farce of the coronation, and what he thought of these foolish old popish ceremonies.

Several members of parliament desire him to prevail upon the magistrates of Amsterdam to sell them the arms belonging to the city, as there was a great scarcity of arms in the kingdom.

None of the foreign powers had hitherto returned any answer to the letters addressed to them by the king, announcing his accession to the throne.

Bentinck refuses to apply to the king on the subject of the dispute concerning the point of precedence in the council of war; he says that it is all nonsense. The king urged Temple's son to continue in the office of secretary to the militia, but he refused this, and immediately went and drowned himself; leaving a note addressed to the king, in which he stated that he had quitted the world because an office was forced upon him which he was incapable of filling. According to intelligence from Holland, some of the States maintained that it was not yet the time to urge in England the point of free trade, but that it should be deferred till the kingdom was settled. The members of the Dutch government (Witsen writes) seem to be daily more timid, so that they dare not venture to take any step without the approbation of the king our stadtholder. The members of the Dutch admiralty, who came over to England for the conclusion of the treaty, returned home, leaving the work unfinished; in order (Witsen thought) to avoid the odium of the dispute about precedence in the councils of war: — "They are people," he adds, "who assume a great deal of consequence." "Many very unpleasant circumstances occur to me here," says Witsen (alluding probably to Dijkveld), "and I possess very little credit or influence with the king."

[To be concluded in our next Number.]

THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

IRELAND AND LORD NORMANBY.

"And sure Ireland is yet a most sweet and beautiful country as any is under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish most abundantly, sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas that will carry even-shippes upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods, even fit for building of houses and shippes so commodiously, as that, if some princes in the world had them, they would soone hope to be lords of all the seas, and, ere long, of all the world; also full of very good ports and havens opening upon England, as inviting us to come unto them, to see what excellent commodities that country can afford; besides, the soyle itselfe most fertile, fit to yeeld all kinde of fruit that shall be committed thereunto. And lastly, the heavens most milde and temperate, though somewhat more moist than the parts towards the east."—SPENSER.

THE condition of Ireland from the commencement of her connection with this country has been such as might almost be considered by a Manichean as furnishing an answer to the whole science of natural theology. The continued infliction of every variety and gradation of human calamity upon a whole population for several hundreds of years, may almost excite a doubt concerning the benevolence of the Divinity; whilst the quantity of misery which has been during that period extracted out of materials which are elsewhere considered as indispensable elements in the production of happiness, might almost be regarded as the result of the direct and uninterrupted agency of the very genius of evil. That a country should possess near a hundred harbours capable of containing all the fleets in the world, whilst several of them scarcely ever beheld a ship, and that she should be almost destitute of commerce, whilst occupying the most favourable commercial position upon the face of the globe,—that a population inflamed with valour, even to exuberance, should be retained in a state of continual servitude,—that inhabiting a country proverbially fertile, and a climate celebrated for its genial and salutary qualities, they should yet be so uniformly destitute of the lowest necessities of life as to experience no other variety of provision than that which is exhibited by different degrees of destitution, and should look upon the mortal ravages of a periodical pestilence as sometimes a blessing, and never an anomaly,—that a people celebrated for the remote antiquity of their connection with the country in which they existed, should for hundreds of years be designated and treated as intruders into their own possessions, and as aliens in the land of their own nativity,—that a people animated by all varieties of domestic and social affections to a degree of intensity scarcely imagined elsewhere, should for centuries have worn out their miserable existence in mutual destruction, or in blind and fruitless attempts to destroy the power which treated them as the objects of uninterrupted oppression, spoliation, and massacre,—that such a community, so possessing the elements of power and felicity, should for hundreds of years present an exhibition of weakness and of misery unparalleled and almost unimaginable,—that there should at all exist upon the face of the earth a community so circumstanced, is an event which may "give pause" to a superficial observer, and induce him to admit a momentary doubt concerning the goodness of that all-powerful Being who governs the world.

About the human causation of these calamities, there will be very little doubt in the minds of those who are acquainted with the history of the

connection between Ireland and this country. The position of the islands renders it evident that they were intended by nature to be associated together in some form of political combination — amicable alliance, federal connection, or incorporate union; and it is impossible to form an adequate conception of the advantages which would have resulted to both countries, if this connection had been originally formed upon principles involving any ordinary degree of justice and reason upon the part of the stronger power. It pleased the wisdom of our ancestors to determine, however, that it was more honourable to purloin a patch of territory by fraud, than to win the hearts of a whole people by justice and benevolence; and that it was the duty and ought to be the policy of the government of England, to keep one portion of its subjects in a state of fierce, uninstructed, destitute, and desperate hostility, lest the remainder should lose the gratification arising from the consciousness of their own superiority in these several respects: and the consequence of so diabolical a system has been, as all the world is aware, a continued series of misery, unparalleled in the whole history of mankind either in duration or degree.

For the greatest part of this multitudinous evil we consider England to be responsible; and, without entering into minute details concerning particulars which must distract and oppress the attention of the reader, we believe that we can very easily establish the truth of the charge in a general manner, and upon testimony unobnoxious to any degree of objection — by a mere glance along the history of the two countries from the inauspicious commencement of their connection down to the present moment.

When it pleased Henry the Second to take advantage of the dissensions which prevailed amongst the Irish chieftains, and to seize like a worthy neighbour that favourable opportunity of attacking and oppressing a people that had never done him or his subjects any species of injury, but who had, on the contrary, upon several occasions rendered them gratuitous and signal services of the most important character, he associated himself, naturally enough, with the most profligate party to the Irish dispute, and took under his patronage a tyrant who had been expelled by his own subjects for the infamy of his character and conduct. The utmost extent, however, to which the English monarch was able to introduce his authority did not comprehend more than one twentieth of the country, as he was only able to establish some English followers in a circuit called the Pale, which was very little different from a fortified camp in a hostile country. The body which occupied this precinct, although totally incapable of conquering the native population, were abundantly sufficient for the purpose of tormenting them; and being supported by a powerful external force, introduced into the Irish community by their position and their operations a degree of complication and confusion which not only obstructed the natural course of improvement and civilisation in the Hibernian people, but made a sort of provision for the inevitable continuance of civil war, as an avowed and established method of “carrying on the government of the country,” and maintaining the English interest in Ireland.

The English government, which had neither the power to subjugate the native Irish population by force, nor the wisdom to conciliate them by humanity and justice, were guilty of the most monstrous combination of absurdity and iniquity that has ever been presented to the world. They designated and treated as enemies and intruders an ancient people who resided upon their own territory, and whom the English having invaded were neither able to conquer or to civilise; and those despotic, but impotent invaders, beheld with gratification the ferocity, the ignorance, and the destitution of a hostile people, whom they might, by the exercise of any

moderate degree of humanity and common sense, have converted into submissive, prosperous, and intelligent subjects. It is unnecessary to go into any details in reference to matters of such general notoriety; and the history of Ireland is, besides, made up of the continual reproduction of identical miseries, and becomes disgusting even from the very uniformity of the calamity. All the attempts of the aboriginal population to emerge from the horrible condition to which they had been reduced were continually frustrated upon grounds the most iniquitous or most futile. By successive operations their property was confiscated to an amount which, according to Lord Clare, was equal to the whole superficial extent of the country. The property so seized was granted to several successive sets of adventurers from England; upon whom it was, in every instance, imposed as a condition that they should not allow any of the natives of the country to occupy or to cultivate the lands which had belonged to themselves and their ancestors. Their trade was deliberately and openly destroyed by the government, for the alleged advantage of England! And the cup of their misery was finally filled to overflowing by the introduction of a penal code, which not only inflicted ineffable horrors upon its victims for adhering to the religion of their forefathers, but which was so constructed that it was eminently calculated to extinguish every sentiment and every feeling of human nature itself. At last this horrible conflict seemed to approach to a conclusion. The civilized world began to regard with indignation the conduct of a powerful kingdom, which deliberately bent all its efforts towards the purpose of keeping a large and powerful portion of its own community in barbarism, servitude, and destitution; and the continued services which that people had rendered even to the power by which they were oppressed began to excite some sentiments of compunction in their favour. For the first time since the commencement of the connection they were admitted into the classification of subjects, after several centuries of exclusion; and the further and natural progress of enlightenment and humanity at last, though after a dreadful struggle and a long interval, effected the removal of all their disabilities and disqualifications of a civil and political nature. It was, however, impossible that all the evils which had been the inevitable consequence of centuries of barbarous government should vanish at once before a law which merely created a title of eligibility to offices of honour and emolument.

“In longum tamen ævum
Manserunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris.”

The individuals who were compelled to admit their fellow-subjects to a formal equality with themselves, immediately directed their efforts to the object of preventing the equality from ever becoming any thing more than formal; and the passing of the Emancipation Act accordingly generated a new contention between the same parties, in which controversy the question was whether that celebrated act was to remain upon the statute book a dead letter and a barren courtesy, or was to be followed by the real admission of the class, for whose benefit it professed to be intended, into a participation of the general honours and advantages of the state, in proportion to their personal deserts, and upon an equality with the rest of their fellow-citizens. The struggle upon such a question could not, in the circumstances of the case, be of any very long duration: after a few concussions and dislocations of the cabinet, the advocates of a practical ascendancy and monopoly gave way before their more liberal antagonists; and upon Lord Melbourne's restoration to office, it was generally understood that the provisions of the Emancipation Act were to be effectuated with sincerity and impartiality.

It was the peculiar felicity of Ireland that Lord Mulgrave was, at that juncture, deputed to carry into effect in that country the new system,—there how new!—of governing the whole population upon the broad principles of general justice, without any regard to the interests of a faction, which for centuries, in different combinations and different disguises, and under different designations, religious and political, had exercised the privilege of spoiling and oppressing the remainder of the community, and who now considered themselves as possessing a sort of vested interest in the privilege. The obstacles which Lord Mulgrave had to encounter in entering upon this course of justice and humanity, were certainly very formidable. Besides the rancorous opposition of the class to which we have alluded, there existed in the composition and structure of the community which he was called upon to govern, a mass of evils which rendered discontent, dissension, and disturbance almost a matter of necessity. The practical exclusion of all Roman Catholics, as well as every liberal Protestant, from every place of profit or of honour, had left the Emancipation Act a mere nullity, and generated a considerable degree of dissatisfaction amongst the upper classes. The material comforts of the lower population had been altogether neglected, and their condition at that period, according to the universal and concurrent testimony of all authorities of every party, is one of wretchedness unparalleled in any other civilized community in the world. The hereditary horrors of the tythe system were aggravated by some temporary causes,—the process of depopulating whole districts and turning the inhabitants loose upon the world, without food, raiment, or shelter was proceeding with a most horrible regularity,—and the peasantry and small farmers, finding that sentence of death had been pronounced against them by the proprietors of the soil, were exasperated to phrensy. The administration of justice was tainted at the very source. The power possessed, in the first place, by the sheriffs of packing the panels, and in the next by the crown solicitors of setting aside any liberal or popular individual, who, notwithstanding that precaution, may happen to be called upon the jury, was always exercised against the unfortunate prisoners, who, very justly, looked upon their trials to be in general a mere mockery of justice; and it was even very generally believed that a majority of the judges were animated towards the population by feelings of a very unjudicial character. In such circumstances the people universally considered the law itself as an enemy and an oppressor, and entered into a universal combination to defeat its operations by passive resistance or open defiance.

For these numerous and appalling evils Lord Mulgrave found a remedy in his own sincerity, integrity, and justice, in his excellent judgment, in his high and indomitable courage, personal and moral, and in the generous reliance which he placed upon the character of a people who have ever been distinguished for the depth and ardour of their gratitude, and who have been represented by the highest authority as loving equal and impartial justice more than any other nation upon the face of the earth. In entering upon his administration he formed a resolution (from which he never after, we believe, deviated in a single instance), and which was never to admit a member of any secret and exclusive society to any employment or office, whether of honour, emolument, or confidence, where the assent of the Lord Lieutenant was necessary to the validity of the appointment. The class affected by this resolve included all deputy lieutenants, high sheriffs, justices, rural and municipal, together with police officers and others, which we have not time to enumerate. Every candidate for any of the above-mentioned offices was obliged to clear his character before admission, and the rule was carried into effect with as much unflinching impartiality in the highest places as in the lowest.

Mr. Robert Deane was elected mayor of Cork. In answer to a communication from the government, he avowed that he was the master of an Orange lodge, and very valiantly expressed his determination to continue in that amiable and patriotic situation. Lord Mulgrave struck out his name, and directed that most respectable corporation to elect another president. They showed a great deal of rhetorical valour, but very speedily did as they were directed.

Mr. Smith of Annesbrook was nominated by Lord Dunsany to be one of the deputy-lieutenants for the county of Meath. The fact of Mr. Smith's being an Orangeman was a matter of general notoriety. Lord Dunsany was asked if the common report upon the subject was correct, and his Lordship answered that he did not know. But every body else did, and so did Lord Mulgrave, and he accordingly rejected the nomination. The decision with which these operations were performed showed the votaries of intrigue and corruption what manner of man it was with whom they had to deal, and we believe that few, if any other, experiments were made upon the firmness and consistency of the new Lord-lieutenant. His conduct in reference to the first list of sheriffs which was presented for his approbation, was equally decisive and equally conclusive. The list, which was made out by the judges, and represented their political opinions, contained no names but those of decided Tories, and several members of the Orange body. Every person who was unable or unwilling to deny his connection with the Orange party was put aside, and eleven gentlemen, whose names were not at all upon the list, were brought forward by the Lord Lieutenant upon his own responsibility for the service of the public.

But, perhaps, the most remarkable advantage conferred by Lord Mulgrave upon the cause of public order in Ireland, was the suppression of what were called in that country "faction-fights," the existence of which tended in a most eminent degree to barbarise the combatants, whilst they violated the public peace and security to a most dreadful extent. The feudal principles of clanship, which in different degrees of development constituted the sole, though slovenly, bond of society throughout the whole extension of the Celtic and Teutonic races, appears to have existed in its most distracting forms and relations, and from the earliest period, in Ireland. The distribution of power, and the division of property, were such as to render a state of internal warfare almost a matter of necessity: the infinite subdivisions of authority obliged the smallest fragments of the community to rely upon themselves alone for the redress of the wrongs to which they might be exposed, or the repudiation of the liabilities to which they might be subject; and factious feuds became almost as numerous as individual families. It is true that this barbarous condition of society (if society it could be called) was also the original state of every other community in Europe. Particular circumstances, however, in Ireland increased the bitterness of even family quarrels, and likewise aggravated the rancorous ferocity of civil strife. Yet even here, as elsewhere, the natural progress of society had gradually abolished, among all but the lowest classes of the community, the savage usage of making personal violence a substitute for the administration of justice; and the very dregs of the poison would ultimately and long since have been exuded from the body of the kingdom if the upper classes—the sole depositaries at the time of political and judicial power—had not taken up the notion that their own security depended upon the distraction, barbarism, and ferocity which prevailed amongst the bulk of the population. Furious with the hatred which, according to a great authority, was the necessary result of

the consciousness of their own iniquities and oppressions; inflated with the pride of English descent or connexion; inflamed with the unextinguishable fire of religious hostility, and animated by a very natural desire to divert the public attention from a system of robbery and oppression which constituted in a manner their daily vocation, and which, even for the drollery and impudence of it, we believe to have been without a parallel; being, moreover, without knowledge and refinement, and having the means of extracting a rich produce of corruption out of the crimes which they encouraged — in such circumstances the Anglo-Hibernian gentry addicted themselves to the business of barbarising the Irish population with a diabolical fervour, exceeding in degree the highest amount of zeal ever entertained by the sublimest philanthropist for the improvement of mankind: and as one of the most obvious means of attaining all the respectable objects above enumerated, they, with some few exceptions, and notwithstanding some sham pretences to the contrary, universally encouraged those faction-fights by which that country has been so eminently disgraced, and which for the savage character of the actual conflict and the gratuitous and idiotical fury of the combatants, may be safely designated as ranking beneath the most disgusting species of warfare ever adopted by the most barbarous of those communities, which pretend not to any degree of civilisation. Let it not be supposed that any part of this picture is coloured beyond the similitude of nature. We speak what we know. Let us present one or two instances from the repository of our own personal experience.

Being present at a fair in our early youth we were astonished, and not a little terrified, upon seeing in the middle of the day (about twelve or one o'clock) that all persons having any business in the place were suddenly seized with a panic terror, and fled in every direction, driving away their cattle, and endeavouring to carry off their commodities of every kind. This tumult was produced by the entrance of two factions, who, coming from different directions, took possession of the town, and being armed with scythes, swords, bludgeons, &c., immediately addressed themselves to the business of mutual murder. Each of these factions was attended by a separate set of magistrates, who formed a sort of ambulatory tribunal for the purpose of ministering to the legal exigencies of the particular set of ruffians upon whom they waited. The magistrates of each party received the charges of their own party against the other, and subsequently put in motion every engine of influence and corruption at the ensuing assizes to protect their friends and distress their enemies. In return for services so valuable, the population thus hounded on against each other, came in vast numbers at the appropriate seasons, and gratuitously cut down and saved the turf, hay, and corn of their magisterial friends, who were able, in consequence of this system of mutual accommodation, to pass through the year without expending sixpence upon agricultural labour. In the same county a faction fight occurred upon the banks of a river which falls into the Atlantic; and as, according to our recollection, some thirty individuals perished on land or in the water, the engagement may, perhaps, be as considerable as some which are said to have occurred upon the banks of the Xanthus or the Simœis. The factions in question had periodically met for mutual destruction at certain times in every year for about a century, yet the whole population were ignorant of the cause of the origin or continuance of this deadly strife. We were informed by a respectable resident that, upon one occasion, he saw a gentleman, who was one of the members for the county, actually place himself at the head of one of the factions, with a club in his hand, and lead them on against their adversaries. We happened to dine about the same time in company with some of the gentry of the neighbour-

hood, and recollect, that in the nakedest manner they expressed their satisfaction at such a scene as that which had occurred, which they designated as being the only safe condition of society for the upper classes. We have frequently heard magistrates remark with dislike and suspicion the tranquillity of the country, which deprived them of the numerous conveniences which they derived from the existence of turbulence, and which, above all, induced them to apprehend that the lower population at such intervals of peace were making observations upon the conduct of their superiors — of

“ Those who the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light because their deeds are dark.”

We even recollect the case of one justice, who having some reason to apprehend that an intended riot would not be persevered in, actually addressed the factions from a window, and gave them an undertaking, that he as a magistrate would prevent the constables and military from interfering with the proposed battle. This worthy guardian of the peace has, along with several similar characters, been expelled from the commission by the Marquis of Normanby. It would be easy to multiply examples of similar conduct in toleration of a system of brutality, which rendered every locality where it prevailed almost uninhabitable for that cause alone. We have not, however, time or space to enter into any further particulars at present.

It is a fact of significant meaning, that no previous Lord Lieutenant had ever attempted to suppress those fights, which were a disgrace not only to Ireland, but to the whole empire where such savage and brutal scenes could be exhibited. Lord Normanby, acting in this with the same zeal and sincerity which animates him on every other occasion, adopted such vigorous and judicious measures for the suppression of this barbarism, that there is scarcely, if at all, a single vestige now left of it in any part of the country.

We have been induced to throw out the foregoing observations in consequence of the proceedings which took place in the House of Lords on the 21st instant, upon the occasion of the Earl of Roden's attack upon the administration of the Marquis of Normanby.

The motion of the noble earl was in substance for a select committee to inquire into the state of Ireland from 1835 inclusive to the present time, in respect of the crimes and outrages which had rendered life and property insecure in that part of the empire; and the declared object of his address to the House was, as he himself stated, to prove that “crime had never, by any former government, been suffered to go forward to the extent to which it had been under the government of Lord Normanby.”

Now, in what manner, we take leave to ask, would any mortal suppose that such a proposition was to be naturally and satisfactorily proved? To us there appears only one way in the world of doing it — namely, by producing clear and authentic statements relating to fixed periods of time before the assumption of the government by Lord Normanby, and during his administration; by then calculating the amount of crime committed *before* his appointment and that which occurred *during* his government; and lastly by showing, through the simple juxtaposition of the final results, that the balance in this horrible summation was against the administration of the noble marquis. Did the Earl of Roden pursue this course, and make this calculation, or make any calculation or comparison at all? *Nil horum*. He attempted no comparative calculation of any kind — that is to say, he did not even *attempt* to prove his proposition in the only way in which it is conceivable that it could be proved. Instead of this, and as

evidence of the impunity conceded by Lord Normanby to criminals in Ireland, he stated cases in which the criminals had been actually convicted, cases in which the criminals were upon their trials at the instant when he was addressing the house, and cases which had occurred so recently, that there had scarcely been time even for the apprehension of the offenders—the statement altogether, professing to be founded *only* upon private communications from magistrates, who had, through apprehension of personal danger, desired that their names should be concealed from the house and the public, and whose information, therefore, in respect to every body in the world, except Lord Roden himself, must be taken as anonymous. We have no disposition to disparage the testimony of witnesses, whose names and characters are totally unknown; but if the accuracy of the general statement, which has been made upon their authority*, be in any considerable degree open to the objections which lie against some particular parts of it, the whole accusation is certainly entitled to very little weight with the public. We shall give one or two instances of the extraordinary want of accuracy in this accusation, which has been brought forward with so much pomp and vehemence. The noble earl stated that ten murders had been committed upon Lord Lorton's estates in Longford, between January, 1837, and May, 1835, — at which period, by the way, Lord Normanby had not arrived in Ireland at all, he having been, according to our recollection, sworn in about the middle of June. In reference to these murders, Lord Roden stated that there had only been one prosecution. "Now," says Lord Normanby, "to show the absolute want of common information which marked the speech of the noble earl (which want was of course the fault of his correspondents), he, Lord Normanby, could state that there was not a single Protestant murdered during those last two years on Lord Lorton's estate, that persons were not actually convicted of the offence, or now on their trials for it." It is impossible for us, upon the present occasion, to enter into any extensive details, to show "the absolute want of common information" which characterises other parts of the speech of the noble earl. We cannot, however, help mentioning the case of Mr. Reynolds, an officer of the coast-guard blockade, who lost his life in December last, in the island of Achill, where he was stationed. Since this melancholy event, it has been constantly represented in such a way as must have induced a belief that Mr. Reynolds was the victim of some popish conspiracy, and that his death was the result of his having given some particular evidence before a committee of the House of Lords. In mentioning the case in the late debate, Lord Roden intimated that the death of Mr. Reynolds was the consequence of the want of due protection from the government. He stated that applications for assistance had been transmitted

* The magistrates of Ireland have at all times been distinguished either for their negligence in the suppression of outrages, or for the active, positive, and open encouragement which they have given to violations of the law; and their magisterial fortitude has always, as upon the present occasion, been pretty nearly upon a level with their other merits. This fact is perfectly notorious, and appears throughout every period of Irish history, upon the testimony of men of all parties. In his speech upon the Riot Act, January 31. 1787, the Attorney-General Fitzgibbon, afterwards Earl of Clare, said that "the criminal neglect and insufficiency of the magistrates throughout the disturbed districts constituted a principal cause of the diffusion of the disturbances;" and their delinquency has been incomparably greater in modern times than at any former period. Yet these men and their friends make the air to resound with their lamentations at the appointment of stipendiary magistrates, who punish outrage without hesitation or apprehension, and are not afraid to be known as the vindicators of the law. We think it quite clear that a magistrate who dreads the mention of his name in public as the author of information about the existence of outrages, would faint at the very suggestion of proceeding to take active measures for the suppression or punishment of the outrages themselves. How such persons can pretend to retain a commission for the preservation of the peace we cannot imagine; and we are equally incapable of conceiving what possible advantage can accrue to the public from allowing such persons to remain in such a situation.

by the Rev. Mr. Nangle to Lord John Russell on the 30th of October, and to Lord Morpeth upon the 30th of November last; that no answer had been given to such applications until the 24th of February, in the present year; and that even that answer had been forced from the government by the noble earl's own notice of a motion for the production of the correspondence; which notices had been given upon the 7th of February preceding. His lordship then went on to say:—

“Thus it was evident that if he, Lord Roden, had not moved for the production of the correspondence, Mr. Nangle would have received no answer at all. But what had been the consequence?” [of not returning a timely answer to Mr. Nangle.] “What had taken place in the island of Achill in the mean time? Why, that Mr. Reynolds, who had given evidence before their Lordships’ Committee, HAD BEEN MURDERED.” This speech was delivered on the 21st instant, and on the very same day Patrick Lavelle, who had caused the death of Mr. Reynolds, was, with Ann Lavelle, indicted for the murder of that gentleman at the assizes for the county of Mayo.

The following is a short extract from the report of the trial:—

“Bridget Morgan, being sworn, stated that the deceased, who was an officer of the coast-guard, came with the prisoners home one night shortly before he died; after some time he took hold of the male prisoner, and asked him to go outside the house to save his (deceased’s) life. Prisoner replied that it was very far (late) in the night, and that the police were convenient (adjacent), and he therefore refused to go. Deceased then went out, and *hoped or fastened the door outside*. Prisoner called to him not to do so, but deceased did not mind him; replying, however, that he would soon make him come out, and no thanks to him. Deceased very soon returned, bringing a sword with him. Prisoner had barred the door inside, but deceased forced it in; and when he entered he said that prisoner had a mind to have him killed. Prisoner said he should not like that any one should harm him. Witness was spinning, and, on looking round, saw deceased in the act of striking prisoner with the sword. Prisoner was defending himself, and holding up his arm, and he struck deceased a blow with a tongs which he snatched from the table. Deceased and prisoner fell together on a bed which was in the room, in which a child was asleep. Prisoner’s wife cried out that the child was killed. Prisoner only struck deceased once with the tongs, but gave him several blows with his fist. Deceased also struck prisoner with his fist.

“Court: Gentlemen concerned for the Crown, can you ask for a conviction in this case?”

“Mr. French: We have another witness, and we had better produce him.

“Michael Lawler was then sworn. He corroborated the statement of the former witness in every particular, and added that *when prisoner and deceased fell together on the bed, deceased was uppermost, and still had the sword in his hand trying to strike the prisoner with it, and prisoner had a hold of it trying to avoid the blows.*

“Court: Mr. French, do you think this witness has made the case more clear for the Crown?”

“Mr. French: No, my lord, but *we have deceased’s dying declaration.*

“Mr. Baker, on behalf of the next of kin, stated that he would consider it a waste of public time to carry the case any further. The learned judge told the jury it would be unnecessary for him to trouble them with any observation, further than to say that he considered there was no evidence whatsoever to convict the prisoners, or either of them, and the jury accordingly acquitted them.”

It thus appears, from a judicial inquiry conducted under the auspices and direction of the “next and most faithful friends” of the deceased, that Mr. Reynolds not only was not murdered from any motive connected with his religion, or his testimony before the House of Lords, but that he was not murdered at all; and that he lost his life in a sudden and unpremeditated scuffle with a man whose house, he, Reynolds, according to the evidence, burglariously broke open at the dead of night, and whom, according to the same testimony, Mr. Reynolds would probably have killed, without any sort or degree of provocation, if the man in his own defence had not killed Mr. Reynolds. In this state of facts, the judge, the jury, the counsel for the crown, and the counsel for the friends of the deceased, all

unanimously arrived at the conclusion, which, indeed, was quite irresistible, that the conduct of Lavelle was entirely justified by the circumstances of the case, and the necessity of self-defence.

After these specimens of the "total want of common information" which characterises some of the most remarkable parts of the statement of the noble earl, will it be considered unreasonable in us to recommend the public to suspend their judgments as to the remainder of the cases until the conclusion of the assizes, or the reports of the persons engaged in the administration of justice shall furnish some further and authentic information upon the subject? * We may as well mention, before leaving this part of the case, that Mr. Barrington, the crown solicitor, and the highest authority in existence upon every part of the subject, has given, by anticipation, the most direct negative to more than one part of the speech of the noble earl. In a letter which Mr. Barrington transmitted to Lord Normanby from Cork, at the close of the Munster circuit, and which his lordship read in the course of his speech on Lord Roden's motion, he states that the five counties which compose the province of Munster are perfectly free from agrarian disturbance, with the exception of a part of Limerick; that the offenders in that district had been brought to trial at the assizes just ended; that there was the fullest attendance of witnesses in every case; and that a conviction was obtained in each. He concludes by stating that the circuit afforded upon the whole the most satisfactory evidence of *the improved condition of the country, and of the increasing confidence of the people in the administration of justice*. The same gentleman has stated in another document, that in the whole time during which he has been connected with the crown prosecutions in that country, a period extending to between twenty and thirty years, he has never known a single instance of a person having been murdered on account of his religion.

But although Lord Roden did not even attempt to prove the affirmative of his own proposition, Lord Normanby undertook to establish the negative, which he accomplished in a manner that left not the smallest possible doubt about the case. The proposition which had been stated by the noble earl (but which, as we have already observed, he made not the smallest attempt to prove) was that crime had been allowed by the Marquis of Normanby to proceed to an extent to which it had never been allowed to go by any former government. In sustaining the negative of this question, Lord Normanby showed in the most unanswerable manner by the authentic returns of the statistics of crime during several periods, first, that crime, during his own administration, was absolutely diminished both in the amount of the offences and in the atrocity of their character; secondly, that he had exercised a greater degree of activity and severity than any of his predecessors in bringing offenders to justice — a proposition rendered evident by the fact that there were a greater number of committals out of a given number of offenders in his time than at any previous period; and thirdly, that there was a greater number of convictions out of a given number of committals in his time than at any time before. These questions being purely arithmetical, the mere exhibition of the figures put an end to the possibility of cavil or doubt. The other parts of the speech were equally triumphant, and it presented upon the whole as complete a specimen of a *réponse sans réplique* as ever was delivered within the walls of parliament or without. Indeed no attempt was made to reply to it; and even the Duke of Wellington

* As a further instance of the propriety of this recommendation, we may mention that an account has arrived in town this morning (25th March) of the execution of another person for the murder of one of Lord Lorton's tenants.

declared expressly, that not only he himself made no imputation upon Lord Normanby, but that Lord Roden intended none, although that noble lord expressed it to be the object of his speech to show that Lord Normanby had neglected his duty in not grappling with crime, and had allowed it to proceed to an extent to which it had never been allowed to proceed by any of his predecessors. If then the proposition of Lord Roden had been moved as a resolution, could a majority of the House of Lords—could Lord Roden himself have voted for the affirmative? Impossible. The question was a mere matter of comparative numbers. All the evidence was upon the negative side: there was not a tittle of any thing professing to be evidence upon the other. No House nor any individual could have ventured after that debate to affirm that the amount of crime in Ireland, from 1835 to 1839, was greater than at any antecedent period, as the contradictory proposition had been proved beyond controversy by Lord Normanby's address.

Why, then, did the Earl of Roden, instead of calling upon the House to affirm his own proposition, only move for a committee to inquire into the state of crime from 1835 to 1839? *Quia dolus versatur in generalibus*; because such a motion admitted of any quantity of vague, unauthenticated, and general assertions; because the motion, whilst professing to produce an inquiry into the state of crime in Ireland from 1835 to 1839, was really brought forward for another and a very different object; because the real objection to Lord Normanby is, not that he has not grappled with crime (which even the Lord Lieutenant of Tipperary, in the present as in the former debate, acknowledged him to have done to a greater degree than any of his predecessors), but that determining, with a dignified sincerity, that his government should be a real truth, and not a hollow assemblage of false and contradictory professions, he excluded from place and emolument under his administration the members of every illegal confederacy without any distinction, and gave a cordial and manly co-operation to the legislature and the crown in suppressing a combination which was the common enemy of both; because, being called to the glorious mission of administering impartial justice to an ancient people, who for generations had endured every imaginable variety and refinement of cruelty, oppression, and spoliation, he performed, without flinching, the noble duties which he had undertaken, irrespectively of every faction, and uninfluenced by any other consideration than the welfare of the whole community at large; because he has exhibited the statue of justice to the Irish people, not "clothed in the Gorgon terrors" of an Orange administration, but expressing that combination of severity, gentleness, and wisdom, which form the natural and appropriate characteristics of the Divinity; because, believing "mercy to be better than sacrifice," he has tried for once the effect of lenity upon a people of warm sentiments and kindly feelings, and has ascertained by the experiment that for the first time in their history the population have a confidence in the administration of justice; and because he has not only thereby become for ever enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people, but has established amongst them a precedent of humanity and impartiality, which no future viceroy will venture to depart from, even under the sanction of a majority of five members of the House of Lords, unless he is ready to incur the peril of consequences too awful to be specified. These are the real grounds of objection to the Marquis of Normanby's administration, and not the pretence (even denied by those who put it forward) of his not having grappled with crime.

The real object of the motion is to transfer the executive government of Ireland to a committee of the House of Lords, and to attempt, through the corrupt and clandestine management of the executive, to re-establish that

ascendancy which has been abolished by the legislature, and once more to place Ireland under the "sweet influences" of Orange domination. We believe, however, that this manœuvre will be defeated. Lord John Russell gave notice in the House of Commons upon the night after the decision of the House of Lords, that in the first week after the recess and on the earliest possible day, he should take the sense of the House upon the question of the government of Ireland; adding that no person could proceed to carry on the government of that part of the kingdom, without knowing whether it was the desire of the House of Commons that the principles according to which the administration of Ireland had been conducted since 1835 should be still adhered to, or should now be abandoned; and whether the House would approve of Lord Ebrington's following the example of Lord Normanby in the maintenance and execution of the laws in that part of the empire. Lord John Russell stated, that Lord Ebrington would be happy, on receiving the approbation of that House, to proceed to the government of Ireland, but that if *other principles* should be maintained and adopted in that House, there was nothing left for the present administration but to surrender into other hands the government of the country. It is quite evident, that the question involved in the coming conflict is one of the most serious nature, and that to Ireland especially it presents probabilities and consequences of the most tremendous character. To suppose that the people of that country will tamely submit upon any authority to be replunged into the ineffable horrors of a system from which they have but just emerged after centuries of calamity, of oppression, confiscation, and massacre — to imagine that a population of eight millions, who ten years ago extorted political and civil liberty from the greatest warrior upon the earth, and who now ask nothing but the continuance of that equal and impartial justice which they received for the first time (in their history from the viceroy to whom the exercise of mercy is imputed as a crime — to imagine that such a population will submit to be subjected once more to those horrors, the very statement of which is more shocking than the actual endurance of ordinary calamities — to imagine this, or any thing like it, is certainly to form an expectation the most remote that can be conceived from any possibility of existence. Let it not be supposed that we exaggerate the probable consequences to Ireland of the present ministry being obliged to retire from office in the present ominous crisis. They would be succeeded, as a matter of course, by the Tories; and, as a matter equally of course, Ireland would be given up as a spoil to the champions, by whom a victory so destructive of all the best interests of the empire should have been achieved. The principles and practices of that party are branded upon the history of Ireland, in characters too horrible for reminiscence; and the monarch and the legislature have lately expressed their estimate of them in a manner which is fresh in the public recollection. We shall therefore not think it necessary to go any farther into this subject than by stating the sentiments expressed upon one or two occasions by Lord Roden himself, who would be substantially the governor of Ireland under a ministry of the Tories. At a meeting held at a place called Rathfriland, in the year 1892, for the purpose of attempting to prevent the passing of the Reform Bill, Lord Roden took the chair, after having travelled seventeen miles for the purpose. At that meeting, a Mr. Crommelin, a deputy-lieutenant of the county of Down, and, we believe, a district grand-master of the Orangemen, — *dum fortuna fuit*, — pledged himself, if it should be desirable, to "drive the Papists out of the land."

He went on to say that the boast was not a vain one; that he was satisfied

that the thing could be done, as the Orangemen were three millions and the Papists only five; and that if he had been aware that Lord Roden was to preside, he would have had a body of, at least, 60,000 Orangemen to bid him welcome. Lord Roden upon that occasion made, according to the accounts, no attempt to express any dissent from these minatory calculations, but, on the contrary, at the close of the proceedings, recommended the multitude to treasure up in their hearts the excellent advice and cheering assurances which they had received; and at a great meeting of the Protestants of Ireland, which was held at the Mansion House in Dublin, ten days afterwards, he expressed his exultation at the display of physical force which had justified Mr. Crommelin in boasting that the party to which he belonged were willing and able to "drive the Papists into the sea." "It is gratifying," said the noble lord, "to think, and, oh! it was gratifying to see at the meeting in the North, to which I have alluded, that we have with us the Protestant *sineu and strength of the country*," — that strength and sineu upon which Mr. Crommelin relied for effecting the little clearance which he seemed so anxious to accomplish. That no mitigation has since that time taken place in his lordship's sentiments appears plainly enough in the very speech which he delivered upon the late occasion. Speaking of the clergy of the Roman Catholic persuasion in Ireland, he says, "They direct all things, as if invested with unlimited authority. They dictate to the rulers of the land, and send members to Parliament, who must, in return, obey their dictates. They watch over even the private conduct of Protestants, and know all their proceedings and domestic secrets by the agency of the confessional. The Protestants court them from fear, and contribute to their exactions. *There can be no security for the country, nor no hope for its civilization and prosperity, TILL THIS ORDER IS PUT DOWN — DELENDA EST CARTHAGO.*"

If ever there was an unequivocal declaration of "war to the knife," we think that such a declaration is contained in the passage which we have just quoted. Whether the contemplated victims of this projected *deletion* will allow their adversaries to obtain possession of a power which is to be applied to such a purpose, must in a considerable degree depend upon themselves; and if they really enjoy the influence which is attributed to them by Lord Roden, we know no way in which they can so legitimately exercise it as for the purpose of their own preservation. One thing seems perfectly clear, namely, that the success of the Orange party in the House of Commons would probably conduct us, and at no distant period, to the dismemberment of the realm, and that the continuance of the present ministry in office has now become essential to the maintenance of the integrity of the empire. We fervently hope that advantage will be taken of the crisis to establish a clear and cordial co-operation between the several members of the liberal party, and that minor differences will be merged in the presence of the overwhelming questions which have been so rapidly, perhaps ruinously, precipitated into discussion.

We cannot conclude without earnestly recommending that the Irish people will avail themselves of the occasion to assemble and present Lord Normanby with a *universal* testimony of their confidence and attachment, and that effectual measures will be taken to transmit to future generations such a memorial of his government as shall be worthy of the services which he has rendered to Ireland, and of the gratitude and admiration with which his memory must be revered in that country to the latest *Posterity*.

PATHOLOGY OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Elements of the Pathology of the Human Mind. By Thomas Mayo, M.D. F.R.S. &c.
John Murray, London. 1838.

An Essay on the Relation of the Theory of Morals to Insanity. By T. Mayo, M.D.
B. Fellowes, London. 1834.

THE necessity of accurate investigation into the phenomena of mind, as the basis of all judicious modes of treatment in mental disease, would seem to be so obvious a proposition, that it might be supposed to stand in no need of elucidation. Yet, plain as it is, we know hardly any equally simple truth which, in its full sense and grave importance, is so little understood or so utterly disregarded. It is universally admitted that insanity, whether considered in its physical or metaphysical phases, or in its complex diagnoses, is, as yet, but imperfectly understood; that those who have most carefully studied its manifestations, have made but small progress towards their generalisation; that great and peculiar difficulties embarrass every step of the inquiry; that the subject is of a nature to be approached with extraordinary caution; and that patient habits of observation and considerable experience are essential to the formation of safe and correct views. We believe it may be assumed, that these points are universally admitted, and that no individual, taken singly from the mass of society, would venture to controvert them. That, however, which individuals would shrink from asserting, is sometimes unconsciously asserted by communities, through those vague feelings and prejudices that gradually work themselves into the channels of public opinion.

What is Insanity? The question will be answered when we shall be enabled to answer another—What is Mind? The first is inclosed in the second, like some of the spherical puzzles of the Chinese. The most profound metaphysicians have not been able to agree upon the attributes and operations of mind; yet loose opinions respecting insanity are constantly launched upon the world with a confidence that must astonish those who have given serious consideration to the subject. While, on the one hand, the mystery of mind is confessed by the students of philosophy, we see upon the other a chaos of crude speculations amongst the multitude, who have only glanced over its surface, and imagine they have penetrated its depths. Whichever way we look at insanity—whether we take our stand on the narrow ground of confirmed knowledge, or on the vast field of bold conjecture and popular superstition—we perceive the imperative necessity of sustaining and encouraging the spirit of scientific inquiry. Society has emerged from the barbarous darkness of past ages, and undergone a remarkable transition in its views and feelings concerning the insane. But it is a transition in sentiment rather than an actual progress in knowledge. The nervous sympathy, the timid jealousy, the anxious tenderness which are now universally exhibited towards the melancholy objects of the medical philosopher's care, while they are in the highest degree honourable to society at large, and afford a sure guarantee that public opinion runs at last in the right channels, involve some fallacies of exuberant and perhaps dangerous enthusiasm. When Pinel originated the phrase which has since

passed into familiar use, and which, for the sake of its benignant and softening influence, it is not desirable to disturb, that the insane ought to be placed under a "government of love," he completely represented the image of a popular notion, wanting in precision, illusory in practice, generous, and vague. Pinel meant a government of kindness, adaptive, mild, persuasive, and judicious. He idealised these attributes into a passionate term, which is too mystical in such an application to convey a clear expression of his meaning, but which was admirably calculated to project popular sensibility beyond the point attained by science. The world stood in need of such an impulse at the time.

In former ages the insane were cast out from society as lost or infected beings. The coercion, however, to which they were subjected, was not so much the result of inhumanity as of ignorance, acted upon by a species of inexplicable fanaticism. The source and progress of the malady were unknown; and remedial measures, if they were ever thought of, were administered without judgment and without effect. But this grand error purified itself; and although our knowledge of insanity has not advanced in proportion to the sentiment of tenderness towards the insane, we have arrived at a clear recognition of the sacred claims of mental calamity. If we have not yet explored the strange courses of the disordered faculties, we have at least found the entrances that lead to them. We know the great characteristics and the general tendencies of the disease. The spirit of civilisation, that enhances the blessings of the most limited degrees of knowledge, imparts an increased value to our acquisitions, and enables us to employ them with an utility beyond their actual scope. The insane, in this age, are no more likely to be treated with cruelty, than the philosopher who announces a curious theory is to be thrown into prison, or the inventor of a new art to be led to the stake. If we do not know how to treat all the forms of insanity, we know that none of them should be treated with harshness.

But the progress we have made in the science of mind, while it increases our responsibility, exposes us at the same time to a multitude of errors. It is one of the conditions of imperfect knowledge, that it shall work by experiments and theories; that it shall invent instruments for assisting its researches; and that it shall supply, by speculation and inference, those deficiencies which it labours to remove by established truths. Thus, in the treatises on insanity, we find a variety of definitions and classifications, ingenious hypotheses, and formal assumptions, conveying different interpretations of the same thing, and asserting as true one day, what is proved to be false the next; deducing universal laws from particular facts; or, by miscellaneous and inaccurate estimates, including special exceptions in general rules. Every attempt to form a synthesis from incomplete proofs, must always involve similar mistakes and fallacies; and that which was wanted above all other contributions to this department of inquiry, was such a view of the whole subject, as should reduce the results of past investigation into a perspicuous and tangible form, freed from loose reasoning and conjectural theories, and exhibiting, by a logical process, such a distribution of elementary principles, as might be made the solid base of all future operations.

In some investigations, ascertained facts conduct us to the formation of principles; in others, we are guided by principles to the discovery of facts. The investigation of mind in reference to insanity, partakes of both these descriptions. Without a large body of facts to enable us to compare the phenomena of derangement, we cannot venture to deduce general laws; and

without elementary principles as to the nature of mind itself, we should not know how to proceed in the collection and classification of phenomena.

Unfortunately for the interests of science, the statistics of insanity have been either wholly neglected, or worse, imperfectly, capriciously, and irregularly registered. We are not in possession of any returns sufficiently comprehensive, or arranged with the requisite accuracy, to enable us to form a complete theory of causes and results. The causes of insanity still remain undeveloped, except on such general grounds as are of slight avail for practical purposes; and as we have no means of ascertaining to any considerable extent the proportion of recoveries to the number of cases, the duration of treatment in each particular description of case, or the proportion of mortality similarly distributed, we unavoidably frame our conclusions under the consciousness that we may be compelled to modify, if not to abandon them, when we shall have access to more extensive data. Medical statistics, useful in all other maladies, are indispensable in insanity. M. Esquirol, *medecin-en-chef* to the Royal Asylum at Charenton, observes, that the sciences founded on observation can be promoted only by statistics. "What is experience," he observes, "but the observation of facts repeated often, and entrusted to the memory? But the memory is sometimes treacherous; statistics register the facts, and forget nothing. Before a physician makes a *prognosis*, he has mentally calculated a probability, and revolved a problem in statistics; in other words, he has observed the same symptoms ten, thirty, an hundred times in similar circumstances, whence he draws a conclusion. Every other mental combination deceives the practitioner. If medicine had not neglected this instrument, this means of progress, it would possess a greater number of positive truths, and stand less liable to the accusation of being a science of unfixed principles, vague and conjectural."

The whole information that has been collected in England towards the statistics of insanity, is comprised in a few parliamentary returns from county asylums and other establishments, and such isolated tables as have been drawn up by individuals from their own personal observation. A few general facts may be deduced from these returns, such as that the rate of recovery diminishes with age, and that it diminishes with tolerable uniformity thirty-three per cent every ten years, and that the tendency to recovery increases during the first nine months, and then declines rapidly. But these results, and others of a similar kind, although they are probably true on the main, are founded on data too limited to admit of being considered conclusive. In France great efforts have been made, and are making, to procure regular periodical tables of observation; and the highest credit is due to M. Esquirol, for the energy he has displayed in promoting an object, the utility of which he has always insisted upon.

Much more, however, must be accomplished than the statistics of France, or England, or both, before we can hope to discover all the laws of this subtle and mysterious disease. Into this, as into every other inquiry affecting the social, moral, and intellectual condition of mankind, a variety of considerations will be found to enter, that are not contemplated or included in statistical returns. It is essential to the attainment of ultimate accuracy and completeness, that returns should be procured from different countries for the purpose of comparison, that the relative effects of local causes should be ascertained, and that an investigation should be instituted into the contradictory results produced in different places under circumstances apparently similar. We know how deeply the happiness and morals (another name for happiness) of men are affected by civil, political, and religious institutions;

how much the spirit of independence and courage, or slavishness and cowardice depend upon the temper and administration of laws and forms of government; and how the characteristics of communities are fashioned and strengthened by national and peculiar habits, by climate, and not unfrequently by regimen. If all these influences are found to act visibly upon men, producing certain consequences with almost invariable regularity, it cannot be doubted that an extensive comparison of the statistics of insanity, derived from nations widely contrasted in all these particulars of government, civil institutions, customs, climate, and regimen, would lead to inferences, the nature and future consequences of which we cannot at present even dimly conjecture. Some approach towards this grand field of observation must be made, before we can disperse the mist that hangs over this disease, or arrive at modes of treatment that shall insure a greater degree of success with a greater degree of certainty than has been hitherto attained. But this will be the work of indefinite time—the labour of scattered philanthropists and men of science at distant intervals—the issue of accumulated materials gathered with toil and difficulty, and finally reduced to a shape of permanent instruction by such men as the author of the “*Pathology of the Human Mind*.”

In the meanwhile all that can be done to enlighten the community upon a subject that presents so many temptations to rash conjecture and plausible theory, is to clear off the clouds of speculation by which it has been too long obscured; to discard the fantastic hypotheses upon which some of our writers have ventured to make a variety of subdivisions, absurd in phraseology and ridiculously delusive in practice; and, proceeding carefully step by step, to trace insanity by the lights of vigilant experience alone, generalising its manifestations with philosophical acuteness, and offering upon the whole, not a definition, which at best would be deceptive, but an exposition of the forms in which insanity is usually developed. Such is the aim of the work before us; a luminous treatise, brief in compass, but like some of the memorable treatises of antiquity, containing the germs of many volumes.

It is necessary to introduce our notice of this publication, by observing that Dr. Mayo treats the subject differently from all former medical or ethical writers. He enters upon a systematic inquiry into the philosophy of mind in relation to mental diseases, and the conduct of life, upon which such diseases must be presumed to have an intimate dependence. The treatise, therefore, while it describes the gradual course and general characteristics of insanity, proposes an object of still higher interest—the correction of the tendency to derangement in its incipient stages, through the self-controlling influences of mental philosophy. This important agency may have been discerned by previous writers, but it has never before been so explicitly delineated, or rendered so completely tributary to the great problem of insanity. It is, in truth, the pervading spirit of Dr. Mayo's book—the predominant and final impression the work is calculated to make.

About five years ago there appeared an “*Essay on the Relation of the Theory of Morals to Insanity*,” in which a new light was cast upon a form of mental disease, which was not ordinarily classed under the generic head of insanity; and which indeed had never been considered in its simple form (unaccompanied by other circumstances) as a legitimate object of restraint. That essay was a production so remarkable in many respects, as much on account of the views it suggested as those it contained, that a further and fuller exposition was naturally expected from the author by the readers of the pilot brochure, which indicated the course his inquiring and thoughtful mind was about to traverse. Dr. Mayo has not disappointed that expecta-

tion. His work, entitled "Elements of the Pathology of the Human Mind," followed the essay at a distance of four years. The fruit of deep meditation, it reveals the whole of his opinions; and as it embraces the substance of the essay, somewhat modified by more matured consideration, it will be unnecessary to refer farther to the latter, in the observations we shall have to make upon the subject.

All morbid conditions of the human constitution are, like the human constitution itself, of a mixed nature, mind and body acting and re-acting, and producing certain ultimate results according to circumstances; but in all cases the primary disease is represented by the predominant phenomena. Thus, although a liver complaint exercises an evident influence upon the powers of thought, fancy, invention, &c. yet we do not hesitate to assign the malady to the body, because the bodily symptoms preponderate; and in the same way, when we find a person in apparently good bodily health, giving way to false notions of things, mistaking his own position and the position of others, we know that the mind is the seat of the malady. Entering upon an investigation into the elements of mental pathology, Dr. Mayo limits his inquiry to those diseases in which mental symptoms predominate; and this preliminary explanation naturally brings us to the consideration of those morbid states which constitute mental disease. Dr. Mayo divides them into two classes:—

First, where some property essential to mind in its normal state is perverted, which he terms insanity, or madness.

Second, where some such property is abolished, or has been congenitally deficient. This class separates itself under two heads: 1. Brutality, signifying the absence of the moral faculty; 2. Imbecility, or intellectual deficiency.

By the statement of this general division it will be perceived that Dr. Mayo rejects the jargon which numerous writers have endeavoured to introduce into treatises on insanity,—a jargon of terms which are not only illusory in fact, but generally ludicrous in expression, from the mock scientific formality with which they are paraded. The refined deductions and minute classifications affected by such writers, must be considered as the result of superficial or imperfect observation, unless we are to ascribe them to a spirit of *charlatanerie*, which, of course, must be expected to show itself upon this, as upon other subjects. The division adopted by Dr. Mayo is as accurate and as complete as the present state of our knowledge will bear; and until we have obtained a more extensive basis of facts, it is not desirable, nor can it, for any practical purposes, be useful to venture out of these safe and intelligible generalisations. Speaking of an objection which was taken to the "vagueness" of the term "bilious temperament," which vagueness, he truly observes, is inherent in the subject itself, Dr. Mayo, in a note to the volume before us, says, that "mathematical statements allow of a perfect definiteness, because we permit ourselves in their case to employ a process of abstraction, which disencumbers our view of all that is not definite; but when this is attempted, and it is too often attempted in medical description, we obtain a dry affirmation of phenomena, which neither represents the disease which we have to cure, nor the remedy which we have to employ, nor the person whom we have to treat." These observations, just in reference to every department of medical science, are especially applicable to insanity.

We will follow the order laid down by the author, and proceed to the consideration of those morbid states included in the first class.

Judiciously preferring description to definition, Dr. Mayo conveys his

view of what insanity is by tracing the progress of the most characteristic phenomena, according to the succession they generally observe. Taking regret — which refers with melancholy feelings to the past — as an instance of one of these mental affections upon which such a state frequently ensues, he observes that the first indication is that of dwelling upon the subject of grief, a voluntary indulgence in the brooding sorrow; to this succeeds a painful sensibility, and violent efforts to shake off its influence. These efforts are resisted by the morbid feeling and the force of habit; and in the struggle, the hepatic and gastric system becomes deranged, and re-acts with mysterious power upon the mind: the result is that the will, endeavouring in vain to combat these conspiring agencies, gradually sinks overpowered. This state Dr. Mayo terms *moral incoherency*. By this time the disease begins to manifest itself in a variety of inconsequential acts, which are perhaps treated merely as eccentricities, and the afflicted person is suffered, from a mistaken tenderness, to drop into the next stage, when the existence of insanity is admitted, but often, observes our author, too late for the prevention of some of its most unfortunate results.

Symptoms of delirium, or incoherency of *thought*, now supervene. The dominion of the will is at an end, and the moral impulses of the individual cease to be subjected to any controlling or directing influence. The power of choice no longer enables him to reject or select with any ulterior design; there is no connection between his actions and any distinct purposes previously contemplated; he acts and talks like a man in a dream, betraying a succession of impulses without motive, consistency, or aim. This suspension of the power of the will over the associating principle, shows us in part the source of that disorder of thought, that unregulated energy, and wandering tendency, which are observable in the insane; but as Dr. Mayo assumes this suspension of the will as the essential distinction of insanity, it is necessary to enter into an explanation of the mode in which he describes it as operating.

It is a common practice in moments of idleness to build what the French call *chateaux en Espagne* — to indulge in reveries — to create a fanciful train of images, and follow them out to some ulterior conclusion. As the process advances, the fantastic materials begin to take a real existence in the imagination, and converting a cloud into a field of battle, a city, or a landscape, and assigning different attributes to its fleeting forms and shades, the mind gradually falls into a train of reasoning derived from the illusion it has thus set up. Suppose, says Dr. Mayo, a total inability to rouse ourselves out of this deception, and we have a state such as our experience tells us is nearly identical with the insane state.

But this illustration does not include the whole condition of the will in the state of insanity. It only shows the inability of the will to master an influence that has already set in. In order, however, to render Dr. Mayo's view of the subject perfectly clear, it is of some importance to give it in his own words. After having observed that much of his reasoning on this point, flows similarly to that by which Mr. Dugald Stewart explains the operations of sleep and dreaming, he proceeds: —

“ These states have, in truth, always appeared to me to possess a striking affinity to that of the insane, with this important difference, that there is a constant readiness in the mind to be roused out of the sleeping or dreaming state, but no such readiness to emerge out of insanity, when once incurred. And again, that in sleep every voluntary action is suspended, whereas in madness the will acts with considerable force, though in a more limited extent than in the sane state. Thus in a sane state we are conscious that we can in some degree will a train of thought, as well as a consequent line of action; but the insane person to all appearance has only the latter or practical will. Thus his actions are ungovernably violent;

the decisions from which they flow, unstable and uncertain; over *them* he has no power of choice. In the first case, then, will is efficient on human conduct in two respects; in the latter case only in one. When an effort has been resolved on in the chaotic chamber of the insane man's brain, he can will its being carried into effect; but the preceding process which determines what that effort shall be, takes place independently of his volition.

"If then we compare in these points the phenomena of madness, of sleep, and of a man's ordinary state, they may be described in the following manner:—In the last of the three cases we have the train of successive thoughts influencing indeed the will, but also influenced and moulded by a process of will, and finally occasioning such conduct as suits the decisions thus arrived at. In the insane state we find the will active *only* in executing the decisions of the associating principle; we observe no such reaction, no such power of controlling that principle, as exists in the sane state of the waking mind. As far as we can trace the operations of mind into the sleeping state, the power of will seems then suspended equally in regulating the course of our thoughts, and executing the decisions to which they lead."

The distinctions drawn between the three states are conceived with great subtlety; and although we are disposed to question the exactness of the description, we admit the existence of points of difference equivalent in value to those that are here brought under consideration. We admit that, in sleep the power of the will is suspended; that in the sane mind it exercises its full functions; and that in insanity it ceases to maintain a healthy influence. But our view of the unsoundness of volition in insanity, while it brings us to the same conclusion, in effect, as that at which Dr. Mayo has arrived, conducts us to it by a different route.

We cannot understand that operation of the mind by which the will—a dominant and controlling power—is supposed to *execute* the decisions of the associating principle; by which a function, essentially legislative, is converted into the agent of some unknown authority that has usurped its place. If the elementary or legitimate power of the will be thus abrogated, it involves an apparent inconsistency to suppose that it comes into operation in the ensuing action, or result, to perform a secondary and ministerial part.

Again: Dr. Mayo assumes that the will, excluded from the council of the thoughts, has power only in carrying into effect the course of action upon which they have resolved. "When an effort," he observes, "has been resolved on in the chaotic chamber of the insane man's brain, he can will its being carried into effect; but the preceding process which determines what that effort shall be, takes place independently of his volition." This passage states the whole hypothesis so clearly, that it brings us at once upon the main point at issue. The "preceding process," which is here stated to take place independently of volition, we hold to be in itself an act of volition. The power of *willing* clearly belongs to him who, by any process whatever, has arrived at a decision. If this be not the case, by what test are we to distinguish those decisions which, according to this theory, are acts of volition from those decisions which are not acts of volition? By their moral fitness? their agreement with previous trains of reasoning? their adaptation to proposed objects? It may be easily shown that no such test exists, or can in the nature of things be applied.

The decisions of the will take place under an endless variety of circumstances, and present an infinite diversity of considerations. If a man resolve to do any thing contrary to his judgment—presuming him to have weighed his resolution, and acknowledged to himself its absurdity or criminality—he may be said to be as nearly as possible in the situation of the individual, who is described by Dr. Mayo as having no power over the process which determines his resolution. We are supposing the most extreme case,—that of a man whose decision is a violation of moral fitness, who is conscious of its unreasonableness, and yet who carries it into effect. In such a case

— if it be admitted that the formation of the resolution is an act of volition — the inference is, that the will, instead of being set aside, is in reality predominant over the judgment. The power of education, of good habits, and practical experience, in its influence over the conduct of life, need not be enforced. In proportion as this power is strong or feeble, the will is disciplined or left to its own course. Take two children of equal capacity — educate the one, and suffer the other to remain uneducated; when they grow up to manhood, volition in the former will be found to be subdued within the restraints of moral and social duties and obligations — in the latter it will be ungovernable: in the one case it will be guided by a just appreciation of the bearings and relations of things — in the other it will be the slave of passions, appetites, and temporary excitements. The incorrectness, either in logic or morals, of the conclusion which a man forms, may be admitted as evidence of the weakness of his judgment, or the want of judgment, but cannot, agreeably to our conception of the subject, be assumed as a result arrived at independently of his will. A man resolves to commit a robbery — the resolution is an operation of his will, vanquishing his reason. Carry the illustration farther, into the dim mental operations of insanity, and it is the same case exhibited in greater intensity. The difference is in degree, not in kind — the will being still present, but developed in greater force over the struggling reason. To will a thing indicates a power of choice, not a power of discriminating in the selection between right and wrong: this power includes the power of rejection. To will *not* to do a thing, is as complete an act of the will as to will its accomplishment. The will is negative as well as affirmative. To determine not to do what we ought to do, is as obvious an exercise of volition, as to will to do it. The insane man, who refuses nourishment, or who commits violence upon himself or upon others, performs an act of the will: he does not form such determinations independently of the will, but independently of the authority that is wanted to guide the will to prefer right to wrong.

We know not upon what grounds a conclusion formed in the mind can be assumed to have taken place independently of volition, except on the grounds of its being contrary to reason, injurious, untenable, &c. The character of the conclusion itself, then, must be taken as offering the only means of deciding, whether it is the work of the will, or of that previous process which supersedes the will. But here a new difficulty meets us. Men form false and wicked conclusions every day; and there are a multitude of ways of accounting for them, — such as ignorance, prejudice, malice, and want of judgment. Where are we to draw the line? At what point of this variegated progress of error and obstinacy are we to divide the operations of the will from the previous process? Where shall we begin? If the conclusion itself is to be the test, Francia, the dictator of Paraguay, who has formed conclusions that come as completely within this classification as the resolves of Thom or Martin, is deficient in volition in its primary sense. That he is insane is sufficiently probable, but that he possesses an indomitable will in all its original elementary strength is, we think, hardly to be denied. The insane man who resolves to kill another, is Francia placed in different circumstances, and labouring under different impressions. The act, the resolution, is unquestionably an evidence of insanity — presuming it of course to be destitute of motive, a pure abstract incoherency. But volition is there beyond all doubt: the duration of its influence, and the power of its direction, lead us into other inquiries which appear to contain the solution of the problem.

Dr. Mayo furnishes us with the most complete clue to these inquiries, in

his description of the operations of the will in sane persons. "There," he says, "we have the train of successive thoughts influencing indeed the will, but also influenced and moulded by a process of will, and finally occasioning such conduct as suits the decisions thus arrived at." In this case, as in the case of insanity, we find the thoughts influencing the will; and the difference drawn by our author is, that the will in the latter case exercises no reaction upon the thoughts. Had this view of the mental process been somewhat differently stated, we should have hesitated to dissent from it. But as we cannot regard the decision arrived at by the thoughts otherwise than as an operation of volition, we doubt the accuracy of the statement, that the thoughts are uninfluenced by the will. We confess we should be disposed to say that the will was omnipotent in insanity, were we not checked by the consideration, that as it acts for the most part without plan or purpose, its ascendancy can neither be permanent nor consistent; and that, having once resolved, it has no power to draw back the mind from the consequences that follow. This infirmity of the will ultimately reconciles us to Dr. Mayo's treatment of the question; but it is the absence of the faculty of regulating the will, and the want of a reacting power in the will itself, rather than its execution of decisions, in which it has had no part, that seem to us to exhibit the real state of the insane. We apprehend that we must look beyond the will for some power above it; which, for convenience, may be designated reason, to give a firm and right direction to the will, if we would seek for the original source of mental calamity. The want of that power by which the will is guided and regulated in some men, may reduce and enfeeble it; or, in other circumstances, abandon it to the wildest excesses. But it is not necessary to the argument, nor is it very obvious, that therefore the will should be extinguished.

We have daily evidences before us of the different degrees of power of volition existing in different persons, and in the same person upon different subjects, as they happen to affect his passions or his interests. The will is not uniformly powerful in any individual; it is plastic or unimpressionable according to circumstances. The soundest mind, unquestionably, is that mind in which the will responds upon all occasions with unswerving integrity to fixed principles. According as it declines from this high standard, it approaches nearer and nearer to the state of insanity; and hence, waiving the considerations of that regulating influence to which we have referred, and confining the description to volition as it thus becomes affected, we are led to a final agreement with this able writer, when he observes that he regards "the disorder of the will as the mental element of insanity." His general answer to the question, What is insanity? relieves the inquiry of all the difficulties that arise in its progress:—

"I answer, that it is a morbid state, to which those persons are subject, in whom the power of volition is feeble, when they are placed under the influence of certain mental and physical causes, which I shall next endeavour to enumerate."

The feebleness of the will is evident in its want of power to dispel the delusions that have been allowed to supervene upon the mind—its want of that reaction upon the thoughts which is necessary to preserve consistency of conduct. This inability, in truth, is all that need be contended for; and, although in subscribing to this part of Dr. Mayo's theory, and dissenting from the previous part, we recognise the will in operation in the first stage of the mental process, instead of placing it solely in the second, the final result to which we are led is precisely the same. We only ascend

one step higher for the arbitrary operation over which the will exercises no influence. There is the primal defect in the false perception, the admission of false notions, and the painful train of incongruous conceptions that overpower the judgment. The conclusions derived from these have the consent of the will, rendered dizzy by the paralysis of the directing power, and are perhaps heightened and inflamed by it. The feebleness of the will to resist, is happily designated as the "mental element of insanity."

Applying this condition of the will to the morbid states of mind, we readily perceive how insanity is induced, and how it advances as the power of volition recedes. But it is necessary to pursue the investigation yet farther, to ascertain the states which are most likely to be thus affected. In this branch of the investigation, we are shown those conditions of mind which are causative of insanity; and in tracing them through their incipient stages, we find the moral philosophy of prevention illustrated and developed. It is in this division of the subject that Dr. Mayo unites with profound metaphysical acuteness, that practical view of human conduct, without which treatises on insanity are mere waste paper to the bulk of the community. The public at large can derive no benefit from speculative essays on mind, or from medical lectures on the nervous sympathies. What was wanted was a work that should exhibit, as clearly as science and observation combined can exhibit, the approaches of insanity, the dangerous habits by which they are invited, the unconscious processes by which the disease is nourished, and the modes — a corollary from the whole — by which, taken in the spring, the hope of averting it may be reasonably entertained. This *desideratum* is supplied in the work before us with conciseness and perspicuity.

Dividing the influences which modify and direct the operations of the mind under two heads — the moral and the intellectual — Dr. Mayo proceeds to examine them separately. The moral influences being understood to have reference to our tendencies, to like and dislike, choose and reject, &c. and the intellectual, as appertaining to the recognition of truth and falsehood, of the real and the unreal, we have before us in these divisions the emotive and the thinking departments of the mind; the former involving obedience to reason, and the latter the exercise of reason.

The emotive properties of the mind are, for the purposes of the inquiry, next arranged in two classes, — active principles, which imply an exercise of the will, and passive states or conditions of mind, which, although capable of influencing the will, do not *imply* any exercise of it. Dr. Mayo traces to the latter class the moral causes and preventives of insanity. Thus it is not, he observes, to the love of power or riches that insanity can be directly traced, but to the regretfulness, the despondency, or the timidity, some one of which qualities will be found in the character in which the disease breaks out. The active principles may give occasion to these passive states, but they are not, themselves, causative of insanity. From this point the author proceeds to describe the gradual progress of the several states embraced in this division: regretfulness, in reference to the past; deficiency of hope in reference to the future; fearfulness, the various modifications of which are examined in detail; the moral faculty, which Dr. Mayo regards, we think judiciously, under this head, and which he treats elaborately, exemplifying as he goes on the operation of selfishness and kindliness; and finally sympathy, in which he considers the insane to be peculiarly deficient. It must be apparent, without entering into the delineation of these passive states (which Dr. Mayo describes with remarkable felicity) that excessive indulgence in any of them is calculated to expose the mind to the insidious inroads

of disease. If we are assailed, observes our author, by any of these influences, we are dangerously situated *quoad* insanity, whatever may be the vigour or the feebleness of those elements in our characters which lead to active pursuits.

One of the most striking points thrown out in the examination of these passive states of the mind—the recipients of insanity—is that which relates to the deficiency of sympathy on the part of the insane. The fact has frequently been observed before in confirmed insanity, but never, we believe, so strongly insisted on as an early type of the approaching malady. Dr. Mayo observes, that it would appear either that the *predisposed* are peculiarly deficient in this principle, or that insanity tends to weaken its efficacy. This opinion is founded on the following facts:—

“First, there is invariably a diminished state of those natural affections which require sympathy for their full development, and these are the kindly ones; while, on the other hand, most persons retain their full capacity for the evolution of hatred, anger, and uncharitableness—properties which require no assistance from sympathy.

“Secondly, that the supposition affords a practical diagnostic in insanity. In many persons thus situated, in whom, at the time at which the inquiry is made, the reasoning powers are in a clear and sound state, and whose emotions are at the time flowing evenly and quietly, we are enabled to detect disease, by observing that the patient is not going along, or sympathising with us, or, indeed, with any one extrinsic to himself. Perhaps his conversation can only be characterised as morbid, by its remarkable want of relation to all that is passing in the minds of the by-standers. In this point, indeed, the insane are remarkably contrasted with the inebriated, whom, in many respects, they greatly resemble. Persons in the latter state overflow with sympathy, and carry it to a ridiculous and maudlin extent.”

Another remarkable and trance-like phase of humanity, which is ordinarily called double-consciousness, is also described. Dr. Mayo does not distinctly include this under the head of insanity, but regards it as one of those “more obscure and dubious topics, out of which light may at some future time be shed upon this mysterious subject.” We are aware that some very contradictory opinions prevail amongst the members of the medical profession, as to whether this state of double-consciousness ought to be considered as an evidence of insanity; and in the present condition of our knowledge, perhaps we have no right to decide the question. But it must at the same time be remarked, that in the present condition of our knowledge, it is impossible to assign it to any other cause. The following is Dr. Mayo’s description of the phenomena:—

“There is a morbid state of the human mind admitted by pathologists, under which the patient lives in alternate stages, as it were of two different beings, in regard to the sequence of his thoughts, and the operations of his intellectual and moral properties. The one is easily recognised as his normal state. It exhibits the ordinary phenomena of his character and habits. In the other he appears to have undergone a remarkable change. He has forgotten things and persons, or views them in perfectly new lights. The current of his thoughts verges on delirium, in rapidity and excitation. Sometimes there appears in him more force and vivacity of intellect in his paroxysmal state, than was observable in his original character. From each of these states he drops suddenly into the other, and he has no clear recollection in the one of subjects which had interested him in the other. This morbid state, to which the name double-consciousness is usually given, has a considerable affinity to the intermittent form of madness; so much so, that it seems not unreasonable to suspect that their laws of causation may have some common points. Now, unless the system of Mesmerism, which has recently been brought before the British public, be a system of simulation and collusion, we have here also a form of double-consciousness, which those who have seen the experiment made during the spring of 1838, at a London hospital, will admit to have exhibited this affinity in a high degree; and this form of double-consciousness is voluntarily brought about by external agency. On the principles which regulate this agency, I have nothing to say.”

Some of our readers may recollect a case of this description, which occurred in London a few years ago, in which the person affected had his

alternate days of natural and morbid existence, which he called his Good and Evil Days. On the former, he was in perfect possession of his judgment, and acted and felt like other men; on the latter, he was the victim of the most horrible illusions, which preyed upon him with overmastering power; and this went on with regularity every second day for a considerable period. It must be admitted that the intermittent sanity rendered it an exceedingly difficult case to deal with; but on the other hand the intermittent phantasies, filling the mind of the unfortunate being with the most terrible images of despair, might in the ordinary course of things have been expected to shake his reason in the end. The result of this extraordinary case was suicide on one of the Evil Days.

The same course of reasoning that has been applied to the moral influences will be found to apply, even with greater force, to the intellectual. An adequate development of active moral principles is requisite to health: activity of the intellectual principles is not only necessary to health, but preventive of disease. But there is this important difference between the neglect of them, that the pause from intellectual pursuits is enjoyment — rest; while the pause from moral emotions is languor — ennui. Connected with this view of the use and abuse of the faculties, we have a new agent drawn in, startling by the novel employment assigned to it, and no less by the singular propriety of its application. This agent is the imagination. That imagination influences both the intellectual and moral powers of the mind is admitted; but, observes our author, the connection of this property with the emotive department of the mind, has received a much more careful scrutiny and discussion, than that which it holds with our intellectual powers. We will not stop to contest this point, but hasten to Dr. Mayo's account of its relation to the latter: —

“The connection of the imagination with the intellectual faculties is twofold. First, it affords illustrations, by which the processes of thought are cleared up. Secondly, it (often) affords body and substance, as it were, to the thoughts themselves. This end it accomplishes partially, by single terms, or wholly, by obtaining from its storehouse of imagery the materials, by means of which the entire view may be evolved, and presented to the judgment.”

As an illustration of the latter effect, Dr. Mayo cites Mr. Whewell's description of some characteristic points of Sir Humphrey Davy and Mr. Faraday: —

“All great steps in science, says Mr. Whewell, require a peculiar vividness and distinctness of thought in the discoverer. Both Davy and Faraday possessed this vividness of mind; and it was in consequence of this endowment that Davy's lectures upon chemistry, and Faraday's upon almost every subject of physical philosophy, were of the most brilliant and captivating character. In discovering the nature of voltaic action, the essential intellectual requisite was to have a clear conception of that which Faraday expressed by the remarkable phrase, *an axis of power having equal and opposite forces*; and the distinctness of this idea in Faraday's mind shines forth in every part of his writings. Thus, he says, the force which determines the decomposition of a body is *in the body*, not in the poles; but for the most part he can only convey this fundamental idea by illustration.”

In this very admirable example of that “vividness” of thought, which levies contributions on the imagination for the service of science, it may with some confidence be added, that all great truths in the natural and physical sciences, that have taken a strong hold upon mankind, have been conveyed in forms of expression similarly striking, and, so to speak, imaginative. Indeed, the very language of such sciences is for the most part a language of emblems, full of remote analogies and contrasts, and the very reverse of literal. If one of the functions of imagination be to select qualities

from different objects and combine them into the ideal, so in these sciences we find a nearly similar process adopted in the creation of names and terms, in the composition of which an attempt is made to combine a representation of several properties of the objects they are intended to designate. The botanist or the chemist could supply innumerable instances of the figurative media thus employed. The utility of the imagination, therefore, not only in illustrating established truths, but in furnishing happy forms for expressing new truths, may be considered to be decided by the unimpeachable authority of universal usage. Let us now see how this property, in connection with the intellectual powers, influences mental disease.

"In so far, continues Dr. Mayo, as our supposition is well-founded, that the operations of the intellect are calculated to prevent mental disease, in the same degree must that faculty be valuable which extends our capacity for such operations. That the operations, which we have described as introduced by the imagination into discursive processes, must *lighten*, as well as promote these processes, is also very obvious. Simple change in the *nature* of an exertion can obviate fatigue, and repair power. But here we find not only a *new*, but a *less laborious* process introduced."

Here, then, we have the imagination coming to the help of the intellectual powers, and enabling them to continue that exercise which is necessary to health and preventive of disease: but its connection with the emotive department is attended by very different results. There we have nothing analogous to the interplay of reason and imagination; and the feelings, instead of being subdued or appeased by the influence of the new agent, are excited to an intensity in the last degree injurious. The office of the imagination in such cases is to enhance the evils upon which the mind dwells, to deepen the gloom, to fill the void with shadows, and to quicken the fearful tendency to despair.

Having conducted the inquiry through these preliminary considerations, we will follow our author to his development of the disease itself. We need not devote much space to this part of the subject, which, although it is luminously treated in this work, yet cannot afford much room for novelty of discussion. We have hitherto been regarding the mental phenomena of an attack of insanity; for practical purposes, Dr. Mayo divides the disease thus characterised into three stages:—

"In the first stage the deviation from soundness of mind regards moral conduct.

"In the second stage the moral incoherency continues; but intellectual incoherency or delirium has also taken place.

"In the third stage, recovery from the above states is proceeding, or the patient is gradually passing into a chronic state of moral and intellectual perversion."

The first of these stages presents, in a heightened condition, all the moral defects or excesses already noticed: the extent of the sufferings of the individual lose all proportion to their causes; he entertains extravagant surmises and suspicions; his kindliness gives way to intense selfishness; and the sequence of his actions becomes incongruous and inconsistent. It is at this stage that the physical phenomena of insanity, viewed in reference to the temperament of the sufferer, are best understood.

The second stage, which Dr. Mayo designates the stage of development, is characterised by the discovery of inconsequential thought, marking the gradual derangement of the intellectual powers. False perceptions begin to be betrayed, and delirium sets in.

The third stage differs from the second in intensity rather than kind. If the patient be sinking into chronic insanity, the flood of his thoughts abates by degrees; if he be tending towards recovery, he is gradually in-

duced to doubt the justness of his perceptions, until at last he regains his powers.

These outlines cannot be too highly commended for their simplicity and clearness. Relieved from the dogmas that usually strew such inquiries with perpetual doubts, and from that affected nomenclature which has no other effect than that of increasing the obscurity, Dr. Mayo's descriptions are as intelligible to the non-professional reader, as they are valuable to the scientific student.

The relation of suicide to insanity, and of phrenology to the science of mind, to which separate chapters are devoted, well worthy of attentive perusal, we are compelled to pass over, in the desire to complete, within a reasonable compass, the review of the elements of the subject to which these chapters contribute valuable illustrations rather than necessary features. We must also, with reluctance, omit an analysis of the chapters dedicated to the mental and medical treatment of insanity, in which the disease is practically considered in both points of view, the moral and intellectual preventives pointed out, and the remedies exhibited throughout all the stages of the disease. These chapters are full of important matter, the result of careful observation, and evidently of extensive experience,—wanting which, such suggestions would be deficient in comprehensiveness and authority.

The next division of the general subject is that which comes under the head of *Deficiency* of a mental property, as *Insanity* comes under the head of *Perversion*. This division, as we have already indicated, is again divided into *Brutality* and *Idiocy*. We will follow these in the order in which we find them.

Brutality—a designation adopted from Aristotle, but not the more characteristic or commendable on that account—is that form of disease which deviates farther from the normal state than insanity, and amounts to the original deficiency or abolition of the moral sense. What Swift says of Lord Wharton seems to describe the characteristics of this revolting malady with sufficient accuracy: “He is without the sense of shame or glory, as some men are without the sense of smelling; and therefore a good name to him is no more than a precious ointment would be to these.” Men of this description who betray an incapacity for moral distinctions, who violate moral obligations, and who yet do not exhibit any of those false perceptions or intellectual incoherencies which belong to insanity, form a class amongst themselves: persons, to use the words of Dr. Mayo, destitute of the moral faculty, and also vicious in their propensities. How is this class of individuals to be treated? The question is full of embarrassments and perplexities.

“In regard to the principles,” says Dr. Mayo, “on which this morbid condition may be treated, the law, it may be observed, greedily takes advantage of its co-existence with insanity, whenever this occurs, and it readily does occur, to control the unsound habit of mind, but has not hitherto been able to grasp it in its own form. Although, in truth, the state which we term brutality spreads as wide devastation as insanity would, if insanity were left uncontrolled, and is, according to the above view, equally a disease of the mind.”

In the former essay, already alluded to, which Dr. Mayo published on this subject, he brought forward the state of brutality as a form of insanity; but subsequent consideration has induced him to abandon that classification as loose and unphilosophical. We are not quite satisfied that his former view was incorrect. Our definitions and legal expositions of insanity are not so conclusive of the question as to preclude us from requiring legal safeguards against new shapes of misery and evil. That brutality is a disease of the moral faculty, Dr. Mayo has succeeded in establishing; and

it remains yet to be considered, whether this disease does not, of necessity, involve a disability of the *intellectual* powers? Can that man be said to be capable of reasoning justly, who is destitute of the moral sense? There may be no flaw in the process and chain of argumentation — the form may be correct — but if this great defect prevail over his thoughts, as it must, will it not always conduct him with certainty to results as injurious to himself and to society, as those which the insane arrive at only upon impulse and incidentally? The subject at all events demands a larger measure of consideration than we can now bestow upon it; and in the meanwhile the case of Lord Ferrers, referred to by Dr. Mayo, will serve as a hinge for the debate. After alluding to the disgraceful scenes which take place at our public offices, where a father is sometimes heard soliciting the infliction of an ignominious punishment for his son, having no other mode of obviating the deficiency of principle than the *penal* inflictions of the law, our author proceeds,—

“But it is yet more painful, that the offender should be allowed to wander on through crimes and inflicted misery, until he reach this goal. An instance of such a termination to the course of the brutal person is afforded by the unhappy Lord Ferrers. That nobleman was not *insane* in any customary use of the word; his intellectual faculties were good; and they were directed by a powerful will towards definite objects; neither did he exhibit that moral incoherency, which we have described amongst the earliest phenomena of the insane state. The business-like talents, indeed, which he displayed in his own defence, indisposed his judges to allow him the advantage of *that* plea. But his brutality made him unfit for *social* existence: the laws of this country did not reach him as a subject for confinement. Therefore he was hanged. This procedure was unavoidable under the circumstances of the case, and in the present state of our laws; but it constitutes a painful fact, considering that education at present affords no prevention to such criminality.”

In this case, at least, we have an instance of an indomitable will acting upon the intellectual powers with surprising effect for the worst of purposes — purposes as averse to the reasoning of a sound judgment, as they were repugnant to the moral sense.

The last form of malady that comes under this head, may be briefly disposed of in the language of the author:— Idiocy, or imbecility, is analogous to brutality, as it implies a deficiency or abolition of natural properties. In this respect it bears the same relation to the understanding which brutality bears to the heart. This familiar form of calamity requires no further elucidation.

We have exhibited the prominent features of this able work in mere outlines. The author has condensed his views with so much skill, that it would be impossible to convey the substantial arguments and illustrations he employs by any mode of abbreviation or analysis in a much shorter compass than the book itself occupies. If, however, we have succeeded in extracting the essence, we shall have accomplished as much as we proposed. But to those who are interested in such investigations — and who is not? — we recommend a careful perusal of the thoughtful volume itself. No review, however carefully executed, can render that advice superfluous.

LAMENNAIS.

ON a certain day in the year 1815, a young foreigner of timid bearing, and bashful mien presented himself at the London residence of Mrs. Jerningham, the sister-in-law of Lord Stafford. He came, recommended by some one, to solicit the modest place of preceptor. This step was dictated by pressing necessity; his dress bespoke extreme poverty. Without even asking him to be seated, the lady addressed him a few brief inquiries, and then dismissed him on the ground, *qu'elle lui trouvait l'air trop bête*. — This was M. Lamennais.

Nine years afterwards, in June 1824, a priest famous for works, of which 40,000 copies had been rapidly disposed of — famous for an uncompromising war against the spirit of revolution, and in favour of authority spiritual and temporal, sustained with an eloquence equal, and with a profoundness of logic and erudition far superior to that of Bossuet — his lofty brow, beaming with faith and hope — travelled from France to Rome to hold a personal conference with Leo XII. He found in the chamber of the pontiff (its only decorations) a picture of the Virgin and a portrait of himself. Leo XII. welcomed him with admiration and confidence. The Cardinal Lambruschini, now secretary of state, was, at his instigation, appointed apostolic nuncio to France. On all sides there was a chorus of praises and gratitude that troubled not the head of the priest, but that made his heart beat joyously in the thought that good times for the church in danger were again coming on, and that Rome perchance, moved by his glowing words, was about to rise at a single bound to the loftiness of a grand social mission, such as his soul had conceived, such as the epoch, exhausted and purposeless, was demanding. This priest was M. Lamennais.

Eight years had rolled on, and the same priest was journeying to Rome a second time, but sad and pensive, with two companions who were soon to abandon him, but who then shared his faith, his labours, and the accusations which had suddenly sprung up against him, and which were past his understanding. In explanation of his intentions, he went to present a justification of his works to that power whose past he venerated, that had blessed his cradle, and for which he had combated during twenty years of his life. In the pureness of his conscience, and under the influence of one of those noble illusions that evidence alone can destroy — often destroying at the same time one-half of the soul — he went to essay a last effort for the relief of this fallen power, and to infuse into its withered veins a drop of the life-blood of humanity. Notes from Austria, Prussia, and Russia preceded him; they demanded of the pope a formal condemnation of the doctrine of this audacious commentator on St. Paul, who maintained, that where the spirit of God is, there should liberty reign also. The Jesuits backed these notes by their unseen machinations. The Cardinal Lambruschini, the same to whom he had opened the path to the hierarchy, intrigued against him. Gregory XVI. received him coldly, and then only on condition that he offered not a single word on the subject that had brought him to Rome. A long memorial which he presented obtained no answer, perhaps was not even read. Saturated with the bitterness of grief, having sounded the ancient edifice stone by stone, and every where found the dust and frailty of ruin, this priest departed. He cast a long and regretful look on

that cupola of St. Peter's, that was no longer the sanctuary of God's word. With a heart afflicted, as though he had been assisting at the funeral ceremonies of a being whom he had loved with all his might, he traversed that vast and desert Campagna which may be called a striking image of the solitude that day by day increases around the papal chair. But he carried his faith with him across the desert, and his faith saved him. He knew that the purpose of God is eternal, and that the apostolic mission may change its organs and their paths, but that it is to continue in the world until the last day of that world. He knew that a power passing away is a power in transmission, and that a creed decayed is a creed which undergoes transformation. In place of despairing, he set himself to consider what new life was about to spring out from the old body. He turned his eagle glance from the eminences of the world to its base, looking every where for the signs that should herald this other power, whose revelation could not be tardy. He awaited in meditation and prayer, till some sudden inspiration should make manifest to him where the spirit of God had chosen its temple. On a certain day, whilst Rome and absolute royalty believed this man conquered, he arose as one constrained; his voice, already so powerful, had gained an indefinable elevation, as of the olden prophets — a certain religious solemnity, that bore the impress of a truth long and painfully sought, and at length discovered. He discoursed not; he prophesied. He preached God, the people, liberty, and love. He declared the powers of the day fallen, and called on the nations to tear from their hands the insignia of a mission which they had failed to comprehend. He denounced all that he had hitherto defended; he advocated all that he had so lately inveighed against. Since then he has not changed, and he will change no more.

There was in this a great lesson to learn. In this struggle, in a holy and devoted spirit, between the recollection of the past and the presentment of the future — in this unequal, tempestuous, and often wavering, but in the end, progressive and ascendant march in the search of truth, of a powerful and conscientious intelligence — in this unexpected conclusion, contrary in appearance to twenty years of past exertion, and going suddenly to set a religious sanction on all that the purblind instinct of inferior spirits had been pursuing for half a century — there was, we say, on the one hand, a rare psychological phenomenon to study, and on the other, a bright augury to draw, a confirmation of the lately installed dogma of the people, or, if it be preferred, of the sovereignty of nations. With a few exceptions, the lesson was unheeded. When they saw this mighty individuality, whose energies might be supposed to have been exhausted in a long career brilliantly carried out to the end, thus lift himself like a giant between a world in decay and a world in infancy — when they saw him casting away from him his whole past existence at one spring, bounding over the abyss that separates the tomb from the cradle, throwing himself with renovated youth into the territory of the future — friends and enemies recoiled for a moment aghast, and he created around him, as it were, a vast circumference of silence and solitude. The former abandoned him in their hearts, perhaps making it his crime that his was more penetratingly bold than them all; the latter continued to regard him with a sort of distrust, in hatred of his past existence. The partisans of papal Catholicism, as soon as they had recovered from their stupor, hurled upon him every species of insult and calumny. They forgot the immense distance dividing the changes effected by the march of thought, and those resulting from mere lust of power, and judged M. Lamennais as they might judge M. Thiers or M. Lerminier. They explained this sudden illumination of a fervent and

active spirit as the mere irritation of self-conceit, just as the labours of Luther were explained to be a venal and selfish jealousy of a monk; they asserted, as it was asserted of Luther, that a cardinal's hat would have prevented the revolt. These men would not have comprehended St. Paul in the journey to Damascus: even in this country, M. Lamennais has not been properly appreciated. Prejudice has travestied his political convictions; and but a little while since we saw this man, all mildness and charity, who cries like a child at the symphonies of Beethoven, — who gives to the poor his last *franc*, — who tends the smallest little flower, protects the insect, and turns from his path for the ant — saying, "Should not all enjoy the light, that has been created for all" * — we have seen this man transformed, by one of our reviews, into a creature of blood, into a preacher of anarchy. Moreover, each of his publications has been judged separately as a work of art or of politics; never, that we are aware of, has this vast and fertile intelligence been estimated as a whole.

It is time that this should be done. M. Lamennais occupies a rank so elevated as a philosopher, as a writer, and in France, as a political power, his progress is so intimately allied to that of the age, that for those even who conceive nothing of the good there is in studying the spectacle of virtuous genius, it must be of considerable importance to know the proper estimate of a man who has such great, and who, one day or other, will have still greater, influence on France and the rising generation of Europe.

We pretend not to do this here: if we had the courage to undertake it, we should have to follow step by step throughout his different works, the progress of the great principle of M. Lamennais, the thread that, in some sort, knits together aspirations apparently the most divergent. Above all, we should have to show that his theory of the philosophy of common sense, or of tradition considered as a principle of certitude, must by logical necessity inevitably lead him, sooner or later, to the social principle of the people, the sole depositary and continuator of tradition. We hold, that under all the circumstances of detail — looking also in great part to the influence of events ever most potent on minds of poetical excitability, as was that of the Abbé — there appears a wonderful unity that will render his change the less unexpected. But this task cannot be confined to the limits of some half dozen fugitive pages. We do but trace here a sketch hardly sufficient to provoke a deeper attention to our subject, and to indicate the point of view that alone can lead, in our opinion, to a just and useful estimate. A detailed examination of the political creed and the religious tendency of M. Lamennais would carry us too far.

Félicité Lamennais, as he himself signs his name, was born in 1782 at Saint Malo, in that Brittany that has given to France Pelagius, Abelard, and Descartes: some years before, the same city witnessed the birth of Chateaubriand. He lost his mother whilst still a child. The Revolution destroyed a large fortune amassed by his father in commercial pursuits, depriving the son at the same time of the means of a regular education. The boy having thus escaped the routine of college grew up, under the eye of God, free and without a master, passing his days between the library — where an old uncle often shut him up, putting in his hands Horace and Tacitus, the first Latin books that he read — and the measureless ocean that beat against the dark and naked rocks of Brittany, a wave of eternal poetry. His intellect developed itself lofty and independent in loneliness, and in the absence of all

* These words are preserved in the "Etudes sur l'Abbé J. De Lamennais," by M. Edmond Robinet (1835), the friend and conscientious admirer of the Abbé. We have made use of this interesting little book for the facts that were not furnished us by our own personal knowledge.

formal system. His imagination, fed by the contemplation of nature in her grander and severer aspect, was early alive to religious feeling. "Thus," says M. Robinet, "he still recounts, with a kind of dread, the sensation of pride that possessed him, when one day, in his ninth year, finding himself on the ramparts of his native city during a fearful storm, he overheard the wretched nonsense uttered by the assembled crowd on the appearance of the sea and its topping waves. These reflections excited in him deep commiseration, and he turned away shrugging his shoulders, and bearing with him, child as he was, that sentiment of the infinite then revealed to his mind."

Behind this youthful spirit thus expanding to the storm, there rolled another sea, not less terrible and sublime. This was the sea of the Revolution, that was pitilessly and ceaselessly dashing against a Past which had established the unity of France, but which, impotent for aught else, was now impeding the future. It inundated, it almost submerged a soil whose fruits were absorbed by noxious castes and parasitical dignities, in order that the land might re-appear, like Egypt after the overflowing of the Nile, renovated in its sources of production, and ready for a new cultivation. But like all violent impulses, passing beyond the limit that had been assigned, it broke to pieces that tradition which, in fact, it desired to continue: the more radically and summarily to finish with certain old and exhausted *formulæ* — itself a work of Providence — it aimed a deadly thrust at belief, the eternally progressive source of all transitory *formulæ*. Amidst this reactionary tumult, on a soil quivering under such a weight of ruin, it was natural that doubt should for an instant glance his icy wing on this young intelligence that, all solitary, was training itself to think by a mass of reading, without choice and without order. All strong minds, moreover, have begun by doubting. Doubt, then, came over this young soul; but it had to do with a rude antagonist, and it passed over it like shadows on the water that leave no trace. After a short struggle, young Lamennais found himself face to face with the empire, his mind intent on unity, and his heart rejoicing in its faith. This was in 1804.

What the empire was to religion is well known. It pretended to protect it; but it was the protection of the powerful that stifles liberty. The priesthood, education, almost all was in its hands. Religious worship was a branch of the public administration, and nothing more. Thus much as to the government: as to the people, indifference had succeeded to negation. How could religion be recognised in a clergy subsidised, abject, and servile? Between the triumph of material force on the one hand, and indifference on the other, Lamennais had soon chosen his route. His first struggle was against the grave, pressing, and undoubted ill. The time was not ripe for him to launch out towards a new sphere. M. Lamennais linked himself to the ancients. He was Catholic and Roman; that is to say, at bottom he was for the sovereignty of belief and for the triumph of moral force. *Forms* — though then unconscious of it himself — were for him but the guarantee of the *idea*. "Reflexions sur l'Etat de l'Eglise en France," his first work, appeared in 1808, the year of the Spanish insurrection. A voice from religion and a voice from the people thus simultaneous, were a presage of the characters that would signalise the new epoch. This publication was nothing more than a violent and *ultra* attack on the destructive manifestations of the eighteenth century, and an appeal to the clergy to revive a belief in things unseen, and to render themselves worthy of being its organ. There was nothing in this that could offend the powers that were; yet, — as if they divined the genius that would one day make itself the man of the people, —

the imperial police was alarmed: the book was seized. Four years afterwards there appeared a second work, "Sur l'Institution des Evêques," the joint production of himself and his eldest brother Jean. Two years after Napoleon fell. Lamennais went to Paris, and resided there in poverty till the return from Elba. Having in the meantime written certain invectives against the fallen emperor, things that he would not write at the present day, he left France and went to London: he remained there seven months in obscurity and distress. He returned to France after Waterloo, and some time after withdrew into Brittany: there, in his thirty-fourth year, at Rennes, in 1816, he was invested with the priestly office. In 1817, the first volume of the "*Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion*" made its appearance. His first experience commenced!

His first experience and his first illusion! The revolution persecuted religion; the empire debased it by making it something entirely secondary to politics; the restoration announced itself as desirous of reinstating it. Reposing on the theory of the *right divine*, and the Catholic principle of authority, its interests were in fact identical with those of the church. Every where else, at that moment, there was opposition: opposition in the masses, whose instinct, always vague but always in the truth, perceived that life was no longer there, and that at the most there was but stuff enough for a pitiful patching and refacing: opposition in the thinkers, who nearly all belonged to pure rationalism, or to the experimental school: opposition in the ranks of *liberalism*, who, comprehending nothing either of progression or of the epoch, hugged themselves in a peculiar system of politics, whose sole principle was that of pulling to pieces, and whose spirit belonged to the carping and superficial school of Voltaire. Still trembling at the excesses of the Revolution — shocked at this cold indifference, worse than all the errors that menaced more and more to benumb the heart of the nation — finding the politics of the school of liberty hostile to belief, and without a glimmering of the future in their horizon, M. Lamennais was led to build his hopes upon power. He flattered himself with a dream of the restored monarchy taking religion by the hand, destroying the anarchy of intellect, and re-establishing a wide and prolific unity. Under the influence of this vision of alliance, chimerical in its very basis, the "*Essai sur l'Indifférence*" was conceived; the other volumes of which appeared successively in 1820 and 1824. The political parts of this work were false, unjust, violent; the philosophical, although powerful, incomplete. We feel less disposed to extenuate what there is of ill in this work than any other; but difference of opinion ought not to blind us to what there is of good. The Essay made a great stir at the time, and not without reason, owing not merely to its unquestionable eloquence, but moreover to the utterance which it afforded to an actual want, which had been already poetically hinted at, but never so clearly, so logically laid down: this want was the necessity of re-establishing tradition as a source of truth; the necessity of breaking the impassive circle which rationalism and materialism had, each aiding each, surrounded the mind with, and to march onwards under the double impulse of faith and conscience in humanity. It was in this, whether he himself was conscious of it, that the author of the "*Essai*" rendered such service to mankind; and it now begins to be appreciated. He invested tradition, without which there is no true philosophy, with its rights; he breathed the breath of life into philosophy itself, by thus bringing it into contact with the social movement, from which it more and more tended to isolate itself. Led astray by his political views, he was not then himself aware of the extent of his principles; at least he

looked upon tradition in a narrow and groundless point of view : but he reopened the way, and this is enough to attach a philosophic importance to the work : the restitution of a vital element to the progress of intelligence was its essential characteristic ; the manner of developing it was in some sort a matter of detail, which must sooner or later wear itself out, as in this instance it has worn itself out. Beyond this one could perceive already, in looking attentively through the work, that the fetters which bound the genius of the author to a false position, were not so solid as they appeared at first sight. One could perceive that he rather fraternised with royalty, from its apparent guarantee of stability, than for its intrinsic merit. Indeed, one might sometimes feel that the alliance weighed him down, and there was already something menacing in the manner in which he inveighed against power, for its want of energy—a something of that republican sternness, which gave presage from afar of “ *Les Paroles d'un Croyant*,” and the further development of which that power itself fostered. Partly from that mistrust inherent in all governments merely temporal, partly from the peculiarity of its position, the restoration which did nothing for the people, did little more for religion : the church was enslaved, as it was under the empire. “ The bishops were not free to hold official communication either among themselves or with the Holy See,” write the editors of the “ *Avenir*,” in a *memoir* addressed to Gregory XVI. ; “ and every Catholic priest was liable to a punishment which might extend even to banishment, if he had dared to correspond with Rome. Provincial councils, diocesan synods, ecclesiastical tribunals, the conservators of discipline, no longer existed. The council of state was the sole judge in matters of contention relative to religion or conscience. Education was confined to a body of the laity, from whence the clergy were excluded ; the spiritual direction of seminaries was circumscribed ; and even that instruction, in the most essential points, subject to the direction of the civil authority ; the system of the evangelic councils under a common rule interdicted by law, or only allowed by an authorisation always revocable, and accorded almost exclusively to a few congregations of women. In a word, all that which is the very life of religion was enervated or destroyed by the continuance of the laws formed under the empire. No one is unacquainted with the two celebrated ordonnances of the 16th of June, 1828, which *de facto* submitted all ecclesiastical schools to the control of the civil authorities ; they limited the number of young men to whom it would be permitted, by study and prayer, to prepare themselves for the service of God ; they required them to wear a particular costume on their arriving at a certain age ; they desired that the masters—masters previously approved by government—should swear never to belong to any congregation not recognised by the state.” And such was the restoration which it has latterly been the fashion to encircle with a halo of religious piety and Catholic fervour : it enslaved the church, which it pretended to adore ; it sapped religion to its foundation by its hypocritical alliance, by fixing on its shoulders the responsibility of all its political acts obnoxious to the country. This double evil early developed itself to M. de Lamennais, at the moment he believed that the remedy might be found in a change of men. Engaged on the ministerial press, at first on “ *Le Conservateur*,” of which M. de Chateaubriand was then proprietor, then in the “ *Drapeau Blanc*,” and afterwards in the “ *Memorial Catholique*,” he nevertheless always bore himself independently towards power : he opposed the minister Villele, as he had before opposed the minister Decazes.* He gradually estranged

* During the time he was engaged on the “ *Conservateur*,” Mr. Fievez said, with a naïveté not common, “ Messrs. De Chateaubriand and De Villele only look after the ministers ; Messrs. De

himself from the royal cause, and attached himself almost exclusively to that of religion. His dissatisfaction manifested itself more openly in 1825, in his work, "*La Religion considérée dans ses Rapports avec l'Ordre Civil et Politique*," which involved him in a government prosecution, and he was condemned in a fine of thirty-six francs; afterwards in 1829, in another work, "*Des Progrès de la Revolution et de la Guerre contre l'Eglise*," he took upon him to plead the cause of religious independence against the government. Then came 1830. A monarchy springing out of the sceptical and purely reactionary opposition of fifteen years, could not be more religious than the restoration had been. To organise power with decision — to fix it firmly upon the base of material interests, thereby evading moral wants — this in unison with the parliamentary tendencies and personal character of its chief, formed the programme of the citizen royalty. From the first it had neither belief, nor principles, nor heart; it denied all — people as well as priesthood. With one hand it repulsed the former, with the other it continued to the latter the system of subjugation which the last possessor of the throne had bequeathed with it. The empire, the restoration, the citizen monarchy, weighed then equally in the scale with M. de Lamennais. In other parts of the Continent it was even worse. In Italy, in Russia, in Austria, every where the people were shamefully and cruelly oppressed, and religion debased into an instrument of power and of injustice. The experience was now complete — the illusion destroyed for ever. M. Lamennais burst with indignation the ties which so long had trammelled his virtuous and deep-loving spirit: he took act and part with the people. Another power remained to try — a power, great from its past greatness, based still upon the moral force of the *word*; rather than on material force, and professing to represent the holy feeling of him who had most loved the people. To this he addressed himself, and called upon it to save the world: he appealed from the kings to the pope — from the lying protectors of the church to the church herself; and so commenced his second period — his second experience — his second illusion. It was not to last so long as the other!

We know many who have placed M. de Lamennais, merely in the ranks of those writers, so abundant in these times, who welcome victory, no matter whence it come; these neither know M. de Lamennais personally, nor can have studied his works. M. de Lamennais is one of those men, formed rather in the mould of martyrs than that of minions of popularity: his welcome is to truth alone: we have already pointed out the tracks of his onward march in his books anterior to 1830. To advance, be it borne in mind, is not to change — it is to *live*; and it is the essence of the life of genius to assimilate to itself a portion of all the grand manifestations of social life. The insurrection of July, although, in our opinion, it was at bottom a protest in favour of conquests already in operation, and which were menaced with destruction, rather than an attempt at farther conquest, yet gave birth, as all great popular commotions do, to demonstrations, proving that a new life was forming itself in the bosom of the people; proving, that while there existed in the masses an insurmountable antipathy to all belief, incompatible with their freedom of progression, there existed no hostility to belief itself as a principle. In France three days of popular sovereignty were exercised, arms in hand, without one instance of disorder, without one act of crime. Indignation was hurled upon religion only when associated with Carlism; when isolated, it throughout received respect:

Bonald and De Lamennais after the satisfaction of their consciences; as the money." — *Etudes*, &c.

for me, I only look after

novel opinions of religion were hailed with interest, for the moment even with an enthusiasm, which revealed the intense craving which prevailed to bind in unity souls worn out with individualism and doubt. In other parts of the Continent, the Polish, the Belgian, the Swiss, the Italian movements, all by the people, were all without excess or anarchy: in some even a lively sentiment of religion associated itself spontaneously with the national feeling. Truly in all these revelations of the popular principle, in this prophetic trembling which ran throughout the earth, there was something of the finger of God; and they must be beings deprived of heart and intelligence, who can look upon them in the light simply of suppressed outbursts. M. de Lamennais viewed them far differently. "We are living at this period," he says somewhere, "in one of those epochs wherein every thing tends to renovate itself, to pass from one state into another state; let none remain in doubt of this. Never did there exist presentiment more lively, conviction more universal: it is only that some of us are fearful, others full of hope, because, accordingly as they gaze forward on the future, or backward on the past, they gaze upon life or they gaze upon death. But I reiterate it, all believe in an approaching change, in a total revolution, being about to take place throughout the world: hence it must accomplish itself. In vain may they attempt to retain what has been, to remount the stream of time, or to perpetuate the chaos of society as it is — it is impossible. There exists in the very constitution of things a sovereign necessity, fatal, irrevocable, superior to all power. What matters the petty arms stretched forth to arrest the progress of the human race? What can they do? An irresistible power urges on the people: whatever be done, thither they will go, whither they ought to go; nothing shall arrest them on the march of ages, for it is by this march that, nearer and nearer, ever advancing man prepares himself for eternity." The mission of the people thus acknowledged, their tendency towards order and justice once recognised, why should the church refuse to regulate, by presiding over this work of Providence among the millions? Why should not that Rome, which twice already, under the Cæsars and under the popes, has evolved an idea of unity throughout the world, put forth a third dispensation, more vast in its aim, more mighty in its results? Why should not the priest, himself one of the people, bless and sanctify, the cross of the martyrs in his hand, the holy crusade of the oppressed, on their pilgrimage towards that liberty, equality, and love, which God has ordained for all mankind? M. de Lamennais girds up his loins to the work with all the ardour which a great principle creates in a great mind. He exhorted the clergy to an abandonment of that pittance which, at the disposal of government, made a part of the budget and fettered their liberty. In September, 1830, he established "*L'Avenir*," a daily journal, of which the characteristics may be summed up in the two words which served for motto, *Dieu et Liberté* — God and Liberty. At the same time he founded "A General Agency for the Defence of Religious Liberty." In the former he sought unremittingly, with some distinguished collaborators, for that doctrine which may be defined in these, his own, words, "To batter to the earth the reign of force, and to substitute for it the reign of justice and of charity, and thus to realise among the members of the great human family, individuals and people, the unity in which each, living the life of all, participates in the common good of all, under conditions more favourable to the development of this common good: such is the tendency of the Gospel." By the latter he established an association for the purposes of exacting redress of all acts militating against the liberty of the ecclesiastical minister, of upholding all establishments for instruction, primary,

secondary, and superior; against all the arbitrary acts outraging the liberty of education, of maintaining the right belonging to all Frenchmen, of uniting themselves to pray, to study, or to obtain any other legitimate end, equally advantageous to the cause of religion, of the poor, and of civilisation. At a later period he proposed the formation of a union "between all those who, despite the massacre of the Poles, the dismemberment of Belgium, and the conduct of the governments who miscall themselves liberal, still hope for the liberty of the nations and are ready to work for it." His efforts astonished and animated. Under the influence of his powerful words local associations were formed, provincial journals were established, advocating the same principles, and schools were founded. And that nothing might be wanting of what God awards to the just here below — the praise of the good — the persecution of the wicked — the government became alarmed: — it several times seized the "*Avenir*," and dragged its conductor before the bar of the courts.*

But it lay not in the persecution of power to overcome M. de Lamennais; a far more overwhelming trial was in preparation for him — this was the destruction of his noble and pious dream, by the conviction that his Titanic effort to call forth the breath of life from the Rome of the popes was too late; — Rome was a tomb! the papacy a corpse! This corpse, galvanised by diplomacy, was roused up to curse the audacious priest, who attempted to recall it to a gospel long, long forgotten. The old man of the Vatican had long, long ceased to be more than a bad *king* among other kings. The *pope*, as a power, had destroyed itself from the day when it lost cognisance of progressive humanity: and now, at the very time M. de Lamennais invited him to raise the flag of Christ and of liberty, this *king* called upon Austria to tear down this banner in his own states; at the very time M. de Lamennais planted the hopes of Christ upon the temporary tomb of Polish liberty, this *king* cursed this liberty, and exchanged with Russia the brief to the Polish bishops, for the promise of a body of troops for the purpose of protecting him from any possible attack. At the very time that a subscription in favour of the poor Irish, amounting to 80,000 francs, was being forwarded from the office of the "*Avenir*," orders were issuing from the chambers of the Vatican, which caused Cesene and Forlì to run with the blood of women and unarmed men. True to its position, the Roman hierarchy organised among the faithful an unmitigating persecution against the generous attempt of M. de Lamennais. In many dioceses they refused to ordain young men who had a leaning towards the doctrines of the "*Avenir*:" they suspended professors and curates. Self-styled religious journals vied with each other in heaping abuse and calumny on the votaries of God and of Liberty; and rumours of papal condemnation began to get abroad, when M. Lamennais, loyal and devoted to the last, immediately suspended the "*Avenir*," and, accompanied by two of his collaborateurs, departed for Rome, to clear up his doubts, and lay before Gregory XVI. the doctrines he professed. We must refer to his "*Affaires de Rome*," a calm dispassionate *exposé* of this period, for the manner in which the three pilgrims were received — the inefficacy of all their efforts — their departure — the "*Encyclique*" of August 15th, 1832 — the resignation with which the "*Avenir*" was immediately suppressed, and the "*General Agency*" dissolved — and still the untiring persistence with which the court of Rome tried to tear a declaration of submission, absolute, unlimited, as regarded temporal matters as well as spiritual,

* The articles in the "*Avenir*," from the pen of M. de Lamennais, have been published, together with some other writings, in an octavo volume, by Delloye, Paris, under the title of "*Trois siècles de Mélanges*."

from M. Lamennais — the artifices which were put in practice* — the moral torture which they inflicted on this man, only guilty of having thought that Catholic Rome might still be capable of working good. They succeeded: M. Lamennais, in an instant of weakness, signed at Paris, the 2d December, 1833, what they required of him, a complete adhesion to the doctrines of the "Encyclique;" and, borne down with grief, retired to his solitude at La Chenaye, some two leagues from Denan.

And so his second experience was accomplished — his last illusion dissipated. How many young and ardent souls have we not seen succumb to the first! How many powerful minds, on whom the ray of holy truth has shone, have not, upon their first deception, defiled the flower of faith and hope in the slough of scepticism, or the stagnant waters of despair and inaction! Only fifty-one years old, and M. Lamennais had already twice drained the cup of life to the dregs, and had found nought at the bottom but bitterness, disenchantment, and powerlessness. Twice had he recommenced his toilsome course, and ever had he found himself deceived, shattered, wearied out at its close. Nevertheless — perhaps an unrivalled example — he did not despair. The soul of a giant is encloistered in that little figure, in that meagre and feeble frame, which seems to be sustained solely by its own determined will. God has placed upon his Napoleon-like brow the symbol of a great mission; and that brow, furrowed by the royal papal thunders, which had bent for a moment, not under them, but under the weight of the Divine idea, raised itself again serene, glowing with the flush of early youth, and crowned with the glory of the future. Discouragement is only disappointed egotism.

The thoughts which suggested themselves to this fiery soul during these days of trial, and which have saved it, are so energetically expressed in the work, "*Affaires de Rome*," by M. Lamennais himself, — they appear to us so excellent and so invigorating to souls discouraged by evil days — that we cannot resist citing them here at length: —

"Indifference, inertness, an easiness of temperament above all fear, paralysing fear, these are the motives which deaden or corrupt the feeble conscience of the many of mankind, who go hither and thither, stammering in their own fond security, 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace.' (Jerem. vi. 14.) They fear exertion, they fear the struggle, they fear all but that which is to be feared. I tell you there is an eye, whose glance is hurled from above as a malediction upon these recreants. Wherefore think they they were born? God placed not man on this earth to enjoy it as his finite country, to while away his days in indolent slumbers. Time lapses not on like the light zephyr, which as it floats over his brow caresses and refreshes it; it is as a wind which now glows and now again freezes — a tempest which hurls along the frail bark, under the gloom of a dreary sky, amid the rocks. He must arise and watch; he must put his hand to the oar, and damp his brow with the sweat thereof; he must do violence to his nature; he must tame down his will to that immutable order of things, which incessantly hurls him too and fro in woe and weal. There is a duty, an intense duty, imposed upon him even in his cradle, which grows with his growth, and is demanded from him even to his grave — a duty which he owes to his brethren as well as to himself; which he owes to his country, to humanity in general, and above all to the Church — the Church which, rightly understood, is but the seat of an universal family — the great city wherein Christ, king, and at the same time high-priest, sits ruler over worlds, calling the free from all points of the universe, to unite themselves under the eternal laws of intelligence and love.

"And since he addresses himself to all, and we all are soldiers enrolled in the mighty war here below, of good and of evil, order and disorder, of light and of darkness; since there are given powers to all, and all are desired, nay, strictly commanded, by the supreme chief of the society whereof we form the elect, we also, obscure Christians though we be, we also will lay down ours, will dedicate them to it, however feeble those powers may be.

"Was not the humble offering of the poor shepherds received by the God, who for our

* This book does not however contain an account of all of them. We give one fact as a specimen: the Bishop of Rennes published a *confidential* letter, torn from the elder brother of M. Lamennais, in which he declared he should separate from him.

sakes came into the world, with equal love as the riches of the regal Magi? No! no! our tongue shall not be dumb while a sentence of death is uttered over the earth, and devastates it; we will not remain statue-like and enshrouded on the banks of the torrent which saps the foundations of the temple, day by day detaches some stone from it, and rolls them confused among the ruins of all which is made to pass away, of all which is but for a time:—the peasant's hut—the lordly palace—the kingly throne! Let those who have eternal things at heart rise with us! Let those who love God and man with all their heart, with all their soul, with all their might, and to whom all besides is as nothing, join their voice to our voice, their arm to our arm! Wherefore complain, if others act not with us? Wherefore? Is it therefore a cause that we should wear out our hearts in sterile tears? Faith calls for works, not tears; it calls for self-devotedness, self-sacrifice, because it is that which saved us all,—he alone; it calls for Christians who can look down upon the world from on high and meet its toils and troubles unshrinkingly—for Christians who are ready to cry, 'We will die for it!' and, above all, for Christians who are ready to say, 'We will live for it!' for he who dies has but a personal triumph, and the triumph which man should seek, is not that of himself alone, but that of the cause in which he is engaged."

The cause of M. Lamennais was henceforth that of us. He had a second time gazed upon the Infinite, of whom a first image had appeared to him when, a child of nine years old, he contemplated the tempestuous ocean from the ramparts of his native town: it was that of humanity, herself the progressive interpreter of the law of God, considered after the manner of Pascal as one and the same man in a state of continuous existence, ever learning, and taking the initiative of his movements, sometimes from individuals, sometimes from the masses, according to the time and the nature of the events in accomplishment; but always from age to age, from trial to trial, and in virtue of its own life, ascending in the scale of perfection towards the comprehension of his end, and his duties towards the possible realisation of the Divine ideal which is within her: it was that of the people, the universality of citizens far superior to all power, the universality of believers far superior to any pope, firm when all else is tottering, ameliorating itself when all else is deteriorating, owing its health to itself, and possessing in its own bosom the germ of a future truly religious, truly social; while all that is not of it, whether individuals or castes, do but cling to a past, which, sooner or later, will crush them under its ruins. From that day a third period commenced for M. de Lamennais: the priest of the Roman church became a priest of the Universal church. The first expression—effusion perhaps we should rather say—of this new life was that magnificent lyric, entitled, "*Paroles d'un Croyant*," in which the three immortal sisters, Religion, Poetry, and Charity, walk hand in hand with such touching harmony, which Gregory XVI., in his "*Encyclique*" of the 7th of July, 1834, designated as *libellum . . . mole quidem exiguum, pravitate tamen ingentem*; but which all languages have a version of, all people have taken to their hearts, and all the oppressed welcomed as a consolation and a promise.

We must here conclude: the space which we have assigned ourselves would not permit us to take into consideration the "*Affaires de Rome*," "*Le Livre du Peuple*," or the articles which appeared in "*Le Monde*," since collected under the title of "*Politique à l'Usage du Peuple*," all productions subsequent to the "*Paroles d'un Croyant*," and which all testify a farther progress in the career which M. Lamennais, in concert with the age, from henceforth pursues. The opportunity of congratulating him and appreciating his advance in this his third period will not be wanting to us. M. de Lamennais is at this time employed on a work in several volumes, in which he intends to lay his heart open, in which he will give to the world the result of the reflections of his whole life; it is from that a judgment must be formed of him. At present our only object has been to point out his line of march, without entering

into the details of it. We would draw attention to the unheeded link which knits his past life with his present; to show, as far as the compass of a few pages admits, that this man who has been accused, without having been read, of irrational and inexplicable change, has in reality never had but one sole and sacred thought—the welfare of the people by the means of belief, before his eyes; that he has but changed the instrument to attain its realisation, as each instrument that he chose failed him in the work, and from its age and corruption broke in his hands; and, in fine, to impress the important lesson which results to us all from this multiple life, which comprehends in itself the experience of a whole age. Even had we to expect nothing more from M. Lamennais, the services he has already rendered our epoch would be enough to secure him a place for ever in the gratitude of all good men. He has, if we may so say, devoted himself for us. He has explored the way for us, teaching us where an abyss lurks hidden with flowers, where a hollow is concealed under a superficial scurf of life. Power, Papacy, he has tasted of all: he has forced the one to throw off the mask, the other (vide the *Encycl.* 15th of August, 1832) to utter its last word; and when at last he has come to us crying, “Life and Hope belong to the People alone,” it was more than a generous outburst; he brought the proof with him.

“His march is with humanity! may his career long last! it is not finished. ‘Where will he stop?’ cry those of his adversaries who would fain see him recoil. ‘Let him on, on—on for ever!’ cry those who comprehend his soul; for his life, like that of mighty geniuses, like that of the onward generations, resolves itself into movement and advance. Will the day ever come when the whole immensity of the horizon will be grasped by him? All we are sure of is, that from whatever summit he attempts it, he will measure the depth and extent of it without illusion, without giddiness; and if it be necessary in the attainment of the promised land, to descend into the abysses, he will be the first to dare them in the discovery, unaffected by the vain clamour of the world. He will risk himself in these rugged hollows and unknown paths. He is organising for us a crusade more glorious for our age, and more memorable in the eyes of future generations, than those enkindled by the zeal of Peter, the hermit of St. Bernard; for it is not the tomb but the inheritance of Christ which the priest of Brittany leads onward to regain: it is no longer Islamism that we battle with, it is the impieties of social life: it is not a few Christian captives that he is at work to ransom, it is the mass of the human race he would redeem from slavery.”

This beautiful passage is from the pen of the writer known under the name of George Sand; and we cannot grace the conclusion of our article with a more remarkable name.

FIELD-MARSHAL SUWAROFF, AND THE CAMPAIGN OF 1799.

" Suwarrow chiefly was on the alert,
Surveying, ordering, jesting, pondering;
For the man was, we safely may assert,
A thing to wonder at beyond most wondering."

BYRON.

PART THE FIRST.

If history be philosophy teaching by example, then are her lessons never more impressive than when she traces great events distinctly back to the influence of great character, and when she shows us the noble and the high of heart rising above accumulating difficulties, before which feeble and ordinary men would have sunk prostrate to the earth. The impression is deepened and saddened, when, having exulted in the progress of genius and courage, we are forced, in the end, to see their best efforts marred, even within sight of the goal; and that, by the outbursting of some dark passion which had lain dormant, unknown, perhaps, in a gallant breast, till, at the turn of fate, it arose in might to tarnish the glory of years by one moment's fatal influence. The life of Suwaroff illustrates this so strongly, that we shall here give a short sketch of his history, and of the last great events in which he was engaged. We have the more pleasure in doing so, because the publication of his letters, written during the campaign of 1799, and Smidt's recent account of his life, enable us to represent this extraordinary person divested of the motley coat in which so many authors have arrayed him. With the exception of Peter Czar, Suwaroff was the greatest man Russia ever produced: his noble qualities belonged to himself; and what he wanted of real greatness was owing more, perhaps, to the half-barbarous state of the people among whom all but the two last years of his life were passed, than to any actual deficiency of his own.

Alexander Wasilowitch Suwaroff, was born in 1722 at the village of Suskoy on the Dnieper. His father, a man of noble family, served in the army, and rose, during the seven years' war, to the rank of lieutenant-general. As education had not at that period made any great progress in Russia, it was fortunate for the young Suwaroff that his father had interest enough to get him placed in the military academy founded by Peter the Great. Considering how little was then taught in these seminaries, the young man must have applied with attention to his studies; for he learned at least to speak several languages with great fluency. In 1742 he obtained an ensigncy; the next year he made, against the Swedes in Finland, his first campaign, and from that period his entire life was one continued scene of active exertion. Present in most of the actions fought between the Russians and Prussians during the seven years' war, he particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Zorundorff, where he served as major, and was wounded. But, regardless of his wounds, he rallied, and brought off, in some sort of order, the remnant of his battalion which had shared in the overthrow of the Russian infantry, when the intrepid Seidlitz, like an avenging Avater, sent to punish the crimes and misdeeds of which this barbarous soldiery had been guilty, burst upon their devoted masses with the full force of the Prussian cavalry. After the peace Suwaroff was made a brigadier; and when Russia embraced the cause of Stanislaus Potoky against the confederated Poles, he took the town of Cracow. In 1769 he

was made lieutenant-general, and accompanied the armies of Prince Gallizin and Count Romanzow in their expedition against the Turks. In 1774 he put an end to the rebellion of Pugatchew, by capturing that adventurer, and dispersing his followers. During the subsequent peace he governed the countries which he had before assisted to conquer; but was again employed in the field on the renewal of the war in 1787. And here the brilliant period of his career may be said to have commenced. He first defeated the Osmanli at Kinburn, though he was himself severely wounded at the commencement of the action. Finding, in 1789, that Prince Cobourg was surrounded by the army of the Grand Vizir, and in a very perilous situation, he made a forced march with 10,000 Russians, joined the Austrians, and, in conjunction with them, completely defeated the Turks on the banks of the Rymnick, a rivulet from which he derived his title of Rymniskoy. This victory made Suwaroff a field-marshal, and obtained for him, both from his own sovereign and from the Emperor Joseph, far more rewards than it is here necessary to enumerate. In 1790 he took Ismailow by storm. Glorious as the capture of this fortress was to the general and his army, the ruthless manner in which the victory was used cast a deep stain over the honour of both. Upwards of 30,000 men are said to have fallen in the assault, and in the carnage that ensued after the place was entered.

It is related that Suwaroff gave out the following order on the evening before the attack: — "To-morrow I shall rise an hour before daylight; I shall wash, dress, and pray; I shall then crow like a cock, when the town will be stormed according to the dispositions already issued." Tales of this kind, like the one which describes him as filling, when a very young man, a sack full of the heads of vanquished Janizaries, and of laying the trophies at the feet of his commander, must be received with more than caution. The same may be said of the Kinburn anecdote, which makes the wounded general throw himself off his horse before his fugitive troops in order to arrest their farther flight. It is the fate of all celebrated men to have their names graced, as well as disgraced, by idle stories of this kind. Suwaroff was eccentric, and probably affected more eccentricity than really fell to his share; he also gave the dry and quaint kind of humour for which he was distinguished a pretty fair latitude, even at the expence of others; but the man who spoke and wrote, as we find him writing and speaking, could never act the absolute buffoon. He who exposed the follies and misconduct of others with such stern and unsparing severity, required to keep a guard over his own conduct, and was not likely to act the part of an ordinary mountebank. The following anecdote seems better attested. On the capture of Ismailow a splendidly caparisoned Turkish horse was brought him, which he refused, saying, that "a Cossack hackney had brought him and could carry him away." "It may not be equal to a load of fresh laurels gathered here," was the courtly observation of a by-stander. "It has carried Suwaroff and his fortunes," replied the general.

On the death of that cowardly man of blood and pleasure, Potemkin, Suwaroff succeeded for a time to the government of the Crimea, till the war of Polish succession again placed him at the head of the army. He twice defeated Surakowsky and Kosiusko, the generals of the crown; and then carried Praga, the fortified suburb of Warsaw, by assault. It is supposed that 15,000 Poles perished on this melancholy occasion, and their blood leaves a deeper stain on the character of Suwaroff and his troops than the capture of Ismailow itself; for the gallant and desperate resistance of the Turks, which, although it ought to have claimed the esteem and re-

spect of brave adversaries, might well enough exasperate savage and ferocious victors, who had seen 10,000 of their comrades fall beneath the well wielded scimitars of the Moslems. But at Praga there was not even this excuse; the place was ill defended, and the Russians did not lose above 500 men. It is humiliating to our nature to think that nothing but the prospect of indulging in the vilest and most infamous excesses can induce the Russian soldier to mount the breach or scaling ladder. To appease his excited thirst for blood it is not enough that vanquished foes should fall before him; women and children must not only be murdered, but they must be martyred, mangled, and cut to pieces. And yet the Russian soldier is the most obedient and machine-like of men. What then must we think of officers who cannot prevent the recurrence of scenes that have actually inflicted a stain on humanity and on Christianity itself? Posterity will hold the fame and honour of the commander responsible for the life of every human being sacrificed by disciplined armies beyond the fair verge of battle; and the dark days of Ismailow and Praga have overshadowed the brows of Suwaroff with more asphodels than all the laurels gained in his many gallant fields can ever conceal.

Deeply as it is to be lamented that this eminent soldier allowed the lustre of his splendid actions to be darkly dyed with blood, the merit of great military qualities can never be denied him. He was in a high degree brave, loyal, and disinterested: he was active and energetic, had a quick and penetrating understanding, and always took a just and accurate view of the operations in progress. In many points he very much resembled Marshal Blücher: but he never gave proofs of that deep sagacity, foresight, and power of calculating and combining movements, for which the Prussian was distinguished. Both made up by subsequent application for their faulty education, and retained all the vigour of intellect till the last period of their lives; and both were, when more than seventy years of age, the most active military commanders of their time. Both affected singularity: but the affectation of Suwaroff was of a lower kind, intended probably to act on the minds of an ignorant soldiery; whereas Blücher affected hussar manners, only in order to conceal, before strangers, what he deemed his want of polish and acquirements, although he was by no means deficient in either. Both were hasty, irritable, and of fiery tempers. Suwaroff's temper ruined the cause which his sword had so nobly supported, and ultimately brought his grey and laurel-crowned head with sorrow to the grave. Blücher's high sense of duty, on the contrary, kept his temper under control. In the hour of trial, the most passionate of mankind submitted to the vexatious fooleries of that weak vain man, Bernadotte, with the most perfect equanimity of temper; and in moments of the greatest difficulty, even in battle, and when the utmost severity might have been justified, it was his admirable and dignified conduct alone that brought the Russian generals, Langeron and Wizingrode, back to the paths of honour and obedience.

In personal appearance also the Prussian had very much the advantage over the Muscovite. The latter was rather below the middle size and spare of form: it was only by extreme temperance and activity that he had hardened a constitution naturally weak and delicate. His portrait, now before us, represents a keen, open, and animated face, harsh of features, but expressive of considerable humour, with a good deal of cynical indifference to human feeling: we know it at first sight to be the face of a man of high courage and intellect, who would probably be admired in any station, though hardly certain of being beloved by any. His marriage was unhappy, but from his letters to his daughter he was evidently a kind and affectionate

father. Blücher, on the other hand, was tall and elegant, and must in early life have been extremely handsome. Even at the time of the battle of Waterloo, when he was 72 years of age, he had still, what physiognomists would call a first-rate countenance; which, though stern and severe, and deeply marked by time, care, and toil, gave evidence nevertheless of the frankness, hilarity, and generous humanity for which he had been distinguished. A passage in one of the Duke of Wellington's lately published letters has given rise to the opinion, that Blücher intended to put Napoleon to death had the latter fallen into his hands. That the old fiery hussar may have thundered out some threat of the kind is more than probable; but his well-known humanity, known indeed to every officer and soldier that served with him, prevents us from believing that he would have carried it into effect had it been in his power. Blücher was a keen patriot, and the sufferings to which his country had been reduced, had made a deep impression on his heart and mind. It is necessary to have known the Prussian army of that time, — and few strangers could have known them better than the writer of these lines, — to form an idea of the rooted hatred which they entertained against their former oppressors, and particularly against Napoleon, as the author of their sufferings. "It is well for you English to talk of forbearance," was their usual saying; "you have had no enemy in your country; but had you seen your native land trampled under foot, and every species of insult and indignity heaped, for years together, upon friends, kindred, and relatives, you would praise our moderation instead of being surprised at our harshness."

Both these commanders were extremely beloved by their troops; but Suwaroff was as unpopular with the officers, particularly with those of high rank, as Blücher was cherished and esteemed. Both were celebrated for their wit, and both were authors; though, as far as we know, the Russian only was a poet. Blücher printed the journal he kept during the early campaigns of the Revolution war. The book seems to have disappeared from circulation; but judging from extracts occasionally met with in other German works, it evidently possesses great merit. The general instructions issued by Suwaroff to his army during the Italian campaign, are strongly characteristic of the clear head and energy of the man. Some of his orders are written in a strange doggerel kind of verse, not very intelligible. But though his poetry is as obscure as Cromwell's prose, his own prose, eminently laconic, is as clear and distinct as possible, and his general rules might, with great justice, be termed Golden Rules.

Suwaroff was living in retirement, acting the part of a good landlord, settling disputes among his neighbours and tenants, and never failing to ring the church bell long and loudly if the congregation were late in assembling, when he was called upon to take the command of the allied army in Italy. The campaign of 1799 forms one of the most interesting and instructive acts of the great military drama that originated in the French Revolution. Four generals of the highest reputation — Suwaroff, Moreau, the Archduke Charles, and Massena — appear upon the scene. It shows us seven battles, three forced passages of rivers, and a number of actions of mountain warfare, strongly illustrative of the difficulties of such contests, and of the value, as well as the worthlessness, of mere posts and positions. Its last act presents us with the march of an army over the highest regions of the Alps. It shows us the last effort of a strong, powerful, and energetic mind — a mind that could all things but itself subdue, — placed in novel and most dangerous situations: and the melancholy result of the campaign proves how many evils may result to

a good cause, from the inability of commanders to counteract their own, justly perhaps, irritated feelings. Our narrow limits prevent us from giving more than a feeble sketch of the events in which Suwaroff himself was engaged.

The French had opened the campaign in Italy, Switzerland, and on the Rhine, before the arrival of the Russians, though with forces inferior to the Austrians. They had experienced but partial success, and their brilliant victories in the Tyrol and Grisons were counterbalanced by defeats experienced in Italy and Germany. They had destroyed an entire Austrian corps at Taufers, and achieved other advantages; but in Germany the Archduke Charles had repulsed their main army at Stockach, and General Kray had, in like manner, discomfited their Italian army near Verona. These advantages were not very decisive, and had not been followed up with any vigour when, on the 14th of April, Suwaroff, with the first Russian division of 17,000 men, principally infantry, reached headquarters. His appearance immediately gave a different aspect to affairs.

Only four days elapsed from the time of his arrival till he began his march; and even this short interval was put to some account, for he caused the Austrian infantry to be instructed, by Russian officers, in a new mode of charging bayonets. That this unexpected drilling was not over well received by the Germans may be believed. Some looked upon it as an actual insult, others as a piece of mere folly, though there was probably method in it after all, and the lesson was intended more, perhaps, for generals than for the soldiers, as it intimated pretty clearly the spirit in which operations were expected to be carried on.

The effective force with which Suwaroff took the field, amounted, after all deductions, to 52,000 men. Before setting out, the Austrian chief of the staff, General Chastelear, proposed that a general *reconnoissance* should be made. Suwaroff's answer is far too characteristic and too much to the purpose to be omitted here:—"Reconnoiterings," he said, "I will have none of them; they are fit only for timid people, and for apprising the enemy of your arrival: you can always find the foe when really disposed. Columns, the bayonet, cold steel, to attack and overthrow the enemy, those are my *reconnoissances*." These words which, in most cases, would have been silly bravadoes, were strong and to the purpose, when uttered by one whose "hand was true, and could maintain them well."

The army moved with great rapidity towards the Oglio. General Kray was ordered to storm the citadel of Brescia, and to put the garrison to the sword if they waited the assault. Suwaroff declared that this was indispensably necessary to prevent the allies from losing both men and time before every blockhouse, which might be disposed to hold out, if honourable terms were always granted. This was, no doubt, a good deal in the Russo-Turkish style of proceeding; particularly as the citadel of Brescia, though it was not in good order, is a regular work. The threat, however, produced the desired effect; for General Bouget, seeing that serious preparations were made for the assault, surrendered the same evening, with a garrison of 1,100 men.

While Kray was taking Brescia, Count Melas having got entangled in bad roads which the rain had rendered difficult, his columns having also got into some confusion, halted on the Mella, exactly half way to the place of his destination. It is probable that the Austrians made a good deal of idle fuss about the men having got wet feet, for their delay so exasperated Suwaroff, that he addressed the following most extraordinary letter to the Austrian general; we translate, as closely as we can, in order to preserve, as

much as possible, the manner of the original:—"I hear that complaints are made because the infantry got wet feet. Such was the weather of the day. The march was undertaken for the service of two mighty emperors. Dry days are for women, fine gentlemen, and lazy persons. He who, as an egotist, speaks against the high duties of the service will, in future, lose the command. The operations must be carried on without the least delay, so that the enemy may have no time to recover himself. Whoever is ill may stay in the rear.* Italy must be delivered from the yoke of the unbelieving French; and for this purpose every upright officer must be ready to sacrifice himself. Fault finders cannot be tolerated in any army. Quickness of observation, celerity, and perseverance, that is enough for this time."

Nothing can well be objected to this letter except its extreme rudeness; in all other respects it is admirable.

Moreau, who had succeeded Scherer in the command of the French army, continued to fall back as the allies advanced, and offered only partial resistance, while the latter had again to detach General Kray for the purpose of investing Mantua and Peschera: but this retarded not the progress of Suwaroff. Cremona, where the French had considerable magazines, was invested, and taken before it could be evacuated; and on the 25th of April, the army reached the banks of the Adda, behind which the enemy had taken post with the evident intention of disputing the passage.

The Adda is no where fordable in its course from the Lake of Como to where it falls into the Po, at a distance of sixty-five miles. As the French were in possession of all the remaining bridges, it was necessary to build new ones, to force those guarded by the enemy, or to cross in boats. All three modes of passage were resorted to, and all were attended with equal success. The most severe contest took place at Cassano, where the French had a bridge head of some strength, protected besides by the Ritarto canal. Suwaroff led the main column of the Austrian troops against it: he no doubt took the first opportunity of thus showing himself to his new soldiers; and he did well. The French defended their works with great resolution, and were constantly supplied with fresh troops from the right bank of the river: their commander, General Argod, was killed, fighting sword in hand, on the parapet; but their efforts were unavailing; the Austrians forced the entrenchments, and followed up their success so energetically, that they crossed the bridge along with the fugitives before it could be destroyed. Every attack succeeded: the French were forced back on all points: they fought with their accustomed gallantry indeed, but were so unskilfully commanded, that an entire division, under General Serurier, remained all day perfectly inactive, listening to the battle that raged around, but taking not the slightest share in the contest. It was only next morning that they were accidentally discovered by one of the allied divisions. They were found strongly posted for mere resistance, but — between two swollen rivulets and an inundation — had left themselves no means of issuing into the plain in the face of an enemy. They were forced to lay down their arms; and two generals, 250 officers, and 4,000 men surrendered, with fifteen pieces of artillery, to less than 3,000 Austrians; and all this under the command of General Moreau, one of those officers whom it has pleased modern writers to hold up as a great general.

The allies had done better; in nine days, from the 17th to the 27th, they had marched seventy-five miles, taken a fortress, gained a battle, and crossed five rivers, — the Chiesa, Mella, Oglio, Seria, and Adda; and with a loss

* Melas was ill when he joined the army.

to themselves of only 3,000 men, they had killed, wounded, or taken 10,000 of the enemy.

Marshal Suwaroff entered Milan on the 30th of April, and with the retreat of the French across the Po, the Cisalpine republic ceased to exist. The Italians proved themselves rather ungrateful on this occasion for the boasted liberty which the French had so generously conferred upon them; for they no sooner saw the allies victorious, than they flew to arms, fell by bands on small French parties, cut off and murdered stragglers, and carried on a fierce and dishonourable guerilla war against their late brother republicans.

But rapid and energetic as Suwaroff's first operations were, he has been blamed for neglecting to follow up his success; for frittering away his forces by the investment of the strongholds; and for losing much precious time immediately after the victory of Cassano. Military critics pretend that the Russian field-marshal ought to have taken immediate steps for rendering impossible the junction between General Moreau and General Macdonald, who was advancing to his aid with the French army of Naples.

These strictures cannot, we suspect, be maintained. The country was every where in military possession of the French. Moreau was master of Genoa, the strong district of the Riviera, and had thus by Niza an open retreat into France, so that he could not be struck at unless disposed to fight; and to push him out of Italy, unless he could be prevented from returning, was only so much loss of time. The French occupied besides Mantua, Peschiera, Ferrara, Pizzigietone, the citadel of Milan, Orei, Pavia, Tortona, Alessandria, Turin, Velenza, Ceva, and Coni. All these places, with which the theatre of war was actually studded, were well provisioned, all were of some, and several of first-rate, strength. To leave them all unattacked or unmasked seemed impossible; while to mask them, even in the feeblest manner, required so large a force, as for a time to reduce the main army to a mere shadow. It may also be supposed, that the circumstances of his own peculiar situation influenced Suwaroff's conduct on this occasion. He commanded an allied army, of which only one-third were Russians; the rest were strangers, over whom he exercised but precarious control, which, in extreme cases, might perhaps find limits; and we shall see presently that these limits were much nearer than could have been expected. The political views of the Austrian cabinet led them to urge on the capture of the fortresses in preference to all other measures. They wanted to get firm possession of the country, and thought that this could best be effected by the early occupation of the strongholds. That a reverse in the field would instantly have caused the investments to be raised, was evident to all the world, except to the gentlemen at Vienna: nor need their blindness surprise us, for none know better than the officers of the British army the manner in which high functionaries of state decide on military affairs. Thus placed between the hostile fortresses, the Austrian cabinet, and the French army, Suwaroff had a difficult part to act. That it was boldly and successfully acted is certain; and we are bound to add our conviction, judging from the mass of evidence which we possess respecting the campaign, that it was as skilfully acted as possible, considering the trying situation in which the Russian commander was placed. While at Vienna, Suwaroff solicited permission to address his reports directly to the Emperor, instead of addressing them to the Aulic Council. Francis II. granted the request; but the circumstance is said to have displeased Count Thugut, the prime minister, and the Council, who from that moment became the decided enemies of the Russian field-marshal, and used every effort to thwart his views. To what

extent such ignoble conduct may have been carried, it is impossible to say; that jealousies would not be wanting, we may easily suppose; and from the period of which we are writing, the complaints of Suwaroff became daily more frequent, till, as we shall see, he applies officially for his recall.

Writing to Count Tolstoi on the 22d of May, he says, "The French are much cleverer at offensive war than many other nations. Owing to the defensive system of the Archduke Charles, they had concentrated their forces, and very nearly, quick as I was, devoured my liver near the lake of Como: things are now going on better. The defensive system lost Italy, and brought the French army almost to the gates of Vienna. By offensive operations, the Archduke drove the armies of Jourdan and Moreau out of Germany (1796). The Archduke Charles might, in regard to our operations, not only have kept the French in check, but with the aid of the Swiss, to whom he should have given liberty, he might have made us masters of the Rhine. The frontiers of the imperial states are no where better defended than at the gates of Paris."

But though already displeased, the Russian field-marshal was not inactive, as the leading features of the campaign will show; the minor details we are, of course, obliged to pass over.

The occupation of Turin was evidently of great importance to the allies, both in a military and political point of view, but the attack had to be made under circumstances of peculiar hazard. The sieges of Tortona and Alessandria had to be left uncovered, the march of Macdonald unattended to, or watched only by a detached corps, while, in the advance upon Turin, Moreau's army in the Riviera would be allowed to remain unchecked in rear of the left flank of the allies. Nothing but extreme celerity, and the most accurate combination of movements, could justify so bold an undertaking; but it succeeded nevertheless. Suwaroff appeared so suddenly before Turin, that the town was carried on the first day; and by aid of the vast stores which it was found to contain, the siege of the citadel was pressed so vigorously, that it was reduced to extremity, before the approach of Macdonald called the army back to the foot of the Appenines. Hurrying on the troops on this occasion, Suwaroff writes to General Belgrade,—"money is precious, human life is precious, but time is the most precious of all."

And here we come upon one of those strange transactions, for which co-operations and alliances are so constantly distinguished. The advance of General Macdonald, who, by means of his light troops, was already in communication with General Moreau, rendered an immediate march with all disposable forces towards the Appenines indispensably necessary, in order that a decisive blow might be struck against one of the hostile armies, before the two could form their junction. As the siege of Mantua had not yet begun, Suwaroff sent directions to General Kray to leave only so many troops before the place as were necessary to keep the garrison in check, and instantly to join him with the remainder in the plain of Alessandria. Kray, who was a gallant soldier, expressed great regret at not being able to comply, producing at the same time the emperor of Austria's direct commands not to raise the blockade of Mantua on any account, unless by his, the Emperor's, own orders! The old field-marshal was indignant, and wrote to Count Rosumowsky, the Russian ambassador at Vienna, that he was determined to go home. "This cabinet order," he says, "deranges all my plans; and it is evident that they do not require me here any longer, and I am determined to go home. * * * * *". Every individual general addresses himself to the Aulic Council, not only about his own particular

affairs, but about general affairs also ; and has thus a right to intrigues for his own pleasure and advantage, which gives the council power to direct and to bind him. If the Aulic council would only leave me alone, their one or two campaigns would not cost me more than so many months ; but with their hyper-strategy and generalship, one month of their operations will extend over entire campaigns."

But if the Aulic council defeated one plan, it did not prevent Suwaroff from quickly forming and executing another ; and the incapacity of his adversaries helped, in a great measure, to atone for the mischievous conduct of his allies. Moreau and Macdonald were already in communication, but instead of uniting their forces, and falling upon the divided Austro-Russian troops, they allowed Suwaroff to get the start of them ; and he was not the man to neglect the opportunity. General Kaim remained with a small corps to finish the reduction of the citadel of Turin, and Count Belgrade was stationed with another division in the plain of Tortona, to watch the operations of Moreau, while the field-marshal himself proceeded with about 30,000 men, all the troops he could collect, by forced marches towards Piacenea, leaving the modern Turenne, as Jomini and other historians have been pleased to term Moreau, in rear of his right flank, as he had before left him in rear of his left flank.

General Otto was falling back with a small corps of Austrians before the advance of Macdonald, and had taken post at St. Giovanni, on the Tidone, not far from Piacenea, when his outposts were attacked on the morning of the 17th of June. The Austrian, seeing heavy columns directed against him, was about to withdraw in the direction of Stradella, when General Melas arrived on the field with a few thousand Austrians ; he was followed by General Bagration, with the advanced guard of the Russians. These troops amounted, in all, to about 12,000 men ; and although Melas might naturally conclude that he had the whole of General Macdonald's 35,000 men to contend with, he nevertheless determined, and justly, we suspect, to try the fate of battle. The position of St. Giovanni was a good one ; the weather was oppressively hot ; the troops had been greatly fatigued by their march, those in the rear were hurrying forward — not in the best order, perhaps, — and the Austrian general very properly concluded that, to retire under such circumstances, might, if the enemy pursued, throw the whole army into confusion, and cause an unfavourable impression in the minds of the soldiers ; while, on the other hand, they might hold their ground till the rear division should come up. To the influence of these just strategical views, we may perhaps add another reason for this un-Austrian sort of resolution : it was the fear which the brave, but cautious Melas entertained of Suwaroff. The letter written before the battle of Cassano would not yet be forgotten, and its effect was here evident. Energy at the proper time and place is the most important element of warfare ; and here we already find Suwaroff's genius, producing favourable results on a battle-field before he was even personally present.

We cannot, of course, enter into all the details of the action. If Moreau had been inactive, Macdonald was unskilful. Though it was impossible for him to be ignorant of Suwaroff's march, he had only half his troops present in this first day's combat. The slight advantages he had gained over Otto and Melas were completely lost, therefore, on the arrival of the other allied troops ; and he was defeated and driven back with loss, when he might have put an end to the battle. The intersected nature of the ground, owing to a number of rivulets, containing at the time little water

indeed, but having deep beds, — and the stone walls of the vineyards, rendered pursuit extremely difficult.

All the divisions of the allied army having joined during the night, it was Suwaroff's intention to bring on a general action next day. Macdonald, on the other hand, had no intention to fight, as he wished to rest and wait the arrival of all his troops; the French were so used to be the assailants in all these wars, that they hardly ever expected to see their arrangements disturbed by their enemies.

To give the troops time to rest and refresh themselves, Suwaroff directed that the advance should be delayed till ten o'clock in the morning. But it required even longer time to recover from the fatigue and confusion of the previous day; and it was three o'clock in the afternoon before the leading columns could fall upon the enemy; and five o'clock before the Austrians joined the onset: there was no longer time to produce any great result on so difficult a battle-field. The French, though they fought bravely, were driven back across the Trebia with considerable loss, but they were not defeated; and to resign a contest, unless in a case of absolute extremity, was at that time a thing totally unknown in their army; the fate of battle was again to be tried, therefore, on the following day. But though the result of the two days' action had not been very disastrous to the Republicans, the moral effect on the soldiers must have been considerable; they had, for two days, fought bravely, and yet fought to disadvantage; the number of killed and wounded was nearly alike on both sides — no prisoners or trophies had been taken by either party, and the ground conquered by the allies, from the Tidone to the Trebia, was of no advantage whatever: their only gain consisted therefore in the moral confidence which the French had lost, and it was enough to decide the victory.

After the close of the action one of those events occurred, which tend strongly to show how completely chance may, at times, take the reins of the best disciplined armies out of the hands of the firmest commanders. The wide, and almost dry bed of the Trebia, separated the two armies; on the French side a horse broke loose, overthrew a pile of muskets, and made one of them go off. Two battalions, that were still under arms, instantly advanced to the front; the Austrians, thinking that the attack was to be renewed, opened a fire upon them, and as they retired, followed them up, thinking themselves victorious. The French turned, both parties supported their friends, and a fierce night combat commenced in the very bed of the river. As the ground here was open, every one called loudly for cavalry, who, always slow when wanted, hurried up to augment the confusion of this mass of men, disciplined to war, indeed, but now become wild and ungovernable. The artillery of both armies, to show their ordnance zeal, made round and grape rattle through the scene of madness and suffering, certain that every melancholy shot which struck a friend would be atoned for by an equal error on the part of the foe. This scene of useless slaughter lasted for two hours, and it was past eleven o'clock before the combatants could be separated; and it then required a great part of the night before order could be fully restored.

Macdonald's divisions having all arrived, he determined to become the assailant on the 19th, expecting probably that Moreau would be near enough at hand to fall upon the rear of the allies. His plan of attack, not to surpass the rest of the French operations of the campaign, was nearly as much at variance with common judgment as could well be contrived. With an army not superior in numbers to that of his adversary, and which had for two days fought to disadvantage, and required therefore to be kept

particularly compact and well in hand, he made a disposition for turning both flanks of the allies, extended his line, and left himself almost without any reserve. Defeat on all points was the natural consequence of such arrangements; and, after an obstinate combat, the French were driven back across the Trebia, though the allies were still unable to establish themselves on the right bank. The Austro-Russians had lost about 6000 men in these three actions, the Republicans only a couple of thousand more; so that, as the armies were nearly of equal strength, no very great advantage had been gained by the allies. But though the latter had gained little, the French had lost a great deal; for three days' reverses had completely exhausted their moral and physical strength. Suwaroff felt his advantage, — and though he knew that Moreau was already operating in his rear, and had repulsed Belgrade's feeble corps, he determined to hold fast Macdonald, and not to relinquish the contest till a real and substantial victory should be achieved. It is in this resolution that we discover the genius of the man: an ordinary commander, alarmed by Moreau's advance, would have given up the attack, and abandoned the half-gained victory, — would have retired beyond the Po, thrown himself between two fires, and lost all the advantages of his previous success. Suwaroff persevered, and the 20th of June brought the laurel crown, which a three days' combat had earned, but not bestowed.

Though the Russian general had no distinct information of what had taken place in the rear, he contented himself with despatching a few squadrons of hussars, together with some light infantry, to scour the ground beyond the Po, while he again advanced with the whole army against Macdonald.

He found himself victorious sooner than he expected; a few light troops only were left posted along the banks of the Trebia; the main body of the French army were already in full retreat and were followed up with the same vigour with which they had been attacked. General Victor's division was the first overtaken; it was instantly attacked and routed; other corps fared no better, and by the evening of the 22d June, when Suwaroff halted with the main body of the pursuing army, 13,000 prisoners, with nearly all the artillery and baggage of the Republicans, were in the hands of the conquerors.

During the time the allies were thus engaged, Moreau had issued from the Riviera and driven back Belgrade's corps of observation. Within hearing of the guns fired on the banks of the Trebia, he contented himself with throwing supplies into the citadel of Tortona; allowed a great and decisive battle to be fought, without striking a single blow in aid of his countryman; and hurried back to his fastnesses as soon as he learned the turn events had taken. Had General Kray with the Mantuan army been at hand, or had Count Belgrade performed his easy duty with ordinary skill, the whole of Macdonald's army would, as Suwaroff tells us, have been taken; the campaign of 1799 would then have been decided at once; and very possibly, the fate of the war also. The Aulic council had not, however, foreseen all this.

While Suwaroff was conquering Italy the Archduke Charles was entering Switzerland. He had, as we know, gained the battle of Stokach on the 25th of March, and having then allowed two months to pass over without any active measures of the slightest importance, we find him on the 4th of June attacking Massena in a strong position before Zurich, which the French general had been six weeks in fortifying. Having obtained possession of Zurich and these works, the Archduke remained stationary till his final departure for Switzerland.

SHELLEY'S POEMS.

The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Mrs. Shelley. 4 Vols. Edward Moxon, London. 1839.

THE time appears to have nearly arrived when justice will be done to the genius of Shelley; and the publication of these volumes is an indication of it. An admirer of his muse has resolved that oblivion, like the "remorseless waves," shall not "close o'er the head of our lov'd Lycidas;" and it is our wish that criticism should applaud the attempt, hazardous in a worldly sense though it be; nor, though somewhat analogous to the process of gilding refined gold or painting the lily, suffer the object of it to go to the tomb unhonoured,

"Without the meed of one melodious tear."

No great reputation in our day suffered more than Shelley's, for the press unfortunately is a passive instrument at the service of all opinions. Biographical or critical notices, written under the direction of party spirit, are only registers of lies. Impartial history will one day be greatly embarrassed to choose between those contradictory hatreds and apotheoses which excite our horror or our pity. Our literary criticisms are for the most part, however, written under this deplorable inspiration; for the probity that is exempt from blindness and error in those questions wherein that factitious conscience, called "*opinion*," becomes interested, is rarely to be met with. It has been suspected that it is not in the pompous independence of even Tacitus himself that it is to be found: where then should Shelley find it?

The passions which agitate men are the same in every age, and every thing thus becomes symbolical in our life of imitation. Whoever has fought in the ranks of the people against power, fancies himself a partisan of Milton or Hampden; and whoever has defended his king, right or wrong, feels the yearnings of a brother towards Strafford. A sincere and candid criticism disinterestedly drawn between the two extremes has thus, in the case of Shelley, been rendered necessary by the false enthusiasm of factions, — a work claimed by the charity we owe to the memory of the dead. Fortunately, public opinion has at no former period had larger indulgence for error, enthusiasm, or the fanaticism of elevated sentiments. We have begun to comprehend one of the most striking moral facts of our nature, viz. that there may be many vicious excesses in sincerity, and much sincerity in extremes.

Knowing that the names of five or six writers, at the most, escape in every age the contempt of succeeding ones, and that our age especially, distracted by so many serious pursuits, is far from surpassing former ones in durable productions, we can now, perhaps, approximately assign his true position to Shelley. It is not thus that contemporaneous criticism treated him when alive. Posterity will there learn with astonishment, from its admiring pages, the immense merit of the laureate Southey, the fine and exquisite talent of Mr. Maturin, the ardent and coloured style of Mr. Croly, the astounding universality of Mr. Haynes Bailey: posterity will there see with astonishment that the sceptre of elegiac and moral poetry was in the

hands of Mr. Bowles, if indeed it were not disputed by Ebenezer, the Corn Law Rhymers, and that Professor Milman had discovered the secret of Euripides. A conservative Philpotts will be a Fenelon for his biographer — a liberal Heber a Homer for his! To these it will add the immortals mentioned in English bards and Scotch reviewers, and their successors, who on the throne of fashion now reign paramount. All these

“Lights of the world and demigods of fame,”

exceedingly remarkable at times, to whom criticism paid in obsequious articles its interested homage, will only make the blush of shame mount upon the foreheads of our successors, and prove to them that living talents cannot be fairly judged while they live, and that final justice in literature, as in all else, is only for the dead.

At the beginning of the present century, Byron and Scott, those representatives of life in its two worlds, the subjective and the objective, made their appearance; and with those giants came two currents of poetry, new, magical, and unknown until these days. A sound as of the winds and waters in unwonted commotion was heard throughout the republic of letters: it was the shock of two worlds — the world of the past and the world of the future — the battle of motion against inertness, which for centuries had been the law. Among the band of living contemporaries, Goëthe reduced life into a formula of indifference — Byron into a lofty hymn of despair: they prostrated man in the dust, and rolled over his head the stone of his sepulchre, instead of saying to him with one accord, “Arise, creature of God, made after his own image, and proceed!” One only of these great poets lived in the faith, and died hoping; and now we hasten to appreciate him; and when the fame of the others shall have diminished, and “the blazing star of Byron shall have receded from its pride of place,” future generations will perhaps worship in Shelley one of the elect of poetry. Some few awarded to his strains their meed of cold admiration; then came the night — the fatal night — the great night of indifference and oblivion, which involves men and things, and cancels in these years of transition so many cherished names — so many uncontaminated glories. But we remember the day when, beholding in the far horizon a dubious image of the promised land, fervid with youth and hope, living with the life of a new era, enthusiastic for the indefinite perfectibility of man, the doctrine of Plato and of Bacon, fair as the day and vast as hope itself, and which, despised and neglected now-a-days, is still the asylum of all choicest spirits, — we remember when, panting for an interpreter, the powerful voice of Shelley sounded to our ears revered and infallible.

Notwithstanding the repugnance now felt for generalisations in literature, we think that the fundamental idea of all art must be the religious opinion of its era. We shall take three poets, Æschylus, Shakspeare, and Shelley — three poetical worlds, as reflecting in their writings the idea which defines a period of civilisation. Æschylus has the soul of Greek poetry — the fatality arising from the struggle of free Greece against the despotic Oriental world: his form is rough, but Titanic, vast and monumental; his touches are few, but they exhibit the skeleton of a world. The poetic period in Greece did nothing but expound its religious problem; hence its predominant narrative character, and the reason that the conscience of the poet, so seldom apparent in the classics, is a sphere of images altogether objective, throwing a quiet and a repose over all poetical creations, which it is difficult to designate as a sign of the security of victory or of the calm of resignation. Shakspeare has the soul of the middle ages, of which he is the great

epitome. Moral and religious liberty is his principle; his drama is confessedly that of the individual, and his men have life as they would have issued from the hands of Nature herself, one and various, complex and harmonious. It neither defines man by the most predominant of his faculties, nor life by the most powerful of its many manifestations, but it gives life and being in all their shades and tints.

From the unprecedented popularity of Shakspeare and Scott, it is seen that people love to generalise for themselves — to have individual portraits of human beings, which are alike every where, and from these to draw their own inferences and systems. Still, individuality is not the sole province of high art; it is only a legitimate province of it, when, like Shakspeare, it paints an individual who is the type of a *genus*; if the individual portrait be not this type, it is only a representation of an exceptional mind, a modified madness. Originals are generally representative modifications of that insanity with which poor human nature is more or less inoculated; so that, even in the drama of individuality, there must exist generalisation, or it cannot be said to be truly significant.

Schiller in Germany, and Shelley in England, represent the great idea of modern civilisation, the idea, namely, of Providence; and, as a corollary, those universal laws which exercise themselves upon collective humanity. Wordsworth himself, *quel signor dell' altissimo canto*, narrows the sphere of his philosophy, as is well known, within the world, kingly and ecclesiastic, of an age irrevocably spent; consequently we think he is less emblematical than Shelley, however greatly he may surpass him in precision, though not in that vivid force of mind which exalts the poet beyond the *flammaria mœnia mundi*, like the eagle,

“Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure fields of air.”

The profundity of Shelley's metaphysics was an obstacle to his popularity.

Obscurity is another great defect. The brilliant qualities by which it was accompanied have however changed it into a beauty in the eyes of his enthusiastic admirers whose productions frequently exhibit little else. There is some danger that Shelley may become the Gongora or Marini of English literature, if certain fashionable theories regarding the inherent impossibility of minds of a high order ever becoming extensively popular, be allowed to establish themselves as infallible. German mysticism has already made great inroads upon classical purity, but there is a fund of sound sense at the bottom of English intellect, which will not suffer it to have more than its reign of an hour, and in that faith we live. We distrust all esoteric doctrines. All mysteries are frauds. We desire to see a democratic revolution in philosophy and poetry, —

Both them I serve, and of their train am I. — MILTON.

“Genius is bright, and whatever is not clear is not French!” So says Voltaire, in a maxim of unchanging truth. When a writer fails to impart a strict and accurate conception of the thought that animates him, the multitude conceive, and rightly too, that the truth is not there entire; nor do they make any allowance that it is easy to be precise when one is incomplete. Spontaneity and clearness are what they desire in every production of art; and they possess a marvellous instinct in appreciating and rewarding with their enthusiasm those creations of art which come home to their business and their bosoms. There is a point of view, according to Madame de Stael, from which the highest truths are per-

ceptible to the meanest minds; to seize and present that point of view is the triumph of good writing. If an author fail in it, let him rest assured that the fault is with himself and not with the world. If this proposition be false, genius must write for itself: the more general truths are, the simpler they are. The analytical expression of the physical laws of the universe is comprised in five or six algebraic letters. Even the depths of Hamlet's mind, which may be incompleteness of conception, or the *arcana poetæ*, will be plain to all men, when a greater than Shakspeare shall appear to explain them, for *omne majus continet in se minus*, as say the metaphysicians. The public, therefore, requires that its favourites shall despise all doubts, ambiguities, and tortuous preambles, all German mysticism, which is in truth but the symptoms of a nation still in the middle ages: it requires that they shall go straight to the point, like an arrow to the mark, and yield at once the expression of their hearts educated in the school of the passions. They require something simple, intelligible, and beautiful; and if philosophy cannot produce this, she goes for nothing with them. Like the ardent lover, they exclaim impatiently,

“————— hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet.”

“Your writing has too many words and too few ideas,” writes the young Napoleon to his brother Lucien, in one of his recently discovered letters. “You are running after the pathetic; that is not the way to address the people—they have more sense and tact than you give them credit for.” The public requires that the voices of its favourites shall be the faithful echo of their times, like that alabaster vase in the Roman forum, which was believed to enlarge when struck by the tones of the orators. The people know how to appreciate real benefits; they penetrate instinctively into the secrets of art; and instinct alone enables them to contrast it with the marvels of nature, ever powerful over their minds. Comprehending in their ignorance only what exists, they hate change. “Where the devil does this strange fellow come from, who pretends to deny, with his hard words and abusive names, all that we are most deeply convinced of?” Every man passes the author by, and laughs, as he thinks, at the quackery and sophistry.

But to those who pause to demand from the new preacher tidings of the unknown muse, to which they had ignorantly dedicated an altar, the philosophy of Shelley's poetry is not so recondite or abstruse. We think that it is easy to learn from it the organic idea of the poetry of the future; the conception of the destinies of humanity as contradistinguished to those of the individual. It is wrong to deem the *Me* the microcosm of the universe. The synthesis which fills up the complement of man's incomplete terrestrial destinies, by referring them to Heaven, has, in the hands of ignorant, hypocritical, or venal writers, weakened an active belief in an indefinite perfectibility through the miracles of association, a progress without any assignable term; and in the country of Bacon, Shelley has been deemed an enthusiast for inculcating it; for it must always be kept in mind, that Shelley was a great political reformer as well as a poet. There is nothing so unreasonable in this doctrine. It is at least a doctrine of hope; and in this sense we apply to Shelley the epithet of the poet of hope. Even if perfection be interdicted to man in this world by reason of the internal malady, or primal curse, under which he labours, it ought not the less to be the term towards which all his labours ought to tend, the goal of all his desires—the summit towards which all his efforts should incessantly aspire. Except a

few sluggards, whom the night has surprised in the past, there is no one now-a-days who does not clearly see that all the fractions of the human race are gravitating towards a unity, which, sooner or later, will be constituted. Poetry must follow the social movement. The laws of her development (for who can doubt that the development of the general mind follows certain fixed laws now unknown to us?) must be the same as those which form the universal synthesis of the age. To endeavour, therefore, to re-animate the forms of a past world, to seek her inspirations in the monarchical and ecclesiastical Middle Ages, the Greek or the Roman classicism, or the childish Oriental world, is vanity. We may ask, like the prophet Ezekiel, "Can these dry bones live?"

The two greatest poetical geniuses of France at the present day, George Sand and the Abbé de Lamennais, (the Rousseau of the age without his vices,) agitated by the secret grief of the time, the void created in the heart by selfishness and egotism, are enlarging the patrimony of ideas, and embracing the whole circle of humanity, for Genius is essentially social and cosmopolitan. They have lifted up the mantle which fell from Shelley, and are inspired with the same inspiration, with the organic idea of the present time, the idea, viz. of Providence; and certainly there seems nothing irrational in the religious conviction, that the full scheme of Providence, with regard to man and his true end in the creation, will be developed by means of association beyond any conceivable perfection. The great Shakspeare himself, it has been suggested, felt and described the emptiness of life when a faith in progress does not connect it with other lives, when he wrote the touching lines which he has put into the mouth of Macbeth, comparing life to an idiot's tale, signifying nothing. But man was surely not placed here below to act the part of an idiot, unprofitable to himself and barren to his neighbour; and Schiller and Shelley, the poets of the nineteenth century, have sung a vaster mission, a higher notion, than that of the individual—than the obstinacy of a contest between man and the universe: and it is in this sense, we again say, that Shelley is essentially a poet of liberty and hope. The delights of materialism and indifference were not suited to that mind so restless and anti-vegetative. Educated in the school of the passions, the pathetic translator of the universal hopes and fears, he gathers the tears and bitters of adversity, and extracts from them the balm of the comforter, to pour upon the wounds of the heart; for he, whom the sudden overflow of the waters in the days of the deluge frightened not, even whilst deploring the griefs that tried so powerfully the manliest hearts, knew that from that momentary grief joy would swiftly emerge, and that that disorder of nature was the promise of a better harvest and a serener sky,—

"Where at the last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes."

Two or three phases in his poetry mark the changes in Shelley's experience of life. The Titanic vigour of *Queen Mab*, the force and genius with which he attacked the objects of his hatred, his prophetic denunciations of "all the oppressions that are done under the sun," clothed in the magic of a style that winds with a serpent's fascination, fixed the attention of the world at once upon him as upon one of those imposing figures—those majestic individualities—whose grand and striking forms stand out at once strange and prominent in the age in which they live. Dark, deep, and cloudy, like Dante's "*Inferno*," we heard from the abyss voices of anger, words of grief, and with these sounds of the beating of hands, — *accentés d'ira*,

parole di dolore, voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle,—like the noises heard at the gates of Virgil's hell :

" Continuo auditæ voces vagitus et ingens
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo,
Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes et ab ubere raptos,
Abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo."

In many of his subsequent compositions we perceive his muse to droop her wings and pursue a lower flight. Persecution, hope deferred, the indifference of an age wherein predominated the vast material activity impressed upon it by the genius of Napoleon, the discredit into which had fallen all speculation, political and philosophical, which savoured of the ideology scorned by the great emperor, wrought their effect upon the mind of the English reformer. Had he survived until the present day, he might have demanded from the shade of Napoleon, at the tomb of St. Helena, whether the philosophy which led to the supreme day of Waterloo, or the ideology which led to the days of July, was the worthier of credit. In those days of backsliding he takes refuge in the serener joys of domestic life, and in the songs of the affections. Hence that sweet monotony—that desire of an amiable mind to exile itself from a world deprived of the projective and progressive power, and its relapse into its own vague and indistinct generalities. *L'anima amante* (writes he in his preface to one of his works), *si slancia fuori del creato e si crea nell infinito un mondo tutto per esso diverso assai da questo oscuro e pauroso baratro*. But his faith in justice, and perseverance in hope, were admirable; and as age corrected his philosophical and moral errors, he was fast working to perfection, pure and unalloyed—he was fast emerging into the light of upper day; and in those heights of thought there reigns a marvellous calm, for the atmosphere where so many clouds collect, exists in regions lower down. The satyrs of the wilderness, and the unclean beasts whose influence polluted the palace of the soul, and whom in the "Masque of Anarchy" he denounced with such winged words, were begun to be viewed by him in their true light. Neither Oromanes nor Arimanes were considered as the unqualified lords of the creation. Byron, like Milton's gloomy angel, turned upon his foes a countenance full of the fire of immortal hate. Shelley, like Raphael's archangel Michael, "severe in youthful beauty," rebuked with a look, mournful and melancholy, the Monsters of the Deep. He is like the spirit whom Milton describes as "holding a reed tipt with fire," penning strains of celestial comfort,—a poetry radiant with life—instinct with genius—full of "Elysian beauty, melancholy grace;" a pathos high and heroic, like the partial song of the angels in hell bewailing their lost estate.

"Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt."

We have seen him march in an unconscious equality with those great minds who endowed, with an imperishable name, their splendid appearance of a day. A new era of poetry commenced with him. He is one of those few geniuses scattered over the extent of ages, who can say, without the Spaniard's pride, *Yo soy quien soy*. His writings do not contain, so well as those of many other writers, the material and transitory facts of his day. But they express the vain and eternal torment of the human mind—the unquiet sensation of an incomprehensible destiny—the revolt of genius in servitude, and the expression of an infinite misery—*meditation*, with its griefs and audacious questionings—the vast and sustained *movement* of an organic Idea—a totality of harmony and force, which, if *not* wisely directed, would have created an enduring masterpiece. Liberty *is* his perpetual cry.

Absorbed in his ardour for freedom, he neglects his details, and only presents us with a pale phantom of men and things, vague and void of truth. If his personages express in lofty phraseology and magnificent sentences the profound aversion with which all solitary and absolute power inspired him, he esteems them true. He fashions his beings and times according to his pleasure; and it is with the ideas of a living civilisation, the heir of ages, that he revives the past! Yet it may be doubted if Shelley could have ever produced a vast and animated whole like Sir Walter Scott, or represented humanity under its infinite faces — he who mixed with men so unwillingly — he who disliked so much to know them. It may be doubted if ever a being so susceptible of impressions could have long maintained himself at the point of view of reality; for a moment he might have had a glimpse of it, but his instincts would have soon hurried him away beyond its limits. The ideal which he vainly sought in the present, he discovered in the past or the future. The school of his imitators goes on increasing. Ixions and Promethei are multiplying themselves around us daily. But what have we to do with these *veteris vestigia mundi*? Our own age has its characteristics, and genius will discover them. "Alas!" says the Grecian epigraph: —

"Alas! that Apollo, the shepherd, no more upon lovely Penëus
Lingers; Alas! that earth hath lost the echo divine!
Believe, he forsakes it not: he shepherds the flocks of men,
But a barbarian ear hears not the voice of the god."

The tendencies of our age are neither to be found in the horrors of a past which can never return, nor in the mythology of a pre-Adamite world. When the great poet of Florence wished to terrify kings who turned traitors to their duty, and became the executioners and scourges of their country and mankind, he did not place his drama in the midst of a traditional world, or in times long vanished, whose impression was growing weaker every day. It was his own times which he described for the benefit of the whole human race. Every passion, every weakness, every superstition of that era concurred to form his work. Every thing served him for materials. His bold judgments and denunciations spared no power. Pontiffs, kings, priests, warriors, all the social hierarchy, assumed their respective places in his formidable Vision. And, we from our reformer, had the crimes of a maniac Cenci, and the pangs of a Prometheus, when in England was a George IV., and on St. Helena a Napoleon!

Wherefore it may be asserted, that if Shelley was debarred from any large share of popularity, and if his works can never become favourites of the masses, it is more owing to the want of interest in the subjects he selected, than to his metaphysics or defective execution. No one will ever persuade us that the highest art, if it be true, will be unacceptable to the multitude. The spectacle of a human soul, of however high an order, powerfully stirred, must always powerfully affect fellow-beings: nor, deep as are the workings of Hamlet's brooding mind, are they less felt by the populace of the galleries, than by the elegant world of fashion and frivolity that nightly crowds the boxes of our theatres. The exhibition of human greatness can never be unintelligible to the multitude, for moral power always excites awe and admiration in them, even as the choral harmonies of multitudinous voices seem to make us fathom the ineffable mystery that unites the creature to the Creator, and we feel in our conscience the beauty of that antique saying, — *Vox populi, vox Dei*.

What Shelley felt most was nature. The sea, with its savage billows and rough motions — the plains, with their profusion of lights, their living waters, and their tranquil solitudes. His soul borrows the wings of the

wind in the deep valleys to fly to heaven. He interrogates the huge mountains of Switzerland which guard the horizon on all sides, ranged around white and majestic, like an assembly of august patriarchs. His thoughts love to wander and to dwell upon all those symbols of nature, in which man loves to lose and to recover his being. The long reverie by the border of the lake—the solemn soliloquy upon the summit of the glacier—the fiery inspiration upon the brink of the torrent, are equally familiar to him; he has commersed with the nymphs of the waterfalls and the spirits of the abyss; and not unseldom has the Genius of the Alps appeared to him, with her crown of stars and her mantle of snow, to discourse about the mysteries of the Infinite. His muse has unveiled to us what passes above in the heavens—in the region of light and storms. An exquisite feeling of nature pervades all his writings. His poems are redolent of the violets of spring, the flowers of summer, and the frosts of winter; and, as he has interpenetrated his thoughts with the imagery of nature, so he may be sure that they will never tire, but will always be relished with a portion of that interest which belongs to the objects themselves; for, like nature, his poetry will always be beautiful amidst the caprices of fashion, just as in the subjective world all that belongs to moral beauty is sure never to grow old.

But though it is nature, it is nature idealised, like some of the landscapes of Gaspar Poussin or Salvator Rosa; as, for example, the “Mercury and the Woodman,” or the large green “Pastoral Scene” in the National Gallery, which transport the spectator to the Golden Age, or to the realms of the happy dead,

“——— locos lætos, et amœna vireta,
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.”

We might instance many pictures from his Prometheus or Epipsychidion; but indeed examples, as his readers know, are innumerable. Like Clerval, the imaginary friend of Frankenstein,

“——— the sounding cataract
Haunted him like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to him
An appetite, a feeling, and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.”

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the plastic spirit with which he seizes and adapts the peculiar genius of a language or literature in his translations, whether in transfusing into English the Catholic gloom of Calderon, the German mysticism of Faust, or the classical purity and Attic salt of Euripides. Greek poetry was in fact unknown to us until the appearance of Shelley's versions, for he was the most profound of modern Grecians, if we measure their merit by their felicity in divining and reproducing the graces of the original. Captain Medwin, we think, says, that Shelley meditated, if indeed he did not actually conclude, a version of the “Banquet” of Plato; and sure we are that its loss is a source of deep regret to every scholar. Such a beautiful subject, in so consummate a hand, would have been a masterpiece to surpass all that Germany with her Asts, her Tiedemans, and her Schleiermachers, can boast of, to say nothing of Victor Cousin. The *caput mortuum* which exists in English literature, either from the pen of Sydenham or Taylor, is unreadable. The *Heavenly Plato* must be interpreted by a genius as ethereal as himself. A *High-Dutch* commentator, or a “savant in us,” as Molière says, has little chance of success.

It will scarcely be necessary, perhaps, to remind our readers, that the irreligious and immoral doctrines in "Queen Mab," which he gathered when a youth from the writings in vogue at the period of the first French Revolution, were in after life deeply deplored and cordially abjured. It is the height of ignorance and injustice to attribute to him those dogmas as forming the fundamental creed of his subsequent writings. Whatever was his philosophy it assuredly was not material, but transcendantly ideal, and profoundly religious in the true sense of the word. We may be pardoned for contending that a genius, whose whole works and creed were in favour of an unlimited progress in human happiness and perfection, could not be fairly called immoral: and if he conceived that man might become, through the instrumentality of certain thoughts, but "a little lower than the angels," blind to the traditional truth which teaches us the inherent imperfection or primal curse under which he suffers, we at least cannot but feel a wide tolerance for his errors, and an undiminished admiration of his genius. In the present edition, however, we are happy to say all blemishes of the kind, as well as youthful indiscretions, have been struck out, and the tribute we now pay to his memory is but a slight return for the enjoyment derived from the *Mitis Sapientia Læhi*. His spirit is embalmed in these elegant volumes, —

"His bones are urned in Capulet's monument,
But his immortal part with angels lives.

High spirit-winged Heart that didst for ever
Beat thine unfeeling bars with vain endeavour,
Till those bright plumes of Thought, in which arrayed,
It over-soared this low and worldly shade,
Lay shattered, and thy panting wounded breast
Stained with dear blood its unmaternal nest:
I weep vain tears for thee!"

ON STYLE IN ARCHITECTURE.

"In what style shall I build my house?" This is a question which many wealthy Englishmen ask themselves, when they are preparing to retire from the fatigues of business, to build a mansion in the country. They do not ask what will be suitable to their fortunes or their families, or even their own tastes or inclinations; they do not consider what kind of house will best suit the given climate or situation; but the question is, in what style it shall be built? In other words, it is inquired, from what distant age or anomalous climate shall the precedent be chosen from which it is to be copied? while the merit of the architect will be estimated according to the closeness with which he has imitated the style chosen, and copied all its details, without bestowing a single thought as to their suitability or unsuitableness for the modern purpose to which they are to be applied.

What is the meaning of the word style? Quatremere de Quincy tells us, that it is derived from the Latin *stylus*, and that it originally signified the art of conveying ideas graphically to the minds of others, with the same force that the iron stylus impressed letters or figures on a waxen tablet. But the word style conveys something more than this to modern ears. With us style implies not merely the power of conveying ideas, but the power of conveying them in a particular manner. This particular manner constitutes, in fact, what is called style; and the word, when now used,

generally conjures up a tolerably clear image to the mind, according to the adjective affixed, without troubling the relator to enter into any lengthened details. Thus, for example, if we are told that a picture is in the style of Raphael, we have a general idea of its being graceful and elegant in its design; if in that of Gerard Douw, of its being highly finished; and if in that of Rembrandt, of its consisting of heavy masses of colour, and strong contrasts of light and shade.

When the word style is applied to architecture, the ideas excited by it become still more positive and defined. We cannot hear of a building having been erected in the Grecian style, without picturing to ourselves a heavy temple-looking edifice, presenting principally horizontal lines to the eye, with no visible chimneys, and with a portico and columns. At the mention of the Gothic style, on the other hand, visions of narrow pointed casement windows, interlacing arches, and delicate tracery, with the accompaniments of crockets, pinnacles, and buttresses, flit before our fancy.

The word style is then admirably adapted for conveying by words an image to the mind, provided the person addressed be already acquainted with the works of art used as a standard of comparison; and as more persons are likely to be acquainted with the works of a nation than with those of an individual, so the word style is more commonly applied to architecture, which is always characterised nationally, than to painting and sculpture, which are always characterised individually.

But why, it may be asked, should there be any difference in the modes of characterising these several arts? The reason is, that painters and sculptures take nature for their model, and as there can be but one nature, so if any mannerism or style be adopted in copying it, it must lie in the artist; whereas the architect, finding no model for his labours in nature, is led to copy the style of buildings generally adopted in the country in which he lives, and which was so adopted, because it was the most suitable to the wants of the inhabitants.

The oldest architecture of which we have any record appears to be the Cyclopean — if indeed that can be called architecture, which consisted merely of heaps of stones rudely piled on each other. The next is the Egyptian; and though the huge masses of stone with which it is constructed may seem to be little more than broken rocks, and so in some degree to be natural, yet the straight lines and square openings with which it abounds, show evidently the art of man contriving an edifice calculated to suit his own figure, and not copying the places of shelter afforded him by nature.

Vitruvius tells us that the prototype of Grecian architecture was a rustic hut — an assertion which has been often disputed; but assuming it to be a fact, it only shows that Grecian architecture is essentially artificial; for that rude hut, with its rafters, trunks of trees to serve as uprights, &c., must have been as completely the work and invention of man as the most elaborate temple. There is nothing in common between this hut and the holes and caverns which must have formed the primitive places of shelter for mankind; and it must have been produced by the exertion of human intellect and industry, sharpened by necessity. The architecture of the other primitive nations also shows no appearance of having been copied from nature. That of the Chinese is said to be in imitation of a tent; but a tent, like a hut, must have been entirely the invention of man.

Architecture being thus an art invented by man to his own convenience, the architecture of each respective climate was adapted to the circumstances of the inhabitants. Thus in the primitive ages, adapted to the circumstances of the inhabitants. Thus the architecture of hot countries was adapted to keep out the heat, and that of cold countries

to keep out the cold. The residence of the feudal baron was a castle or a fortress, adapted to sustain a siege; or when this was not the case, it was furnished with a lofty tower, to enable its inhabitants to discover the first approaches of an enemy. The campanile, which is so often found attached to the Italian villas, is a modification of the ancient watch-tower, furnished with a bell, which was used in case of danger to call the vassals to the assistance of their lord. We have had no remains of ancient Egyptian or Grecian dwelling-houses handed down to us; but as far as we can judge from those which have been discovered at Pompeii (which, as it is well known, was a Grecian colony), they were low, and divided into numerous small apartments.

The houses of the modern Italians give an idea of what those were of the ancient Romans. The Italian house has generally several windows placed close together, and the rest of its walls left blank, that some part of every room may, during every day, be in shade. A deep cornice projects over the windows of the smaller Italian houses, in which the rooms are not sufficiently large to allow any part of them to be always in the shade, to keep off the intolerable glow of light; and there is generally a loggia, or kind of recess, to every house, shaded by the roof but open in front, for the family to sit in to enjoy the evening breeze.

It is evident from what has been just stated, that neither the Grecian style (which being copied from the temples is totally unfit for dwelling-houses in any country), nor the Italian style can be considered well adapted for villas in the cold damp climate of England. How can an Englishman adopt a style which forbids the appearance of a chimney, when he feels that during three fourths of every year the idea of a dwelling containing fire-places is one of the most agreeable that can be conjured up? And why should he wish to shut out the few glimpses of the sun with which his climate favours him? Yet how many Grecian and Italian villas are scattered over the fertile plains of England, intermixed with Swiss cottages, baronial castles, and Elizabethan mansions.

The Swiss cottage is a building with a high steep roof to throw off the snow. It is built principally of wood, because wood is abundant in Switzerland, while bricks and stone are dear, and difficult to be obtained. Stones and heavy logs of wood are laid upon the roof, to prevent the violent winds, which are common in mountainous countries, from tearing off the thatch, or the shingles with which it is covered. The stair is on the outside, because the family live on the first floor, and the cattle are kept below, which is necessary, lest if they were kept in any distant hovel, it might be buried in the snow. Every part of this seemingly merely picturesque dwelling has its use; and, in its native country, it has the beauty of suitableness to the end in view: but what is admirably adapted to the mountains of Switzerland, is ridiculous in an English valley, where the appendages above described are worse than useless, as they take away from the convenience of the dwelling.

The baronial castle, in which comfort was sacrificed for the purposes of defence, is equally absurd in peaceful times; and the Elizabethan mansion with its casement windows divided by heavy mullions, which were only adopted by our ancestors because nothing better had then been invented, is equally misplaced in the present advanced state of society.

Let us hope then, when knowledge becomes more equally diffused, and people learn to think and judge for themselves, that the answer to the question "In what style shall I build my house?" will be in that style which is best suited to the climate and situation, and by following which the greatest possible share of comfort will be secured to the proprietor and his family.

NIEBUHR'S HISTORICAL SPECULATIONS.

ALL researches into the origin of nations, where the inquirer has to feel his way through the mist of fables and fictions, can lead to uncertain results alone. Conjectures and hypothesis are all the fruit we can expect to find; and the historian who has to exhibit the progress of a nation as seen in the march of events, deserts his real character when he would amuse the reader with the narrative of what has past in periods of ignorance and barbarism, for he then gives the history, not of men, but children, in whose actions not the slightest trace of national impulse is visible.

This is especially true of the Romans. The consistency of their character, and their steady modes of thinking to the very last, stand out in relief so clearly through an uninterrupted series of political events, from the very dawn of their history down to the extinction of their empire, that it is a matter of indifference to any but a speculative historian to inquire who the first settlers of Rome were, — whether Greeks or natives of Latium first planted a colony with the view to cover the banks of the Tiber against the inroads of the neighbouring tribes. No sooner, however, do the first gleams of something like genuine history appear amongst the Romans, than we see them armed *cap-à-pie*, and acting up to an already established system of policy, of which aggrandisement forms the leading feature. What the Spartan became through education, the Roman was by nature, although the character of both was modelled by peculiar circumstances. The latter, following the dictates of natural selfishness, advanced in power and civilisation; the former, who obeyed only the law of custom, was unwilling to overstep the boundaries prescribed by it. The Roman was the full-grown man who realised the idea of heroism, the Spartan remained ever the youth, who, with the down on his chin, delights in the name of man, but wants the energy to give full scope to the practical development of designs that require no less the enthusiasm of youth than the experience of age.

The arts and sciences, and even religion itself, were subservient at Rome to patriotism. *Rome* was the absorbing feeling in all the proceedings of the state; and any study, history especially, unless connected with Rome, was a matter of secondary importance, and unworthy of the occupation of a Roman citizen; and even the republic of a Cicero was modelled rather by the institutions of Rome, than intended, like that of Plato, to serve as a model for improvements in legislation. The diction, form, and matter of Roman history betray by themselves a late origin, and show us clearly that the foundation of the Roman state falls in a period when history had already assumed its proper sphere, and when a strong line of demarcation was already drawn between fiction and fact. It is true, that all the events that precede and follow, by nearly a century, the banishment of the last of the Tarquins, are of a doubtful, and sometimes of a contradictory nature, that we miss in them the precision which distinguishes the subsequent periods of Roman history; yet the cause of the difference does not lie in the poetical character of Rome's early history, as Niebuhr would have us believe, but in external circumstances, and especially in the destruction of the state papers and similar documents, under Brennus, king of the Gauls. The Romans were a matter-of-fact people; but few even in their early history savour of fiction, and even in these few we can easily detect inten-

tional fraud to serve some political purpose. Hence, their accumulation of facts, from the partial way of treating them, renders their history of little interest to the inquisitive reader. From Romulus to Michael Paleologus we read but of eternal foreign and civil wars, and the alterations in the original constitution resulting from both. The old brawls with the neighbouring nations seem rather to slumber than to be extinguished; and until the first Punic war her history offers nothing to engage our feelings beyond our admiration of her bravery and perseverance in a line of politics which often brought her to the verge of ruin.

With the Punic war the history of Rome begins to shed light over almost all the nations of the ancient world; but, like a planet that gives light only to other worlds, the Roman history — circumstantially minute in its delineations of the life and manners, politics and morals, the arts and sciences of other nations — casts but a feeble illumination upon the internal state of Rome. The cultivation of the arts of peace was deemed useless, and even dangerous; hence, the banishment of the few Greek *literati* who attempted to smuggle in *outlandish* lore, with which the Romans would have been unacquainted but for the introduction of Asiatic luxury — the fruit of their extended conquests in the East, and which naturally led to that of the arts that were cultivated from the time of Mummianus with some success, and even more lore than could be expected from men accustomed rather to handle the sword than the pen.

With Augustus the second half of the history may be said to begin. The machine had become so large and unwieldy that it threatened to fall to pieces by its own weight; and, though still rolling up on the original principle and by the impulse it had acquired, the motion was visibly diminished, and patriotism became more a Roman *law* than a Roman feeling. History affords many instances of the singular struggle made by the Romans of that time between their veneration for things which time had made holy, and the cold calculating spirit of an age apparently civilised, though in reality debauched. Religion was fast declining both morally and politically; and, while in Greece it degenerated into *atheism*, it presented in Rome the opposite extreme of *bigotry*; and as the arts and sciences were merely exotic in Italy, they naturally shared in the general degeneracy, which spread like a political state-cholera over the whole of the then known world.

The predominant element in the Roman history is *Politics*, — the touchstone by which even morals and religion were tried and regulated. The history of Rome is therefore simple, and strongly marked by a uniform spirit, and is complete in itself; while that of Greece, embracing as it did without distinction all the branches of human life, is, on the one hand, more rich in general matter, but, on the other, fragmentary and incomplete.

Thus, the very origin of the Roman history was a political institution of the state. It was *government* that brought it to life by a state-law; it was government that ordered the *Pontifex Maximus* to record in an *Album* the transactions of every year for public information — a regulation nearly as old as the foundation of the city itself.* With such authentic public records before them, to which were still added the censorial scrolls, the consular *fasti*, and family diaries or annals in imitation of those of the state†, it was easy for writers to compose an authentic narrative of facts, by merely arranging all such documents, public and private, in a chronological

* F. Vossius (*Vita Tac. Imperat.*) ascribes it to Numa.

† Cic. de Orat. ii. 12. Niebuhr, ii. p. 4.

order, and composing annals; a term that seems to have been, at least with some of the early writers, synonymous with history.*

The origin of the Roman history is thus historically established. From history emanated all the other branches of literature among the Romans. The most ancient monument of their national oratory was, according to Cicero, a speech of Appius Claudius Cæcus, and his collection of moral maxims. Of their poets, the oldest was Nævius, who described the first Punic war, in which he had fought himself; his immediate successor, Ennius, wrote, besides his poetical annals, the life of his friend Scipio Africanus in verse. Vossius numbers them both amongst historians, and not without reason, since they strictly adhered to historical truth with regard to the facts, and only clothed their diction in the poetical form; and to this circumstance is probably to be attributed the poetical colouring in the narration of Livy, who drew some of his facts from authors of acknowledged veracity. Cicero † says explicitly of Ennius: "Quem vero exstat, et de quo sit memorie proditum, eloquentem fuisse, et ita esse habitum, primus est. M. Cn. Cethegus, cujus eloquentiæ est auctor et idoneus quidem, mea sententia, Q. Ennius, præsertim cum ipse eum audiverit et scribat de mortuo; ex quo nulla suspicio est, amicitie causa esse mentitum." Nor did it even occur to him to doubt his assertions because he was a poet, since he calls him generally *auctor idoneus*, an expression only used when speaking of veracious and authentic historians ‡; and though there is no similar testimony given directly as to the historical truth of the Epos of Nævius, yet we may infer as much from the language of Cicero §, who says, "that Ennius omitted in his Annals the first Punic war, because he has been anticipated in that task by another" (Nævius).—Now, if one historian omits an account, because it is already given by another, it is evident that the one who preceded has treated it as historically as his successor would have treated it himself. Moreover, the subject is so decidedly prosaic and so inappropriate to a poetical Epos, that Nævius, who wrote it for his contemporaries, the sober and crafty Romans, whose aim in that war was solely to suppress the political career of the Carthaginians, their powerful rivals, could hardly have meant it as a poem, where the embellishments of fiction would have excited the disgust of his readers. || Nævius himself introduces his Epos with the words

"Qui terrai Latiai tuserunt homones
Veiras frudesque Phœnicas fabor."

The strict adherence to historical truth in the narrative of actual events so manifest in the poets of early Rome, may with much more reason be supposed to have been adopted by her early historians, who were bound to truth by virtue of their office. And yet, strange to say, Niebuhr sees in the early historians nothing but prosaic poets—in other words, historians who have converted into prose the fables and fictions of the poets. Strange, that the poets should have been historians, and the historians poets!

But before we enter into a closer examination of Niebuhr's views about the history of Rome, it will be necessary to state his opinion respecting the origin of Rome itself. He endeavours to show that the Romans

* Thus Corn. Nepos (Vita Cat. c. 3.) calls the Origines of Cato histories, while the epitomatiser of Livy (Ep. lib. xlix.) calls them *Annals*. Livy himself styles his own history *Annals* (xliii. 13.), while Pliny (Præf. Hist. Nat.) entitles them *histories*. The very Epos of Ennius, containing the description of the second Punic war, bore the title of *Annals*. (Suet. de Illust. Gram. c. 2.)

† Brut. c. 15.

‡ Pro. Arch. Poet. c. 9. Propert. iii. Eleg.

§ In truth, so well pleased were the Romans with an annual register bore patiently the *Punica* of Silius Italicus, or the *Pharsalia* of Lucan, we so much desiderate, the want of every thing like the thoughts that burn in a genuine Epic like the *Iliad*. nor did they miss what

were actually descended from *Æneas*, or at least from Trojan blood, by asserting that the Trojan Mythology was not of Greek invention, but of Italian origin, since it was current among the Italian tribes long before they came in contact with the Greeks;—"for," says he, "the belief in their descent from *Æneas* was universal among the Romans, which could scarcely have existed had there been no foundation for it, still less had it been of foreign origin. Above all, it is improbable that a belief of this kind should be of foreign growth, when it was recognised by the state, and one so proud and so contemptuous toward every thing foreign as Rome was. Of its having been so recognised we find remarkable proofs,—proofs drawn from times when Greek literature had certainly not found admission except with a few individuals. Thus, *Timæus*, who at all events was writing for Sicilian readers, and could scarcely have invented fables on Roman matters, states about the year 490 U. C. that he had been told by certain inhabitants of *Lavinium* that there were Trojan images of clay preserved in their temple." Let us now examine his arguments in detail, and see on how a slight basis they all rest. Of the reasons alleged, the first hangs only on a belief supported by a tradition which none prove to be true, and all will doubt who, with *Bryant*, disbelieve the very existence of *Troy*. Such a belief shares the fate of all traditional reports, of which no one can tell whether they are genuine and pure, or intermixed with poetical embellishments.

The second reason, however, is founded partly on historical facts.

"The first transaction," says *Niebuhr*, "between the Romans and the states of Greece that we have any account of, is the application of the Senate to the *Ætolians* for the freedom of the *Acarnanians*, grounded on the plea, that the Romans were bound to protect those whose ancestors alone of all the Greeks had taken no share in the war against their progenitors, the *Trojans*." We will for a moment suppose with *Niebuhr* that this occurrence, related by *Justin* alone, did actually take place about 509 U. C. "It was about the same time," he proceeds, "that the Senate wrote a letter to *King Seleucus*, as the condition of entering into a treaty of friendship and alliance with him, that the *Ilians*, the kinsmen of the Roman people, should be exempted from tribute. The *Ilians* were also included by the Romans in their first treaty of peace with *Macedonia* in the year 549: fifteen years after, when the *Scipios* crossed the *Hellespont*, the *Ilians* boasted of their affinity with the Roman people, calling them their colony; the Romans were delighted to see their mother-country, and the consul went up to the citadel to offer a sacrifice to *Athene*."

These facts bear, indeed, strong evidence in favour of *Niebuhr's* opinion, but their validity depends entirely on the truth of the assertion of our author, "that at that time Greek literature had certainly as yet not found admission except with a few individuals." This last assertion the author not only leaves unsupported by any argument or authority, but places in direct contradiction with another of his assertions (i. p. 257.), where he says, "The middle of the fifth century U. C., the golden age of Roman art, may perhaps also have been that of Roman poetry. . . . The story of the symbolical manner in which the last king instructed his son to get rid of the principal men of *Gabii* comes from a Greek tale from *Herodotus*; so likewise we find the stratagem of *Zopyrus* related of *Sextus*: we must therefore suppose that there was a knowledge of Greek legends, and why not of *Herodotus* himself?" Now, if Greek fables and the tales of *Herodotus* were at that time so current among the Romans as to find their way even into their popular songs and poetry, why should they have been unknown to the Senate fifty years later? Does not *Niebuhr* himself further state (ib. 404.)

"that the artists who built and embellished the Capitol were sent for out of Etruria, and that the severity of the ancient principle which would not tolerate any corporeal representations of the Deity, had already been overpowered by the influence of Greece?" The building of the Capitol Niebuhr ascribes to the last of the Tarquins; so that already, in the third century, U. C., Greek influence was so strong at Rome as to conquer even religious scruples; and, strange to say, 300 years after that period, our author asserts the Romans to have been still unacquainted with Greek language and literature!

About forty years after the above-mentioned first transaction between the Romans and the states of Greece, L. Cincius Alimentus wrote the war with Hannibal in the Greek language*; and his predecessor, Fabius Pictor, the great Roman historian, composed the same history both in the Roman and Greek tongues, perhaps for the edification of the lovers of the more polished Hellenic tongue. These writings were probably composed immediately after the conclusion of the Punic war, and, consequently, prior to the political and sentimental farce which the Ilians played on the arrival of the Romans in Minor Asia, in return for which the Senate displayed corresponding sentiments of family attachment towards the Ilians in their letter to Seleucus with their usual hypocrisy, and with the view of making as many allies as possible, well foreseeing the danger of their position should the still powerful Carthage contrive — what really happened — to league itself with Macedonia and Greece against Rome. To neutralize the effect of such an alliance, the arch-politicians of Rome declared their relationship with the Ilians, and thus created a breach between the Macedonians and the other states of Greece, who, it is known, highly prided themselves on their blood and descent. It was, indeed, not the first nor the last time that the crafty Romans set to work such means to crush at once both friend and foe.

The argument of Niebuhr, founded on the account of Timæus about the Trojan images at Lavinium, is of a par with the rest. Timæus wrote about 400 U. C.; and in the middle of the fifth century, as Niebuhr himself asserts, many of the Greek fables were already in the mouth of the Romans — even Herodotus not unknown, and the ascendancy of Greek literature and philosophy had influenced religion itself. Why then exclude Lavinium from a similar acquaintance with the facts or fictions of Grecian story? Was there any embargo laid upon a single town from which other towns of Italy were free?

To the hearsay of Timæus, a Greek for Greeks, may moreover be opposed that of Plutarch, a Greek by birth, but writing for the well-educated Romans. That author says explicitly†, that Fabius Pictor, the father of the Roman historians, had borrowed his account about the Trojan extraction of the Romans from Diocles, a Greek historian, who made it first known among the Greeks. It is true that neither of the period when he flourished, nor even of himself, is much known; still we are not justified in doubting that he was really the first who made that story known, or that Fabius Pictor chose to follow him on that particular, merely because Dionysius of Halicarnassus has neglected to mention his name, or because it was improbable that a Roman senator should have transcribed the story of a Greek author (Niebuhr, i. 209.). And singular as it may appear, Niebuhr himself admits (i. 386.) that "thus down comes the whole story (about the birth of the first Tarquinius) which was fabricated out of this coincidence by some Greek learned in chronology. Such inventions may have travelled to Rome

* Dion. Hal. An. Rom. i. 6.

as early as in the time of Fabius; since the father of the Roman history did not write till after the death of Eratosthenes." Since, then, Niebuhr admits that Greek inventions had crept into the history of Fabius, why should we exclude the story of Diocles from that category? Why does not Niebuhr give a test to ascertain what story is of Roman, and what of Greek invention? Again, Niebuhr (p. 184.) acknowledges that, "in the age of Augustus, some learned Romans had made use of the Greek poets to show that the tradition was early known to the Greeks, *and thereby to establish the truth.*" The reason was simply this, that those learned Romans considered the ancient Greek poetry as the true and genuine source of that tradition, and they tried, therefore, to establish its historical evidence by the remoteness of its origin: now, as mention is nowhere made of the coincidence of the old Italian tales with those of Greece, a circumstance which would have been the best evidence of the authenticity of that tradition, what is more natural than to suppose that either such a coincidence was nowhere found, or that the old Italian tales were either unknown, or not distinguished from the Greek? It is, at least, inconceivable how a fact of Roman origin should be looked for by the learned Romans amongst the poets of Greece. But such contradictions we meet in almost every page of Niebuhr, and especially in his views of the epic character of the early Roman history, which stand in close connection with his notions respecting the origin of the Trojan tradition. He asserts (i. 252.) that the popular poetry of the Romans was in full vigour as low down as the middle of the fifth century, and that the epic lays about the deeds of the kings, and the early heroes of the republic, had their origin in that period; that these lays had crept imperceptibly into the history of Rome, so as materially to disfigure and fill its early periods with uncertainties and contradictions; but as no ancient author speaks of such a Saturnian age of Roman popular poetry, Niebuhr attempts to support his views by a few passages in Dionysius, Cicero, and the later grammarians, such as Nonius and others. Let us then see what these wondrous witnesses do really say. Dionysius quotes (Ant. Rom. i. c. 79.) a passage from Fabius Pictor, and says, "After Romulus and Remus had grown to boyhood, the dignity of their appearance and sentiments was not at all in conformity with their low station; and it was clear to every one who beheld them, that they were descended from royal blood, and even from the gods themselves, *as is still sung by the Romans in their ancient and sacred hymns.*" Niebuhr (i. 219.) refers the last remark of Fabius "as is still sung," &c. to the whole of the Trojan tale, and will prove by it the Roman origin; but as the passage begins with the history of the twins without mentioning prior events, the remark can naturally refer only to the last sentence, to which it is immediately added, but not to those by which it is succeeded: before, however, we can arrive at any satisfactory conclusion upon this point, we must first ascertain the meaning of the word *hymn*. Are the *hymns* to be ranged amongst the popular songs, or do they not rather form a particular class by themselves of religious songs composed by the priests in honour of the gods, and such as would be sung in honour of Romulus as soon as he was acknowledged for a deity? * The two other passages quoted from Cicero (Tus. Quæst. IV. and Brut. c. 18, 19.) carry with them a much greater weight. In both, that learned antiquarian informs us, that Cato had mentioned in his Origines, a custom of the ancient Romans to sing by turns at banquets the praises and the exploits of the great men, which songs they accompanied

* Dion. Ant. Rom. i. c. 31. ii. 38. iii. 32. Liv. Comment. i. p. 19. Aur. Vict. de Orig. U. R. c. 34. Of those hymns we have some in the fragments of Callimæch.

with the flute. The same custom is also mentioned by Nonius *; with this difference, however, that the singers were modest boys, and not the guests themselves. The custom of having vocal and instrumental music at banquets is entirely Greek †, and prevailed amongst many of the ancient nations, not even the ancient Germans excepted. ‡ They probably celebrated in these songs the gods, the first heroes and progenitors of their nation; but we discover no indication in such lyrics to lead us to believe that there existed actually, in those ignorant ages, a well cultivated and polished popular poetry, capable of producing a long and finished *epos*. These songs were probably very short, describing some single adventure, easy to be remembered and produced when the occasion called for them. Cicero, the very authority quoted by Niebuhr, characterises distinctly that sort of song in a passage (Tus. Qu. i. 2.) where he says, "*Quo minor igitur honores fuit poetis, eo minora studia fuerunt,*" — that such kind of songs, like all kind of poetry, did in no ways stand in honour with the ancient Romans. It is, at all events, next to an impossibility that long, minute, and complicated histories, such as those of Tarquinius Priscus, and of Servius Tullius, should have been composed and delivered in verse by the guests indiscriminately at banquets; nevertheless, Niebuhr transforms the history of the Tarquinian race to an *epos*, and heads even a particular chapter in his work, "*The Lay of Tarquinius Priscus and Servius Tullius.*"

Whenever popular poetry has attained that high degree of culture and refinement which Niebuhr assigns to the Romans of that period, it is no longer confined to table and banquet songs, and claims at once the esteem and emulation of the nation. It then takes hold of the spirit of the people at large, and produces lyric and epic poets: but, strange to say, not a single poet is mentioned as existing in that would-be flourishing period of popular poetry! The Roman muse began to vibrate the strains of her lyre only amidst the storms of the Punic war; and, as if checked by the all-engrossing politics of the day, she chose an historical and popular subject. Had Nævius and Ennius really possessed an abundant store of popular poetry, how could they have chosen such a dry and prosaic subject for their so-called *epos* without compromising their poetical talents and reputation? Where, then, are the other epic poets of that flourishing period? Since no one will or can deny that before these two poets, there was not a single writer among the Romans who had even attempted to collect and arrange the popular songs. § Nay, even these two poets were, like Livius Andronicus, half Greeks, Nævius from Campania, Livius a Greek slave, and Ennius a native of Rudia in Calabria.

But, it will be asked, in what other way are we to account for the many contradictory reports with which the early history of Rome is filled? In a way, we reply, the most natural and simple, and without recurring to a popular poetry of which no traces have descended to us. We all know that many public and private documents were lost when the Gauls under Brennus invaded Rome. To supply the chasms thus arising from the loss of authentic documents, in their early history, recourse was had to oral traditions ||, or to

* ii. 70.

† Comp. Quinet. Inst. Orat. i. c. 10 s. 19, 20.

‡ Tac. An. ii. 88. De Germ. c. 2, 3.

§ Cic. Tus. Quas. l. i. *serius poeticam nos accepimus: annis enim fere DX. p. R. c. Livius fabulam dedit C. Claudio, Cæci filio, et M. Tuditanio consulibus. . . . and c. 2. Sero igitur a nostris poetæ vel cognite vel recepti.*

|| Thus future historians will probably recur to Scott's novels when of the Pretender; and this with the greater confidence, as the novelist has distinctly told us that he got some of his facts from the oral traditions of individuals whose relations had taken a part in the events of that period.

the private archives of the old nobility. But in an age when criticism was in her cradle, and when truth would be sacrificed to mistaken notions of national and individual vanity, we need not wonder that the family records were not the most faithful of their kind, and that as Rome had her John-a-Gaunts and Guys of Warwick, prose annalists of Italy were led, like the poetical bards of the North, to make every head of a house an *eponymous hero*, and to resort to exaggerations such as are found in the modern histories of the East, and which were so far from giving offence to the taste of even succeeding ages, that Dionysius actually reproaches Thucydides for his want of patriotism in sticking too close to the truth, when he is developing the causes that led to the Peloponnesian war.

We must also bear in mind that the first historians of Rome were greatly influenced by the spirit and writings of the Greeks. Niebuhr himself *admits that Rome was in a close intercourse with Greece from her earliest period*. Now Greek influence and ascendancy may have been strongest just at the period in which Niebuhr places the flower of the Roman national poetry, since it is just about that period that the Greek historians first began to make mention of Rome and her history*; and their views could not have failed to influence the pen of their pupils, the Roman historians, after the example of their earliest epic poets, Nævius and Ennius, who it is known were the first who attempted to introduce into Roman verse the Greek hexameter, and who generally endeavoured to infuse among the Romans a taste for Greek literature. Both of them are also known to have touched in their episodes upon the early events of Rome, and to have moreover stood in high esteem and enjoyed historical authority among the Romans; and as they were both by birth and education more Greeks than Romans, their historical views must necessarily have been tainted with poetical fictions and mythological fables in the true spirit of the early Greek historians, and in which they could easily indulge, as there was no authentic document extant to contradict them. To extol the origin of the Romans was, moreover, an excellent means for foreigners to court their good graces. It is thus more than probable that the first Roman historians, Fabius and Cincius, who were certainly not *critics* in the modern acceptation of the word, have transcribed the facts respecting the early history of Rome from Ennius and Nævius, for want of better sources. The very circumstance that these two historians composed their works in the Greek tongue ought to have led Niebuhr to a contrary view.

Even the style of the Roman historians is so anti-poetical, never assuming a loftier character beyond that of oratory, though treating of a poetical subject (as must be clear to all who read Livy with attention), that this circumstance alone might be sufficient to make us doubt whether national poetry ever flourished at Rome, were there even no positive arguments to the contrary.

That fiction was not at all congenial with the national spirit of the Romans will, moreover, be evident from the following facts.

Eloquence, History, and Jurisprudence were, of all the arts of peace, not only most esteemed and cultivated, but also the only arts that bore the stamp of originality among the Romans. These three arts stood in close connection both with themselves and the state in general. The Forum, the tribunes of the Pretors, were the theatres of oratory and eloquence among the Romans. The statesman could as little dispense with the study of oratory

* Plin. N. H. iii. 9. Dion. Ant. Rom. i. 6. observes that Hier. Cardinaus and Timarus were the first who wrote upon Roman Antiquities; both of them flourished, according to Voss, at the beginning of the third century, A. C.

and jurisprudence* as with that of the history of his own country, as he was always under the necessity of referring to past events and opinions in support of his own arguments. History was the source of their political principles, as the twelve tables were the basis of their common and civil law. Those consummate politicians knew how to derive profit even from the prejudices of the ancients, to consider every thing sacred that bore the stamp of antiquity; and thus the Romans endeavoured to act up, on all occasions, to the principles and political plans suggested by their ancestors, so that the very deviations they were sometimes compelled to make, they always tried to conciliate in some measure with the spirit of ancient legislation—a task not easily accomplished without a profound study of history and law. It was, therefore, at Rome only that a profound historian could aspire to public offices; and even as late as *Ælius Lampridius* we read (in *Severo Imp. c. 14.*) “*Maxime Lacerus ad consulendum adhibuit eos, qui historiam norant, requirens, quid in talibus causis, quales in disceptatione versabantur, veteres Imperatores vel Romani vel aliarum gentium fecissent.*” They even formed a sort of privy council composed of the best historians, which proves how highly appreciated the study of history was at Rome, even in her most corrupted periods. History was at Rome, not, as with us, an ornamental accomplishment, but an actual, practical, and indispensable study; the textbook of political science, and the page to which the statesman continually referred, and from which he drew his political principles and rules for conducting and managing the state affairs. It will now be clear why the task of composing history among the Romans devolved, until the time of the great *Pompeius*, chiefly upon the most distinguished statesmen†; and further, why even in the latest periods the emperors, those proud rulers of the globe, did not disdain to write the history of their own times.

All these circumstances, together with its origin from the states-papers, conspired to give to Roman history a distinct and peculiar character. It was through and through a states history, free of incongruous matter, and confining its pages to mere politics. Even *Tacitus*, whose diction no one can deny to be poetical, is nevertheless, in spirit and substance, a true Roman statesman, who laid down in his work rules and principles for politics with the same precision, strictness, and distinctness, with which he put them himself in practice as a consul and senator.

Until the time of *Quintilian* not one of the Roman writers or critics appears to have understood or observed the beauty of the poetical spirit of the Greek historians. All that *Cicero* (*De Or. ii. 13.*) praises even in *Herodotus* is his eloquence; but he never takes the slightest notice of the poetical spirit and diction of any of the Greek historians. The applause and censure of the Roman historians is confined to the degree of the elegance of their style, the true weapon of the statesman and politician in general.

In casting a somewhat scrutinising look into the few fragments of the oldest Roman historians, from *Fabius Pictor*, *Cincius Alimentus*, and *M. Portius*, down to *Nigidius Figulus*, *Ælius Tubero*, and many others, we cannot fail in discovering a striking resemblance to the original annals of the Roman history. The scanty, dry, and rhapsodical style is more the effect of the deficiency and ignorance in phraseology than of an energetic and laconic conciseness; we clearly see in their style the first attempts of

* *De Orat. Dial. c. 37.* in *Tacit. Oper. i. 34. 60. ii. 9.*

† *Suet. de Cal. Rhet. c. 3.*, *Voss (de Hist. Lat.)*, *Cæsar*, *Augustus*, *M. Aurelius*, and *Sept. Severus*, all left behind historical writings. better times of the republic were the consuls and senators.

a young and unaccustomed writer, on the one hand, ignorant of all the requisite beauties of poetry, and on the other confining the narration to real facts, and manifesting evidently a disgust to the fables and fictions of by-gone times. This is clearly seen in the *Origines* of Cato, in Fabius Pictor and Cincius, who rather chose to write the history of their own times than to waste time in recapitulating the fables of former times. Not a trace of national poetry is visible in those writers of the same period which Niebuhr designates as the golden age of Roman popular poetry.

The uncertainty of many facts in the early history of Rome may in some measure also be ascribed to the want of historical inquisitiveness, and still more of criticism, so evident in the writers before Nepos, Varro, and Atticus. The pages of their histories are crowded with matter and facts without in the least trying to connect them by a common philosophical thread. Moreover no Roman before Trogus Pompeius had to our knowledge ever taken the trouble to write a careful history of foreign nations, nor did any Roman before the emperors ever employ his time in reading for information or amusement.* The life of the original Roman was truly dramatic. None but the Roman knew and perceived the close connection that exists between the state and the individual, and the benefit that is to be derived from their mutual co-operation. From this point of view he also looked upon history. Cause, action, and effect were all he searched for in it, little caring about the form and language. His first question was, *To what use and purpose?* And having received a satisfactory answer, he further inquired after the *cause*. Any fact or event that did not lead to some political point, he despised and neglected. He was like the book-keeper in a mercantile establishment, who extracts from a lengthy correspondence only the amount of the debtor and creditor accounts, omitting to notice the other items contained in it, though aware of their importance to the concern in general. History from the pen of a Roman is little more than a register of the fortunate and unfortunate events of the republic, and treated in the same way as their jurisprudence, the leading features of which were the welfare of majestic Rome, and the political principles of her early settlers. To this skeleton in history and law were adjusted and adapted all the passing events with a tact and order that distinguish their jurisprudence as a masterpiece of practical science, and their history as a work free of all theoretical and abstract speculations.

This character is evident in the very language of the old historical fragments. Their language is more pragmatic, precise, and distinct in conveying single and detached notions than that of the Greek historians, because the Roman weighed and examined with more perseverance and gravity single facts and notions than the lively and volatile Greek. The Roman, as if conscious that the events related in his history had no philosophical thread to unite them, called the works of the historians *libri historiarum* (books of stories), not *history*! Still more is that spirit visible in the definition the Romans themselves gave of *history*, and the remarks they made on it. They distinguished, namely, *annals* from *diaries* (*acta diurna*) by assigning to the former great and important events, and to the latter insignificant ones.† We easily see that they meant by their *great* and *important* events those concerning the Romans: the arts, sciences, and vicissitudes of other nations, were considered a matter of indifference, and were consequently excluded from the sphere of history.

* Bernhardt, *Grundriss d. Röm. Litter.*

† Sempron. *Asel. ap. Gell. v. c. 18.* Cic. *de Orat. ii. 15.* Tac. *An. xiii. c. 31.*

STUDIES OF UNDEVELOPED CHARACTERS IN SHAKSPEARE;

FROM SKETCHES AND SUGGESTIONS IN HIS PLAYS.

No. IV.— *Romeo and Juliet.*

At the commencement of this play — Shakspeare's play, be it remembered, not the Acting Skeletons of Cibber and Tate — we find Romeo in love with Rosaline, a lady whose high and lovely presence we are never favoured with beholding, but whose influence is evidently very potent, until absorbed in a new, stronger, and more satisfactory passion. She appears to have been a woman of great beauty, wit, and refinement, superior intellect, and easy self-command; perhaps also of rather a cold temperament, and some years older than Romeo. He, sad-eyed devotee, clasper of heavenward hands, making twilight solitude the confidential treasurer of his sighs and tears, while roving alone at break of day, or fall of rapturous, dim, silent evening, in the sycamore grove westward of Verona, believed his whole heart possessed for ever by this one object, and felt a kind of luxury in the indulgence of his ideal despair. His father speaks of the melancholy habits of his son with great feeling: —

“Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.”

ACT I. SC. I.

He adds, that Romeo is “secret and close,” as to the cause of his unhappiness, and as “far from sounding and discovery,”

“As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.”

ACT I. SC. I.

When Romeo himself is questioned as to this early blight which seems to have fallen upon him, and what sadness it is that “lengthens his hours,” he answers —

“Not having that, which having, makes them short.”

It presently turns out that Romeo is a rejected lover. His excessive admiration of the beauty of Rosaline is mingled with fine mental qualities; and her very coldness seems to oppose to his efforts: —

His excessive
strong sense of her
enhance his desire,
penetrable armour it

"*Romeo.* She'll not be hit
 With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
 And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
 From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold;
 O, she is rich in beauty."

ACT I. Sc. I.

He also declares, "she is too fair, too wise;" that she hath "forsworn to love;" and that, nevertheless, he can as soon forget to think, as forget her:—

"*Romeo.* He that is struck blind cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,"

Romeo, for his wild speaking and wild love-ways, is jeeringly accused of madness by Benvolio. This he denies, but professes himself to be "bound more than a madman is." When rallied on the approaching fête at the Capulets, he says he has "a soul of lead;" and sinking "under love's heavy burden," has no spirit for the dance. He bears "a despised life," and while others carry on the game, be it "ne'er so fair," he is "done."

The description of Rosaline by Mercutio speaks more satisfactorily as to particulars; besides that, not being her adorer, he is less likely to imagine unfounded perfections:—

"I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes!
 By her high forehead and her scarlet lip!
 By her fine foot, straight leg," &c.

So much is Romeo's soul engrossed by this fair object, and so little does he think himself liable to desire any future exchange even of his misery concerning her for heretical happiness with another, that when he is bantered by Benvolio, he falls into a state of devotional appeal, and utters a denunciation against himself, if he should ever prove false to his hopeless passion:—

"*Romeo.* When the devout religion of mine eye
 Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
 And these—who often drown'd could never die—
 Transparent heretics be burnt for liars!
 One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
 Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun."*

ACT I. Sc. II.

It is no matter of wonder that so divine an object as Rosaline should have created a powerful impression on the quick imagination and sensitive temperament of the youthful Romeo. She was his first love, and, as in most similar cases, the very passion itself and abstract idea of bliss is almost as dear to the imagination and as fondly cherished as the object. The lady Rosaline, the pale, hard-hearted, high-fronted Rosaline, whose arrowy defence, as from Diana's fane, wounded, kept back, and overawed the amorous advances of her adorer; she was never meant to be the twin soul of young Romeo. Had he married her, their mutual unhappiness would have been certain. She seems to have conducted herself towards him like a high-minded and modest lady, estimating his affection at its real value to both parties—an ebullition of fond boyhood, to which she could make no return

* Most readers will have observed the abundance of rhymes and couplets that shine and warble in the flowing measures of this beautiful tragedy; but it may not have occurred to them to examine the great probability that Romeo and Juliet was originally written by Shakespeare in stanzas of the same construction as his Venus and Adonis.

— and holding out no hopes, and giving no encouragement to his desire. She did her best to cure him; but Juliet did better.

The love entertained by Romeo for Rosaline was in fact the education of his feelings, the ripening and maturing of love's first vintage, the harvest of which was to be gathered by the object that first manifested an entire sympathy. First love, for all that has been "said and sung," to its inviolable and exclusive glory, is generally a fast-fleeting impression of early youth. It is seldom so solidly placed as to be enduring; never forgetting, however, that so long as it does endure, it is one of the most fondly true, generous, and sincerely devoted feelings of which human nature is capable. There are a few, a very few, highly imaginative and morbidly sensitive beings — whose power of concentration in most cases owes its intensity to its fixed singleness of aim and ideal character — with whom the first love is the last. There are *many* whose hearts have not strength to revive after the world has chilled them with its cold lessons of too true experience, teaching how much there is of disappointment, how little of essential truth. They love truly in early youth; feel rapturously; suffer bitterly; and afterwards, resting with what content they can in some of the counterfeits which assume the name of love, never truly love any more. To them love is a melancholy name: they are sick at heart, when they think of their first affections. But with healthy and energetic natures, it is the love of full, ripe, perfected life, which is the deep and passionate reality. First love commonly fades into a sweet vision of memory — a gentle half oblivion of by-gone passions, but full of tender thoughts of delicate beauty and grace, and dreamy perfection — vague personality, and no pain at all, if the truth were well known. If this were not the case, and if second love were not capable of such a passionate reality, what would become of love? He would soon be as scarce as a miracle to the unbelieving modern world; and the instances would be as "few and far between" as the visits of other of our best friends, who come to illumine the overclouded dwellings of earth's populations, hungry and athirst for the revivifying presence.

It is by no means improbable but Rosaline was herself a disappointed lover, and had therefore "forsworn love." But we question whether the original impression had ever been very deep. She was a being of intellect rather than sensation; one to be sought long, and to surrender slowly; and to require the reason to be satisfied, before she gave the reins to imagination and sensibility. If she had been disappointed, her affections soon recovered the shock; but her pride retained the wound, and waving a dignified and warning sceptre over her future course, her "fine foot" henceforth stepped calmly upon lovers' hearts, and her pale high forehead scarce stooped to examine the warm pulses of emotion, which her presence created as she passed coldly onward.

In Shakspeare's plays there are a number of people walking about among the principals, and never uttering a word. With the collateral or undeveloped worthies who never appear, we may surely class those who never speak. It is evident that Rosaline does once appear on the stage, but even then perhaps in domino, and without uttering a syllable. Among the guests bidden to the masquerade and feast at the Capulets', we find Signor Martino and his wife and daughter; County Anselme and his "beauteous sisters;" the lady, widow of Vitruvio; Signor Placentio and his lovely nieces: then we have Mercutio's brother Valentine, and Capulet's uncle, with his wife and daughters; Signor Valentio, Lucio, Livia, and the "lively Helena." Rosaline is mentioned in this list, and in a way which brings to light the curious fact that she also was of the house of Capulet. She is designated

by Capulet as "My fair niece Rosaline." It thus appears from first to last that there was a fatality in Romeo's falling in love with an hereditary enemy, as though the fiery spirit of this so ancient feud could never be appeased, save by the pure oblation of devoted love, and the misery or death of lovers.

Equally of nominal presence are the servants Susan Grindstone and Nell, Antony and Potpan. But Potpan is a character. He carries a high stomach among his fellow servants, and even lords it over the cook. He plays the gallant with condescension, and kisses a wench consequentially, as one should say, — "Take that, and go forth promoted!" He flanks and swings his napkin about, 'an it were scented with musk and civet from my Lady Capulet's chamber; sometimes he killeth a fly therewith, while seated with swaying legs on a kitchen trussle, humming a savoury ditty and criticising the work. As to lending a hand, 'twere scornful to his soul. No wonder the other servants were indignant at his presence, and at his absence no less. Even during the great festival, instead of helping to clear away after supper, he was taking his pleasure in the gardens. One of the servants, who holds some authority and trust, exclaims, —

"Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? *he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!*"

To which another servant, drawing himself up with a most respectable and injured air, replies,

"When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing."

The first servant, however, either relenting, or considering the mischief that might accrue to several others through Potpan, or influenced by some motive best known to himself, adds, —

"Away with the joint-stools, remove the court cupboard, look to the plate: — good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell — Antony and Potpan." — ACT I. SC. IV.

We thus discover that Potpan has "spirited away" Susan Grindstone, and Nell, and Antony; and the servant, not knowing what hour of the night or morning they might happen to return, is anxious that the porter should not refuse to let them in, as he has no mind after a hard day's work to sit up for them himself.

The foregoing very genuine English names and characters "figuring away" among the equally genuine Italians of this lovely legend of Verona, have a most absurd and laughable effect, from the gratuitous coarseness of their contrast. They may be considered as highly amusing specimens of Shakspeare's free and easy way of dealing with subordinate details and minor morals.

The tendency in Shakspeare to create abundance of extraneous life revolving round his principal characters, is often manifested in a marvellous degree. They almost always appear as rudiments of real substantial characters; and this is the case even when he has started from purely ideal existences. We shall offer no comments upon the motes that dance in the beam of Mercutio's wit and energy of mind. They are, for the most part, generalisations of well-known classes in daily life.

"Queen Mab hath been with you:
She is the *fairies' midwife*; and she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.

* * * * *
Her *waggoner*, a small grey-coated gnat;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the *joiner* squirrel, or *old grub*,
Time out of mind the *fairies'* coach-makers;
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Thro' lovers' *brains* —
On courtiers' *knees* —
O'er lawyers' *fingers* —
O'er ladies' *lips* —
Or courtier's *nose*,
&c. &c.

ACT I. Sc. IV.

We pass over Lucentio, whose nuptials thirty years ago created such a "sensation," that old "cousin Capulet" recollects them too vividly to believe the period which has elapsed and the age of Lucentio's son. They are merely names, and of no particular suggestiveness. But the nurse's husband is not so difficult to "come at," nor is his name without humorous and amusing associations. His one joke, qualified by the drollery of his manner, and the child's innocent reply, took such an effect upon the good nurse his wife, that it is continually uppermost in her imagination. She can "never forget it 'an she were to live a thousand years." He was not a wit, but a humorist, and his good things required his manner to make them properly effective. They would all read too literal, and cut up coarsely. His wife, however, understood the trick of his eye, and the quaint jerk of the left thumb, while his broad face beamed with insuppressible pleasantry. "A was a merry man — rest his soul."

The nurse's daughter Susan is introduced with a touch of pathos that renders her very interesting. She was perhaps one of those gentle and delicate creatures, born of parents quite unlike herself, and to whose general tone of feeling, mind, habits, and station in life, she seemed naturally unfitted, by reason of a certain inherent refinement and sensibility. She had no relish for her father's merriment, and when he played with her he always hurt her. He was not too rough, good man; but she was too tender, and he could not understand it. In the ungenial atmosphere of her home she slowly sank, and probably died of consumption. Her constitution had always been weak, as she had been something neglected in her childhood. It is plain that she was "put out" while her mother suckled Juliet. The old nurse glances painfully at this, we think, when alluding to her in speaking of Juliet's age, —

"Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen. Susan and she, — God rest all Christian souls! were of an age. Well, Susan is with God; she was too good for me."

ACT I. Sc. III.

The following are the principal undeveloped characters (though Rosaline must be considered as an exception to the term "undeveloped") occurring in this tragedy: —

Rosaline,
Mercutio's Brother,
Capulet's Uncle, &c.
Susan Grindstone,
Nell,

Antony,
Potpan,
The Porter,
The Nurse's
The Nurse's
Husband,
Daughter.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE HISTORY OF FORGERY.

THE amelioration of our penal code has considerably diminished the interest with which trials for forgery are regarded in England. All the terrible adjuncts and accessories of the law being removed, and the exhibition being stripped of its ghastly fascination, and reduced to an ordinary legal process, leading to a commonplace catastrophe, popular excitement is at an end. Judicial proceedings in criminal cases, thus shorn of their horrors, have ceased to attract panting audiences; and it is to be hoped that the taste for such dismal performances is fast dying away. The ingenious fabricator of a forged bill of exchange no longer creates a sensation at the Old Bailey; and there must be some circumstances of a peculiar kind in his case to provoke even a morning's gossip over the newspapers. The romance of forgery is extinct. It went out with the barbarous statutes that furnished it with sessional calendars of rank and fertile materials.

The haggard anxiety with which the populace used to look forward to all trials of life and death, was in itself an evil of great magnitude. It helped to nourish in the lower orders a desperate hatred of the laws—a sort of wild chivalry that leagued their sympathies, right or wrong, with the culprit—a rage for justice after their own fashion, of self-adjusting protection—and to cultivate, by the despair and resistance it engendered, the very crimes which our sanguinary code was intended to suppress. The extreme severity of a punishment, which was held by the multitude at large to exceed the measure of the offence, had the effect, indirectly, and by crooked and wayward paths to the imagination, of making the offence, if we may so describe it, popular. The great bulk of the uneducated classes, while they denounced the sentence, felt themselves unconsciously drawn into the defence of the condemned. If they did not believe him to be innocent, they thought he was persecuted; which, in their estimation, was pretty much the same thing. The same morbid sensibility, keenly alive to the inflections of the law, indiscriminately resented almost all cases where the last penalty was carried into effect, except those in which the criminal had outraged the ties of nature, or exhibited a reckless and savage disposition. In such instances, with equal excess on the other side, the impulses of the populace would lead them to take the law into their own hands, and substitute a tremendous vengeance for unimpassioned justice. It is fortunate for the morals of the country, that the age of both extremes is past. An irrepressible feeling of indignation still breaks out whenever some monstrous violation of the sacred obligations of humanity takes place; but this is the type of the better instincts of the people, of that generous enthusiasm which survives the influence of superstition, and which education may restrain but cannot extinguish in civilised communities. The interposition, however, of a vague and clamorous sentiment between the law and the offender, is no more to be apprehended. Highwaymen and housebreakers are no longer the heroes of doggerel ballads and storied wood-cuts; they no longer lead the fashions in the cut of their doublets, the ties of their neckcloths, or the shape of their swords; they no longer stamp their image upon the contemporary age, or contest the glory of immortality with the poets, generals, and ministers of their day. If another Claude du Val were to arise, there is no danger that he would run away with the hearts of half the young ladies of

family in the kingdom, or be followed to Tyburn with streaming eyes and mourning coaches. In the times when the "gentlemen of the road" were regarded on "the tree" as martyrs to a principle of honourable restitution, which robbed the rich to assist the poor, the crowd who commiserated their fate so deeply had all the inclination, short of the genius, to imitate their example. There never was a more apt illustration than those times exhibited of the threadbare but sage political maxim, that persecution (that is, law) makes martyrs, and martyrs make proselytes.

But those pleasant, picturesque, free-and-easy, roystering, simple times are over. We have arrived at a period when juster and harder notions of things are entertained; and we can now afford to look back upon the course and consequences of laws, which for the most part belong to the past, and which cast their shadows upon us only from a few points, which yet remain to be repealed and abolished. It is not our intention to speculate upon the principles of legislation applicable to that "offspring of letters," the crime of Forgery, but to trace a few of the principal illustrations of its history.

Forgery was anciently punished by the common law with fine, imprisonment, and pillory; but by the statute of the 5th of Elizabeth, c. 14., "to forge any deed, roll or will, to affect the right to any property, freehold or copyhold," was more severely dealt with; and the offender, besides being convicted in double costs and damages, was to stand in the pillory, have his ears cut off, and his nose slit and seared. He was liable moreover to perpetual imprisonment, all his lands being forfeited to the crown. Sir Robert Peel, when he introduced his bill for abating the penalties in certain cases, seems to have considered this enactment as the earliest of the kind in our records. The act of Elizabeth, however, was not the first that was passed against forgery. A statute was framed in the reign of Richard II. for the express purpose of punishing judges and clerks of courts for the delinquency of forging legal and other records. Now, as such a statute would hardly have been submitted to the legislature unless the judges and clerks had actually been in the practice, to a greater or lesser extent, of committing frauds of this description, it gives us no very exalted notion of the integrity of those legal functionaries, to find that a declaratory law of this nature, directly addressed to them, should have been considered necessary. The administration of justice was evidently corrupt throughout all its departments, and the means adopted to remedy the evil indicate the slow perception of the legislature to its enormity. By the statute alluded to, the judges and the officers of the courts were condemned to pay a fine to the king, and make satisfaction to the party injured, for "falsely entering pleas, or raising rolls, or changing verdicts to the disherison of any one." Agreeably to this statute, the fraudulent judge was only required to make compensation and pay a fine to the king (who at all events was sure to benefit by the fraud), and having complied with the conditions of the law, was allowed to resume his functions, and commit more frauds in the hope of escaping detection. It never occurred to the legislature to remove him, and effectually protect the public against the recurrence of such acts.

In this instance it will be seen that, grave as the offence was, in so far as the interests of the community were concerned, it was treated with extraordinary leniency in comparison with the severity of modern legislation. At a period long subsequent to the reign of Richard II., and even to that of Elizabeth, it was considered necessary to visit the crime of forgery, in almost all cases, with death. As we have been the more civilised, some instances; and we seem to have become more stringent in our laws in

it must be confessed, that in others we have become more tolerant and merciful. Thus, while kings divorced their wives on Tower-hill for the crime of having "outlived their liking," they merely imposed fines upon the judges (who could well afford to pay them) for committing frauds at the very spring-head of justice. If in later times we hung the forgers of legal and commercial instruments, it must be admitted, as a set-off, that we have dealt more reasonably with our wives.

The forgery of a document to enable one man to possess himself of the property of another is unquestionably a fraud of the most serious kind, against which it is difficult to devise protection, and which it is of the highest importance to repress in a mercantile country. Other outrages upon property require the confederation of accomplices, great bodily strength, presence of mind, personal courage, and subtle ingenuity; they can be accomplished only by consummate strategy, and always at the risk of immediate detection, and perhaps of life. The highway robber and the burglar cannot take their first step without exposing themselves to the imminent danger of speedy apprehension, or instant death; but the forger, if he be a skilful penman, or have even an indifferent eye for imitation, can effect his object unseen, without communication with others, and in perfect security. It requires neither pre-organisation, assistance, physical power, nor courage — save the bad courage of cowards; and a youth, expert with the pen or the graver, could commit a forgery with as much ease as the most practised writer. The elaborate Ireland-Shakspeare MSS., which deceived some of the most sagacious critics of the day, were the work of a young man in his teens.

Whether the facility and secrecy with which the forger can carry on his operations ought to have been taken into the account, as furnishing an additional reason for increasing the severity of the punishment, it would now be idle to inquire; but it is certain that the law by degrees became more and more coercive, and that the number of forgeries increased in proportion — the law and the crime apparently acting and re-acting on each other — until the height of the penalty and the crime were attained under the system which has been described by the humorous appellation of "blest paper credit." The 8th and 9th of William III. rendered it a capital offence to forge bank bills, bank notes, or other securities. The real object of this act was to protect the operations of the Bank of England, which was then an infant establishment, and which the government was pledged by circumstances to sustain.

In the time of George II. the forgery of promissory notes and of bills of exchange was punished with death. "I have little doubt," said Sir Robert Peel, referring to this part of the subject, "that such a law was provided in consequence of the detection of some very extensive forgeries in the preceding year (1727). The accounts of these are amply given in the State Trials, and the details are curious. Forgeries had been committed by a person named Hale, in one case of a bill of 1,000*l.* and in another of 4,700*l.* in all, I believe, by the forgery of promissory notes for 6,300*l.*, if not more, purporting to be those of Mr. Gibson, then a member of Parliament. At that time a member's frank consisted simply of his name written on a sheet of paper, with the word 'free' prefixed; the rest of the address could be filled up by any body. Hale got several of these franks with the word 'free,' which he altered to the word 'for,' adding R. Gibson, the member's name, and converting each paper into a promissory note." It was the indignation inspired by the facility thus afforded to the commission of frauds, that produced, according to Sir Robert Peel, those enactments which were long afterwards deplored as a disgrace to our statute book.

But this opinion is not historically accurate: one description of forgery at least was punishable with death many years before the Bank of England was called into existence. By the 39th of Elizabeth, cap. 17. "Every idle and wandering mariner or soldier coming from beyond seas, who should not have a testimonial under the hand of some justice of the peace of, or near, the place where he landed, setting down therein the place and time where he landed, and the place of his dwelling or birth unto which he would pass, and allowing him a certain time to proceed thither, or who should at any time thereafter forge or counterfeit any such testimonial, or have with him such forged testimonial, was to be adjudged a felon, and suffer without benefit of clergy." This mild and reasonable regulation, which rendered the fortunate veteran who had escaped death in the battles of his country, liable to be executed without benefit of clergy as soon as he had been safely landed on his native shores, resembles some of the quaint decisions of Sancho Panza, over which we may ponder a long time, before we discover the occult wisdom of their intention. But there is this difference between them, that in the legislative conundrums of *Barrataria*, we ultimately detect a sagacious and benevolent purpose, while in this enactment it is impossible to discover any purpose beyond that of sheer superfluous cruelty. Happily there is reason to believe that it became a dead letter, without having even once been acted upon.

When the law once recognised forgery as a capital offence, the number of cases to which the punishment of death became applicable, fearfully multiplied. The voluminous reports made to parliament on the subject, furnish startling evidence of the fact, and show, from the manner in which the principle thus laid down was obliged to be worked out, how solemn a responsibility rests upon those whose important duty it is to deliberate before they admit a principle, the extensive results of which they have not fully considered. Instruments respecting sums of money, writings, and deeds, determining the holding of property, wills, and other documents of similar import and value, demanded all the safeguards with which the law could surround them. But the difficulty was to discriminate between the various kinds and degrees of guilt, and to adapt the law to an endless variety of forms of forgery which, although of different shades of injury to the community, were all equally criminal, so far as the rights of property were involved. The increase of forgery in a multitude of new shapes, and the irresistible logic of the aggrieved, who maintained that one class ought to be protected as well as another, led at last to a frightful extension of the capital penalty. The multitude of laws which were demanded by the altered circumstances of the times, exceeded all calculation; the statute book swelled to an appalling magnitude; and those who contended for the propriety of visiting forgery with death, in consideration of the infinite mischief it was likely to entail in our "nation of shopkeepers," could not, we may venture to conjecture, regard the work of their own hands without feelings of abhorrence. The law was not long confined to such documents as we have alluded to. The placing a false stamp on spoons and sugar-tongs, and the fabricating of the prescribed fiscal ace of hearts, soon after became punishable with death!

Little did the men who enlarged the provisions of the law from time to time, to arrest the march of ingenuity that tracked, or rather accompanied, the gigantic steps of science and foreign commerce, anticipate the scenes of individual misery and public excitement, their proceedings were ultimately destined to produce. The fatal decision had been pronounced, and could not be recalled: and in proportion as the enormity of the punishment

became visible, the necessity of carrying it sternly into operation grew the more imperative; since, without committing a flagrant injustice, none could be relieved from the full measure of a penalty which, in like circumstances, others had suffered. The character of the influence which these events and considerations exercised upon society, will be best exhibited in a few outlines of two or three of the most memorable cases that occurred during the latter half of the reign of George III. These painful traditions of a sanguinary law will no doubt be familiar to most of our readers; but they are essential to the purposes of our sketch.

In 1775 an extraordinary sensation was created by the fate of the Perreaus, and the sympathy that was generally felt for them was afterwards probably one of the reasons why mercy was refused to be extended to others. When the life of a criminal was in suspense, and disconsolate friends importuned men in power to mitigate the severity of the sentence, the invariable answer was — “If this offender is spared, the two Perreaus will have been murdered!” This unreasoning vindication of the majesty of the law, checked all farther solicitation, and extinguished hope. But surely if the principle of the law was bad, the sooner the error was confessed, and the wrong terminated, the better. The pride of legislation, however, has always been opposed to acknowledgments of this sort. Injurious laws are passed with sufficient promptitude, while law reformers have the pace of the tortoise.

Robert Perreau appeared in the station of a gentleman, and wanting a loan of 1,400*l.* in consequence of a recent purchase which he stated himself to have made to the amount of 12,000*l.* he applied for that sum to Mr. Drummond. On a subsequent day he went to the same party to borrow 5,000*l.* on a bond for 7,500*l.* purporting to have been given to him by a Mr. Adair. Though Perreau represented himself to be a man of good property, and the possessor of a house in Harley-street, Cavendish-square, which had cost him 4,000*l.* some doubt arose as to the genuineness of the instrument, which he was told could only be removed by its being shown to Mr. Adair. Perreau made no objection to this, and went with Mr. Drummond to the house of that gentleman. Mr. Adair did not seem to know Mr. Perreau, though the latter had previously spoken of an intimacy subsisting between them, and the bond was at once repudiated. This determination seemed to cause Perreau much surprise, and he now stated that he had received the document from his sister, Mrs. Daniel Perreau. The lady was sent for. She had lived with Daniel Perreau; but her name was Rudd. On being shown the bond, Mrs. Rudd immediately declared that Perreau was innocent, and that she alone was culpable. Of the truth of this statement, Mr. Drummond and Mr. Adair were so completely satisfied, that though a constable was in attendance, Perreau was immediately liberated. Some inexplicable fatuity, however, drew him back into the peril he had thus singularly escaped, and declaring his anxiety for a full investigation into the circumstances, with a view to the complete vindication of his honour, he voluntarily surrendered to take his trial. If he were really actuated by the motives he avowed, and if he really entertained the hope of an honourable acquittal, which in his defence was most confidently and eloquently insisted upon, his disappointment must have been indescribably bitter. The statement he made in court carried conviction to the minds of many persons, that he had been cruelly deceived, and was an injured man. In closing his address he said, “I should be wanting in respect to your lordships and the jury, if I doubted the justice of their verdict, and, which is inseparable from it, my honourable acquittal!” The jury, notwithstanding, found a verdict of guilty. His having falsely pretended to be on friendly terms with

His brother, Daniel Perreau, was convicted of forging a bond for \$3,300. with intent to defraud the same party; and in this, as in the former case, Mrs. Rudd was believed to have been the person really guilty. She was, however, subsequently tried and acquitted.

In their case, not only were the usual kindly efforts of friends and relatives made to save the doomed, but the lord mayor and corporation of London were moved to petition in their behalf, and the question for a season occupied the whole nation.

But great as was the sensation this case created, it was far exceeded by that which was witnessed two years afterwards, when the celebrated Dr. Dodd came on the scene as a violator of the law. This divine was a gentleman of considerable talents and of great reputed eloquence, although we are afraid it must be added, that he was more showy than profound, more specious than sincere. His pulpit displays were "applauded to the echo;" and perhaps one reason for their being so applauded was, that they were short. Foote makes *Mrs. Simony* say that her doctor (Doctor Dodd was understood) did not fatigue his auditory with more than twenty minutes' preaching. Be the cause what it might, the fact is certain that he was much in vogue; and if not the best minister, one of the most popular professors of the day. It is true that at the court end of the town, where his oratory, he had fondly calculated, would have been especially admired, he was regarded as a shallow pretender; but this did not cause him to be less sought after by the public generally. Some ill stories had got abroad respecting his private life, but his good-natured idolaters pronounced them to be wicked calumnies. That he was vain and extravagant was with good reason averred on the one hand; but, on the other, the bearing and the acts which had drawn down this reproach, were eulogised as proofs of a proper regard for the dignity of the high station he was ordained to fill as a chosen and highly gifted minister. It was still his happiness to be followed by admiring crowds wherever he went, and largely to benefit the funds of every institution he undertook to advocate. Thus flattered and thus supported, the fortunes of Dr. Dodd seemed to be established on almost as firm a basis as ambition could covet or prudence desire.

But not all his popularity, though he exerted great industry, and in a

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variety of ways — though as an author, and as the editor of a newspaper, he must have been in the receipt of considerable sums — could furnish him with means equal to his supposed wants. Spared as he was the expense of maintaining a family, the improvidences of his wife kept him poor; and his necessities became so great, that, on the rectory of Saint George's, Hanover-square, falling vacant, he had the rashness to venture on offering a bribe of 300*l.* to the lord chancellor's lady, for her influence in his behalf, towards obtaining him the living. Insulted by this offer, and disgusted by the craving spirit it betrayed, she exposed the sordid application, and the name of Dr. Dodd was struck out of the list of his majesty's chaplains. Thus disgraced, he left the country for a time, but returned, and was presented to the living of Winge, in Buckinghamshire, by Lord Chesterfield, to whom he had been preceptor.

This noble lord was the son of that *arbiter elegantiarum*, whose letters on manners and society are so well known; and it was supposed at the time, and not without some show of reason, that it was because the doctor had studied the maxims of the noble author so carefully, that his lordship thought him qualified to instruct his son. That he gained the goodwill of his pupil is clear from the fact above stated; but the doctor made an ungrateful return for his kindness, by forging his lordship's name to a bond for 4,200*l.* He always declared, that though he committed this crime, it was not his intention to act fraudulently in the end; and that, had not the forgery been discovered, the cash should have been duly replaced. It is probable that such was really his intention, and the public, with whom he had always been a distinguished favourite, gave full credit to his assertion.

Then was witnessed a scene, such as has rarely been presented in any age or nation, a whole people sorrowing for a criminal convicted by some of themselves of a crime punishable by death, and seeking to put aside the sentence awarded by law, as if doing this were to avert one of the most awful calamities that could befall the people. All classes, including the jury who convicted, petitioned for his life; and one petition was subscribed by no fewer than 23,000 individuals! These efforts, however, in which the whole country might be said to have moved, were made in vain. The recent fate of the Perreaus forbade the stream of mercy to flow in behalf of Dr. Dodd. By his writings in prison, he attempted to heighten the sympathy of the public; and not trusting to himself alone, the more powerful pen of Dr. Johnson was employed in his behalf, not openly as Dr. Johnson's, but privately, to furnish compositions, which for the time were supposed to have been those of Dr. Dodd. The trick succeeded to a considerable extent, and the cry in favour of the culprit throughout the kingdom was almost universal. But this could effect nothing in the highest quarter. It was rumoured, that when George III. manifested some disposition to spare the culprit, a learned judge at once met him with the remarkable observation we have already quoted, that if Dr. Dodd escaped, the two Perreaus were murdered. This was believed at the time, but has since been contradicted and re-asserted. Whatever truth, however, may be in the anecdote which assigns the remark to a judge, there is no doubt that some person about the king employed the argument, and that the execution of the Perreaus opposed an insurmountable obstacle to the success of the petitioners for the life of Dr. Dodd. On the 27th of June 1777, he met his melancholy fate. A weeping multitude attended him to Tyburn, whose cares for the unhappy man ended not even with his life, for after he was cut down, the body was conveyed, with all possible speed, to the house of an

undertaker in Goodge-street, where every expedient was resorted to in order to recal the vital spark, but without success.*

The catastrophe of Dr. Dodd, added to that so often referred to of the Perreaus, greatly strengthened the feeling, that in all cases of forgery the law must take its course. To the importance of so visiting it, memorable testimony was borne by another remarkable man, who was about to suffer for the same crime. William Wynne Ryland, writing to a friend from the condemned cell in Newgate, a few days before his execution, thus expressed himself:—"The crime for which I suffer is as dangerous as any within the catalogue of legal interdictions; it strikes at the vital part of commerce, and carries with it a poison most deadly to public credit. It is a crime unpardonable, and I therefore never sought mercy under the idea of court interest. I looked for royal favour through those circumstantialia, which indicated more the probability of innocence than the certainty of guilt."

Yet this writer, those who knew his singular and melancholy story must be aware, might have expected more from court interest than many persons moving in a much higher rank of life. He was a man of great genius, and after much study and labour, both in England and in foreign lands, rose to such eminence in the art of engraving, that he obtained the special patronage of King George III., whose well-known portrait by Allan Ramsay, son to the poet, was engraved by the hand of Ryland. Enjoying great celebrity, admired for his affability, and famed for the propriety of his conduct, Ryland was generally regarded as one of the happiest of the sons of men. Such was his influence at court, that it was powerful enough to enable him, in a case in which his feelings were interested, to avert from another at the last moment that dreadful fate which eventually became his own. He had a brother who, in a drunken frolic, stopped a carriage and robbed some ladies who were in it of a few shillings. For this he was tried at Croydon and found guilty. The morning on which he was to suffer had arrived, when a pardon was granted through the intercession of Ryland with the king. Such being his enviable position, and such his character, on the 5th of April, 1783, the public were perfectly astounded at finding an advertisement in all the newspapers, stating William Wynne Ryland to have been charged before the lord mayor with falsely making, forging, and counterfeiting an acceptance to two bills of exchange, for payment of 7,114*l.* and offering for his apprehension a reward of 300*l.* He was apprehended two days afterwards at Stepney, and nearly escaped the punishment reserved for him by law, by cutting his throat with a razor, the moment he perceived that he had been betrayed. The wound was so serious, that the officers could not immediately remove him from the lodging to which they had traced him. He afterwards recovered, and on the 27th of July following was tried at the Old Bailey. His defence was plausible:

* Numerous anecdotes are related of Dr. Dodd's conduct in prison, and throughout the period when his case was pending. We have not encumbered the text with any of these anecdotes, because some of them are not authenticated, and others are hardly worth retelling. It is said, amongst other things, that an opportunity was given him to destroy the forged bond, which was placed in his hands while he was standing close to a fire-place; but either through confusion or misapprehension of the purpose with which it was for the moment confided to him, he did not take advantage of the occasion. By casting the bond into the fire he would have escaped. It has been thought that he was restrained from adopting the expedient by a sense of *honour*: we confess we are disposed to attribute it to a very different cause—stupor, fear, pride, any thing but *honour*. We are told that the politeness he acquired in the school of Chesterfield lingered with him to the last. When he was in the cart, and the halter round his neck, he gave a guinea to the executioner and five shillings to his man, and inquired whether any farther gratuity was necessary. The executioner, desiring to be equally ceremonious, and to spare the criminal a sudden start, when the fatal moment arrived, whispered to Dr. Dodd that he was about to drive away the cart! Of such a quality are many of the stories that are preserved concerning the subject of this desultory notice.

it set forth that he was rich; that besides 200*l.* per annum, which he received from his sovereign, he had shares in the Liverpool water-works, valued at 7,000*l.*; his stock in trade was worth 10,000*l.* and the profits of his business produced 2,000*l.* a year. He had been a bill discounter, and the bill charged to have been forged he declared had come to him in the regular way of business. However probable this might appear to his friends, it did not satisfy the jury; and they, with little hesitation, pronounced a verdict of guilty.

Public feeling was again strongly moved, and in most quarters a strong hope was cherished, that he might be saved. That Ryland, "the man whom the king delighted to honour," whose powerful recommendation had been sufficient to save the life of another, should be consigned to the gallows himself, and by the same monarch whose royal favour he had so largely enjoyed, was hardly to be credited by a people who were accustomed to see the royal prerogative stretched on less interesting occasions. No efforts were neglected by Ryland's friends to prevent the execution of his sentence; and his wife, accompanied by her children in deep mourning, presented a petition to their majesties at St. James's. Her appearance thus attended is said to have deeply affected Queen Charlotte, who commiserated the calamity it was not in her power to avert. The petition which the unhappy wife presented, was written with great delicacy and power. It questioned not the justice of the sentence under which the object of her solicitude was doomed to die; but implored the king, as the fountain of mercy, to turn away the meditated blow, and thus spare a desolate family the last extremity of anguish and degradation. Representations so touching it was hoped would produce a favourable result; but the same considerations which had proved fatal to Dr. Dodd, were here again brought into play. It was thought there would be no security for the mercantile body in England, if forgery were not inexorably punished with death; and the ill-fated Ryland expiated his offence on the scaffold.

It would be a tedious, as well as a melancholy, task, to trace the course of administrative justice through the awful scenes that followed. The cases of the Perreaus, Dr. Dodd, and Ryland, left to the convicted hardly the shadow of a hope. Murder itself was quite as likely to be pardoned.

Now comes the important question,—What was the effect of this severity? Did it, besides punishing guilt, deter from crime? Did it, by the widely spread terrors of the law, so work upon those who were dishonestly inclined, that, in that way at least, they feared to offend, so that forgery became almost obsolete? Was this the result? Was a large amount of good purchased at a comparatively small expense of misery?

The answer to these questions must be in the negative. Though many lives were sacrificed, the crime continued awfully to increase. It has been attempted to account for this by a reference to the increased population of the country, and the vast varieties of commercial speculations entered into within the last forty years, which were unknown in former times. But if this accounted in some measure for the augmented number of convictions, the opponents of capital punishments successfully contended that their view of the inutility of such severity was proved to be any thing but incorrect. On the contrary, they did not hesitate to affirm that that very severity greatly extended the evil, as many humane persons, when a clerk or dependant was detected in the crime of forgery, preferred conniving at the escape of the culprit, to any participation in proceedings which must bring him to the scaffold. Of this many instances were certainly adduced, till in the end commercial men, who had, in the first instance, been convinced that the last

penalty of the law could not be dispensed with, began to waiver and give way. On the other hand, it was forcibly urged by the late Sir Thomas Plomer and others, that while the public at large was deeply impressed with the horrible nature of the punishment, it was not a little singular that it seemed to produce no effect whatever upon those for whom it was designed. To this argument which, like the Libyan serpent, stung at both ends, it was replied that the forger calculated on the known reluctance of the public to prosecute in such cases, and was emboldened to proceed in the hope of enjoying perfect impunity.

In 1803 the case of Mr. Astlett came before the public. He committed forgeries to the enormous amount of 400,000*l*. The offender was tried and convicted, but a point in his favour was reserved for the consideration of the judges. They decided against him, and affirmed his conviction. Execution, however, did not follow in this instance. He was detained in Newgate for some years, and in the end permitted to leave the country.

The last case which it will be necessary here to notice is of comparatively recent date, that of the celebrated Fauntleroy. This individual was a banker in Berners-street, and had been conspicuous in the fashionable world. His connections were in the most respectable classes, embracing many of the nobility; and civilities had even been exchanged between him and the first person in the realm. Great was the amazement of every individual acquainted with the court end of the town, when it transpired that Mr. Henry Fauntleroy had been apprehended in his banking-house on a charge of forgery. On the 30th of October, 1824, he appeared at the bar of the Old Bailey. It was shown that the prisoner had been a partner in the house of Messrs. March and Co. from the year 1807. He had been the acting manager of the concern, and, in that capacity, had seized a power of attorney belonging to a Mrs. Frances Young, withdrawing it from the Bank by means of forged attesting signatures. For some years no suspicion was excited, as the dividends were regularly paid, though the principal had been appropriated. On the trial, a remarkable document was brought forward, which would almost seem to have been prepared by the accused himself, to insure his own destruction. The officer who apprehended him, found a key attached to his watch chain which opened his desk, and in that desk he found another key. On entering one room in which there were tin boxes containing title-deeds, &c. it was remarked that the names of the proprietors were painted on all of them except one. This one case the key discovered in Fauntleroy's desk unlocked. It was examined; and among many private papers one was found, in the handwriting of the accused, which set forth a variety of items, exhibiting a series of forgeries, amounting to upwards of 170,000*l*. which, at various periods, he had committed on the customers of the Bank. To this enumeration of particulars was appended the following declaration, which was also in his own hand-writing.

"In order to keep up the credit of our house, I have forged powers of attorney for the above sums and parties, and sold out to the amount here stated, and without the knowledge of my partners. I kept up the payment of the dividends, but made no entries of such payments in our books."

(Signed) "HENRY FAUNTLEROY."

"Berners-street, May 7. 1816."

To this declaration the following postscript was added:—

"P. S. — The Bank began first to refuse to discount our accounts, and to destroy the credit of our house: the Bank shall smart for it."

The fullest proof was offered that this paper,

the most extraordinary

document perhaps, as the attorney-general remarked, that had ever been produced in a court of justice, was written in Mr. Fauntleroy's own hand, and had remained for eight years where it was found; yet in all that time the prisoner appeared never to have entertained the slightest misgivings as to the probability of its becoming, one day or another, a conclusive evidence against him.

In his defence he was anxious to gain commiseration, but made no attempt to repel the charge. He complained of having been hardly dealt with by the public prints; and replying to some of their statements, hoped, though unable to justify his proceedings, so as to obtain his liberation through the verdict of a jury, to offer that which would be regarded by the court and the public as some extenuation of his offence. He went on to say that the house was established by his father in 1792; he had entered it as a clerk in 1800. His attention and zeal had caused him to be honourably distinguished by the partners. He succeeded in 1807 to his father's share in the business, when he found the concern deeply involved from advances which it had made to builders and brickmakers. In 1819, the most responsible partner died, and the house was called upon to pay over the amount of his capital. Mr. Stracey went to France, and he was left alone to struggle with difficulties which were almost insurmountable. "Tortured as I have been," said he, "it now becomes an imperative duty to explain to you, gentlemen, and through you to the world at large, that the vile accusations heaped upon me, known to be utterly false by all those who are best acquainted with my private life and habits, have been so heaped upon me for the purpose of loading me with the whole of the obloquy of those transactions, by which alone the partners were preserved from bankruptcy. I have been accused of crimes I never even contemplated, and of acts of profligacy I never committed; and I appear at this bar with every prejudice against me, and almost prejudged. To suit the purposes of the persons to whom I allude, I have been represented as a man of prodigal extravagance, — prodigal, indeed, I must have been, had I expended those large sums which will hereafter be proved to have gone exclusively to support the credit of a tottering firm, the miseries of which were greatly accelerated by the drafts of two of its head members to the amount of nearly 100,000*l*." He then went on to explain, that his habits of living had never been extravagant; to deny that he had at any time been a gambler, and to vindicate his general character on other points not material to the charge before the court. The result was, as might have been expected, his instant conviction on the first indictment preferred, and the consequences which that involved rendered it unnecessary to proceed on any other.

The change which had by this time been wrought in the public mind as to the fitness of punishing forgery in every case with death, now caused the question to be re-opened with great animation, as to whether this distinguished criminal should suffer. It was urged on the one side, with much good feeling, that, as it was generally felt the rigour of the law might be abated with propriety, the life of Mr. Fauntleroy ought to be spared; but on the other hand, it was answered with overpowering force, that it was not because Mr. Fauntleroy had been a banker and a rich man that mercy ought to be extended to him, which would be denied to a meaner criminal. If, indeed, the heads of the legal profession had already resolved to attempt effecting a change of system, in that case there might be an excuse for anticipating the humane operation of the intended alteration by sparing this offender. But it was remarked, if thereafter it was intended that the existing law should still be carried into effect where the poor and the friendless

were concerned, to whom life was as sweet as it was to Mr. Fauntleroy, he ought not, from the favourable position in which he had once been placed, to be singled out for mercy.

His friends were most active to procure a mitigation of his sentence. George IV. to whom he was not unknown, wished to save him. He anxiously inquired if there was no point in his case on which a favourable decision might, without great impropriety, be taken. The answers returned were necessarily, under the circumstances, adverse to the merciful leaning of the king. Great excitement prevailed on the subject; and on the day when the Privy Council sat, which was to pronounce his fate, Pall-Mall was filled with crowds impatient to learn the result. We need not add that, on the following Tuesday, the 30th of November, the sentence of the law was fulfilled.

This was the last case under the old law. The gradual abolition of the punishment of death in different kinds of forgeries followed the energetic expression of public opinion, and the unwearied exertions of philanthropists of all sects and parties. Our code was at length completely relieved of that sanguinary feature which had not only revolted the feelings of the country, but failed to secure the end it was devised in the hope of effecting. A sufficient time has not yet elapsed to decide whether the abolition of capital punishments will be followed by the result predicted by its advocates — the diminution of crime. But who can doubt the issue? In this, as in all other cases of delinquency, the certainty of a secondary punishment is more effectual in preventing guilt than the remote chance even of death itself. Desperate men would rather incur the doubtful risk of death, especially where society is opposed to its infliction, than expose themselves to a lesser punishment from which there is no escape.

But in substituting transportation for death in cases of forgery, it is by no means sure that the object proposed has been really accomplished in the spirit in which it was conceived. Every body is familiar with the story of the man who, on crossing a bridge famous in a story of parables, gave such answers to the questions propounded to him, as rendered it necessary to hang him, in order to save him from the commission of an offence for which the law ordained he should be hung. Either way — whether he fulfilled or violated the law — death was inevitable. This seems to be very much the situation of the unfortunate beings who are consigned to our penal colonies. It was formerly understood that convicts upon reaching Australasia were placed in circumstances highly favourable to the amendment of their lives; and, consequently, to the future welfare of the settlement. We have even had some instances amongst them of men who amassed large fortunes, and attained positions of respectability and eminence. The comfort, the prosperity, and the independence, which were thus in numerous cases secured by the good conduct of the felon, produced an impression in England, that if transportation were permitted to lead to such results, the ends of justice would be defeated; and instructions were accordingly issued, with a view to make the punishment more efficient. These instructions — although they were founded in correct views of the philosophy of cause and effect — appear unhappily to have been acted upon with such strictness and severity, as to nullify the operation of the modified law, and bring us back to a worse and more barbarous system than that it was intended to displace. From the melancholy accounts which have been received of the sufferings of some of the convicts, it would seem that their lives were spared in this country only that they might be sacrificed under more dreadful circumstances in another. In some instances, it appears, they were found

so insupportable, that they have perpetrated new crimes in the hope — the hope! — of gaining a brief respite from their misery by imprisonment previous to trial, with the certainty of death in the end. It is stated, that when the court has pronounced the awful sentence of death upon them for their last and voluntary guilt, they have been known to fall upon their knees, ejaculating thanks for the boon of death at the hands of the executioner! This picture is too appalling to be contemplated with calmness — showing us the flower of horrible joy blooming out of the dark depths of human despair! The Report of the Committee on Transportation which sat last year, presents an account of these terrible scenes, which verifies in shuddering details the facts we have here only slightly indicated. It would carry us beyond our present purpose to enter more at length into this subject, but the following passage may be subjoined from the Report, as a specimen of the general character of its fearful relations: —

“The condition of convicts in these settlements has been shown to your committee to be one of unmitigated wretchedness. Sir Francis Forbes, chief-justice of Australia, stated in a letter to Mr. Amos, on the subject of transportation, that ‘the experience furnished by these penal settlements has proved that transportation is capable of being carried to an extent of suffering such as to render death desirable, and to induce many prisoners to seek it under its most appalling aspects.’ And the same gentleman, in his evidence before your committee, said that he had known many cases in which it appeared that convicts in Norfolk Island had committed crimes which subjected them to execution, for the mere purpose of being sent up to Sydney, and the cause of their desiring to be so sent, was to avoid the state of endurance under which they were placed in Norfolk Island; that he thought, from the expressions they employed, that they contemplated the certainty of execution; that he believed they deliberately preferred death, because there was no chance of escape, and they stated ‘they were weary of life, and would rather go to Sydney and be hanged.’ Sir Francis Forbes likewise mentioned the case of several men at Norfolk Island cutting the heads of their fellow-prisoners with a hoe while at work, with a certainty of being detected, and with a certainty of being executed; and, according to him, they acted in this manner, apparently without malice, and with very little excitement, stating ‘they knew they should be hanged, but it was better than being where they were.’ A similar case was mentioned by the Reverend Henry Styles in his report to Sir Richard Bourke on the state of Norfolk Island, and Sir George Arthur assured your committee that similar cases had recently occurred at Port Arthur. Sir Francis Forbes was then asked, ‘What good do you think is produced by the infliction of so horrible a punishment in Norfolk Island, and upon whom do you think it produces good?’ His answer was, that ‘he thought that it did not produce any good, and that if it were to be put to himself, he should not hesitate to prefer death, under any form, rather than such a state of endurance as that of a convict at Norfolk Island.”

If life is to be spared, some distinct limit ought to be put to the miseries even of the most depraved culprits. They ought not to be forced into fresh crimes, in the desperate attempt to escape from inflictions greater than they can endure. This living death — this dire agony of prolonged torture — this lingering dissolution — this *ultima* Thule of banishment and blank existence, worse than solitary imprisonment, worse than the rack, worse than the fate of the gladiator, in preference to which the block, the yard-arm, the wild horses of Rome, would be welcome, ought to be abolished for the sake of civilisation, of Christian charity, and our national honour.

DIARY OF A DUTCH DIPLOMATIST IN LONDON.

[Concluded from page 288.]

Prince Henry Casimir arrives in London, in order to solicit the post of field-marshal; he is very coolly received.

Dijkveld reproaches Witsen at table with the old story of the enlistment of 16,000 men, and the consequent punishment of the gentlemen of Utrecht who were cashiered, although they had been originally instigated by the promises made to them in Amsterdam.

Dijkveld is continually holding private conferences with the king concerning the affairs of England and Holland, and writes sketches of letters and other papers for him.

Smith, an English merchant, gained more than 20,000*l.* by diving for silver, which had been lost in ships wrecked on the coast.

All the ambassadors are entertained by the king during the space of three days on the occasion of their public entry. Witsen ridicules all this vanity.

Lord Clarendon, one of the first who had joined the Prince of Orange, now abandons his cause, on account of his aspiring to the crown, instead of resting satisfied with the regency; which Clarendon looked upon as inconsistent with his first declaration.

The address which was usual on the public audience of the ambassadors, was spoken by Van Oyen, and during the delivery, Witsen stood behind him with a written copy of it in his hand, in order to prompt him in case he should become confused, as it had happened to him once before; he afterwards went all wrong while addressing the prince and princess of Denmark.

Dijkveld relates at table how important a part he had taken in bringing about the revolution in England, and mentions every thing that had occurred to him. Bentinck is accused by the English of selling public offices. His conduct is very freely canvassed in the coffee-houses.

Witsen hears that Dijkveld had treated privately with the princess of Denmark when he was last in London, and had then settled the order of the succession with her, so that even at that early period the crown was the object aspired to. The ambassadors receive instructions to negotiate on the subject of the dispute between Denmark and Holstein.

Odijk is quite silent as to the dispute about the precedence, the king's will being his law.

Great scarcity of money continues to prevail in England, because the question of the crown was carried by a majority, and the party is now become a faction, influenced underhand by the clergy. Much time was also lost in intrigues concerning the crown.

Baron Görts had learned confidentially, through the medium of Straatman at Vienna, that France and England had both solicited the emperor formerly to exert himself in favour of the Roman Catholic religion, and to abandon Holland to its fate; in which case France was to convert the truce into a treaty of peace, to restore Alsatia, and to give up the dispute concerning the Palatinate.

The ambassadors having required of Lord Nottingham that our prizes carried into English ports should be tried before the courts in Holland and Zealand, according to treaty, he replied, "The law here is above all treaties; the king concludes treaties, but he cannot make them against the laws; and there is a law here by which we are empowered to detain and to try before our courts all vessels which we find in our ports."

Bentinck, and even the king himself, endeavoured to take upon himself the charge of Van Beuningen, who was positively refused this trust (though it was attended with both honour and profit), as he was of opinion that no one should be deprived of an office on account of any malady.

On the 20th of June a conference was held on the treaties.

prevail upon Witsen to become insane; but he both honours and profits, office on account of any subject of the pending

Van Citters objects to a treaty offensive and defensive. The king takes little part in the negotiation, in order to avoid giving umbrage to the English.

Several well-meaning Englishmen intreat Witsen to advise the king not to shut himself up alone with Bentinck, and to be more affable. Dijkveld drank Witsen's health at table, and wished him more courage; he took this much amiss, and said he had as much courage as any man.

Hambden reproached Witsen on account of the considerable profits which he said the city of Amsterdam had derived from the sale of arms sent over to England from that city; this was regarded by the latter as a striking proof of British ingratitude.

The king is often gloomy, melancholy, and unwell, and appears very different in England from what he was in Holland; this made Ouwerkerk once observe, "Would it not have been preferable to have kept his honour unblemished, and to have avoided the expense?" Witsen adds, "He misses here the vigorous activity of Fagel." Dijkveld himself observes an alteration in his appearance. Our privateers who have brought French prizes into English ports, have in several instances been arrested here, and the vessels claimed by British subjects on the false pretence of a previous transfer of the property.

Heimskerk is accused of having first adhered pertinaciously to Danish interests and then gone over on loose grounds to the Swedish side.

Malicious people call the king the presbyterian Messiah.

The king is desirous that all vessels whatever coming from and going to France may be captured. Witsen represented to him that this would offend the Swedes and other states, but the king insists upon this measure being carried into effect.

The common people say the king thinks of every thing; the queen tells every thing; the prince of Denmark drinks every thing; the princess eats every thing; the Scotch parliament does every thing, but the English parliament does nothing.

The king laughs at the solicitations of our ambassadors for commercial advantages, and the repeal of the act of the year 1651. The latter, he asserts, is utterly impossible. He wastes many hours of his precious time in attending horse-races.

Witsen thinks that the reason of the king's doing less in England than he did in Holland is, that he is here under the necessity of carrying his designs into effect himself; whereas in Holland he had but to give his instructions, and they were immediately realised by those about him.

An attempt has already been made to infringe the treaty regarding the union of the two fleets. According to that treaty, all prizes were to be tried before the courts where the captors resided; but the vessels brought by the Dutch into British ports are now daily arrested.

The ambassadors confer with the king on the subject of a mutual stipulation in the treaty, not to conclude a separate peace; but Witsen, in particular, sees many objections to it. "England," he observes, "may hold out much longer than we can do; we could now make peace with France, but England cannot."

When the king made answer to any proposal that he would take it into consideration, this was found to be equivalent to a refusal; the nation was displeased at this.

He repeated to Witsen what he had before observed to him, that the state ran most hazard from the side of France during the winter, which was now, however, gone by. Witsen reminded him in reply that, according to his majesty's opinion, every thing would be settled in England immediately after he landed, which was far from being the case. He further remarked, "We should not have been involved in the war, if the expedition to England had not been undertaken."

Witsen was informed from undoubted authority, that the king had said he would rather be in any situation than king of England, as he now was, and that no one in Holland would venture to hold such language to him, as the parliament of England did.

The English continue to proceed with the greatest injustice against the prizes brought into their ports by Dutch privateers; the laws of England, they allege, must take their course, although, according to information obtained by Witsen, the law alluded to was never enforced against other nations; Odÿk, though a Zealander, opposes Witsen on this question, in order to flatter the king.

The king is well aware of the remarks current in the coffee-houses; that the English nation has beheaded one king, dethroned another, and would know very well what to do with the third.

Witsen made great exertions to procure the release of Captain Wildschut, of Rotterdam, and his prize, but he could obtain no other result than an assurance from Nottingham that he would see whether the affair could be accommodated.

He advises the king to be more familiar with his subjects; to dine with the lord-mayor, and to review the train-bands: his majesty expressed his willingness to visit the lord-mayor. Witsen again complained to him of the jealousy with which the English regarded our commerce and shipping, and the ill usage experienced by our privateers, but it was all in vain.

No progress is made in the treaty, because the English insist upon the condition to make peace and war conjunctly, and to capture every vessel, without regard to the flag.

The king urges the conclusion of the treaty, in order that the crown may be fixed on his head by means of our arms, our men and money, and that we may be kept at war as long as France chooses to assist king James.

The king gives preference to his enemies in bestowing the public offices, thinking that he can always depend upon his friends. Witsen adds, "I have positive proofs of this."

He complains that the Dutch merchantmen are detained many months in England for want of convoy, and one of his own vessels among the rest.

The king said to Witsen, "What would the pensionary say if he were to look up, and to see the fickleness of the people here? I always foretold that it would be the case, but he would not believe me."

The English commissioners refuse to grant any commercial advantages to Holland.

On the 28th of July the king begins to converse with Witsen more freely and confidentially than before, and with the same affability as he did formerly at the Hague.

When the ambassadors mentioned to the king that his ministers often said to them, the king has no power to do this or that, he was very angry.

It was a great advantage for the English that they could appoint convoys for their merchantmen, which the Dutch could not do, because the combined fleet was under the command of an English admiral.

According to what the king told Dijkveld, every member of the ministry and of the privy council, with the exception of Halifax only, were unfavourably disposed towards Holland; some of them even went so far as to say that he should resign the office of stadtholder, as it was not consistent with the royal dignity.

Witsen complains bitterly to Dijkveld of the imposition practised upon him by the assurances given that the trade of Holland by sea should be protected, and the money advanced repaid; and he declares that he would never have come over if he could have foreseen the result: he gives him full permission to report all this to the king.

Witsen refuses to sign the treaty, which all the other ambassadors, except Van Citters, are ready to do. He wishes to wait the receipt of an answer to a letter which he had written to Heinsius on the subject. Danby declares openly that efforts are making here to establish a republic.

Dijkveld censures Witsen very sharply for having written to Heinsius: "I suffer more here," says he, "than I ever had to endure from my parents or at school. I am constantly reprimanded, and I curse the hour I came over to this country, as well as that when this affair was first broached. Oh that I had never been applied to! the injuries my countrymen and myself have suffered, would then be less bitterly lamented by me."

He informs the king that he receives no letters from Amsterdam; that, having no occupation here, he had read the whole Bible through, and a number of English authors. He laments the loss of a half share in a Surinam trader, which in the heat of the moment, he says, was gone to the devil.

On the 11th of August the Chevalier Chardin tells him that the king had ruined his cause by accepting the crown. This he had already stated to Dijkveld.

three days after the arrival of the ambassadors. Dr. Burnet made the same remark to him. The regency might have been obtained, said Chardin, with honour and enjoyed in peace, but the crown had been preferred with civil war; and, to promote this object, Bentinck and Dijkveld exerted their active endeavours, the former particularly, with much zeal, either from the impulse of his own mind, or otherwise. The queen could make long prayers when in the Hague, but at Windsor, when the first sermon was to be preached before her, she did not make her appearance till twelve o'clock. The king was too covetous.

The Dutch ambassadors are recalled without any solicitation on their part, which is an unprecedented occurrence. This was occasioned by Dijkveld's letters to Heinsius.

Manshire is of opinion that Ireland was neglected for reasons connected with state policy, in order that the country might be the sooner involved in a contest with France. Witsen differs from him in opinion on this subject. Witsen thought that the king was more attached to Holland than to England, but he could get little done. His majesty endeavours to prevail on Witsen to sign the treaty: he acknowledges that it was unlawful to capture neutral vessels, but alleged that it was necessary. It was cannon law, he said.

He asks Witsen for information concerning the magistracy of Amsterdam—inquired who was to be appointed burgomaster—in what estimation Hop was held, and whether it was probable that he would maintain his influence there, which Witsen answered in the affirmative. "I shall nevertheless nominate your nephew schepen," resumed the king (a casual vacancy having occurred). Witsen did not know to whom he had alluded, whether Blaauss or Bakker, as he had recommended both to the king in the spring of the year, as friends of Hudde and himself. His majesty added, that it was quite indifferent to him which of them was elected: the choice fell upon Bakker, but Witsen would have been better pleased if Blaauss had been appointed; his name, however, had not been distinguished in the usual manner on the list.

Witsen petitioned the king in vain to permit the free importation of Delft earthenware.

Witsen resolved at last on the 22d to sign the treaty, being apprehensive that if he persisted in his refusal, affairs in England would be involved in difficulties, which the king would be unable to overcome.

Van Citters, however, still refuses to accede.

Witsen is informed that Bentinck's emoluments continue to be considerable, and may be estimated at 30,000 rixdollars, in addition to the 100,000 he has already realised, but, he adds, God knows whether it be true!

In conversation with Dijkveld, the king inadvertently mentioned that the continuance of the war depended mainly upon the city of Amsterdam.

The English commissioners seize every prize brought into Plymouth by Dutch armed vessels, and plunder neutral ships of their cordage.

Dijkveld writes numerous letters for the king, and some even to the pensionary Heinsius; his majesty never speaks to Witsen now about state affairs, so that he adds, I am a complete cypher here, as well as all the other members of the embassy, excepting Dijkveld. On the 3d of September the treaty was at length signed by Witsen, but not without much perturbation of mind, as his tremulous signature testifies. Heinsius advised him to do it, and he received no instructions to the contrary from the government, or from the city of Amsterdam. Van Citters still deferred signing, being ill at the time.

Immediately after this, Nottingham stated that the king would likewise become a party to the treaty with the emperor. Nottingham had settled this privately beforehand with Dijkveld.

The Dutch merchants in England declare to Witsen that they never were treated so ill as at present.

On the 11th Witsen endeavours to speak to the king, but in vain. It was Sunday, and his majesty locked himself up in the afternoon with Bentinck, admitting nobody else.

In a conference on the 23d it was determined to confiscate all Hamburg and imperial vessels, which had sailed for French ports previous to the de-

claration of war. It was at the same time judged proper to release the Swedish and Danish vessels, seizing however all enemy's property on board.

A sketch of a treaty with Denmark was then laid before the ambassadors, but they had received no instructions on the subject from their government. On the 25th Witsen was at last admitted to a private audience with the king, after having requested it five times in vain. He took this opportunity to represent to him the critical state of Surinam. "I now perceive," says he, "very clearly, that every thing here, even justice itself, is venal."

Nottingham, Van Citters, &c. were of opinion that the Hamburg and imperial vessels, which had sailed before the declaration of war, ought not to be condemned; but the king wished it to be so, and it must accordingly be done.

"I now obtained intelligence," writes Witsen, "which convinces me that justice is venal here, even in the courts of admiralty; and several decisions, both for and against our people, had already led me to suspect this." He was informed of the very sums paid.

The king, speaking of the perils attending his passage over to England, related that the whole business would have been marred, had not Captain Van Nes (who commanded the ship in which his majesty was embarked) very imprudently deferred his departure for a whole tide, contrary to the orders he had received: the fleet would otherwise have assembled in the north according to the original plan, and the whole expedition would have miscarried.

Our ships are compelled to pay harbour dues at Plymouth, although the king had relieved them from that charge; but, in answer to every remonstrance made, the English say, the king had no authority to do it.

The English assert that the city of London alone had lost 500,000*l.* by the want of regular convoys, but Witsen proved to the king that Holland had lost a million by the same neglect. Engelburg and Dijkveld now obtain from the king permission to appoint the magistrates in their own towns, "whereas," says Witsen, "I could not obtain the appointment of a single schepen of my own choice."

The king offers, through the medium of Bentinck, to make Witsen a baron; but he declined the honour, fearing to excite jealous feelings in Amsterdam.

The king is surprised to learn that Hop is coming over to England in the character of envoy-extraordinary, as he intended him to come merely as a private individual, to give an account of the state of affairs at the court of Vienna. Witsen disapproved of it, on the ground that, if every envoy did the same, great expense would be incurred. Some idea is entertained of keeping Hop in London as ambassador to the king, in order to prevent his return to Amsterdam.

On the 5th of October the ambassadors had their audience of leave.

The king informed Dijkveld, that endeavours were made to injure Witsen in his opinion.

On the 7th, Witsen converses with the king in the bedchamber; and, among other subjects, he discusses matters of religion, explains to him the doctrines of predestination and free will, and informs him, that Arminianism was losing ground at Amsterdam.

Goderich, admiral Dartmouth's brother-in-law, who had exerted himself to promote the prince's interest in the north, informed Witsen, that captain Brakel, having been driven out of his course, and near to the coast of England, hailed a fisherman, and inquired whether an insurrection had not broken out in the country, informing him, at the same time, that the prince was at sea with a numerous fleet, and would very soon arrive. The fisherman spread the report, which created much uneasiness in the prince's party, especially among the soldiers who had been gained over to his cause; and their anxiety increased when the fleet did not make its appearance.

Dijkveld, says Witsen, takes the upper hand in our house, not only of me, but of our premier Odijk. The king, he adds, dissembles greatly, and praised my conduct at the audience of leave.

The English confiscate Dutch goods in neutral vessels and restore English property in the same predicament, on

all coming from France, the plea that the parliament had not sanctioned the war when the goods were shipped.

Hop is now daily expected, and this creates a great deal of jealousy. Some apprehend that he will stand in their way, others that he will quite upset them.

Dr. Corel, vice-chancellor of Cambridge, harangued the king on his knees at Newcastle. This looked very idolatrous. He had been three years court chaplain at the Hague, and was banished from thence because he had, by King James's desire, engaged with some ladies in a conspiracy to prejudice the princess against the prince, to carry her away privately, and induce her to marry a French popish prince. He and the ladies were sent back to England on this account. King James made him vice-chancellor; and now he appeared in the presence of King William, without having seen him or spoken to him since the above occurrence, and made a declamatory speech to him, extolling him as a saint and a saviour, and expressing his detestation of the late government. It was however observed, that he never once looked the king in the face.

His majesty spent a merry evening at Newmarket, drinking rather freely, which is not otherwise his custom, and he got a little tipsy; he hereby advanced much in the good graces of the English lords, who were greatly pleased with his excursion to Newmarket.

Dijkveld accused Witsen of making complaints against him at court, which the latter said was false. "Never," adds he, "from my earliest years have I heard so much harsh language as here in England, and that without the least cause."

On the 14th of November, the king's birthday, Witsen appeared at court. It is here the custom only to make a bow, without speaking.

The loss suffered by merchants in Holland, in consequence of the detention of their ships at Plymouth, amounted, says Witsen, to 20,000 florins a day.

Bentinck requests Witsen to employ some Cocceian theologians at Amsterdam, to draw up a plan of union between the episcopalians and the presbyterians.

Such was the zeal of Fagel in the prince's service (according to authentic accounts received by Witsen), that he always followed his opinion, though contrary to his own, saying, that the will and opinion of a prince were always a law to him.

Major Wildman asserts, that the king does nothing without the consent of Bentinck. Witsen observed in reply, that he probably only consulted him. No, resumed Witsen, we have paid particular attention to this.

Some persons assure Witsen that he has lost the favour of the king, and that he is only retained here because his services are required. Bentinck, however, positively asserts the contrary, so that Witsen is quite at a loss what to think of it.

Witsen intimates to the king, that Hop would not produce his credentials as envoy, unless it were perfectly agreeable to his majesty, as he set out for England contrary to the opinion of the gentlemen of Amsterdam.

The king wrote to the elector of Brandenburg, that he trusted to his perseverance in the good cause; but the object of the elector was to gain money, and money could not at this juncture be sent out of England.

Somebody reported to Witsen that the king was displeased with him, because he had not conceded the question of precedence. "This," answered Witsen, "is a pearl in my crown."

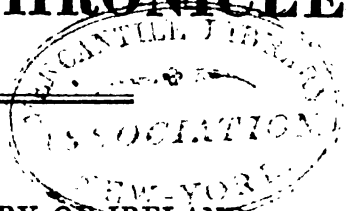
The parliament is dissatisfied, because so little has been done this summer.

Some members of parliament express to Witsen their fears that the king will aspire to absolute power; others say, that if the king is desirous of recovering the favour of the nation, he must do something striking, and must remove some lords from his presence.

On the 24th, Witsen set off from London, and arrived in the Hague on the 28th. On the 29th, he made his report to their high mightinesses, the States General, and, a few days after, to the states of Holland; and he concludes his journal with the following words, viz. —

"My report occupied more than an hour in the delivery, and thus terminated this deputation and embassy to England, in the course of which I have witnessed many remarkable events, endured much vexation, tasted both of bitters and sweets, beheld the inconstancy and vanity of courts, and finally obtained the conviction, that the private station of the citizen, who lives retired and forgotten, is most eligible."

THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.



THE BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND.

The Popular Songs of Ireland. Collected and Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by T. CROFTON CROKER, Esq. London : Henry Colburn, 1839.

Songs and Ballads. By SAMUEL LOVER. London : Chapman & Hall, 1839.

THAT which is true, in a greater or lesser degree, of the Ballad Poetry of every country, is especially true of the popular songs of Ireland. The moral and social characteristics of the people are faithfully reflected in their music and their lyrical poetry — both of which are defective as works of refined and cultivated Art, but full of the wild beauty and impassioned energy of Nature. The traditional music of the Irish discovers exquisite sensibility rather than a knowledge of the science of composition. The native minstrels were profound masters of simple Melody, but were apparently ignorant of the subtle resources of Harmony. It would be difficult to trace throughout the entire body of Irish music a single proof that its composers were acquainted with counterpoint. The poetry that was married to their irregular strains is equally inartistical, and equally remarkable for warm feeling, for unpremeditated grace, and for a singular waywardness of imagination, which exercises a sort of disturbing influence over the whole. The union — perfect of its kind — forms a complete representation of the national temperament ; and perhaps it might be added with truth that in no other record can be found so striking an epitome of the national history.

An Irish song cannot be said to resemble any other description of lyric. It constitutes a class *per se*. It not only develops the usual elements of the popular lyric in a state of greater intensity than the songs of any other country in the world, but it exhibits combinations and contrasts, strange and abrupt transitions, mixed sympathies, and an inextinguishable enthusiasm of the animal spirits which have no existence elsewhere. Unlike the popular songs of other nations it is not so much distinguished by the predominance of any particular quality, as by a marvellous blending of qualities the most opposite and the most irreconcilable. Thus in French songs we expect a certain idiomatic gaiety and brilliant wit — in Spanish songs, picturesque images and a chivalric spirit — in Italian songs, languishing passion and the romance of the beautiful — in the songs of Poland, heroic ardour and a gathering of historical glories — and in the songs of Germany, fervid devotion and legendary interest ; but in the songs of Ireland

we look for all these attributes modified and intermingled, and producing effects peculiar, powerful, and agitating. We can point out with sufficient accuracy the leading characteristics of all other national songs, as we do the styles of particular painters or schools of art; but we should be puzzled to describe, with similar brevity and distinctness, the characteristics of productions in which reckless fancy, melting pathos, arch vivacity, religious sentiment, broad exaggerations of the ludicrous, love, heroism, and tradition, appear to be alike indigenous. That interflow of grief and joy — that intense spirituality — that metempsychosis of humour and pathos, for which Irish songs are so remarkable — cannot be very easily reduced to a verbal delineation. Moore has felicitously depicted their prevailing character in the well-known lines addressed to the country itself: —

“ Erin! the smile and the tear in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies;
Smiling through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam;
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.”

And thus it is truly that the final impression is that of sadness. A low wail runs through their cheeriest music, and even at the height of the most festive and exulting delight, you feel that a single touch of the wire would melt it all into the deepest woe.* These peculiarities must obviously be traced to the circumstances of the people. Misgivings and disappointments pervade their lives, and exercise an inevitable influence over their poetry and music. With a temperament originally buoyant and vivacious, quick sensibility, ardent affections, and a strenuous love of justice, their history exhibits an unbroken struggle against oppression, which forces all the qualities of their nature into fierce excitation, but through which they have maintained, with almost miraculous integrity, that high sense of honour which the worst examples and the most dangerous temptations cannot corrupt, and that keen “mother wit,” which appears to be only sharpened by adversity. Wrong-doing and suffering embitter their scanty pleasures, but have not quenched the love of pleasure; and if pain and sadness are ever present in their mirth, they have this remarkable compensation, that their mirth is always at hand to make light of their troubles.

The comic songs of Ireland are less understood in England, and, indeed, every where out of Ireland, than those which are of a sentimental or pensive cast. The language of calamity is, perhaps, universal, while humour depends on local associations, idioms, and immediate sympathies. But were it otherwise, it would be difficult for any race of men to enter with a complete zest into Irish humour, nurtured as it is amidst circumstances which elsewhere would destroy the capacity for enjoyment, and utterly extinguish the susceptibility to the ridiculous. Irish humour, like Antæus, seems to spring with increased elasticity from the ground, and the greater the depth of mis-

* It is not a little curious that some of the most melancholy Irish lyrics are frequently converted into “country dances” — the popular corruption of the French *contre-danse*, which is strictly a cotillon — by the simple process of altering the time; while, on the other hand, the “rollicking” tunes of the country are as often made the vehicles of the most plaintive melody. The celebrated air of “Savourneen Dheesh” may be cited as an instance of the former, and the old half-mad lilt, called “The Red-haired Man's Wife,” of the latter. “The Red-haired Man's Wife” is universally known by the exquisite words of Moore, beginning with “At the mid hour of night.” But although these transformations are singularly favoured by the checkered genius of the songs, it must be confessed that the humorous pieces suffer the change into pathos better than the pathetic bear to be turned into mirth; for grief is at the bottom of them all in common, and Irish merriment always seems to be verging on despair.

fortune the higher the spirits mount into the air. Prosperous communities do not display anomalies of this kind. With them all influences are literal and direct. They calculate realities and have no leisure, or no need, for the play of the imagination. When they are overtaken by an evil, they set about remedying it with appropriate means. An Englishman meets trouble with an air of business, because his whole experience, his thoughts, feelings, hopes, and projects, run in the channels of business. An Irishman, having no business, having no sordid interests of any sort, living upon chance, and practising the philosophy of laughter, to keep him in good humour with his destiny, turns off his troubles with a jest, because he knows that he cannot remedy them. Absolute hopelessness makes him a wit. When his "hat is on, his house is thatched," and that which would be privation to an Englishman is luxury to him. In the words of one of the popular ditties, that Irishman may be accounted superior to the frowns of fortune who is able to flourish a shillelagh over a dinner of meat ! he

—— "lives in state,
And lives above the frowns of fate,¹
With his stick, stone platter, and bit of meat,
And, may be, he cares for the high and great !"

When the English population have been reduced to this state of destitution, they may begin to understand that God-send of hilarity, which floats like the atmosphere over the miseries of Ireland ! But we are afraid it will require some such revolution in the affairs of the animal appetites, to bring them acquainted with this strange condition of the imagination.

Yet, although Irish humour is not fully appreciated out of Ireland, it never fails to provoke mirth. Its grotesque and figurative excesses — its odd analogies — its expressive volubility — and that incessant effervescence of good nature with which it brims over — are irresistible. It is even more popular than any other kind of humour. The jibes and eccentricities of Mr. Harley, representing the vein of "Cockney fun," the ludicrous extravagance of Mr. Hill, the representative of Yankee absurdity, or the gross "nigger" burlesque of Mr. Rice, completely fail in comparison with the rich, mellifluous, and inexhaustible humour of Power, who convulses the audience from his entrance to his exit. The reason of this is, that the sources of Irish humour lie deeper, and that, depending less upon verbal ingenuity and grimace than upon subtle truth and universal nature, it partakes, in a considerable degree, of the character of wit. Now — assuming, for convenience, the instances to which we have alluded as illustrations of classes of national humour — the ridiculous buffoonery of Mr. Rice is merely a bad caricature of a particular *genus*, which may admit of endless distortions but no varieties: the drollery of Mr. Hill consists of nothing but a succession of the same sort of jokes, in which the process of exaggeration is applied to one topic after another; and the deadly liveliness of Mr. Harley is composed of conventional cants, word-catching, and face-making. It is very evident that none of these classes of humour can make any permanent impression. If they excite laughter, it passes off like smoke. They die in the very instant of applause. But Irish humour — with its perpetual sunshine, its remote similitudes, its instinctive apprehension of the ridiculous, its readiness, the poetry by which it is unconsciously coloured, and the striking fact that, unlike a picture of mere idleness, it is the type of constitutional enthusiasm resisting the gloomy suggestions of social misery — possesses a charm that belongs to no other class or descrip-

tion of humour. We invariably associate it with the image of want struggling manfully against despair — of courage and devotion in the worst exigencies of fortune — of a disposition patient under suffering, keenly sensitive to insult, and always grateful for kindness — of a spirit not to be broken down by the most aggravated calamities — and a temper of hope and joy that never meets trouble half way, and takes a pleasant revenge on it when it comes. Much, no doubt, of its fascination is to be referred to the revelation it affords us of a character as uncommon as it is interesting; full of generosity and tenderness, bold to a fault, fertile in expedients, self-possessed and enduring, and inspired by a genius capable of all things — except success. It is to be remarked also, that this humour is conventional only in the national sense. The tide of eloquence that flows through it is affluent and fresh, gushing from natural springs, and never diverted into artificial channels. What in England is called *slang* — the cheap refuge of the witless — is unknown in Ireland. A species of vulgar ribaldry that prevails amongst the illiterate and dissipated classes of the metropolis is designated “Dublin slang,” but it has no resemblance to the language of wit or humour familiar to the provinces, and may be described as one of those grafts of vile taste which flourish in all capital cities. Cant words or phrases are not only never heard in Ireland, but could not be transplanted into the soil. The genius of the people is too original, racy, and discursive, to admit of such substitutes for invention. The occasion furnishes its own soubriquets and epigrams; and that power of rapid declamation, taking the most picturesque and unexpected shapes of wild and powerful eloquence, which is common to the whole peasantry, would render such common-places an encumbrance rather than a help. In no other country is passion expressed with such terrible concentrated force, or humour so distinguished by spontaneity, by depth of colouring, or versatility. The malediction of the Irish peasant possesses all the poetry of an oriental denunciation, with tenfold its withering power; his jest flashes upon invisible points, and lights them up by a single touch: sometimes he mingles both, and produces unconscious wit of the most exquisite quality at the height of his frenzy.

But we are afraid that these traits are not often transplanted from the teeming soil of heedless life into the artificial lyric without losing something of their freedom and freshness. Irish humour suffers especially by being clipped into verse: its wild flow is restrained, and nothing more than its salient characteristics can be preserved. The *raconteur* alone can give full effect to the rich imagination with which the every-day dialogues of Irish life are flooded; and hence the legends and stories of Ireland approach more nearly to a true representation of Irish humour than the best songs, many of which, for the same reason, are interspersed with snatches of recitation, that are drawn in by the singers to complete the effects which the verses leave imperfect. If a collection could be made of Irish repartees, of sustained conversations, of fragments of expression at meeting and parting, and in other varieties of circumstances, gathered on the roadside, and at fairs and patterns from actual observation, it would present much more eloquent evidence of the genius of the people than all the song-books that have ever been printed. Pictures of the cabins, of the habits and costume, and of the temper, tastes, and general character of the peasantry, may be strikingly exhibited in humorous songs; but the wit that springs from miscellaneous collision — the occasional and incidental outbursts of the sanguine and poetical temperament — the sinister mirth that lurks under the

drooping lash — cannot be caught with sufficient breadth and luxuriance in comic rhymes, the drollery of which consists chiefly in grotesque associations and coarse blunders.

The Irish hay-maker, in the farce of the “Irishman in Italy,” who is carried out to the Bay of Naples, and thinks he is entering the Bay of Dublin (a mistake by no means surprising, from the remarkable resemblance they bear to each other), and who expresses his wonder to see his own “paceable hill of Howth spitting fire,” is by no means an exaggeration. The astonishment he expresses at the strange sights in the streets, and the stranger stiletto practices of the people, the courage and presence of mind he discovers in difficulties that would sorely perplex an Englishman, and the ingenuity with which he foils the cunning Italian stratagems that bring the life of his benefactor into danger, give a faithful view, as far as the scope of the design admits, of the adaptive and inventive qualities, the generosity and personal bravery of the genuine Hibernian. But the Irishman is not often presented in our comedies with similar felicity: the *brogue* is frequently burlesqued by the most miserable kind of *malapropisms*, and verbal quibbling is substituted for the sly and liquorish joke. Now it is a curious fact that the lower orders of the Irish never make *puns*; and whenever such poor and transparent tricks are assigned to them on the stage, the gratuitous slander must be laid at the door of the author or the actor. Their humour refers to *things*, not to *words*. Yet sometimes they are even made responsible for downright *cockneyisms*. Thus, in the popular extravaganza, called “Teddy the Tiler,” the Irish labourer, when the picture of Wat Tyler is pointed out to him, asks “*What Tyler?*” and reiterates the question over and over again, after the repeated response of “*Wat Tyler,*” to the uproarious delight of the gallery. In the farce of the “Hundred Pound Note” (written by an English author), the Irish character is in some places hit off with better success. When the lover, who has sent his servant with a letter to his mistress, puts a flurry of inquiries to the honest fellow on his return, and at last asks, Does he think she loves him? the answer is admirably characteristic: “*Love you! Her heart’s under your foot!*” This condensed strength of expression, summing up a world of description in a single picturesque phrase, is happily illustrative of the ordinary language of the peasantry, which on the most common-place occasions takes the shape of eloquent brevity. When an Irishman is relating the treachery of another, and is anxious to present a forcible image of the deception of a false friend, he will tell you that the traitor “*cut the ground from under his feet,*” — a phrase that has now passed almost into general use, but which, in its original earnestness, in the power of the conception, showing the sudden gulf into which the victim fell, and was swallowed up for ever, is not wanting in a certain kind of savage sublimity. Innumerable instances of the pathetic and the ridiculous might be cited from the experience of any individual who has traversed the provinces, particularly in the west and south. An old woman, trudging with a heavy load at her back towards the city of Cork, paused on her weary journey, as the gay phaeton with spanking horses and brilliant liveries of one of the wealthy families of the southern metropolis approached. Leaning her back against the low mud wall on the side of the road, she gazed upon the splendid equipage as it swept past her — the ribands and laces of the happy ladies who sat in the open carriage fluttering and cracking in the winds; and, looking after it mournfully for a few moments in silence, rocking her head to and fro, she comforted her forlorn poverty with the exclamation —

"Och! then sure, avich! Heaven and *that* would be too much!" An English lady, who visited Ireland some years ago, landed at the Custom-house quay, in Dublin, where it was necessary to have her luggage examined. One of her packing cases was secured by an unusual quantity of nails, and the porter who was employed to open it, after working for some time, and finding his labour still unfinished, observed, looking furtively at the lady, "Ah! by my sowl, then, but the boy that nailed this was paid by the *day*, and not by the *job*!" On another occasion, a party visited the lakes of Killarney, and as the boat was making way towards a point where the rugged hills broke abruptly into the water, one of the company turned to the boatman to ask if there was any danger. "Not the laste in life, Sir," was the reply; "I know every rock in the place — *there's one of them*," he added, with a *nonchalant* leer, as the boat pitched violently against a rock. A group of peasants were standing idly outside a hovel, when a poor tattered fellow passed along the road; and one of them happening to notice the extreme penury of his appearance, another observed that he had "got a rise in the world." Upon being asked for an explanation, he said, "Why, I remember the time when he hadn't a rag on his back, *but now he's all rags*!" It is a very common thing for poor cotters, who can scarcely support themselves, to keep two or three fine dogs, contriving by some means that the animals shall always be in tolerably good condition. A pedestrian traveller fell in with a young countryman, who was followed by two magnificent hounds, in the dusk of an autumn evening in the mountains of Wicklow; and, struck by what appeared to him an anomaly, entered into conversation with him, inquiring if the dogs were his own. "Ah, then," replied Pat, "I wonder you'd ask such a foolish question; don't you see the family likeness between us?" "Have you had them long?" "Only since they were born." "Do you intend to sell them?" "*They wouldn't be sold by me*. They were pupped on the flure in the ould cabin, and they think they've as good a right to it as myself; and so they have. It's a pretty *ruction** there'd be if they heard me say I was going to sell them; though, poor cratures! I b'lieve they'd sell themselves, soul and body, for the sake of the ould woman that's lying bed-ridden at home." "And what's the matter with the old woman?" "Poverty, sir, and hard fortune." "But if you're so poor, how can you afford to support the dogs?" "Support the dogs? They support themselves. They're so sensible that they go *colloquing*† of a morning to think what they'll do all day; and then they go out over the mountains, sometimes to Lady Powerscourt's, and sometimes to Mr. Symms', and Mr. Grattan's, and I don't know where, and never asked them, and come home again at night, never troubling us for any thing but the lock of hay that's under them. They know my foot a mile off; and jump up like mad when they hear me; and if I don't come home all night, och! sorrow a wink on them, but they walk up and down like a couple of banshees, and are ready to eat me alive with joy when they see me. They're mighty true to me; and if they do set up a hullaloo sometimes in the middle of the night, frightening the poor sick mother, when they think they hear a noise — for it's them that has the 'cute ears — sure I can *quash* them with a word, *for they're afeard of my voice out of the love they have for me*."

Of a different kind is the *slang* of the lower orders in Dublin, who speak a language peculiar to themselves, in which the natural humour of the

* *Anglice*, row.]

† Holding a secret colloquy.

country is interlarded with quaint and terse sayings, and its simplicity overlaid by arrant cunning; but exhibiting such ingenuity and artifice — such a variety of expedients and resources — that it forms a class in itself, wholly distinct from the colloquial style of the provinces, but formed mainly out of the same materials, fashioned with more art, and alloyed by that craftiness which comes of town breeding. The portion of the population in which this ornate *slang* flourishes in perfection, is to be found in the neighbourhood of the markets—more especially the fish market, which seems in all large towns to be the haunt of the muse of disorderly rhetoric. The inhabitants of cellars, where esculents, oysters, cockles, lobsters, herrings, and other things are vended, excel in the use of this figurative diction. Imagine Catherine Driscoll, a gaunt, flowery-looking woman, meeting her friend Mary Reilly one morning, and relating a domestic grievance to her, and you have a fair illustration of the manner of speech—wanting that interjectional flounce of the head, that sinister machinery of look, voice, and action, which no description can supply. The scene—taken from the life—occurred before the visit of George IV. to the Irish metropolis. “Mrs. Reilly, jewel, the top o’ the morning to you. And how is it wid you, ma’am?” “The better of seeing you this blessed morning, Mrs. Driscoll, darling.” “And how’s the man that owns you?” “Hearty, but weak, like kitchen broth.” “How’s the chilthur?” “Don’t ax me. Sure the whole boiling of them was going to be turned out last quarter as naked as they were born. Cromwell’s luck to the one-eyed thief of the world that was going to murder the fatherless crathurs.” “Och! and who was the kidnapping villain?” “Hould your whisht, and I’ll tell you. I was standing on the stips of the cillar, tying my *prashkeen*,* when Mr. Foyle, the tax-getherar, comes up, as impudent as if the whole street belonged to him. ‘How are you, Mrs. Driscoll?’ says he. ‘Yes, Sir,’ says I, as if I wasn’t minding him, for I knew what he wanted. ‘Mrs. Driscoll,’ says he, ‘I’m come for the taxes.’ ‘More power to your elbow, Sir,’ says I, warding him off a little at first. ‘There’s two gales due, ma’am,’ says he. ‘Is there, Sir?’ says I. ‘Well,’ says he, looking at me as if he’d look me through, ‘are you going to pay me?’ ‘Pay you, Sir,’ says I, ‘do you think I’m a robber? Where do you think a poor struggling widow like me would get the money to pay you?’ ‘Oh! that won’t do, Mrs. Driscoll,’ says he, colouring up to the gills, ‘bekase,’ says he, ‘they’re the king’s taxes, and what am I to say to the king when he comes to the fore for his money?’ ‘Say what you like,’ says I, ‘and welcome; the king isn’t so mane-sparated as to be beholden to the likes of me for his livin’.’ ‘Oh! that’s mighty well,’ says he; ‘but the king won’t wait any longer, and if you don’t pay me I must distrain you.’ ‘You must what, Sir?’ says I. ‘I must distrain you, Mrs. Driscoll,’ says he, wiping his mouth with a pocket handkerchief as yallow as a kite’s claw. ‘Distrain me, Sir?’ says I; ‘Is it such a dirty tax-getherar for to offer to distrain me? I’m a dacent woman, Sir,’ says I: ‘the mother of nine chilthur, and no man shall distrain me, Sir,’ says I, ‘let alone such as you. Don’t let me see you daar to come near me. I’m sure your father was a musician, for you look as if you were walking on two German flutes, and you’re so crooked in the body, that, God help us, if you swallowed a twelvepenny nail you’d conwert it into a cork-screw. Distrain me! och, murder! murder! Boys, is this the way I’m to be treated?’ With that he says, ‘Mrs. Driscoll,’ says he, ‘you mistake my manin’ entirely. It’s seizing the furniture I mane.’ ‘And why didn’t you say so at once?’ says I, ‘instead of squinting at me with your

* A coarse apron.

swivel eye, and bad cess * to you.' 'Ma'am,' says he, spaking me fair, 'I must take the furniture for the taxes: it's my duty I'm doing, Mrs. Driscoll.' 'Oh! then, Mr. Foyle,' says I, 'you're kindly welcome to the two stools and the settle-bed, and the noggins and the pitcher — and that's the whole inventory — for I haven't as much money as'd pay turnpike for a walking-stick. Come down the ladder, Mr. Foyle,' says I, 'and I'm sorry it isn't a coach and six for your sake.' Upon the word he was followin' me down, when I just turned round, and says I, 'Mr. Foyle,' says I, 'it's rasonable I should tell you that three of the poor chilthurs are in the typhus, and may be a gentleman like you would be afeard of it. *Us, poor crathurs, are used to it.*' 'In the typhus, Mrs. Driscoll?' says he, jumping back like a garden thrush. 'Are you sure it's the typhus?' 'Oh, come down, Sir,' says I, 'and make your mind easy.' 'Not to-day, ma'am,' says he, 'I beg your pardon, Mrs. Driscoll, for troublin' you; I'll come another time,' and with that he ran away for the bare life. I never saw him since. *Devil a typhus was b'low, Mrs. Reilly, no more nor there's at the bottom of the sea!*'

Such passages as these can be rendered truly characteristic only by recitation. The pauses, emphases, leers, and jerks, the play of the muscles of the mouth and brows, the twinkles and winks, and the expressive accompaniment of gesture and action, are essential to bring the portrait entire before us.

These requisites, which are so indispensable to the recitation of Irish humour, are not less needful in rendering full justice to the comic song. It is composed of three elements — Words, Music, Intonation — the absence of any one of which destroys its truth and nationality. The slightest change in the words to moderate their excesses, or *anglicise* them, is fatal to their fresh and racy spirit; nor can they be adapted without injury to any other music than the original airs of the country. An English song may be sung to any air that will suit the measure, but an Irish song loses nearly all its interest by changing the music for which it was designed. The marriage is indissoluble, and you cannot attempt a divorce without doing violence to nature.

The intonation is equally important; for on the enunciation of the syllables, and on the artful way of managing with the voice the involutions of the humour, much of its sly and arch effect depends. This intonation is peculiar to Irish humourists, and we believe it may be asserted that it cannot be acquired by strangers. Very few instances have ever occurred of a successful imitation. The same observation will apply, but in a lesser degree, to Scotch songs, which are always best sung by Scotchmen. The hidden meanings of the phrases, and the strong under-current of imagination that runs through these compositions, cannot be brought out with the necessary facility, if at all, except by natives. In other hands the points of the Irish song are rendered hard and angular — precisely the opposite of their genuine character.

If this combination be required to give full utterance to the spirit of the popular song, it need not be insisted upon that a printed collection of such pieces must present to the English reader a very imperfect notion of that fund of mirth from which they are extracted. It is difficult to imagine a more palpable error of judgment than Mr. Crofton Croker has committed in putting together such a naked anthology, even supposing it were excellent of its kind, which it is not. An Irish comic song, without a bar of music, may be compared to one of the half creatures of Plato, looking bewildered

* A phrase which may probably refer to an obnoxious parish impost, which has, we believe, for many years ceased to be collected in Dublin.

for want of its other half, a similitude which Moore has applied, in the dedication of one of the numbers of the "Melodies," with even less appositeness to the traditional unwritten airs of Ireland. The amusement the reader is expected to derive from this book of dried specimens is past conjecture, unless it be to set him speculating upon the odd nature of that peculiar humour which is so rich and oily in the voice of the singer, and so flat and dreary when reduced to print. It must not be inferred that we object to the publication of Irish songs, but rather that we protest against the shape in which they are put forward by Mr. Croker, who, whatever interest they may possess, is evidently of opinion that they are less interesting than his own introductions and notes. He has fairly buried them in a bog of annotations.

But we must show the manner in which these annotations are compiled. Almost every song in the collection is prefaced by some biographical, antiquarian, or rhapsodical remarks, and heavily loaded with trivial notes wherever any excuse can be made for adding fresh elucidations or illustrations; and all the while that the reader is anxious to arrive at the song with just so much actual information about it as may help to give him a relish for its particular merits, he is detained over details in which nobody except the author can be expected to feel any interest. If these preludes and commentaries were sprightly and descriptive, making a congenial atmosphere for the lively muse to flutter in, they might be admitted with some advantage into such a book; but being utterly destitute of vivacity or even of editorial skill, they constitute a species of book-porpolesy, or button-holding in print. Upon the slightest hint Mr. Croker accumulates a multitude of scraps from an infinite variety of sources,—“bits o’ readin’,” recommended for the most part to the places in which he inserts them by some accidental allusion, or trifling personality. Having three or four songs, for example, celebrating the memory of St. Patrick, he favours us with an extract from Major Mitchell’s “Australian Expedition,” the substance of which is to inform us that the major began his journey on St. Patrick’s day: this is followed by a leaf out of “The Annual Register,” recording the very curious fact that one Count Mahony gave a dinner party at Vienna, on the 17th of March, 1766; we have next a passage from the “Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone,” commemorating the singular circumstance that the writer once dined alone on St. Patrick’s day in Paris, and another from the autobiography of Holt, the rebel general, in which he mentions that he saw some Irishmen walking in procession at Liverpool on the Saint’s day, and showed them to his son. Finding the word “spalpeen” in one of the songs, Mr. Croker is instantly reminded of Sir Charles Coote’s “Statistical Survey of Cavan,” from which he quotes a long dissertation on the meaning of the word, which might have been explained in a single line, if, indeed, it were necessary to explain it at all. A vague allusion to certain mountains in another of the lyrics seduces him into an essay on hills; in which he shows that the facetious poet was wrong in his measurement; winding up with Mr. John Barrow’s account of Croagh Patrick, to enlighten the inquiring reader still farther on the geographical problem involved in the historical poem of “St. Patrick was a Gentleman.” The shamrock carries us into still more remote fields of investigation—such as “The Dublin Penny Journal,” from which we have a lively piece of rigmarole, *à-propos* to nothing—the Journal of John Wesley, where something happens to be mentioned that refers to something else, that has a sort of connection with the topic on the tapis—and that rare and recondite work, “The Biographia Dramatica,” from which are extracted some anecdotes

about Cherry the actor, not so remarkable for their novelty, it is true, as for the air of research with which the editor interweaves them into the text. But when Mr. Croker comes to the consideration of the "potato," his learning "bangs Banagher." He enters into the history of that venerated root with becoming profundity, cites Cuvier at great length to show how the potato was formerly persecuted in France, and obliges us with the opinion of Sir Joseph Banks, that it was originally introduced into these islands by Sir Walter Raleigh! The great pains Mr. Croker has taken to furnish us with full particulars on this subject may be traced to the very odd coincidence, that in an old manuscript amongst the Southwell papers, about the date of 1640, potato-roots are called "Crokera." "There *are* subjects," says O'Slash in the farce of "The Invincibles," "that must be treated with profound respect and reverence — potatoes is one of them!"

But we must not follow these ingenious annotations any farther. Bishop Percy does not involve the "Reliques," nor Wharton the "*Gesta Romanorum*," in such clouds of conjectures as Mr. Crofton Croker raises over "The Kilruddery Hunt," "The Rakes of Mallow," and "Shandrum Boggosa." What the work would have been had Mr. Croker carried out his original intention may be surmised from his own statement, that he "originally proposed a chronological series, which would have extended to three or four volumes; a work," he adds, "which, for a mere collection of Irish songs, alarmed my publisher." That the publisher should be "alarmed" at such an undertaking is not very surprising, if we may venture to speculate on the matter of the three or four volumes from the contents of the abridged publication. It is time, however, to turn to the songs themselves.

Mr. Croker's general estimate of the qualities that enter into the composition of Irish popular songs may be inferred from the following criticism on "Moore's Melodies," which he quotes from some anonymous writer, and adopts without a syllable of remark: —

"It has often struck me with astonishment," says the unknown scribe, "that the people of Ireland should have so tamely submitted to Mr. Thomas Moore's audacity in prefixing the title of Irish to his "*Melodies*." That the tunes are Irish, I admit; but as for the songs, they, in general, have as much to do with Ireland as with Nova Scotia. What an Irish affair, for example, "Go where glory waits thee!" &c. Might not it have been sung by a cheesemonger's daughter of High Holborn, when her master's apprentice was going, in a fit of valour, to list himself in the Third Buffs, or by any other amatory person, as well as a Hibernian virgin?"

And so he goes on (we use his own phraseology) "to point out the un-Irish points of Moore's poetry." From this text Mr. Croker starts to show us what Irish songs really are — popular Irish songs — not these High Holborn ballads about cheesemonger's apprentices and the Third Buffs.

The cool contempt with which Mr. Croker disposes of the "*Melodies*" in a page or two of adopted ribaldry, and then returns to "his *own* collection," cannot be sufficiently admired; especially when it is remembered that the "*Melodies*" are original lyrics, and that Mr. Croker's "*own* collection" consists of the works of other people: that it is a gatherer and vender of ballads who sneers at a poet; — a poet, too, who has done more for Ireland than Beranger has done for France — who has transmitted her music and her wrongs to every nook of distant civilisation — whose songs are translated into every language — and who, with a power greater than the march of armies or the voice of senates, has vindicated to the whole world the cause of justice and liberty! Moore, it appears, "wants Irish feeling and cha-

acter :— his “*Melodies*” are applicable to all times and places, and deficient in national peculiarity. Why, what a low mental capacity must that be which discovers in the grandest elements of lyrical poetry the sources of failure — which is unable to perceive the universal truth that wells up out of the springs of local passions and sentiments — and which cannot discern the inspired touches of genius by which the great image of a people struggling for their rights is rendered intelligible in all its versatile and striking phases to the myriad populations of the earth, awakening a new life of sympathy and heroism wherever man has learned the value of freedom, or wherever the household affections — the apostles of the Good and the Beautiful — are cherished in their purity! The agency chosen by Moore for the delineation of the national characteristics, and, above all, of that diviner part of the Irish nature, the virtues that have been tried by long-suffering and have survived it — the marvellous skill with which he blends the tenderness and gaiety, the joyousness and melancholy, of the Irish temperament — and the voluptuous imagination that perpetually plays through these many-coloured emotions — contribute, on the whole, to the production of the most complete triumph of national poetry extant in any language. We may ask, where is there such a body of lyrics to be found, stamped with such distinct features of nationality in any other literature? We may ask the question, and Mr. Crofton Croker will probably direct us to his “own collection” of “*The Popular Songs of Ireland*.”

But let us see how far this collection is entitled to be considered popular. Are the songs contained in this volume familiarly known in Ireland? Are they sung in private houses, in the theatres, or the streets? We believe these are the most obvious tests of popularity.

If we indicate the sources from whence most of them are drawn, we furnish a sufficient reply to the inquiry. Some of them are copied from the Cork “*Southern Reporter*,” others from “*Blackwood’s Magazine*,” and from “*Bolster’s Magazine*” — a Cork periodical that lived for a short time some years ago, and perished, to use the words of an Irish wit, not of consumption, but of a want of consumption. Then we have a song written by Cherry for a monopolylogue, delivered by Mrs. Mountain in Dublin in 1806 — one of those occasional pieces that rarely outlive the season of their production. Some are taken from “*Captain Rock in London*,” a twopenny miscellany of the year 1825, and from volumes of poetry, which, probably, would never have been heard of but for Mr. Crofton Croker. Some are parodies on Moore’s songs — parodies on the really popular songs, and having no further pretensions to a place in the collection than they derive from their mocking imitation of the metre and sentiments of their originals. But the most remarkable pieces are a translation by Miss Landon of an old Norman-French poem (not a song but a long narrative) written in the fourteenth century on the intrenchment of New Ross, and a metrical letter, filling several pages, of a certain mayor of Waterford who flourished some time in the fifteenth century; and these, by a process peculiarly Hibernian, are included amongst the popular songs of Ireland! Any industrious collector, with even less judgment in such matters than Mr. Crofton Croker, might easily accumulate a bundle of verses from the files of old newspapers and magazines, and by virtue of the same receipt, give them a framework of dissertations, and announce them as characteristic specimens of popular poetry. But unless such verses were familiar to the people, they would be no more entitled to the designation than the majority of Mr. Croker’s songs. That some of the songs thus rescued from oblivion are thoroughly

Irish, we willingly admit, but they must not be confounded with the popular songs of the country. The title of the volume is not borne out by its contents. The songs of the middle classes and the peasantry—the true depositaries of Irish lyrical poetry—are yet to be explored.

Amongst so many, Mr. Croker could scarcely escape hitting upon a few that are really popular in the full sense, and that may be received as unexceptionable illustrations of the classes to which they belong. We may more particularly instance "The Groves of Blarney," Ned Lysaght's "Sprig of Shillelagh," and "Dublin after the Union," "St. Patrick was a Gentleman," "The Boys of Kilkenny," "De Groves of de Pool," "The Rakes of Mallow," and "The Kilruddery Hunt." These songs, and, perhaps, two or three more, enjoy extensive popularity, and exhibit in perfection the festive and grotesque humour that pervades the Irish community. Several of the "local" songs, descriptive of particular scenes or events, are also good in their way, and highly characteristic. But, like almost all local productions, much of their charm evaporates in allusions which are unintelligible beyond the circles for whose entertainment they were written. In a spirit of fastidiousness which, in this case at least, is not very judiciously exercised, Mr. Croker omits the celebrated ditty of "The Night before Larry was stretched," which was written by a dignitary of the church, now living, and which is, beyond all comparison, the most remarkable production that was ever composed in the language of *slang*. A catalogue of omissions of different kinds might readily be enumerated. For example:— "The Wedding of Ballyporeen" (a perfect picture song), Curran's "Complaint," (known also by other titles, but chiefly by the first line, "If spirits sinking,") "By the Big Hill of Howth," "Cabin Furniture" (there are two or three songs to which this designation applies, all of them excellent, and closely descriptive of the homestead; such as it is, of the Irish cotter), "Cruiskeen Lawn" (the omission of this ancient and beautiful ditty is altogether inexplicable), "Young Charley Reilly" (with the old keening music, not the modern version, an affecting snatch of humour), "Bryan O'Lynn" (the expurgated edition, of course, which for "roaring fun" and whimsical exaggeration is not surpassed by any popular lyric of its kind in the Anglo-Irish language), "Drimindhu Dheelish," or "An Irishman's Lament for his Cow" (one of the most exquisite of all the rustic songs):—but any attempt to supply even the titles of the omitted ballads would carry us beyond all reasonable limits.

Of the songs possessing merely a local interest, the greater number are appropriated by Cork and its immediate neighbourhood, where this species of doggerel appears to be in high request. There are no less than three of these addressed to the town of Passage, which lies between Cove and Cork—all evident imitations of the bantering extravagance of "The Groves of Blarney." One verse will be an abundant sample of the whole:—

"The town of Passage is neat and spacious,
All situated upon the sea;
The ships a-floating, and the youth a-boating,
With their cotton coats on each summer's day.
'Tis there you'd see, both night and morning,
The men-of-war, with fresh-flowing sails;
The bould lieutenants, and the tars so jolly,
All steering for Cork in a hackney chaise."

But other parts of Ireland have been sung in a similar strain. If Mr. Croker had crossed over to the west, he might have discovered an eulogistic

lyric on the metropolis of the western waters, of which the following is the opening stanza : —

“ Oh, it’s Galway town sure, where you may go down sure,
Five hundred feet to the bottomless sea ;
Where you ’ll have no bother in the could salt water,
For it’s all dry land every foot of the way.

There’s no need of tunnel, or under-ground funnel,
They ’ll ferry you over in a jaunting car ;
For Saint Patrick dried it, as he stood beside it,
And corked it up in a leather jar.”

Ullaloo ! ” &c.

The feat of St. Patrick, in corking up the Atlantic Ocean in a leather jar, is nearly as marvellous as the charm with which he exorcised

“ Nine hundred thousand vipers blue,”

and turned them into soups and second courses. The well-known song in which this miracle and many others are related — “ St. Patrick was a Gentleman ” — was the joint authorship, we are informed by Mr. Croker, of the late Mr. Henry Bennett and Mr. Tolleken of Cork, and were sung by them, in alternate lines, at a masquerade in that city, in the winter of 1814 or 1815. He gives us six verses, five of which are devoted to the history of the saint’s performances, and at the sixth verse the singer very abruptly appears in person, wishing that he were once more back in Munster ; with which interruption to the life of the patron saint the song suddenly terminates. Now it appears to us clear enough, either that this sixth verse is an addition by some rude hand to the original, the unity of which it spoils, or that Mr. Croker was unable to procure a perfect copy of the song. The death of St. Patrick is wanted to complete this “ eventful history ; ” for it is hardly to be supposed that a poet who was so minute about the birth and ancestry of his hero would leave him without consigning him to his mother-earth ; or that, if he did, somebody else would not be found to supply the deficiency. The following verses furnish the natural close of the lyric ; but whether they come from the late Messrs. Bennett and Tolleken, or from the moon, we are not prepared to say : —

“ Oh ! *mille* murder ! when he died,
And left his own relations,
The banshee sat upon the hob,
And keened her lamentations !
And then we had a genteel wake,
His will to be fulfilling,
And by my sowl we ’d plenty of real poteen,
From the forge at Enniskillen !

“ But now he’s gone, and a dacent one
Was buried when he died, sir ;
They sung a hymn all over him,
In the church-yard at Malahide, sir.
They placed a stone across the grave,
At the foot a shamrock frisky,
And at the head a nate cockade,
Of a bottle of Costigan’s whiskey ! ” *

* It, perhaps, may be necessary to observe that Costigan was in fact ~~the~~ ^{at that time} a celebrated distiller in Ireland.

There is a very tender little song in the collection called "The Court of Cahirass," supposed to be written by the chaplain of the Carbery family, who falling in love with the Lord Carbery's daughter, upon whose beauty the song was made, hung himself for despair in the chapel, which soon afterwards went to decay. We will not trouble ourselves with the editor's researches in Lodge's "Peerage" to show that there is some mistake in the tradition, but take it in full with a confiding faith as we find it. The following verses are full of simple beauty:—

"In order arranged are her bright flowing tresses,
The thread of the spider their fineness expresses;
And softer her cheek that is mantled with blushes,
Than the drift of the snow, or the pulp of the rushes.

"But her bosom of beauty, that the heart which is under,
Should have nothing of womanlike pride, is my wonder;
That the charms which all eyes daily dwell on delighted,
Should seem in her own of no worth, and be slighted.

"When charity calls her she never is weary,
Though in secret she comes with the step of a fairy;
To the sick and the needy profuse is her bounty,
And her goodness extends through the whole of the county.

"I felt on my spirit a load that was weighty,
In the stillness of midnight, and called upon Katey;
And a dull voice replied, on the ear of the sleeper,
'Death! death!' in a tone that was deep, and grew deeper.

"'T was an omen to me — 't was an omen of sadness,
That told me of folly, of love, and of madness;
That my fate was as dark as the sky that was o'er me,
And bade me despair, for no hope was before me."

The chaplain who could make such verses ought not to have despaired, if the lady of Cahirass were the paragon of gentleness and beneficence he describes.

A wild anathema called "The Doneraile Litany," written by one Mr. Patrick O'Kelly, a mad-cap scarecrow itinerant rhymor, is one of the most curious specimens preserved by Mr. Croker. It appears that O'Kelly lost his watch in the town of Doneraile, and in memory of that misfortune consigned the place in his verses to eternal misery. It may be doubted whether he ever had a watch, but the "Litany" is no wise impaired by the suspicion. We will make room for two or three snatches of this howling imprecation, which runs into a great many stanzas:—

"Alas! how dismal is my tale! —
I lost my watch in Doneraile;
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
Pilfer'd at once in Doneraile.

"May fire and brimstone never fail
To fall in showers in Doneraile;
May all the leading fiends assail
The thieving town of Doneraile.

"May sun and moon for ever fail
To beam their lights in Doneraile;
May every pestilential gale
Blast that curst spot called Doneraile."

" May no sweet cuckoo, thrush, or quail,
Be ever heard in Doneraile ;
May patriots, kings, and commonweal,
Despise and harass Doneraile.

" May every post, gazette, and mail,
Sad tidings bring to Doneraile ;
May loudest thunders ring a peal
To blind and deafen Doneraile."

The soil of Ireland seems to throw up these sort of fantastic satires and scourging curses, like ashes whirled into the air by the winds : sometimes with, and sometimes without, provocation, but almost invariably with more recklessness and broad humour than real malice. A Dr. Mac Donnell, who was an eminent physician in the town of Limerick about the middle of the last century, could not resist the satirical turn of his genius, and wrote a song on his townspeople, by which he lost all his practice, and was obliged to make his escape from the place in the night time. One stanza will show the sort of materials of which it was composed : —

" Our wives behind counters, not saucy nor slatterns are ;
For meekness, politeness, and goodness, they patterns are :
It would do your heart good, on the mall where they walk at eve,
To see them so dressy, so flirtish, so talkative."

But the tendency to resort on all possible occasions to rhyme, exhibits itself even in the ordinary affairs of every-day business. Lampoons are not more common in the upper classes than poetical advertisements, hand-bills, and fanciful envelopes, amongst the tradespeople. Mr. Croker gives some examples, but they are not the happiest he might have selected. Some years ago, a grocer set up in Dublin upon the plan of low prices, when a batch of rhymes started into print, exhausting the vocabulary of epithets upon the old system and its professors, and daring them to battle : —

" Come on, ye grocers, every one !
Come Hyson, Congou, and Souchong,
Come Bohea green, Gunpowder strong,
Come on, without delay !"

and so it went on, denouncing all rivals, and challenging them to competition. The ballad singers are themselves frequently the inventors of the songs they chant in the streets, and strange medleys of sarcastic wit and extravagant humour they produce. When Napoleon was a prisoner in St. Helena, a song, of which the following fragment is a floating recollection, was applauded to the echo in the streets of Dublin. We ought to add that it was adapted to an original melody of the most wailing and touching sadness : —

" There's a long row of trees which they call the great Savanah,
Where Bony walks alone in the Isle of St. Helena :
There he walks all alone by the great mount Diana,
And he mourns for his queen in the Isle of St. Helena !

" And the young king of Rome at the court of Vienna,
Said he'd bring his father home from the Isle of St. Helena :
But our good Lord Mayor, Alderman M'Kenna,
Called it treason 'gainst the king in the Isle of St. Helena !"

The ballad proceeded with a description of the Duke of Wellington at the Congress of Verona, taking no trouble whatever about poor Napoleon, but on the contrary dancing with the deposed empress at a ball, and

“ Wearing round his neck a neat new Barcelona,
Which he borrow’d from the wife of the man in St. Helena ! ”

But as these compositions, separated from the music and the inimitable humour of the singers, are hardly intelligible, we must be satisfied with this imperfect specimen of a class of street songs, not less remarkable for their singular construction than for the facility with which they are applied to an endless variety of topics.

We have already extended these remarks so far beyond our original intention — although the general subject of Irish ballad poetry will admit hereafter of another review, in which many of its peculiar characteristics not touched upon by Mr. Croker remain to be examined — that we have scarcely left ourselves room to refer to Mr. Lover’s little volume of songs. Fortunately, these productions are so familiar to the public, that they may be said to be placed beyond the reach of criticism, which can now neither mar nor enhance their popularity. Mr. Lover was born with a lucky genius, baptized in Castalia, dipped in a rainbow, and whisked by some friendly fairy through the spheres to catch the falling echoes of their lutes and harps. There is a tinge of poetry on his easel, a picturesque charm in his poetry, and both pictures and poetry in his music. Perhaps in none of these singly does he equal some of his contemporaries, but assuredly he excels them all in a combination as rare as it is delightful. The permanent beauty of Mr. Lover’s songs is to be traced to their deep Irish feeling : they have the heart of the country in them — its pathos and roguish wit — its sunny temper clouded with sorrow ! It is not, however, from this little book that the affecting influence of his lyrics can be caught. Whoever would truly feel their spirit, must hear them sung by the author to his own simple and expressive accompaniment.

LETTERS ON THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF ITALY.

No. I.

You have requested me to furnish you with some information on the present state of Italy,—to communicate to you my ideas on its progress, its political tendencies, and its future lot. I will endeavour to comply with your request. I will attempt to dissipate as rapidly, but also as conscientiously as possible, the clouds with which this subject is veiled, not only from your eyes, but from those of the better thinkers on the Continent, who are also confused, as all foreigners must be at present, by the assertions of rash writers, and by the aspect of events contemplated superficially and at a distance. In doing this I shall perform a double duty: for, on the one hand, in the general struggle which must sooner or later break out in Europe between the good and the evil principle,—between nations which demand liberty of progress, and the fractional interests which resist this demand,—twenty millions of men, placed in a position eminently important, form an element of force which it is worth the trouble, I think, to study in its latent march; on the other hand, Italy, dumb in the hands of the executioner, and discouraged by a series of abortive insurrections, has need of an encouraging voice. Nothing is wanting, in my opinion, to enable Italy to raise herself to a level with her destiny, but the consciousness of her will and of her power. She has been so often told that she is weak, that she ought not to hazard attempts which are called premature, and that she must expect liberation from abroad, that she at last believes all this, and her credulity is considered a crime. The results of opinions which have been propagated partly from levity and partly from bad faith, are appealed to in support of the opinions themselves. We protest against this pernicious sophism, and must aid Italy to escape from its effects. Sympathy manifested abroad has more influence than is generally thought on the progress of fallen nations, for esteem excites ambition to deserve it.

You are already acquainted with the general tenor of these opinions. I remember the day when, examining together some works on the present state of Italy, we read in a recent production of M. Sismondi * the following lines:—"A democratic revolution has been projected in countries now divided into independent governments such as Italy, in the hope of profiting by such a grand commotion for the purpose of uniting them into one single and colossal democratic republic. In such a case it would be necessary that in this country, where all public discussion is now forbidden, where every path towards public celebrity is closed, the choice of the people, a free and rational election, should nominate those to whom the sovereignty ought to be entrusted; and that the citizens of the greater number of these small states should go and choose them, if it is wished to obtain a majority amongst the citizens of other small states, in whom they now see only foreigners and rivals. How can those who project a republic, formed of all the small states of Italy, persuade themselves that the rivalry, the distrust, existing between so many independent countries can be forgotten, not merely by a few thinkers or enthusiasts, but by the mass of the people which obeys its recollections, its affections, and its prejudices, much

* *Etudes sur les Constitutions des Peuples Libres, &c.*

more readily than their reasonings? How is it that they have not foreseen that all the local antipathies would be called into bitter strife as soon as the general legislation came to decide upon questions on which the judgment of each people differs?" (P. 395.) Shortly after we met with the following assertion, made on the 10th of August, 1831, from the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, by General Sebastiani:—"Every one knows that the state of its civilisation, its religious prejudices, and its ignorance, prevent the Romagna from being able to partake of the benefits of all the institutions which we are fortunate enough to possess." Then came the writings of several Italians confirming these opinions. On the one hand we had M. Armandi proclaiming to all France, for which he writes, that "The union of Italy will never be any thing more than a brilliant utopia, and that all efforts, therefore, ought to be confined to the amelioration of the institutions in the different states which compose it." According to him, the only prayer of which the accomplishment can now be hoped, is "to see disappear the absurd and contemptible division of the central part, and to effect the union of these fractions into a single state, capable of supporting itself by its own powers." "The character of the Roman populace," he observes, "has always been regarded as fanatical, and as inimical to all innovation: it is still composed of the assassins of Basseville and Duphot."* On the other hand we had M. Marochetti, yielding to the fears of M. Sismondi, frowning on the youth of Italy, which seeks to establish the sovereignty of popular principles, and exclaiming, "If the national revolution of 1821 failed—a revolution which had so just a foundation, which was accompanied by such favourable circumstances, which announced itself and had been proclaimed under the auspices of royal princes, at Naples as well as in Piedmont—which had the support of the army, of a portion of the nobility, and the entire assent of the people—of which the commencement had been so fortunate—which, in short, was so modest in its demands, so moderate, so generous, so self-denying in respect to money, and which was legitimated and recommended by so many causes,—if ten years afterwards the insurrection of Central Italy, that humble child of the Italian *juste milieu*, had no better success, an insurrection prompted by so many interests, and sanctioned by so many prayers, and which did nothing more than demand a little reform in the internal administration;—how can you hope for the triumph of a system which presents itself under an aspect so hostile and menacing to the existing order of things, and which has opposed to it on the spot a foreign army of 150,000 satellites, devoted to despotism, and acting like machines?"†

We found, it is true, contrary opinions, and a firm belief in the progress of the popular element in the work "*Dell' Italia*:" but when we followed the author from the field of theory into that of action, the same discouragement was visible, ill disguised under vague anticipations of a future, to be realised at an indefinitely distant period; and we heard him with astonishment seek to deprive a people, to which every path of progressive education or legal remonstrance is closed, of the only means which remains for its emancipation, by exclaiming, "Italy is the country of conspiracies, and Italian conspiracies have always been unfortunate—a warning, perhaps, from God, that it is by more popular and more noble means that the rights of a great nation ought to be reconquered;" and when we inquired what were these means, we obtained for answer (together with the words of an

* *Ma Part aux Evenemens de l'Italie Centrale en 1831*; par le Gen. Armandi. Paris, 1831.

† *L'Italie: ce qu'elle doit faire pour figurer enfin parmi les Nations Independentes et Libres* &c. &c.; par J. B. Marochetti. Paris, 1837.

almost despairing faith—"the most powerful remedy is prayer to God"). such strange and impracticable counsel, that we should be inclined to take it for bitter irony, if the whole work did not prove to us that they are really the genuine dreams of an honest man.* Falling still lower, we sunk—it is the proper word—upon the following expressions of M. Orioli, most pernicious in themselves, and almost inconceivable in the mouth of an Italian exile of 1831:—"However, it is always this France which we regard as our polar star. We cannot familiarise ourselves with the idea that the great French nation, or its *enlightened government*, have consented to renounce the duties which have been assigned to them by nature, by Providence itself. They may have been able to believe for a moment that they ought to give up, or abdicate the *high protectorate of the universal people*, but they will soon feel, &c. No more revolutions, we also exclaim; but instead thereof indefinite progress—reform in every thing and every where—progress and reform without check by the force of ideas, and by the intervention of this France, which, &c."†

All this is sufficiently discouraging. These testimonies are numerous and important. The men who give them are learned and profound historians, generals, ministers, professors, exiles. They have studied, or are supposed to have studied, the country of which they speak; some of them have played an important part in the revolutionary outbreaks of Italy. They at present depict Italy as weak, disunited, ignorant, averse to any frank proclamation of popular principles, unable to effect its own emancipation, bound for ever to the car of France, from which, notwithstanding that it has experienced innumerable outrages and deceptions, it persists in demanding as alms a little liberty. If it were really thus—if after so many efforts and martyrs the country which has almost always furnished France with *thought* had now indeed lost all feeling of nationality, and is to be henceforth content to be dragged servilely in the train of France, whether for good or for ill—if these men, whose ancestors were the first to raise the standard of the people in Europe, and who have since suffered together during almost five centuries, be not yet capable of elevating themselves to the idea of *unity* by the *people*, it would be of no use to think of them: one would only feel impelled to say to them, "Do not write; do not complain; there are weaknesses which it is forbidden at any rate to unveil. If you feel yourselves made for chains, wear them in silence, and do not make them sound without ceasing in the ears of other nations, for they can do nothing for you—your malady is too profound—gangrene may be prevented, but cannot be cured."

But this is not the case. Italy is now, whether designedly or not, mistaken or calumniated by those very men who ought to be its best defenders. My opinions on its actual condition, as well as on its probable future state, are diametrically opposed to those which I have just quoted. I have not embraced these opinions with levity: they have their source in the most calm and rigid examination I have been able to make of the past history of Italy and of its recent insurrections. The practical acquaintance which circumstances have enabled me to obtain of the elements which agitate themselves in its bosom, has only confirmed me in them; and in the writings above cited, I have found nothing which to me proves their fallacy.

There are in the crowd of individuals who have pronounced a judgment on Italy certain classes, of which it would be beneath us to speak. There

* Dell' Italia: Libri cinque. 2 vols. Paris, 1836.
 † Revolution d'Italie en 1831; par F. Orioli. Paris, 1834-35.
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are the sons of noble families, or others, who travel in Italy merely because it is the fashion, and who see nothing except the main roads, the principal hotels, the chief theatres, and perhaps some large parties — the directions given to their tutors are confined to these. Then we have the amateurs, — a useless race, but very inoffensive, — for whom all that Italy contains of value are paintings which they criticise very ill, operas which they criticise still worse, and sherbet which they are able properly to appreciate. There are the poets for whom Italy is altogether dead, because the corpse of a nation is a beautiful image — and dead for ever, because eternity adds to the effect of the image: they would be in despair if a spark of its third life were visible, for then their poetry would be to do again, whilst at present they only undo like harpies that of Byron, the presentiment excepted which belongs only to genius. There are the consumptive travellers, who only see the sun — the tourists, the most traditional and tenacious of races, who, even in 1839, after having traversed Italy very comfortably stage by stage, talk still as in the good old time of brigands and of the stiletto — good people who study Italy in the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe, and sometimes in the memoirs of Casanova. Then there are *feuilletonists*, reviewers, writers of tales or novels (for the most part Frenchmen), the forlorn hope of the literature, which, for the present, we will only call *etourdie* of the firm of Janin, Gozlan, Balzac, and Co., scribblers at so much a page, who only see in Italy Chiaia, the lazzaroni, the fête of the *moccoli* at Rome, entailed villas, noble families claiming to descend from Mars, counts who call themselves Frontifero, and young ladies who call themselves Venus; then foragers for magazines, who, finding there is no danger in calumniating Italy, pursue in peace their natural vocation; and finally — but these are fortunately rare — political renegades, of which class the Count dal Pozzo has lately furnished us with a tolerably complete specimen.* All these people talk, criticise, and calumniate, either from malice, for pastime, or to fill their pages. The locusts of literature, they alight to-day on the plains of Italy; to-morrow they will visit Spain, or any other country which they can turn to account: their existence, however, is only ephemeral; they are carelessly perused, and then forgotten. They leave, nevertheless, in the mind a taint of scepticism and indifference, — a tendency to judge Italy superficially, which causes the unfavourable opinions published by graver writers, who are led away by other errors, to be adopted without examination. If ever opinions required to be received with caution, and only accepted after a rigorous examination, certainly those which we hear pronounced on Italy are of this class.

In a country where there is a public life of some kind, where the eternal progress of thought finds its expression in the press or in the popular assembly, individual judgments can be instantly and every where tested. It may not be always possible to isolate such a test, or demonstrate exactly in what it consists; but it does not therefore act the less upon writers, rendering them less bold, — nor upon the reader, enabling him to modify that which is erroneous or exaggerated in published statements.

But what shall be our test in Italy? What check is there on misrepresentation? In that unfortunate country all is dead. There no press exists; no public assemblies are possible; nor can there be any expression

* The Count Ferdinand dal Pozzo, one of the chiefs of the Piedmontese movement of 1821, obtained, after a long exile, permission to return to Italy by selling his pen to Austria: he is the author of a wretched pamphlet, entitled "Della Felicità che gli Italiani possono e debbono dal Governo Austriaco procacciarsi," for which he has had already to endure the reproaches of Anichini, Angeloni, and Marochetti. For my part I cannot but pity the degradation of Austria in being reduced to purchase such an advocate.

of the national ideas. The shadow of despotism is cast on the whole land : on virtue as well as on vice ; on life as well as on death. One would imagine that the steps of the scaffold itself were covered with velvet, so little noise is made by the youthful heads which roll down them from time to time. Life is passed in silence ; death takes place in silence. No appeal is made except before God ; no errors are ever refuted ; no progress is ever proclaimed. An element may have lost all its vitality—but there it seems alive and ready to act : another element may have made its way underground, may have subjugated all others, and have overthrown every obstacle to its progress, and yet Europe shall only learn its existence from an insurrection : this, in short, is the only way left in which the life of Italy can be manifested. In the intervals between the revolts, the only voices which are heard are those of foreigners or Italian exiles—these are the only persons who occupy themselves with the political situation of Italy. Now it is rare that the former do not write from a limited and exclusive point of view, derived from our past history, which offers many such of a striking nature, and from it proceed to judge the present ; and it is seldom that the latter—whether they are conscious of it or not—have not some peculiar motives which influence their opinions, and of which a knowledge is essential for their appreciation.

Thus M. Sismondi, a man of talent, of learning, and of good faith ; an historian always conscientious, sometimes profound, but somewhat uncertain ; fluctuating between creeds, and allowing himself rather to be governed by facts, than knowing how to govern them by means of the general law which produces them, has struck against the former of the rocks which we have just indicated. His history of the Italian republics, a work displaying love of the subject, nay even enthusiasm, and which has earned him his fame, has also ruined him. Cast precipitately by long studies amongst the struggles constantly renewed of the Italian cities, into the six hundred years' contest of the Guelph and Ghibelline principles, he has remained there ; he has identified himself with the ancient combatants ; he lives in the Middle Ages, and so completely, that he has lost altogether his faculty for appreciating the present. A man of analysis, and incapable of synthetical views ; that is to say, working with only half the instruments of history, he has detailed these struggles perfectly, but has not comprehended their meaning, nor that which they represented, nor that which ought inevitably to follow them ; he has not seen that the Empire and the Pope were only the pretext for them, their symbols so to say, but that the cause, the true cause which induced these combats was the equalisation or fusion of Italy into a unity opposed to privilege, caste, and federalism. Impelled by his whole nature towards the analytical, historical school of the materialists of the eighteenth century, when he perceived that all this tumult had subsided, and that the two giants of the struggle, the Pope and the Emperor, had inclined as if fatigued towards each other, and had signed over the corpse of Florence a peace of which Cambrai had established the preliminaries, he said to himself, " This is the death of Italy : " he did not comprehend that it was only the Italy of the Middle Ages with its inequalities of races and of civilisation, its intestine discords, its permanent duality which then expired, and that a new epoch now commenced, of which the long and painful initiation alone can measure the future grandeur : he did not comprehend that the very fact of this alliance between two powers till then irreconcilable proved the evolution of a third principle, which threatened to pave its own way, and which whilst separate they did not feel themselves strong enough to overcome. From this period he has not

advanced a step. The life of Italy in its latent course under the ruins of its early liberty, simplifying itself, and rendering itself one and indivisible under the level of general oppression, has completely escaped him. For him three centuries have remained without signification. He has mistaken silence for immobility; the absence of any signs of progress for the absence of progress itself. It is then with the Middle Ages that he connects all his dreams of a living Italy: the ancient Guelphs and the ancient Ghibellines rise up before him, whenever we speak to him of Italians about to act. Subsequently he has seen some peasants armed for that which, twenty years ago, was called Catholicism; he was assailed by stones in some part or other of Tuscany, precisely at the moment when the masses in Italy were loud in joyful acclamation at the announcement of their emancipation; and controlled by solitary facts, and without data for determining the general case, he fears the priest, exaggerates his power, sees him every where ruling and exciting the population, and summoning it to a species of crusade against the cause of liberty. He forgets Sarpi, Venice, Leopold, the eighteenth century altogether, 1831, and the materialism of the French school dominating only too much perhaps the intellect of Italy. His history of Italy finishes with that of Florence.

Almost all the Italian writers whose works I have cited as supporting the opinions of M. de Sismondi, or of the French minister, have written under the influence of *personal motives*, which I have indicated as the second rock on which those who judge of the present state of Italy strike. M. Orioli, a professor, a man of real learning, esteemed for his archeological labours, and for his knowledge of Etruscan antiquities, an honest man, and a sincere lover of his country, but in no respect a politician, and comprehending very little the wants, the aspirations, and the tendencies of Italy as it is, was called unfortunately to take part in the insurrection of 1831. A member of the Bolognese provisional government, which, as we shall shortly see, ruined by its cowardice and its inaptitude the last Italian insurrection, he naturally tries to justify himself and the colleagues with whom he was implicated before his compatriots and foreigners; and this he cannot do except by seeking to prove that it is impossible for Italy to follow with success a more energetic and logical system,—one more consistent with the principles of every revolution, and with the object which Italy proposes to obtain. He asserts this; and what can be more natural, we will not say more just, than that he should do so? He asserts this not in bad faith, but conscientiously: that which he says he believes; but his deeds influence his views. Is it then so easy to find men who condemn their own actions, and are courageous enough to efface two-thirds of their life in saying — “We have deceived ourselves — this is what we ought to have done?” M. Armandi, of whom I am not able to speak so well as of M. Orioli, has still more to justify. Minister of war during the movement of Central Italy, he did nothing, and hindered others from doing any thing; he demoralised the insurrection; he was the first to quit his post; he decided, by a false or incomplete report, the shameful capitulation of Arcona; and now he cites modestly the inefficacy of the efforts of Kosciusko, forgetting that when liberty cannot be saved, the honour of one’s country ought at any rate to be preserved, and that Kosciusko, in order to preserve it, did not fly the field of battle, but was carried from it by those who found him pierced with wounds, lying under heaps of dead. Ought we after this to abide by his judgment? The same holds good of the other writers.

All these men, whatever may be their individual opinions, whatever may be the more or less imperfect degree in which they are acquainted with the

movement of Italy, seem all to forget that the time for repose never arrives in a nation, as long as the object towards which its historically national tendency compels it is not attained—as long as the faculties and powers which exist as germs in its bosom have not reached their highest possible degree of development—as long in short—to adopt an expression little used in this sense, but which designates exactly my particular ideas on the philosophy of history—as its mission towards the progress of humanity is not accomplished. That point Italy has not reached. That which she has done in the world—now in conquest by physical force, now by moral force—by the word, she has done in the name of a city or of a man, in the name of a power or of a principle embodied in that city or man—never in the name of the entire nation. The nation has never yet existed in action. There has been a Rome of the Cæsars—there has been a Rome of the Popes—the Rome of the Italian People has yet to be built. But every thing hitherto has converged to this point. The internal crisis which has so long agitated Italy finds here its sense and its explanation: it is the struggle of the Italian element, wrestling with, subjugating and absorbing all foreign elements, races, and castes, which came from all parts of Europe like tides to overwhelm Italy. All that process of fermentation and ebullition which fills up the middle ages of Italy was a work of fusion: it elaborated, so to say, the *medium* proper for the development of that germ of Italian unity, which still broods under the double ruin of the Capitol and the Vatican. This process has never ceased. It continued more silently because less diversified, but in reality with redoubled vigour, during the period which followed the fall of the last republics, and which seemed, in the eyes of superficial observers, to be one of inertia and degeneration. The liberty of the cities having perished, the work of equalisation only marched the more rapidly: if it was less apparent, it is precisely because it was carried on in the heart of the nation. Both before and after the revolutionary movements which at a later period came from abroad to agitate Italy, the people gained far more ground than the educated classes: this is shown by popular manifestations made from time to time, and crowned with success, such as that of 1746 at Genoa, and that which has been hitherto so little understood at Naples in 1799.

This grand general fact, that the people of Italy has been gradually substituting itself in the place of all partial elements—that it henceforth governs every question, and presents itself as the necessary and unique basis for every active enterprise, has entirely escaped all the writers whose opinions I have endeavoured to refute. The book of the nation has been for them all a dead letter,—for the historian Botta as well as for the conspirators, Santarosa and Menotti, for M. Sismondi as well as for the provisional governments of 1831. Romagnosi alone of all writers has caught a glimpse of its meaning, but he was not capable of following it out: of all men of action, Napoleon was the only one who comprehended it, but he had no wish to obey it. France, perhaps because he felt more sure of controlling her, was his only instrument of action; he wished her to have no rival. It was only at St. Helena, when he had no longer any thing to conceal, that he exclaimed,—“Italy is a single nation; her unity of manners, of language, and of literature, ought at a period more or less remote to unite her inhabitants under one government.”

Now, thanks to this general fact, all is changed in Italy. The absorbing power of the Italian element—so absorbing that such opposite races as the Goths and Longobards could not resist it more than one or two centuries—has undermined and levelled every thing. There are now no separate

races in Italy; from one end of her to the other all is Italian. I would demand of those who still amuse themselves, perhaps to make a show of a very superficial erudition, which is to frighten the Italians by announcing the races which are to rise from its bosom in menacing attitude on the day of emancipation, to point out to us in this land, where from the very day of their arrival these races have never ceased to be mingled, confused, and identified, the spot which any one of them in particular occupies at present: I would pray them to point out a single difference between the Lombard, the Roman, and the Neapolitan, which is not equally observable in France — the most homogeneous of nations — between the Biscayans, the Bretons, and Normans.* The Middle Ages are dead, and the Guelphs and Ghibellines with them; and those who dream that they are full of life, or ready to revive, and kindle wars between our different provinces, are writers of romance and not of history. They have no longer a standard: the Pope and the Emperor destroyed their banners on the day when they signed their treaty of union: three hundred years of oppression exercised upon all in their name; have placed them exactly on the same footing, and have subjected them to the same conditions of life and death. Rivalries cease with war: there exists no longer, in respect to the principles which are the elements of all nationality, either Genoese, or Tuscans, or Bolognese, or Romans: there exist in Italy, as every where else, elements for the *municiplum*, but none for the province.

By an apparent contradiction perfectly explained by the vanity inseparable from mediocrity, it is precisely in the class of half-thinkers, political or professional — forming a superficial crust for which Italy is indebted to foreign influences and schools, which is the first to meet the eyes, and beyond which none penetrates — that the distrust and rivalry of which M. Sismondi speaks still continue to show themselves: it is there, at least, that we find a disposition not very rational to admit and exaggerate them: the people, the great mass of Italians, knows nothing of them. And what should it know of them? Where, poor and oppressed as it every where is, should it find elements of rivalry, local influences, or vanity to be satisfied? There is doubtless in its bosom a leaven of bitter hostility, of mistrust, and of reaction. The spirit of individuality, originating in want, in the absence of education, and of all social interest, in the irritation of suffering, and in the corrupt system of government founded on terror and *espionage*, reigns in it still to a great extent; but to confound individuality with federalism, is to change men into provinces. It is in fact between inhabitants, classes, and districts of the same city, that the rancour or mistrust here alluded to exist: they can be nurtured with difficulty between city and city, and still more so between province and province. There is sufficient in the present habits of Italy to render extremely difficult and perilous the understanding which must necessarily precede every movement; little or nothing to prevent the uniting of Italy when the movement has once been effected: I say the uniting and not the centralising, such as it is generally understood, pushed to an extreme until it changes into despotism. These are two things essentially distinct, and which nevertheless, by some strange neglect of primary ideas, have almost always been confounded in this question. Many of the elements existing in Italy, and above all that principle of individuality which we have just signalled, will for a long time impede every attempt to establish a too great *administrative* centralisation. But what have administrative centralisation and political unity in common? There is

* The Italian islands alone present a decidedly peculiar physiognomy, and hence no national system of government would ever deny them a peculiar administration.

in this want of independent activity, in this excess of activity which characterises the individual in Italy and the civic corporation in which he moves, that which is capable of furnishing legislative genius with the means of creating a powerful guarantee for liberty in organising, by means of the *municipium* itself, an instrument of control and defence against every attempt at usurpation coming from the centre. There is in it nothing more, and it would be a misunderstanding to seek to deduce from it a necessity for the existence of another series of political bodies: for on the one hand almost all the states into which Italy is now divided are not of a popular, national formation—they have been made what they are by usurpation or by foreign diplomacy; on the other hand there is not, and there never was, historically speaking, a formal, active antipathy of province to province. Scarcely ever in the time of Italian prosperity was the demarcation of the provinces distinctly marked by the sword. The wars, when they were not, according to an expression of Dante, *tra quei che un muro ed una fossa serra*, were between one city and another. The belligerents were Pavia, Como, Milan, or Pisa, Sienna, Florence, and so on. Now all these rival cities have since been joined under the same governments; their mutual antipathies have disappeared during the centuries of slavery which they have suffered together. That which remains—if indeed any remains at present—is merely enough to furnish some proverbial expression to enliven the chat by the fireside: captives may from time to time forget their common chagrin whilst disputing with each other in chains; but the first grand impulse towards general deliverance will drown in enthusiasm this residue of the ancient leaven. The tocsin of the nation silences the voice of mere tradition, and the slight existing differences may become, in the hands of some able and popular men, an excellent means for promoting active emulation.

Do not accuse me of neglecting facts, and of only opposing bold denials to the results of the cool study of reality, and to the lessons of experience; for I shall be tempted to recriminate, and somewhat bitterly, the cold and grave system of study which does not advance beyond a certain epogue, and against pretended experience which violates tradition instead of continuing it, and which denies the present for a past generally misunderstood. Why should the recent immediate fact be always sacrificed to an ancient one? Why, out of respect to the Middle Ages, should we mistake that which the forty last years have not ceased to repeat on the inevitable effects of this generous impulse, of which I have just spoken, on the Italian masses? If M. Sismondi and those who share his fears had seen, as I have, the women of Genoa, who in the bitterness of their common sorrows had sung only a few days before snatches of old songs against the Piedmontese, throw flowers in accompanying them on their march before the Sardinian regiments, which after having effected the movement of 1821 quitted the city, in order to march upon Novarre—if they had seen the funds publicly collected after the defeat of the insurrection, and under the vigilant eyes of a re-established government, for these same men when they embarked for Spain—if they had seen the burst of intimate fraternity, the spirit of assimilation in the men of every age, in all except the miserable provisional governments of which I am about to speak, on the occasion of the insurrection of 1831—if they had been able to follow attentively, as I have done, the phases of opinion during the efforts, of which the world has remained in a great measure ignorant, of the three or four years subsequent to 1831—they would comprehend that which an idea of country is able to effect, when

frankly and energetically expressed, in a land where all parties for half a century have shared a common martyrdom.

And if instead of remaining immovable in the contemplation of a single period or of partial facts, they were in the habit of only supporting their judgment on the chain of facts in its entire extent, they would not forget the general character, uniform in its tendencies, which manifested itself, we will not say after, but some five years before 1789, upon almost all parts of the Peninsula, in the attempts at reform and in the writings of reformers,—they would not forget that the first part of this century has seen united, and acknowledging a unity of government, legislation, commerce, and metropolis, almost eight millions of Italians, Venetians, Lombards, Romans, &c. without the least internal dissension menacing this union, they would not forget the Italian *idea*, repeated for the last fifty years in its literature, partly from conviction and partly from imitation—diffused through and permeating all classes by an uninterrupted chain of secret associations—after having received in the bosom of the Italian army the consecration of the field of battle, has received that of the scaffold in 1821 and in 1833. Ideas ripen quickly when they are nourished by the blood of martyrs.

It is then, elsewhere, that we must look for obstacles to the emancipation of Italy.

Shall we find them in the priest? in the power of papal catholicism? Here facts speak still more forcibly. Without staying to discuss with M. Armandi historical incidents very inaccurately represented *—without refuting at length the vague fears of M. Sismondi, whose menace, by the by, that *Rome pourrait encore lancer sa levrière*, finds a sufficient demonstration of its absurdity in the testimony of a man accustomed to take large views of things, and whose opinion is certainly as valuable as that of the historian†—without seeking to surprise in the altered tone of the “*Encicliche*,” the avowal of papal weakness—it will suffice for me to direct attention to the movements of 1821 and 1831, and to the fact, sufficiently conclusive in itself, of the Austrian invasion. Was there in the former of these movements one single priest who dared, by his acts or by his denunciations, to declare himself an opponent of the insurrection? Was there in the second, although directed immediately against the pope, a single cry uttered in his favour, or a single man who, on hearing an assembly of laymen pronounce his dethronement, dared to rise and protest before the people against such a proceeding? Not a single hand grasped the sword in the whole extent of the insurgent provinces to defend a legate of the pope, the Cardinal Benvenuti, when the government caused him to be arrested, after having discovered the conspiracy which he sought to hatch. All the people armed at Perouse and in other places to repel, by hastening the revolutionary demonstration, the summons to sound the tocsin, and to prepare for civil war, which Cardinal Bernetti addressed in an edict, published, Feb. 12. 1831, to the bishops and governors of the cities of Umbria, which were still tranquil. It was only after the intervention of the Austrians, and by recruiting its forces in the prisons and galleys and amongst the brigands,

* Duphot was not killed by the people, but by a detachment of the soldiers of the pope, commanded by Captain Amadei.

† “The Revolution,” said Napoleon to the Executive Directory, Oct. 19. 1796, “has not the same character in Italy as with us; it has not the same obstacles to surmount; experience here has already enlightened the inhabitants; we are more than sure that fanaticism can do us here no great harm. Rome may declare that the war is a war of religion; but the effect in this country will not correspond to her efforts.”

that Rome was able to organise the *centurie*, which signalised themselves by assassination at Cesene and at Forlì.

At present with respect to politics the Italian priest is potent for good, but impotent for evil. Placed at the head of the Italian crusade, and sanctifying, in his capacity of traditional representative of the religious sentiment, the sacred battles of his country and of liberty, he could render immense services to faith and the people: his presence would solemnly re-establish the harmony between two series, equally indestructible, of human wants, of which the one I believe cannot be truly satisfied, except by its intimate association with the other: it would avert the painful crises which without it, must inevitably accompany Italian regeneration. Standing in the ranks of the enemy and preaching slavery, he would not be heard: his benediction may still be sacred, but his malediction is so no longer.

There is moreover an essential distinction, though almost always neglected, between the priest and papal catholicism, represented by the high clergy. Like every aristocracy, the high clergy is in general inimical to the Italian cause. But below the privileged ranks in the hierarchy, which tremble before the principle of equality destined to re-organise the church as well as society, the simple priest, poor in the country, in the city sharing the progress of intelligence, derives from this and from the people in the midst of which he lives other ideas, other tendencies, other moral instincts. He suffers and is silent, because he also lives like the citizen, in the midst of suspicion and distrust, without possessing any energy for the struggle for liberty, or any of the power of knowledge, or of the force which a sentiment of duty ought to inspire. To him science is a forbidden field; the clerical education is absurd; and his faith, vacillating without intermission between secular scepticism and the hypocrisy of the ecclesiastical aristocracy, is lukewarm, uncertain, and inefficacious. In the book which ought to teach him devotion and the sacred indignation of Lamennais against the authors of the misery of the people, he unfortunately only learns lessons of submission and of resignation ill understood. He does not comprehend his mission; he forgets that the heavenly country can only be gained by works accomplished in and for our terrestrial country: thus he abandons, in abandoning his duties of instructor, the destinies of religion and of the church to the tide of the time and of events; but at the bottom his heart is neither so degraded nor so intolerant as is thought. I do not wish to generalise too much; I do not speak here of the great mass of monks, nor yet of the priests as a body; I only deprecate all anathemas against the latter collectively. I maintain that a progress, though a very slow one, has taken place in them, and that amongst them there is a considerable number of men who love their country sincerely, who groan under its miseries, who know the image of God is not made to crawl in fear and ignorance at the feet of brutal force, and that his prayer never rises more efficaciously to heaven, nor more gratefully to his Creator, than when free and pure as thought in the immortal soul, it issues in a land of freedom from the bosom of a nation of brethren. The sympathies of these good priests were revealed at the same time as was the impotence of the bad ones, during the short movement of 1831. "Some eminent priests—I quote here with pleasure the words of M. Orioli, who is generally so cheerless and discouraging—"entered into the provisional governments of several cities. Afterwards there were some amongst the deputies who assembled at Bologna, to deliberate there on public affairs. Several curates in the country churches spoke from the pulpit even in favour of our cause. One in a rural parish marched at the head of his

parishioners, as captain of the national guard. Both priests and monks were amongst the volunteers who hastened to join the little army commanded by Sercognani. Several theologians amongst those most esteemed for their knowledge, offered to prove in particular works, when the Pope menaced us with excommunication, that the supreme pontiff had not this right in matters purely political. The clergy of Bologna offered to sing for us a *Te Deum* in the church." The circular of the 25th of February of Monsignore Cadolino, bishop of Cervia, those of the bishop of Cesene, and of Monsignore Zollio, bishop of Rimini, the letter of Monsignore Loschi to the revolutionary authorities of Parma, and other documents which may be found in the "Precursore" or in the "Monitore" of Bologna, of the first months of 1831, are so many testimonies in opposition to the opinion of M. Sismondi, and in favour of mine.

It is not then in the opposition of the clergy or of Rome that we have to look for the cause of the obstacles to the emancipation of Italy.

Still these obstacles exist. They are serious, for they have not been hitherto surmounted, notwithstanding repeated efforts. Thrice the people have risen, and in ten different places in the space of the last forty years, and thrice they have been defeated. During all this period associations have succeeded to associations, struggles to struggles: the work has never ceased; conspiracy has been permanent. Twenty times an outbreak has been imminent, and always on the very eve of action something has happened to prevent the object, now almost grasped, from being attained. The day after some carriages, closed and guarded, swept towards a fortress, to confine there the victims of the conspiracy perhaps for ever, or else some youthful heads rolled into the dust; then all became silent again, and the subterranean process recommenced, to run through the same fatal circle. This mournful story so often repeated, and always terminating with the same denouement, explains the fatal discouragement, the mistrust and the despair, which commencing in misanthropy terminate in selfishness. Hence all the strange conclusions drawn to cut the knot which they cannot untie,—the accusations of cowardice made against a whole people, as if the existence of a cowardly people was possible: hence the exhortations to individual regenerations, which we find for instance in the work, "England in 1835," by Raumer, as if the regeneration of the individuals composing a nation could be effected there, where there exists neither country, nor liberty, nor education, nor means, nor end: hence too the precipitate decisions, subversive of every principle of nationality, which assign to another people exclusively the care and the power of one day delivering Italy; and the answers given to the men who protest against this sort of guardianship being elevated to a principle,—“Can we create by the force of our desires alone a revolutionary power where it does not exist? Can we deny facts, and fly in the face of experience furnished by the abortive insurrections of Piedmont, of Naples, of Modena, and of Bologna?”

He to whom the "Revue Republicaine" of January, 1835, addressed these words, might reply—and he did so—that this was to repeat a fact and not to explain it,—that revolutionary force could not be wanting, where the list of martyrs which had been long more extensive than that in any other country except Poland, was swollen every day by men of every class, where ten provinces, twenty cities, almost three millions of men, are able to effect a revolution, as in 1831, in less than twenty days, without striking a blow, without encountering the slightest internal obstacle,—that it was rather in the direction given to this force that the error must be sought for, which

had hitherto frustrated its action, and for which, perhaps, a remedy might be found,—that once in this track, precedents and examples would have no longer any fixed value, if by accident it should be discovered that a new principle full of life, but hitherto neglected, should be summoned to take part in the struggle,—that the actual question was to seek this principle and to study, if one found it, the means of applying it, instead of augmenting still more the incertitude and discouragement of the country, in repeating without intermission to the rising generation, as an acknowledged and irrefragable truth, the assertion of its impotence and the dependence of its cause on the chances of foreign succour.

The only manner of placing fairly the Italian question, the only one which can lead to its solution, seems to be this :—Is it the elements of emancipation which are wanting in Italy? or is it a proper direction given to these elements which has been wanting? Is it to the chiefs or is it to the masses that we must look for the causes, why the revolutionary attempts hitherto made have failed? On the answer to these questions hangs the fate of Italy. If the faults which have been committed are to be referred to the people, we must be resigned to our fate, we must be silent on Italy, and must patiently expect its amelioration from the general progress of Europe, or as the slow work of many years, perhaps of centuries. But if they are to be attributed to the leaders of the people, we must say so boldly, we must justify the Italian nation, restore its self-esteem, reckon upon it, and exhort it not to be tired of the struggle, for victory is certain at last.

Now for me—or else I should never speak of Italy—the question has long been decided.

The reason why my country is still in slavery, is not that the elements for her emancipation are wanting, but that they have not been properly directed. There as elsewhere, and more than elsewhere, the masses are ready—it is chiefs that have hitherto been wanting. On the day of their appearance—on the day when hazard or their own deeds shall place at the head of an insurrection men who comprehend Italy—Italy shall be free!

My next letter will, I hope, afford you proofs of what I now have asserted.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

* * * We insert the name of the author of these letters as a guarantee of the accuracy of the statements they contain. In ordinary cases we allow the articles in this publication to rest upon their intrinsic merits; but where the actions of living men become the subject of investigation, the avowal of the authorship appears to us essential to the integrity of the design. In all matters relating to the affairs of Italy, the authority of our distinguished correspondent, we need scarcely add, is of the highest value and importance.—ED.

THE SCANDAL-MONGERS OF LITERATURE.

Domestic Manners of the Americans. By MRS. TROLLOPE. New Edition. London : 1839.

Pencillings by the Way. By N. P. WILLIS, Esq. New Edition. London : 1839.

The Idler in Italy ; being a Journal of the Travels of the Countess of Blessington. Two Vols. London : 1839.

Diary, illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth. New Edition. Two Vols. London : 1839.

Tutti Frutti. London : 1835.

Chevely ; or, the Man of Honour. By LADY BULWER. Three Vols. London : 1839.

WHAT the canker is to a tree — what the gangrene is to surrounding vitality — what the rot is to a ship — the literary scandal-monger is to society. You know not where the corruption enters — you know not how it works — you know not how far it may spread, or in what direction — you cannot devise any protection against its approaches, and you have no remedy for its festering wounds. The degraded wretch who lives upon scandal at second-hand, who works the base metal into shape in his unknown retreat, and never ventures into the broad daylight of the circles he defames, has at least this negative virtue which the literary scandal-monger of fashionable life cannot assert — that he violates no confidence, and does not procure the means of rendering himself infamous by any affectation of character. His existence is not a lie — he has the marks of the leper upon him, and all men avoid him.

That there should be found in the community a class of persons so depraved is, perhaps, to be regarded as one of the inevitable results of a high state of luxury, which always brings vices of the lowest kind in its train. The healthy influence of public opinion, however, consigns these base mercenaries who prostitute their faculties for food to the obloquy they deserve. They hold no place in society — they are the Pariahs of civilised life, skirmishing for a subsistence on the confines, and living in perpetual dread of detection and punishment. Even those who love the sin recoil from the sinner ; and the reader of the journal of piquant detraction would as soon think of associating with a felon, as with the author of the audacious slanders that fill its polluted columns. The private lives — as far as they are known — of the contributors to such publications, exhibit a desolation of moral and social sympathies, which, at all events, affords some compensation to the world for the profitable criminalities by which they are sustained. Destitute of friendships — shunned by the herd of men — afraid to move into the open paths of daily intercourse — the miscreant dwells in some obscure quarter, where he is visited by none but calumniators like himself, who having no reputation to lose are reckless in their associations. If any unlucky individuals of a better stamp happen to be drawn into his perilous acquaintance, either to buy him off by bribes, or to avert some terrible exposure by a compromise of their contempt and aversion, they visit him at night, not daring

to avow their knowledge of his haunts. Then as his personal safety is constantly endangered by his acts, he flies from place to place to evade discovery — sometimes even disguises his appearance — and not unfrequently changes his name; living, in fact, below the surface, while he works the machinery of publication through his agents, spies, and scouts, with incredible activity and success.

The shifts to which these professional libellers are thus reduced, prove at least that whatever patronage the bad passions of society may confer upon their labours in secret, they are regarded in public with a common sentiment of abhorrence. The scandalous print is rarely seen in private houses; people are ashamed to acknowledge it; and although it finds its way into chambers where an allusion to it would raise a blush, yet there remains enough of the profession of morality and decorum to make it contraband. So long, therefore, as mankind are agreed to consider such productions in this light, no very serious mischief can be inflicted by them. If men are reluctant to confess to having read them, they will hardly retail the scandals they have gleaned from them; the tacit admission of their contaminated nature deprives them at once of all authority and power, since no man can affect to believe that which all men unite in repudiating. Every body remembers the story of the gentleman who ventured into a crowd to look at some plebeian show, confident that he might do so with impunity, as he was not likely in such a place to meet any person to whom he was known. But he was presently recognised by a friend, who asked him how it was he found him in such company; to which he replied by "Nay, how is it *I find you here?*" The individual who is traduced in an infamous journal need not fear being reproached with the fact. It is even more disreputable to be a reader of such a work than to be maligned by it: and this is the guarantee which public opinion holds out against the assaults of that class of publications. If, like forbidden fruit, they provoke inordinate curiosity, still they *are* forbidden, and must be enjoyed by stealth.

But the case of the literary scandal-monger is widely different. Admitted into society upon the usual terms of equality, and, perhaps, to more than the usual familiarity and confidence, this reptile, nursed in the heart of an unsuspecting circle, employs all its little faculties in picking up scraps of intelligence, idle stories that are carelessly repeated without reflection, the tittle-tattle of malice and envy, domestic gossip, and personal anecdotes, which, uttered amongst a group of indolent listeners, and never intended for any wider circulation, assume a grave responsibility when, dressed up with some tact, and of course heightened and embellished, to render them marketable, they are exhibited in the durable form of print. If a heedless expression escape in company, it hardly excites attention; there is no permanent value attached to the mere badinage of the hour: but when we find such expressions, more strikingly shaped, and set in a frame of commentary and description, transferred to the pages of a popular book — which becomes all the more popular by virtue of its dishonourable personalities — we ascribe a certain degree of importance to them, less, perhaps, because of their truth, than because of the notoriety into which they are thus illegitimately forced. In society we do not dwell seriously upon the ephemeral jests, the smart hits, and verbiage that constitute the *finesse* of conversation; but when we see the idle trifling of the dinner-table or the *soirée* set forth in a volume affecting the delineation of characters and manners, we perceive at once the extensive evil which the literary scandal-monger — contemptible as he is in understanding, and destitute as he is of principle — is capable of producing.

This description of literary and fashionable scandal, which professes to pourtray interiors, and draw down distinguished individuals from their lofty niches to parade them in the streets, has latterly grown up into a regular craft. The demand for such ware is chiefly amongst those classes that really know nothing about the kind of life which these books pretend to describe. "People of fashion," said Hazlitt, in one of those admirable essays that have perished in the periodicals, "do not want to read accounts of themselves. What do they care about tiresome descriptions of satin ottomans and ormolu carvings, who are sick of seeing them from morning till night? No; they would rather read an account of Donald Bean's Highland cavern strewn with rushes, or a relation of a *row* in a night cellar in St. Giles's." Notwithstanding, however, the very obvious fact that the people who are tired of these luxuries are not very likely to write about them, the multitude who are not admitted to see and touch these fine things, and who are apt to think that there is a mysterious manner of sustaining the elegancies of life in the elevated circle from which they are excluded, read all the gossiping books with credulity and avidity, although the revelations they contain cannot be supposed to be either accurate or complete. The only people who could write faithfully on such subjects never, or very rarely, write upon them at all; yet when some superficial, sketchy, preposterous caricature of this sort makes its appearance, it is greedily purchased by the million, just as penny medals are bought up in the thoroughfares, although every body knows they are counterfeit and worthless.

It is difficult to characterise as it deserves the baseness of the writers who, taking advantage of their admission into good society, literally trade upon the accident of their position. The gossip who goes about from family to family, fomenting domestic feuds by retailing injurious reports, inuendoes, and suspicions, is in some sort an honourable person in comparison with your literary scandal-monger; because the mischief done in the former case is limited in its influence, is generally susceptible of remedy, and is always accompanied by a certain amount of personal responsibility, while in the latter instance it spreads over an extensive surface, and cannot be explained away or repaired. The curiosity that follows distinguished individuals into their private habits is natural enough, so far as the public is concerned. We can easily comprehend the feeling that induces the mass of the community to read with interest every book which professes to contain authentic particulars concerning the personal appearance and conversation of popular favourites — statesmen, poets, wits, courtiers, novelists, historians; but although the public at large are exempt from censure for patronising such productions — it being, in truth, one of the penalties of fame to become in this way the mark of observation — the criminality of those who cater for the public taste by violating personal confidences is not the less base on that account. An author who has acquired some reputation by his works, finds no difficulty in obtaining an entrance into the fashionable circles; the modern vice of lionising secures him an *entrée*; he is received with a sort of spurious *éclat*, which his vanity is not unlikely to interpret in the most favourable way; and he runs the round of the season in a flutter of enjoyments that open to him a new world of suggestions and experiences. He is brought into direct intercourse with the most celebrated persons in the country; and whatever may be the inequality of condition between them, or the hollowness of the professions that are made to him, it must at least be obvious that the courtesy with which he is treated ought to be reciprocated in that spirit of self-respect which is presumed to regulate the usages of good society. It is the proud privilege of genius to take its station amongst the highest classes — a station from

which it cannot be removed except by its own acts; and which it may continue to occupy as an unquestioned right, so long as it preserves the simple dignity of its order. The sovereign power that can make a lord cannot make an intellect; and the prerogatives of an artificial nobility are not more clear or emphatic than the natural ascendancy of mind. How encouraging then, and how grateful must be the recognition which the author receives in those circles where that blighting sophism is supposed to be most deeply seated, which regards birth and hereditary honours as constituting the only valid claims to distinction, and which looks down with ineffable disdain upon untitled and unendowed merit! It is so much in the power of literary men to improve this good understanding between the two aristocracies of Nature and Society, and to insure the permanent possession of that place they ought to fill in the regards of the world, that whenever an author abuses his success by stooping to any mean and unworthy traffic in literature, he ought to be proscribed as one who has betrayed the sacred interests of his mission, and forfeited the station he has disgraced. Why should we overlook in an author a species of offence which we could not tolerate in a private gentleman? His talents only heighten his guilt.

Unfortunately we are not accustomed to look at literary delinquencies in this light. We do not lay a sufficient stress upon the malignity or the despicable meanness of the motives which produce the class of works to which we allude. We only feel their piquancy, their broad satire, their personalities, their stings and jokes; we seldom care to reflect upon the friendships that have been broken, the perfidies that have been committed, the hypocrisy, the malevolent revenge, the infamous intrigues, and the long train of falsehoods and deceptions that have been practised in gathering the materials of these disreputable narratives. It must be plain to any person of common sense, that the individual who notes down the heedless dialogues of the drawing-room, and throws them into a catching form, accompanied with personal sketches of the speakers, is, in a moral point of view, more culpable than the swindler who calls at a private house, sends up his card, and during the momentary absence of the servant filches a cloak out of the hall. The scandal-monger, like the swindler, obtains an entrance into the house under false pretences, and all the time that he is admitted and treated as a gentleman, is really employed in considering how he shall turn his good fortune to the best account. He certainly does not fill his pockets directly from the table at which he sits, but he fills his notebook for the ulterior purpose of filling his pockets through the agency of the bookseller. Where is the difference between them, except that the one plays a deeper and more elaborate part than the other, and colours his thefts with some plausible excuses that show off his dexterity to advantage, and conceal the real turpitude of his design? If we pursue the flattered and feasted author to this part of his career, where he prepares to publish his experience of fashionable life, we shall see at what a cost of gentlemanly feeling, integrity, and truth, he appears before the world in the capacity of a scandal-monger, — what sacrifices of personal honour he must make — what pledges he must break — what secrets which, if not confided to him, escaped in his presence under the sanctity of understood privacy, he must reveal — and what thoroughly unprincipled courses he must premeditate and adopt before he can carry his plan into this description cannot be written like a novel, from society — it is the work of minute and deliberate prying. The writer must be constantly on the his trifling facts, such as they are; he must draw

of a general observation of the most interesting, and the collection of his characters in con-

versation ; he must try to get at their opinions, not only of ordinary topics, but of each other, for without this spice of maliciousness the book would be deficient in its chief saleable ingredient ; he must pick up anecdotes wherever he can get them, without possessing the means of verifying them, for he dare not venture farther, lest he should betray his sinister purpose ; he must affect attention, perhaps subserviency, to the very individuals he is about to defame ; he must fetch and carry, lie in wait for hints, take likenesses on his thumb nail, treasure up loose fragments of idle and frivolous criticism, which he well knows how to expand into importance ; he must eavesdrop and decoy his victims, and perform the most contemptible offices, in order to procure the requisite materials for his projected disclosures ; and during the progress of this conspiracy, the people about him are wholly unconscious that there is a spy amongst them, recording all the careless words and actions which occur in the unreserved freedom of intercourse ; and they are possibly even still more thrown off their guard, and entrapped into thoughtless expressions, by the cunning arts of the mongrel writer, whom they have so unhesitatingly admitted to their confidence ! It is impossible to contemplate this picture of baseness without being impressed with the necessity of stamping the whole class of such publications with odium. This sentence of condemnation is nothing more than a duty which society owes to itself.

Of course all the works that come within our general category are not equally reprehensible. There are degrees of offence from the mere drafting of individual features to the coarse and venal revelation of private character — from the sketcher who is content with outlines, to the retailer of vulgar gossip who dramatises domestic life with impudence and vigour, and supplies what is wanting in truth with broad dashes of invention. We have placed at the head of this article the titles of some works in which various degrees of this flippant and pungent scandal-mongering are exhibited ; and we have included one in the number which belongs to a class, wholly exempt from all the bad attributes we have been describing, and, indeed, belonging to a widely different order, but still liable to objections on other grounds — Lady Blessington's volumes on Italy. The staple of her ladyship's diary consists of very lively and clever sketches of the distinguished persons she met in society in that country ; and this feature is considered to be so attractive to purchasers, that the most prominent names have been thrown into the form of an advertisement by the publisher, who, no doubt, reckons upon an extent of popularity commensurate with the extent of the personal reminiscences. Lady Blessington discovers in this diary an amiable and good-natured spirit towards her friends ; almost all the portraits are complimentary, and there is no fault to be found with the author for any betrayals of confidence. But the principle upon which this work is written, clear as it is of malignant feeling, and excellent as are the intentions of the author, is hardly defensible. If we license the practice of drawing individuals in their undress ; of giving full-lengths and half-lengths of people that are met incidentally in society ; of converting the saloon and the boudoir into portrait galleries, and of making free with the names (not to speak of the characters) of persons without their consent or authority, where are we to mark the limits beyond which the writer may not trespass in this dangerous and tempting track ? It is not a sufficient argument on behalf of such publications, that they are for the most part panegyrical, for even panegyric may not always be just or agreeable ; nor can it be considered quite justifiable to turn houses inside out, and delineate contemporary characters before time has rendered them legitimate subjects of history

or biography. Upon what ground of public utility or literary interest is any author justified in detailing experiences of this description, which, instead of showing us public men in their public capacity (the only aspect in which they can be legitimately depicted), show them to us in their private habits — dining, talking, riding, dancing? Lady Blessington's work does not exhibit any of the features of the works of scandal — it does not belong to them — it belongs to a totally different class — it is written with feelings of remarkable delicacy and refinement: yet it can scarcely be pronounced free from objection. But if Lady Blessington's volumes are liable to objection, what is to be said of the diary of Lady Charlotte Bury?

So gross an instance of ingratitude, perfidy, and moral obliquity cannot be pointed out in the literature of any other country. Throughout the whole range of fabricated French memoirs — the rich soil of the worst kinds of personal defamation — there is not a single case which presents such an extraordinary combination of offences against the decencies of life. The forger of a French memoir is generally an adventurer who has got together by some means a few of the frivolous stories that are constantly flying through the gay coteries of Paris, and upon this foundation he constructs a narrative, the one hundredth part of which may, perhaps, contain some elements of truth, all the rest being sheer speculation. But the character of his work is usually political; and although it unfolds a startling variety of personal details, they are not of a description calculated to have a very injurious effect upon society. He pretends to lay open the intrigues of the cabinet, to show the secret springs of particular measures, to introduce us to the privacy of great men, and to give us a glimpse of that curious court machinery, which is designated in this country "backstairs' influence." All these revelations, however, are made with an air of elegance almost ascending to romance; the most consummate poetical taste presides over the scene; the wit is brilliant, but never coarse; and the personalities rarely trench so far upon domestic affairs as to corrupt the tone and lower the entertaining aim of the work. In fact these productions aspire to be received as materials for history, fantastically embellished, and highly refined in the relation. There is no very great immorality in all this. Fiction is, no doubt, put forward for truth; but the deception is tolerably well understood by every body, and it is managed with such skill as to bear upon the whole a very close resemblance to facts. If it be not *vrai*, it is at all events *vraisemblable*; and the author forfeits no credit amongst his friends, for he betrays no friendships whatever. He is a mere compiler of floating rumours, which any body else may with similar impunity appropriate and arrange. The case is altered, however, when such works proceed from persons who have obtained their information by personal observation; who relate circumstances that were made known to them under the seal of sacred confidence; who, during many years of close intercourse with the court, keep accurate diaries of every idle word and look, committing to paper the secret misgivings, the scandalous reports, the hourly suspicions, the degrading jealousies, and prurient vices of the great, and then, retired from the scene where honours and kindnesses were heaped upon them, sit down deliberately and without compunction to vilify their benefactors, to reveal events and conversations implicating not only the virtues of the dead but the honesty of the living, and to sell that knowledge of royalty and court life which they never could have acquired, had not the most implicit reliance been placed in their fidelity and devotion! Is it too much to say that such a proceeding discovers a heartless profligacy unparalleled in these times, and for which no adequate punishment can be devised through the agency of public

opinion alone? When it is remembered that an unfortunate queen — unfortunate in her alliance, and exposed to the most galling persecutions — had lavished upon the author of these incendiary reminiscences unbounded marks of favour; that the private sufferings of that wretched mother in the hours of her weakness and despair were to be converted into calumnies against her, by the person she had protected and relied upon; and that this royal mistress, who had shown so much confiding faith and profuse generosity to her followers, should be made the prominent figure in a laborious work of scandal after the grave had closed over her faults and her wrongs — when these things are remembered, how are we to designate the infamy of such a publication? — infamy perpetrated, too, by a woman, and that woman the sister of a duke and the widow of a clergyman!

The only way to make such writers feel the enormity of the evil they commit, would be to turn their weapons against themselves; to trace their own worthless lives; and to drag their vanities, their vices, and their griefs, without remorse, before the public. What would be thought of a book which should contain the history of a celebrated beauty and coquette, descended from a long line of proud ancestry, inheriting a name without a fortune, compelled to resort to all conceivable artifices to sustain her position, sometimes a mercenary at court, and sometimes a mercenary in print, availing herself of her rank to improve her income through its influence, brooding over her failing resources in the torturing desire to maintain her elevation, toasted for her beauty in her youth, flattered but never loved, advancing in years but retrograding in power, and, unable to secure a conquest, floundering at last into the arms of a tutor? And if we pursue such a history of a life further towards its dark close, what melancholy evidences it furnishes of abused confidence and misspent time: abandoned by friends, suffering under a sentence of ostracism, the beauty, the wit, and the lady of the bed-chamber sinks, in the end, into a lonely and loathsome obscurity!

Even these instances of treachery, however, will bear no comparison with the last specimen we have in the novel of “Chevely.” Here are condensed into one work the most disgraceful elements of the whole class. We will not descend into the degrading details of this publication, for its notoriety spares us the necessity of any more special reference to its contents. But we may ask, What is to become of the safeguards of social life, if works of this description are encouraged? Where is the security of households, the sweet faith of domestic trust, the candour of the close relations of home, the honour of women, the reputation of wives, the affection of mothers, the delicacy of all ties, religious and civil, if works of this kind are to be circulated whenever, from any cause, families are divided? Is there no longer a sense of shame to restrain the turbulent passions of human nature? Is respect of kindred no longer one of the guarantees of civilisation? Are wives to be permitted with impunity to break the bonds of domestic confidence, and in moments of vengeance to betray the commerce of their wedded lives? We care not for the small springs of irritation in which such publications may be supposed to have their origin; no causes can exist, or ever did exist, that could relieve such a work of that unutterable perfidy which, in the estimation of all right-minded people, stains its pages. No woman could write a book so characterised by venom, and addressed to such ends, without relinquishing all claims to the sympathy of the world; if, indeed, such a woman could ever have deserved its sympathy. We take the publication itself to be a *prima facie* case against her. A pure mind could not be drawn into such an act by any possible circumstances.

We reprobate these publications as we would any other violation of good

faith, or any other infringement of the recognised boundaries of individual rights. There are limits which ought never to be passed, and which cannot be broken down without destroying the respect in which the inter-relations of society should be held. If we fail to mark such works with entire condemnation — if we fail to assert the principle of domestic sanctity they desecrate — there is an end to order, to safety, to all honourable sentiment, and to that tribunal of opinion which is powerful in its justice, and impotent when vitiated by false influences. Again, observe the deception and fraudulent character of a work like “Chevely,” which insinuates a variety of grievances, and affirms none; which cloaks implied charges under the mask of fiction; and while it is calculated to make a vague impression of an injurious kind, affords an escape from proof through the illusory and irresponsible form in which it appears. A serious and authentic statement of asserted facts is susceptible of reply — this evasive fiction admits of no reply. You cannot sift the grains of reality — if there be any in it — from the chaff of a ridiculous and lampooning story. If appeals must be made upon such occasions to the public, let them at least be made in a shape that can be grappled with. Let not truth be frittered away in garbled and preposterous scenes of mingled buffoonery and invective. It is essential to the best interests of society that all such attempts to pervert its judgment and poison its healthy thoughts should be consigned to ignominy, that the equivocating *ruse* should be exposed, and that we should not be cheated into involuntary opinions by narratives, the application of which may at any moment be disavowed by their authors after the mischief of their publication has been accomplished.

Apart from all considerations of morality, the description of works to which we have drawn the attention of the reader may be dismissed as belonging to the very lowest efforts of the imagination. They exhibit no higher order of mind than that which can embrace the portraiture of the individual. The absence of the power of generalisation is every where evident. Instead of delineating society in classes, and developing the general influences by which it is modified and controlled, these writers never venture beyond personal sketches. They draw heads, and believe they are depicting manners. They are famous for caricatures, but very indifferent at portraits, and dare not trespass on history. The philosophy of social institutions is beyond their reach; and as neither reflection nor judgment is requisite for their paltry tasks, so their performances are vapid, meagre, shallow, and unintellectual.

RUSSIA, AFFGHANISTAN, AND INDIA.

Correspondence relating to Affghanistan.

“Non ita certandi cupidus quam propter amorem.”

AFTER long and dubious controversy, the possibility of a Russian invasion of India appears to be almost demonstrated by recent events. The announcement of the march of thirty thousand troops to the borders of Affghanistan, has created a feeling in the mind of other countries than England, that the European connection with India is about to undergo some fundamental modifications at a period more or less remote. Although causes sufficient for this commotion exist in the political position, and rival interests of the native princes of the theatre of those events, it is to Russia that the universal suspicion attaches as the fomentor of this crisis. The empire of Napoleon has been then overthrown only to substitute the universal monarchy of Russia; and the brilliant commercial political edifice erected in India under the French by the genius of Dupleix, Suffrin and Labourdonnais, has been overturned by England, only that France, instead of siding with us as an ally, should now view the embarrassments of the power which expelled her with ill-disguised feelings of exultation. The war against the French Revolution has certainly produced a result which contemporaneous politicians could not have suspected; for one half century of military experience has done more to aggrandise the power of Russia than the course of an entire century of an ordinary character, even though signalised by such monarchs as Peter the Great and Catharine the Second. It was then for the first time that she dared to show her soldiers in the heart of the West; and if the humiliation which Suwarrow had to suffer under the walls of Zurich, from the sword of Massena, appeared sufficient for a time to prevent her from renewing, at such a distance from her frontiers, the memory of Pultowa, the subsidies of England by reanimating her to the combat, and urging her success to the walls of Paris, inspired her with that taste for long and adventurous expeditions of which England must now dread the results. England, by the peace of 1815, has caused Russia to approach nearer to her Indian empire than twenty years of successful war against France has separated her from it.

The present position of Russia in Asia is very different from what it was even twenty years ago. With the exception of Circassia, which is a never-dying worm in the flank of the colossus, she has not a single enemy worthy of her arms. As far beyond the barrier of the Caucasus as the east of the Caspian Sea, and on the spot where Nadir Shah assembled the army with which he invaded India, the Russian advance posts now stand, and are only separated by a few days' march, across a country of plains, from Samarcand, whence Timour departed for the same conquest, and from Balkh, the ancient Bactria, whence Alexander the Great, conqueror of the Persians, having adopted his new resolution, transported himself by a rapid march beyond the Indus.

The difficulty of finding subsistence for a considerable army in its march, and the resistance it would be likely to encounter, are supposed to be the two great obstacles to every enterprise on the part of the Russians; but in countries where ages have introduced so few changes in the mode of living, the example of the past replies sufficiently to the first of these objections. Where Alexander and Timour and Nadir Shah have passed, a Russian army under strict discipline would find no difficulty.

Candahar was the only place where Timour and Nadir Shah encountered a strenuous resistance. It arrested the progress of the Persian conqueror for many months; but an open city of a hundred thousand souls, situated in an open plain, with Asiatic fortifications, would certainly prove but a slight obstacle to European engineers. Affghanistan merits more attention: the burning hatred which that nation bore towards the Persians in the days of Nadir Shah has been transferred to the empire of the Seyks and to Runjeet Sing, its founder, aggrandised at their expense. We have seen Dost Mahomed Khan of Caboul, and the most powerful of its chiefs leagued, with the Persians and advancing against his own nephew, the Prince of Herat; the Russians, by offering their assistance to the Affghans, have every reason to hope for a friendly reception from them.

The army of Runjeet Sing, trained by the French generals Allard and Ventura, may be a powerful ally to England; but without treating with contempt the reforms effected in the military organisation of the Seyks, we yet may be permitted to believe that these Asiatics, trained in the European fashion, would not venture to form themselves in array against a Russian army, and that as it hardly fared with the Turks in their last campaign in Roumelia, their progress in tactics would be found of too fresh a date to stand the proof of the Muscovite bayonet.

It is only in reckoning from the moment when the army of invasion had set foot on the left bank of the Sutledge, the boundary of the British possessions, that the question ought to be regarded as doubtful. From that frontier to Calcutta, the distance is only 400 leagues. An extended chain of fortresses, the citadel of Agra, the immense works at Allahabad at the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges, form the basis of operations for our army, composed of 30,000 Europeans, and 250,000 sepoys, scattered, it is true, over the immense space comprised between the 34th degree of northern latitude and Cape Comorin. It is impossible to say which of the two armies, Russian or English, encountering each other at the extremity of the continent, would have most preserved the military organisation and moral elasticity necessary for conquest. India, too, silent and motionless for the last thirty years, seemingly resigned to her fate, may nevertheless preserve a feeling of hatred against a government which has raised ten per cent. all the necessaries of life, and be ready to cast herself into the arms of the Russian invader at the first appearance of his flag. The time for the accomplishment of such a design is not so great as one would think: Timour departed from Samarcand in the month of March, and was upon his return to that capital in the April of the following year: Nadir Shah employed nearly the same time. It is true that the conquerors of modern days did not pass beyond Delhi, the seat of the Mohammedan power in India. As for Alexander, he proceeded no farther than the right bank of the Sutledge. But time is of no consequence: a blow struck at Fort William, and our Indian Empire is lost for ever. And never again could England construct a like empire by a succession of efforts and sacrifices of which a nation is never capable twice.

India to Great Britain, to

A writer whose pamphlet on Russia, India, and England, has been much quoted by the press, finds a difficulty, when discussing the profit of

state a favourable result. It is to the future that he looks for the realisation of his golden hopes; to the time when the increased cotton growth shall have afforded ample supplies to the manufacturers of England; when British capital shall have poured into Hindostan, in that current which was vainly predicted before the expiration of the charter. But Sir Henry Parnell and the ablest statisticians will have written to no purpose if they have not demonstrated a loss instead of a gain to us by our eastern possessions. We have lost all that we have been taxed for the price of tea, the only profitable article in which the Company dealt; their Indian trade and territorial revenue are notoriously less than their expenditure, and a debt of 60,000,000*l.* with a fallacious off-set, is the glorious result of our magnificent Eastern Empire. If a foreign power obtain possession of India, let our Solons dispose of this debt if they can: let them place it upon the shoulders of Great Britain, and contemplate the result with equanimity if they can. The Indian question is in fact a branch of the colonial one. The worth of Hindostan is neither more nor less than that of other colonies.

Affghánistan now merits separate discussion.

This country of Asia forms a great state, the boundaries of which cannot be determined precisely, because its political existence is subject to frequent variations. Considered in its greatest extent, Affghanistan extends from the 57th to the 70th degree of E. longitude, and from the 20th to the 36th degree of N. latitude. It is bounded on the north by Boukhara; on the east by the country of the Seyks and Hindostan; on the south by Belouchistan; on the west by deserts and Persia. Its length is almost 300 leagues, its breadth 140, and its surface about 80,000 square leagues. Its surface presents considerable mountains, some of which elevate themselves to a great height; on the south-east and south-west there are some extensive plains. The climate is temperate in the upper country, but cold and harsh in the mountains. The heat in the plains is very great, and in some of the valleys and sandy places it is stifling. The simoom, that pestilential wind so much dreaded by travellers, sometimes passes over the warm portions of this country, but fortunately does not last long. On the whole, Affghanistan may be said to be a dry country, and little subject to rain, fog, or damp. The difference in the temperature of the day and night is generally very great; the climate notwithstanding is healthy, so far as we may judge from the stature, strength, and activity of the inhabitants. The provinces of Affghanistan are, on the west Khorassan, of which a part belongs to Persia; Sedjistan, Gurgestan, and Dahistan, on the north; Caboul, Ghizneh, and Peshawer; on the south-west Candahar; on the south, Mekran, Belouchistan, and its dependencies. These last countries are independent. Cachmere, as we know, has been taken from the Affghans by the Seyks.

The population of Affghanistan is reckoned at 10,000,000; namely, 4,300,000 Affghans, 1,400,000 Belouchees, 1,200,000 Tartars or Turks, 1,500,000 Tadgeks and Parsees, 500,000 Hindoos, 300,000 Arabs and others. The Affghans received this name from the Persians; they called themselves Pouchtaneh, which the Berdourani, their most eastern tribe, pronounce Pekhtaneh, which has given rise to the name of Patans, under which the Affghans have made themselves known and dreaded in Hindostan. The Arabs call them Solimani, either because they inhabited more particularly the chain of the Soliman-coosh, or after the name of the chief who reigned over them at the era when the Arabs first knew them. The original country of the Affghans is in the southern branch of the Paropamisada or Hindoo-coosh; and it is from thence that they have spread

towards the east as far as the Punjaub, and towards the west as far as the eastern parts of Persia. They are divided into tribes, who are subdivided into an infinity of branches; each has its chief; all are subordinate to the khan of the tribe, chosen by the people from their most ancient family. Sometimes he is named, and divested of his office by the king, according to the good pleasure of the latter, and replaced by a relation of the monarch. In both cases they take into consideration the right of primogeniture, but still more the age, experience, and character. This order of variable succession occasions frequent feuds and dissensions. The khans, assisted by the chiefs of the subdivisions, govern their tribes; in cases of emergency the khans act without consulting them. This form of administration recalls to mind the feudal government, and all the troubles to which it gave rise. It is observed that the Affghans are much more attached to their tribes than to the persons of their chief. The Affghans of the west are much more united among themselves than those of the east; the latter are almost always at war with each other.

The Koran is the general law for civil affairs. The Affghan custom or code is followed in criminal cases. The opinion that it is a right and duty in each man to do himself justice still exists among these people. The priests or mollahs preach in vain against this practice; they cannot destroy it. In certain tribes, the chiefs and patriarchs endeavour to arrange disputes by means of persuasion; if they cannot succeed, they allow the injured person to follow out his own vengeance.

The Dourani form the most powerful, numerous, and civilised tribe; they dwell in the west of the kingdom as well as the Ghildji, the Cakers, and others less numerous. In the west, are the Berdourani, the Chirani, the Viziri, and the tribes of Peshawer and Daman. A division which abandons its tribe may be adopted by another. The rules of hospitality among the Affghans prescribe that they shall treat the strangers in these circumstances with particular care; the tribe to which the new comers join themselves assigns them lands. Their chief sits in the principal assembly: his horde preserves its internal government, enjoys the same rights as the other bands of the tribe, and although it preserves the name of the tribe whence it draws its origin, it ceases to have any relation or connection with it. Sometimes it returns to it. If this tribe and that by which the band has been adopted go to war with each other, the latter among the Affghans of the west remains neutral; among those of the east it ought to assist the primitive tribe. The individuals who desert their tribes without selling their lands are in most cases received into tribes which they join; they are even endowed with lands; but those who sell their lands and abandon their tribes from poverty are placed in a class apart. They do not sit at the divans: the bands to which they belong and the persons to whom they attach themselves watch over their interests. Every one makes it a point of honour to protect these dependants. In certain tribes there are as many of these dependants as members. There are very few, on the contrary, in those which are remote from the great highways. Most commonly they have no territorial property.

This assemblage of little republics composes the Affghan nation, and the whole formed, during more than two thirds of a century, one state under the authority of a common sovereign. The Affghans profess Islamism; they are Sunnites, and very tolerant in matters of religion. There are both Jews and Parsees among them. The rich have many wives, whom they keep strictly secluded. The wives of the poor do the work of the house; those of the inhabitants of the country labour without being veiled,

even in the presence of strangers. Education is not entirely neglected: every village has its schoolmaster, to whom is assigned the revenue of a piece of ground, and who levies a contribution from his scholars. He often exercises the functions of a priest, and sometimes has living in his house the youth whom he instructs. Many towns have colleges in which the mollahs are brought up. When these priests desire to study theology and jurisprudence they go to Bokhara. But Peshawer appears to be the most learned city of these countries. Many young men go thither even from Bokhara to study medicine, history, poetry, and all that completes the education of a man destined for the learned professions. Like all the orientals, the Affghans are very superstitious, and believe in ghosts, dreams, astrology, and the like, with an implicit confidence in the power of talismen. Though hospitable, they are determined brigands, and plunder travellers without any scruple. A part of the nation, particularly in the west, is nomadic; that which inhabits the eastern part of the country prefers the abode of houses to that of tents.

Slavery exists in Affghanistan, as in all Mussulman countries.

The Affghans are large, robust, and generally thin, but muscular. They have aquiline noses, prominent cheek bones, long faces; and beards and hair generally black, sometimes brown, and rarely red. They shave the top of the head, and allow the rest of the hair to grow. Their beard is long and thick. The inhabitants of the east have complexions as brown as those of the Hindoos. Those of the west are much lighter; some are very white. Their physiognomy generally announces vigour and health.

The organisation of the Affghans into tribes reminds us of what we read in ancient writers of the Persians. It must have existed long. But although this people has not ceased to inhabit a portion of the country which they occupy, their name has only been heard in history very recently. At a period extremely remote, we hear of the Paropamisades, who inhabited the mountainous countries situated between Persia and India; Alexander had a great deal of trouble in conquering them. Lastly, in the seventh century, mention is made of the Affghans by oriental writers, on account of their having embraced Islamism:—yet two centuries later many of them were pagans. About this period, the Khans of Bokhara conquered some portions of Affghanistan, and governed them by an officer who dwelt at Ghizneh. One of these officers declared himself independent, and founded the empire of the Ghiznevites. It was destroyed by an Affghan. The history of this people is afterwards enveloped in obscurity, until the invasion of Tamerlane. In the interval, Patan princes reigned at Delhi, in Hindostan, and one of them had chased from Ghizneh the successors of Tchenghizkan. While the different provinces of Affghanistan passed by turns under the dominion of the sovereigns of Persia and India, the Affghan tribes, shut up within the mountains, preserved their independence. The Dourani lived amidst those of the north. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, being tyrannised over by the Usbecks, they agreed to pay a tribute to Persia, as a price of the protection which was promised them. In 1708, profiting by the weakness of a state which the indolence of its sovereigns brought to the brink of ruin, they revolted. In 1716, they invaded Persia, filled the country with trouble and confusion, and seized upon the government. Vanquished in 1728 by the fierce Nadir Shah, they were not long in revolting anew. He again subdued them; but, charmed by their bravery, rewarded them by concessions of lands, and showed towards them much confidence. This sentiment is said to have been one of the causes which led to his massacre by the Persians, in June, 1747.

On the eve of this event a bloody battle was fought between the Affghans and the Usbecks, commanded by Ahmed Shah on the one side, and the Persians on the other. The issue was indecisive: Ahmed Shah hastened to gain Candahar, seized upon the treasures of Nadir Shah, caused himself to be proclaimed king, in the month of October, and was the founder of the dynasty which reigned until 1809. His possessions extended to the east beyond Scinde, and to the south as far as the sea.

The Affghan monarchy now forms four distinct states, disunited from each other. Caboul is the residence of Dost Mahomed Khan, the most powerful chief, who possesses Ghizneh and Central Afghanistan. He is one of the Barukzyes. The supremacy of this tribe is popular with the nation. The population of this kingdom is about four millions and a half. Ghizneh, in the territory of the Ghildji, was, in the eleventh century, the capital of the empire of the Ghiznevides, which reached from the banks of the Tigris to those of the Ganges, and from the banks of the Oaxartes to the shores of the Persian Gulf. It is now a town of some few hundred houses. In its environs some remains of its ancient grandeur are yet to be seen; but nothing now shows the magnificence of the palaces of the Ghiznevide monarchs, their mosques, baths, or caravansaries, only at some distance there yet exists the tomb of the famous Sultan Mahmoud. It is vast and simple. The Mussulmans call Ghizneh the Medina of India, on account of the great number of tombs of holy personages which is found there.

Caboul, to the north of Ghizneh, is not large, but well-built; although the streets are narrow, like those of every town in the East.

Such is the nation which we have attacked with five thousand Europeans and twenty-five thousand *sépoys* troops. We are bound to say, after an attentive perusal of the correspondence of Sir Alexander Burnes, that Dost Mahomed Khan does not appear in so unfavourable a light to us as we were led to anticipate. The Ameer had assuredly good grounds for complaining of the manner in which his earnest prayers and overtures for our friendship and assistance were received. He never could extract a single specific pledge from the British envoy, but mere vague promises, which were met, on the other hand, by the detailed assurances of the Russian agent, who was soliciting his alliance at the same moment. It remains to be proved whether the Shah Shoojah and the Suddozye tribe are really of any consequence in Afghanistan, or can maintain their supremacy over the Barukzyes; but, above all things, it is plain that Russia has not specifically disavowed the proceedings of her ambassador at the court of Persia, and the intrigues of his subaltern, Captain Vickovitch. Count Nesselrode's reply to the demands of our foreign secretary is vague and unsatisfactory in every sense of the word.

But however compromised our Indian empire was by our unfavourable policy in Persia, which has had the result of throwing that power headlong upon the divided states of Affghanistan, it was hardly less so by the inveterate hostility which existed between Dost Mahomed Khan and Runjeet Sing, our barrier power and advanced guard upon the north-western frontier. The religious hatred which divides the Seyks and the Affghans is in fact at the root of the perpetual quarrels which agitate them, and not the seizure of Peshawer and Cachmere by the ruler of Lahore; the former of which acts by Runjeet Sing, in terms of treaty with the Shah Shoojah in 1834, when the latter made his unsuccessful attempt to recover his dominions, was the immediate cause of those differences between him and Dost Mahomed which Sir Alexander Burnes was sent to adjust by British mediation.

So long therefore as Dost Mahomed swayed the mass of the Affghan nation and refused to be at peace with the Seyks, two courses alone remained for our government to adopt: either to offend our powerful ally Runjeet Sing by obliging him to surrender to the usurper the city of Peshawer, ceded to him and his heirs for ever by the legitimate though dethroned Shah; or to recognise the claims of the latter by an active interference in the affairs of Affghanistan, draw tighter the bonds of alliance with the Seyk ruler, and check with an overwhelming demonstration of force at once the irruption of the Persians, the intrigues of their colony at Caboul, and the still more dangerous, though insidious advances of Russia, laid bare by the vigilance of our able envoy. Lord Auckland moreover, by taking the decisive step of marching an army into the seat of war, showed in the face of the world, and in the teeth of Russia, that he took up the gauntlet thrown down by that power, and by those means forced from her cabinet the mean disavowal of her agents, Count Simonich and Captain Vickovitch. That she had an evident interest in the designs of the Barukzye brothers against the Prince of Herat and the holder of Peshawer, is proved by the extraordinary fact, that in the treaty between them and the Shah of Persia, which was ratified and confirmed by Russia, the Shah of Persia was bound to provide in the case of the discomfiture of the chiefs of Candahar, not only the expenses of the war, but also *as much land in Persia as they might be dispossessed of in Candahar*; and also by another important circumstance, that Russia had bound herself (according to the declaration of the Persian envoy at least) to keep the western frontier of Persia quiet during the Shah's absence with his army at Herat, by stationing a force sufficient to keep the Turcomans in check in that direction. It is no wonder that the virtue of Dost Mahomed and his reliance upon British protection gave way before such bribes, more especially when the alternative was a war with Persia, backed by Russia, and his own relatives against him — in the case that he sided with English alliance backed by no specific advantages or promises whatever, but, on the contrary, binding him to admit the cession of Peshawer to his mortal enemy. He has consequently thrown himself entirely into the hands of the Russian and Persian party; and so long as he controls the resources of the principal portion of the country, Affghanistan must be ranked with our enemies. Persia and Affghanistan, backed by Russian money liberally spent, might prove more than a match for the barrier power of our ally Runjeet Sing; and were his country subdued, the signal would be instantaneously given for the insurrection of all India. Or, arguing on the supposition that Lord Auckland had not taken the prompt and decisive measure for which he has been condemned, we would have had reason to dread that the ruler of Lahore, unable to make head against the storm which assailed him, and the religious crusade which Dost Mahomed has threatened to preach against him and his race of hated schismatics throughout all Mohammedan countries, would have been tempted to join the alliance of our foes, and give the signal from the banks of the Indus of a new partition of the riches of India. Runjeet's army, be it remarked, was organised by a French general, now deceased, who was recently received at Paris by Louis Philippe in the most gracious manner; and Runjeet's health is so precarious that the probable event of his demise would in the case of longer delay have opened up other combinations among the inheritors of his power, of which it is difficult to calculate the results. Russia too has, it is suspected, made overtures to him already through a special envoy.

Although Dost Mahomed at present holds the sway in Caboul, and his brothers at Candahar, it is confidently reported that he is not so popular

as the Shah Shoojah, who is of the tribe of the Suddozyes; which indeed was proved in the latter's campaign to recover his throne in 1834, where every thing was gained by his own popularity and again lost by one of those fortuitous battles or surprises by which Asiatic principalities are so often won and lost. Still the Barukzye tribe are sufficiently influential to make it good policy in Lord Auckland to offer them an honourable retreat, or the possession of their dominions in *jagheer* or feudality to Shah Shoojah.

Be it as it may, England would not now certainly have so favourable an opportunity for giving the signal of a new crusade against Russia as when the insurrection at Warsaw was for a moment victorious; but for the result we should have no fear, for all Europe would respond to it.

THE PLANTING OF PLEASURE GROUNDS.

IN Loudon's *Suburban Gardener*, the author, when describing a villa in the Italian style, suggests that the grounds should be planted with the same kinds of trees and shrubs as are generally used in the gardens and grounds of villas in Italy, in order that the style of the grounds may be in accordance with that of the house. This is a good idea; and, if adopted, it would no doubt produce a striking, and, in this country, a novel effect. There also appears no reason why this mode of planting should be confined to villas in the Italian style, as it is just as applicable to every other. Every country formerly had its style of gardening as well as of building; and we may just as well adopt the one as the other. Nay, if we take one, it is better to take both; as we shall thus present a perfect picture to the eye, instead of an unfinished one, and the style of ancient gardening may, of course, be quite as well adapted to modern wants as that of ancient building.

Nearly all the modern British villas may be divided into the following kinds: those in the Gothic style, including castles, abbeys, and Elizabethan or old English mansions; those in the classic style, including Grecian and Roman villas; those in the modern Italian style; those built in imitation of Swiss cottages, or other fancy cottages; and solid square houses, in what may be called the modern English style. All these kinds of villas may have distinct styles of gardening adapted to them; and every lover of harmony will easily comprehend how much the general effect of the landscape would be improved, if these varied styles were generally attended to. Let us now inquire in what way gardens and pleasure grounds may be made to accord with each of the different kinds of villas which have been enumerated.

We will first take a style of building purely English, viz. the baronial castle — the ancient use of which was to serve as a place of shelter and defence. Every thing in the style of building of one of these ancient residences bore reference to the purposes for which it was designed. The walls were massive, and furnished with battlements; the exterior windows small and few; and the entrance so contrived as to be easily barricaded. The building itself generally formed a quadrangle, surrounding an inner court, with watch-towers at each corner; and it was either built on a rock, or surrounded by a deep moat with a drawbridge. The rooms were small;

and those intended for the female part of the family generally looked into the inner court. Modern imitators have retained the principal features of the ancient castle. The quadrangular building still remains, with its inner court, arched gateway, watch-towers, and battlements; but the moat has disappeared, and the steep rock has been abandoned; while the principal rooms have been rendered spacious, and their large windows have been placed in the exterior wall, instead of looking only into the inner court.

The gardens of the castles of the Norman chieftains were generally confined to the inner court; and, from the few descriptions that have been handed down to us, this inner court appears to have been planted as a labyrinth; the troubles experienced by strangers in threading which, appear to have afforded unspeakable delight to the highborn damsels who sate at their windows above. The pleasure ground at this period appears to have consisted of an enclosed park; which bore more resemblance to a large field than to what moderns call a park, as ground appears to have been always cleared to form it; and, no doubt, the object in making it was to secure a clear space round the castle, so that no enemy might be able to approach it unobserved. A little later we find an orchard or grove described, divided by straight walks at right angles, and with a mound in the centre, "writhen about with degrees, like cockil shelles, to come to the top without payn." This orchard did not consist of fruit-trees, but was, probably, first only a portion of the natural wood which was left when the park was fenced out, through which walks were cut, while a space was cleared in the centre for an artificial mound. We hear nothing of fruit-trees, nor, indeed, of any trees, being planted, and nothing of any kind of flowers but the rose. Our warlike ancestors appear to have cared little for the delicacies or refinements of life: they lived upon bread and meat, and probably never tasted vegetables, or, indeed, fruit, unless perchance some preserved fruits were presented to the ladies of the family by the nuns of some neighbouring convent.

To confine the gardens and pleasure grounds of a modern baronial residence within the limits of those of the ancient one, would be as absurd as to retain the small rooms and narrow windows of the ancient castle in the modern one. All that is required is to present a sufficient approximation to the ancient style of gardening to keep up the illusion created by the style of the castle. Of course it will not be necessary to place the flower-garden in the inner court, as the space would be much too small for a modern garden; and besides the windows of the principal apartments are no longer made to look into it, but are placed in the exterior walls. The principal pleasure garden must therefore be on what is called the drawing-room front of the castle, the grounds within sight of which are always more decorated than those on the entrance front; and both gardens must be surrounded by an embattled wall, to give the idea of that being available for the purposes of defence. Beyond this wall may spread a broad expanse of lawn, with small groups of shrubs and low trees scattered at considerable distances, so as merely to connect the lawn with the woody scenery beyond. On the entrance front there need only be two grass-plots, divided by a gravel approach in a straight line; there being a sort of sunken ditch covered with grass between the level surface of the grass-plot and the outer wall, to give the idea of its having been the bed of the old moat; while the gravel road is carried on a level over what may be supposed to have been the drawbridge.

On the drawing-room front there should be an architectural terrace, terminating at each end in a stone alcove, and with flights of steps leading down into the garden below. This garden should be laid out in straight

lines and square compartments, with a sundial, statue, or some other object in stone, in the centre of each ; and a fountain should be placed in the centre of the garden. The compartments may be divided, if the garden is to be in the most ancient style, with closely clipped hedges ; but it would be more in accordance with modern taste, without passing the limits of adaptation, to make the garden quite architectural, with stone curbs to divide the beds, and stone arbours, or wood painted and sanded to imitate stone, to sit in. There should be no large trees in this garden ; for it must be observed that the orchard or grove was never within the moat, though what was called the garden always was ; and that large trees near the house would completely destroy the idea of its being a fortress, as they would interfere with the arrows and other weapons of defence used by the inhabitants of the castle.

The principal shrubs and low trees, which would be suitable for the garden and orchard of a baronial castle in the climate of Britain, are the juniper, the hawthorn, the barberry, the spindle-tree, the holly, St. John's wort, purging buckthorn, sea buckthorn, double-blossomed and common furze, common broom, several kinds of roses and brambles, the mountain ash, the wild cherry, the white beam-tree, the elder, the red dogwood, the Guelder rose, the wayfaring tree, the privet, the heath, the spurge laurel, several kinds of willows, the sweet-gale, the crowsberry, the cranberry, butcher's broom, and some few others. In the orchard or grove there might also be the hazel and the hornbeam ; while in the park scenery should be the oak, the beech, the ash, the common maple, the sycamore, and the Scotch elm. The woodbine, the dog-rose, the traveller's joy or wild clematis, and the ivy, should be introduced in all situations suitable for climbing plants.

The gardens of an abbey afford a wider scope. The monks were very fond of gardening ; and they grew vegetable luxuries of which the neighbouring barons had no idea. At the present day, no luxury can be enjoyed by one class of the community which is not in some degree accessible to all ; but the case was different in the feudal times. Then, every baronial residence was a fortress, beyond the limits of which its inhabitants rarely stirred, except for warlike purposes ; and every thing new was looked upon with suspicion. The monks were wiser, because they were better informed ; and many a foreign vegetable luxury was cultivated in the rich gardens of an abbey that might have been sought for in vain in all the gardens of the lay lords. The abbeys were, indeed, generally placed on the richest land in the vicinity — in the bosom of some fertile valley, watered by a running stream. The gardens were laid out with verdant terraces, and low walls for fruit-trees ; and, though they were partly planted with the same kinds of trees and shrubs as those enumerated for the baronial residences, they had, from their constant communication with the monks of other countries, many others. Many foreign trees and shrubs have, indeed, been found in the gardens of ancient abbeys much larger than the generally supposed date of their introduction would seem to warrant ; and which, very probably, were raised by the monks from seeds obtained from Italy, and other countries. Thus a much greater latitude may be allowed for the imitation of abbey gardens than any other, as we scarcely know what plants were known to the monks.

The Elizabethan mansion was a large manor-house, not constructed for the purposes of defence so much as for those of hospitality. The moat was still retained ; but it was more for show than use, because long habit had associated it with the idea of a baronial residence. The garden to the mansion was still stiff and formal, divided into compartments, with fountains

and sundials, and with an architectural terrace bounded by a stone balustrade, and leading into the garden by flights of steps; but the arbours were no longer of stone, and the kinds of trees were more varied. This was the age of filigree parterres, and "various devices" cut in trees, and of tricks with waterworks. Every garden had its labyrinth, and its wood cut into some strange fancy, such as the goose-foot or star. There were also covered walks, high clipped hedges, and verdant terraces.

The flower-gardens for an Elizabethan villa of modern times should have a straight walk down the middle, with the ground divided into compartments on each side. In the corners of these compartments should be a few clipped box-trees, yews, and junipers. There should be a wilderness or labyrinth, with hornbeam hedges; and fountains and waterworks, as far as practicable. An arbour cut in box or hornbeam, or in a large phillyrea, yew, or alaternus, high clipped hedges, covered walks, a parterre of embroidery work, with the crest of the family, or some other device, formed in neat rows of box, and a knot or other figure traced in box, with the spaces filled in with different coloured earths, like toys for children, as Lord Bacon expresses it,—complete a garden in this style; and, if well and tastefully managed, it will have a very good effect. The clipped evergreens are cut into their requisite forms by putting a framework of wire of the proper shape over them, and clipping the branches and leaves to it. The patterns of embroidery are first traced on paper and divided into squares; the ground is then divided into large squares, and the corresponding parts of the pattern traced on it.

The trees and shrubs suitable for an Elizabethan garden and "pleasure" are the cypress, the spruce fir, the arbor vitæ, the sweet bay, the box, the English elm, the lime, the plane, the sweet chesnut, the walnut, the ilex or evergreen oak, the Scotch pine, the arbutus, the lilac, the gum cistus, the rosemary, southernwood, the white climbing and upright yellow jasmines, the German tamarisk, Spanish broom, the lavender, the althæa frutex, the garden syringa, the laburnum, the Judas tree, the laurestinus, the yucca, and abundance of roses. In the kitchen garden there might be apricots, peaches, almonds, mulberries, quinces, &c. As it was the custom in those days to mix fruit-trees with other trees in the shrubberies, there might be a large mulberry on the lawn, and large cherry, apple, and pear trees, mixed with the trees bordering it, with a large walnut in some favourable situation. Roses and lilacs were the favourite flowers. A little later the phillyrea and alaternus became favourite shrubs; and all the skill of the cultivator was called into action to produce variegated hollies. In the earliest nurserymen's catalogues that have been handed down to us, the number of these variegated hollies is quite surprising, and the taste continued as late as the reign of Anne.

It is difficult to say what the garden was of an ancient Grecian villa, since neither descriptions nor models of the villas of the ancient Greeks have been handed down to us. However, as modern architects have adopted the form of the ancient temples for what they call Grecian villas, it will surely be allowable for the modern landscape-gardener to take the Athenian public walks as a model for the grounds. These public walks were planted with oriental plane-trees, and watered with purling streams, on the banks of which grew olives. Under the trees, or rather in the recesses of the groves, were placed statues, votive altars, and ornamental urns and tombs, which were surrounded with cypresses, and overhung with ivy. The poet's narcissus and the crocus were the favourite flowers of the Greeks.

The grounds of a modern Grecian villa should display nothing stiff or

formal in the scenery. If a terrace be raised under the drawing-room windows, with a gravel walk for exercise in winter, it should be bordered with grass, which should slope gently down, and form part of the lawn. The lawn itself should consist of graceful swells and falls, with wood tastefully disposed, and a lake or river within sight of the house. The flower-garden would look best in some romantic glen, or natural hollow; or, if the situation should not afford either, it may be connected with the house by a conservatory, or a walk bordered by trellises covered with climbing shrubs, or by similar shrubs trained up stakes, and hanging in festoons from one to the other. There may be baskets of flowers on the lawn, a veranda to one of the sides of the house, and numerous temples, groups of sculpture, and statues, erected in the grounds. In short, this style allows a great latitude to taste: confining, of course, the statues, &c. to classical subjects, and bearing in mind that the Greeks delighted in shady groves, and in the sight of water.

The trees suitable for the pleasure grounds of a Grecian villa are the oriental plane, the ilex or evergreen oak, *Quercus Esculus*, the velonia oak, (*Q. ægilops*), *Q. ballota*, and *Q. coccifera*; the Constantinople nut (*Corylus Columna*), the hop hornbeam, the stone pine, the pinaster, *Pinus halepensis*, *P. maritima*, the silver fir, *Abies* or *Picea cephalonica*, the evergreen cypress, *Juniperus oxycedrus*, *phœnicea*, *lycia*, and *macrocarpa*; several kinds of shrubby asparagus; several kinds of smilax, *Berberis cretica*, *Iberis sempervirens*, the common caper (on rockwork, in a sheltered situation); several kinds of cistus and helianthemum; tree pink, tree flax; several kinds of St. John's wort, the common horse-chesnut, *Acer monspessulanum*, *A. creticum*, and *A. obtusifolium*, broad leaved spindle-tree; several kinds of rhamnus, Christ's thorn, pistachia nut-tree, *Pistachia Lentiscus*, *Rhus Cotinus*; several kinds of genista and cytisus. *Anthyllis barba-jovis*, *Coronilla emerus*, *Medicago arborea*, *Rosa sempervirens*, *Rubus tomentosus*, the snowy mespilus, *Pyrus chamæ-mespilus*, *P. salicifolia*, *Cratægus tanacetifolia*, *Azarolus*, and *orientalis*; the almond, dwarf almond, *Prunus Mahaleb*, the common laurel, *Bupleurum fruticosum*, fly-honeysuckle, *Diospyros Lotus*, *Periploca græca*, Duke of Argyle's tea-tree, lavender, Jerusalem sage, apple-bearing sage, dittany of Crete, sweet bay; several kinds of daphne, *elæagnus*, *Aristolochia sempervirens*, several euphorbias, fig-trees, mulberries, and the European nettle-tree. The walnut and the sweet chesnut were also favourite trees with the Greeks; but the oriental plane, appearing to have been preferred by the Athenians to every other, should predominate in the park scenery, with the silver fir, stone pine, and pinaster. Willows may be also introduced, from the resemblance of their silvery foliage at a distance to that of the olive; and the ivy, *Periploca græca*, and *Aristolochia sempervirens*, should be planted in every situation suitable for climbing plants. The poet's narcissus, the crocus, and other bulbs were the favourite flowers.

The ancient Roman villa, which, as built in modern times, may be considered as a modification of the Grecian, should have a formal flower-garden (as the Romans were fond of the geometric style), with terraces leading to it, and fountains. A few box and rosemary bushes may be clipped into examples of the topiary art; and the stone pine should be introduced wherever practicable. Roses, poppies, lilies, violets, hyacinths, and the poet's narcissus, were the favourite flowers of the Romans; the cherry, the peach, the apricot, and the pomegranate, were their favourite fruit-trees; and the myrtle and sweet bay their favourite shrubs. The nettle-tree and

different kinds of orange-trees were also favourites. Their gardens were surrounded with hedges of box or rosemary, and they contained abundance of statues and fountains.

The Italian villas should have terraces, a veranda, or *loggias*, and a conservatory. The flower-garden may resemble that of the ancient Roman villa, and the grounds those of the Grecian villa; while the trees may combine both, with the addition of *Pinus Laricio*, the Lombardy poplar, the Turkey oak, the Neapolitan and other maples, various kinds of thorn, the catalpa, the Judas tree, both the laburnums, *Pyrus spectabilis*, the holly, the box, common and Portugal laurels, arbutus, phillyrea, rhododendrons, daphnes, yuccas, azaleas, lilacs, cistuses, colutea, *Arundo donax*, butcher's broom, and many others.

"As characteristic of Italian scenery," says Mr. Loudon, "the vine ought to be planted, and allowed to climb up the trees, not for the sake of its fruit, but for effect; and one of the best kinds for this purpose is the claret grape, on account of the colour of its leaves in autumn. The pomegranate, the phillyrea, and the ilex, are highly characteristic of Italian gardens; the stone pine and *Arundo donax* (the Italian reed) of Italian scenery; and the agave and the orange-tree, in tubs or vases, of Italian villas. The most characteristic shrubs of the hardy flowering kind are the cistus and the cytissus. The *Ruscus hypophyllum* and the shrubby species of asparagus are also found more frequently in Italy than in any other part of Europe, unless we except Greece."—(*Suburban Gardener*, p. 360.) It fortunately happens, for the imitator of an Italian villa near London, that the *Pinus Laricio*, the stone pine, and the pinaster, which are the commonest pines in Italy, bear the smoke remarkably well, "as may be seen," continues Mr. Loudon, "by examining the trees of this species in the arboretum of Messrs. Loddiges, and comparing their appearance with that of the American pines, and even the Scotch pines, growing beside them."—(*Ibid.*)

The flower-garden of an Italian villa may be laid out in an arabesque pattern, and planted with carnations and pinks, stocks and wall-flowers, which are all favourite flowers in Italy; and with tulips, narcissi, crocuses, colchicums, cyclamens, scillas, and Neapolitan violets. The Italians are also particularly fond of Chinese roses, which should be disposed in a rosery or rose-garden. Some climbing roses may be trained over trellis-work, or *en pyramide*, with the aid of a slight wooden frame. Along the terraces, and in the conservatory, should be plants in large tubs or stone vases, consisting of orange-trees, several large aloes or agaves, pomegranates, oleanders, myrtles, roses, and jasmines. In Italy they frequently have painted imitations of aloes in pots; and, consequently, these might be introduced, if thought desirable.

The Swiss cottage, to preserve an appearance of consistency, should be placed in wild Alpine scenery, among rocks and mountains. The pleasure grounds should be planted with larches, *Pinus Cembra*, the birch, and other mountain trees. There should be rustic bridges over a stream of water, with a chapel or some rustic building near a lake. There should be no breadth of lawn, no appearance of fertile field: all should be abrupt and picturesque. It is hardly possible to imagine a greater contrast than should exist between the scenery near a Swiss cottage and that near an abbey: the one should be full of startling contrasts and wild and picturesque beauty, like a picture of Salvator Rosa's, and the other should present a scene of calm repose, fertility, and richness. The grounds of other cottages may be laid out according to the fancy of the proprietor, guided in some degree by the style in which the cottage is built.

The grounds of the square English mansion should present the repose and richness of those of an abbey, combined with all the improvements of modern times. The park should be extensive, well wooded, and well watered, with occasional breadth of lawn, so as to show to advantage the rich green sward in which England excels every other country. There should be a shrubbery adjoining the house of ornamental shrubs; in which, towards the farther extremity, should be interspersed some trees, to unite with the masses of wood beyond. There should be a flower-garden, with the flowers planted in beds, so as to form masses of different colours; and there may be other flower-gardens, planted in different ways. There should be an American ground, and a rose-garden; and, if the proprietor be fond of trees and shrubs, there may be an arboretum. At any rate, there may be a pinetum, a willow ground, or oak forest, in which the different species may be collected; and which may be planted with attention to picturesque effect as well as to botanical science. Should there be an island, it, and the banks of the lake in which it lies, may be planted with the different species of alders, poplars, and willows; and if there should be hilly ground, that may be set apart for the pine and fir tribe. It is by no means necessary to plant an arboretum in strict accordance with botanical arrangement, as even botanists do not always agree as to the position of the orders: all that is requisite is to keep all the species of each genus together; and, as far as practicable, the different genera of an order. It is also unnecessary to plant all the known trees and shrubs so as to form a complete arboretum. A proprietor may take any genus or any genera he may prefer, or which may suit his grounds, and illustrate them, without caring for the others.

These remarks are only intended to offer a very slight outline of a picture which the reader may fill up according to his own taste; but they may afford materials for thinking; and, in skilful hands, could not fail in producing striking effects.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

OF all the individuals who distinguished themselves in the senatorial transactions of the French Revolution of 1789, of the Restoration in 1815, and of the subsequent period to the Revolution of 1830, there is not one who possesses such remarkable claims upon our attention as Benjamin Constant, not merely for the sleepless zeal and indomitable courage with which he advocated the great cause of liberty, even to the last moment of his existence, but because his life and his services have not yet been chronicled as fully and impartially as they deserve. We do not propose in this present paper to fill this strange blank in contemporary history, but rather to trace the outlines of the materials from whence the desideratum is to be supplied.

Benjamin Constant was born in the year 1768, at Lausanne in Switzerland. He began his studies in the university of Edinburgh, and completed them at Erlangen in Germany. Early imbued with the ardent theories of political liberty which prevailed amongst his countrymen, his mind derived additional excitement from the study of the constitution and the glories of the Grecian republics. In the Revolution which had then broken out in France, the enthusiastic youth imagined that he saw the regeneration of that country's government, and a promise of the adoption of the simple manners and customs which distinguished ancient Greece. Indeed, his active fancy had impressed him with the revival of the golden age. He fervently sympathised with the reformers of France, and looked upon her heroes and legislators as the peculiar instruments of Providence selected to re-establish peace, prosperity, and liberty throughout Europe. No wonder, then, that he resigned the office of chamberlain which he had held for more than a year at the little aristocratic court of Brunswick, where his ideal French nation was treated with the most marked contempt; the local lordlings of the realm not deigning even to permit it to rank among the European nations since the outbreak of the Revolution. Although he was compelled during his residence at that court to restrain his feelings and sentiments, young Constant failed not to con over and over again the brilliant exploits of a Jourdan, a Moreau, a Joubert, and a Hoche, as given (though greatly disfigured by a jealous censorship) in the German journals; nor could his imagination fail of being impressed with the splendours of the Convention, as it stood in its noble position before Europe. That body, without money, without credit, or consolidated government, had succeeded not only in defending France against the hostility of armed Europe as well as of the insidious factions at home, but had also given effect to her mandates throughout the whole range of countries from the Pyrenees to the Rhine; and then, after having attained these triumphant results, had relinquished the instrument by which it had achieved them, resigning its authority of its own free will, and leaving behind a republican constitution based upon the principles of liberty and moderation.

Constant did not long remain a distant admirer of these brilliant scenes, but proceeded at once to Paris, exulting in the expectation of meeting the master spirits of the age. His way lay through Prussia and Holland, humiliated and struck down by the victorious armies of the republic, — the former forced to surrender all her possessions along the left shore of the Rhine, and the latter having lost half her fleet, Dutch Flanders, Venloo,

Maestricht, and both shores of the Maas. In his passage through these countries, he found the petty princes and statesmen, who, at the outbreak of the Revolution, were so confident in their threats against the Republic, reduced to the utmost consternation and dismay; while, on the other hand, the people were breathlessly awaiting the approach of the streaming banner and the rolling drum, which were to announce to them the coming of the Gallic legions, whose watchwords were liberty and equality. Upon his entrance into the capital of France, where he anticipated scenes of grandeur, sublimity, and peace, he was destined to an overwhelming disappointment. The first object he saw was a cartful of some twenty gens-d'armes, who were being led to the scaffold for having joined the insurgents in their excesses on the 1st of Prairial. The streets of Paris had the gloomy appearance of a field of battle on the morrow after the strife. Only two days previous to his arrival, the doors of the palace where the Convention held their assemblies, had been forced by a drunken mob, who insulted and threatened the members, and for twelve successive hours plunged the city into a state of consternation paralleled only by the disgraceful scenes of the reign of terror.

This was the first political disappointment of B. Constant. His feelings were however soon amply recompensed, by the proclamation of the constitution of the year III.

In the French journals, and even on the rostrum of the *Chambre des Députés*, that constitution is still discussed with all the zeal and ardour of present interest, a circumstance which puzzles not a little the philosophy and penetration of strangers. The fact, however, is, that the French are now, in political matters, what the English were at the time when their *Magna Charta* was proclaimed. The French, like schoolboys, talk about grammatical rules, while the English are too old, and too far advanced in the minutiae and practice of a representative government, to fritter away their time in discussing the elementary principles.

Not long since two French papers, the one ministerial, and the other belonging to the opposition, amused themselves and the public by discussing the merits of this same constitution, with a zeal as spirited and pointed as if the present welfare of the nation depended on it. The one was of opinion, that France was never less free than during the five years the above constitution was in force, while the other maintained precisely the reverse, and with much industry and ingenuity laboured to prove that the extensive provisions contained in it for the maintenance of liberty in general far surpassed even those of the English constitution. Like the two travellers, who disputed about the colours of the chameleon, both parties may be right.

Of all the ephemeral constitutions which have mouldered upon the shelves of the archives of Paris, none had been so distinguished by the unanimous and cordial consent of all parties as that of the year III. At no period of French history certainly was the ruling party so little distracted by internal division, as at the period when the Convention produced and proclaimed that constitution. The re-action of the 9th Thermidor had partially subsided, and the Jacobins, who afterwards twice combated against the moderate republicans, were as yet without influence. All hearts seemed to go with the Convention, and the bitterest enemies of the government of the day (and they were numerous both in the ranks of the royalist and the levellers) united in admiration of the men whose efforts in the cause of true liberty were so conspicuous and earnest.

The spirit in which the Convention was composed deserved this universal

homage. The members of that body were not chosen on the ground of birth or rank exclusively, but were selected on the ground of integrity, past services, experience, and wisdom. The most striking feature, however, which revealed the character of the Convention, and at the same time gave high promise to France of the future, was the adoption of the English parliamentary procedure, which submits all questions relative to new laws, or the abrogation of old, to the searching ordeal of three discussions before it is permitted to be entered on the statute book. The introduction of this policy, so widely at variance with the expeditious and impetuous legislation of the Revolution, could not but be grateful to those who desired to build up on the ruins of absolutism a national system of government.

The popular extension of the elective franchise was another guarantee of public liberty. It is true the Convention was compelled to suppress several societies, in apprehension of the danger likely to result from the turbulent factions which rankled in Paris, and also to interdict the return of the emigrant nobility; but the government of the country was fairly in the hands of the people, nor could any of the public functionaries, from the director down to the lowest officer of the state, hold his place without their sanction. Public opinion was predominant through the columns of a free and enlightened press.

The circumstances immediately connected with the proclamation of the constitution, while they were grateful to the friends of freedom, could not but appear strange and anomalous in the eyes of the monarchs of Europe. That constitution, previous to its proclamation, was laid before the community assembled in congregations throughout the realm, including even the soldiery on the field of battle, in order that its merits might be fairly and fully discussed, and accepted or rejected by the free will of the people. The deliberations in the camp and throughout the country terminated in the unanimous adoption of the constitution; and its proclamation was hailed with unfeigned joy by all classes of society, as the means by which peace and order were to be restored to the nation.

The proclamation was accompanied by two decrees, to the effect that two-thirds of the Convention should be re-appointed to the new legislative assembly, in order that the work of the former might not be destroyed by the latter. These decrees were sanctioned by all the departments, except those of Paris, where royalists were still secretly lurking and exercising the dark and complicated machinery of their influence to thwart or neutralise every measure of the Convention, and distract and divide the attention of the people.

It is not a little curious that young Constant, who had arrived in the capital glowing with patriotism, should have commenced operations in the ranks of the intriguers against that constitution of which he was afterwards the ablest supporter. He had been introduced by some of his countrymen to Madame de Staël, whose house was the rendezvous at that time of the flower of the literary and political genius of France. Here his personal beauty and the nobility of his mind drew upon him the notice of society, and involved him in a variety of dangerous temptations. Madame de Staël herself felt a strong attachment for him, a feeling to which she yielded with all the enthusiasm and unreserve so peculiar to her in affairs of the heart. Thus, young and unknown as Constant was, he soon became the centre of that famous coterie, composed of foreign diplomatists, emigrants, disaffected journalists, and individuals of both sexes, who, thirsting for fame, co-operated with fierce industry against the reforms which were taking place around them. There were seen, among others, Suard, Morellet, Lacretelle

the younger, Laharpe the witty, Lauragais, the Castellans, the Choiseuls, and others, who were equally dissatisfied with the former and present state of things. Amidst the gloomy and care-worn countenances of those malcontents, the blooming features of the comely student, with his long and gracefully flowing hair, exhibited a most striking contrast. He was eagerly listened to when he gave his enthusiastic opinions on the politics of the day, and supported them by the combined power of lofty eloquence and extensive erudition.

Previously to his appearance in the French metropolis, Benjamin Constant had visited England; but what he saw in the English aristocracy had such an effect upon his feelings, that on his return to France he renounced at once the titles and distinctions which had accrued to him from his own noble birth and family. A mind of this tone, so simple, so honest, so credulous of good, was of all others the most likely to become entangled in the meshes which the crafty are ever spreading abroad for the accomplishment of their own purposes. Moreover, his mind had imbibed the mystical and obscure tenets of the German philosophy; and from these he had built up in his imagination a sort of philosophical government, based on the vague notions of right and equality which were then floating through the unsettled mind of Europe. The violent republicans, and those who yet clung to the desperate cause of royalty, watchful to press into their service, at any expense, all the unappropriated talent, genius, and intellect they could win over to their cause, beset Constant immediately on his appearance in Paris. A crafty junta encompassed him. He was soon drawn into an exhibition of his powers, and found ready and obsequious listeners to his Utopian harangues, who never failed to laud to the skies his sentiments, and the eloquence with which they were propounded. Thus flattered and blinded, the inexperienced student was employed as a tool to carry out the machinations of a faction.

The first step he was induced to take was the publication of three letters in the daily journals, in which he attacked the decrees regarding the re-appointment of the two-thirds of the members of the Convention. These letters had a wonderful effect: they exhibited at once to the insidious circle that surrounded him a palpable demonstration of ability which promised to be of all-commanding service to that party who might be fortunate enough to enlist it on their side. A mind of the calibre of Constant might not be proof against the sudden fascination of popularity; but it was not likely that he could long be deceived, or mistaken in his true position. He soon perceived, in the anxious solicitude and importunity with which he was assailed, sufficient reason for suspecting that all was not honest in the hearts of his associates. The purity and sincerity of his own motives and principles kept him free from the contamination of faction, and ultimately his eyes were opened. He saw the fearful precipice, to the very brink of which he had been drawn. He penetrated the real designs of his pretended friends, which he found to be nothing less than the extermination of the patriots, and the restoration of arbitrary power. He shrunk from the circle, and his first movement was to refute publicly the arguments of the three epistles, by which he had made so many odious friends. His refutation, however, which he composed under the guidance of Louvel, as well as the speech with which the latter defended it in the Convention, made scarcely any impression on the public in comparison with the success which attended the letters. Such lessons are not lost on great minds, nor were these on Constant. They inspired him with that prudence and circumspection which characterised his subsequent career, and for which he was afterwards so

often blamed. His ulterior views were soon confirmed by the scenes of the 13th Vendémiaire.

The situation of the Convention had become so critical, and the conduct of their opponents so daring, as to induce Buonaparte to place 800 guns at their disposal for their mere personal self-defence in the very hall of their assembly. The true character of the Convention was exhibited in the moderate use which they made of their triumph over their adversaries. When the issue of that affair placed in their power those individuals who had planned so industriously, and laboured so criminally in the insurrection of that period, what was the conduct of the Convention? Why, they would not see the criminals as they came in their way; and when the sentinels, in the course of their duty, detected a proscribed individual, they cleared the path at once for his escape, rather than exercise that severity which the law would have justified. Not a single execution followed these events; not even a prosecution succeeded the suppression of the treason; not a single hair of a single traitor, although detected and manifest, fell to the ground. Constant could not fail to perceive a striking contrast between the patriots whose characters had been so odiously painted in the saloon of Madame de Staël, and the language of the self-styled moderate party who had ranged themselves around him as friends. He saw clearly the error he had committed, and in the refutation of his own letters proclaimed to the world the renunciation of the party.

The true political career of Constant commenced in the tribunate, a member of which he was appointed by Buonaparte. Of this period he always spoke with self-complacency and pleasure. Here he entered with great éclat the ranks of the opposition, and devoted his industry and genius to the cause of his darling liberty; and to these ranks and to that cause he adhered to the last moment of his life. But melancholy changes took place after the year III, that greatly deteriorated the machinery of government. The Directory, while it remained true to the principles of the constitution, deserved and received the veneration of all true patriots and of the French people, but it did not long maintain this fair character; the malignant genius of intrigue, of treachery, and stratagem, which had been upon the watch for a favourable moment from the commencement of the Revolution, seized it at last, and with its blasting influence arrested the fair growth of the tree of liberty, which henceforth bore no more fruit. The Directory lingered on for some time disgracefully a mark for the finger of scorn and contempt; at length it was dissolved, and it passed (like a thing of shame) away from the memories of men pursued by the groan of universal execration.

Although Constant clearly perceived the degenerating picture of French politics, as it gathered in the distance and spread around him,—although he distinctly saw the fading of that tree, which the French people had planted so enthusiastically,—and although he felt that the cause of liberty was lost, he continued among the last of those who struggled to save the country.

Already in the first sitting of the tribunate he attacked a projected law of government with regard to the rights of that very assembly of which he was a member, and declared, in the presence of the First Consul, whose word had now become law since the 18th Brumaire, that the proposed law was calculated to render all debates useless, to render the consultations of the assembly abortive, and to expose its proceedings to the contempt and ridicule of Europe. Such was, however, the condition to which the assembly was subdued, such was the low tone to which the voice of liberty was reduced, that the law was received and passed. Nor was this all; for on the

next day the cause of the French nation and of liberty were insulted by a severe article in the "Moniteur" from the pen of Buonaparte himself, censuring in unsparing terms the conduct of Benjamin Constant.

Buonaparte, who always in his preliminary steps preferred a conciliatory policy, and who never had recourse to severe measures until these had failed, said one day to Constant, "Why don't you call on me in my private rooms and have a friendly conversation on the subject, instead of declaiming in the saloon about equality?" The answer which Constant made must have fallen upon Napoleon like an acid upon an alkali. "The constitution," replied Constant, "has created a public rostrum to give effect to the sentiments of French citizens, and of that right I will never fail to make a daily use for the purpose of combating the propositions of the First Consul." The natural power of Constant as a politician and orator cannot be better illustrated than by the fact, that in the very teeth of the corruption by which he was surrounded, and the overbearing power of Napoleon, he succeeded in effecting the rejection of two consular motions, and in rendering somewhat more constitutional, by means of amendments, another law concerning the justices of the peace.

One day Buonaparte, furious at the success of his opponents, met the senate, to whom he gave audience, with the utmost ill humour, and tearing the carpet with the spurs of his boots, exclaimed, "There sit on the lower benches of the tribunate about twelve or fifteen metaphysicians, who are only good to be drowned: they are like vermin in my coat which I must strike off. Let them not think that I am as easily to be attacked as Louis XVI." The distaste which Buonaparte, at all times, manifested for the lofty and independent tone of Constant and his coadjutors was striking and undissembled; but his hatred of the senatorial metaphysicians, as he called them, knew no bounds, when the members of the tribunate protested against the privilege of government to call the French nation "subjects." Chenier exclaimed, at that time, from the rostrum, "Our armies have for upwards of ten years combated for the purpose of making us citizens, and now we have become subjects." Constant took a lively share in the discussion, and thundered forth vehemently and eloquently against the slavish appellation. These scenes would, by the by, most certainly have been acted over again, after the Revolution of 1830, had his life been spared for some time longer.

The constitution of the year VIII could by no means satisfy a man who entertained such broad and extensive notions of liberty. Since the period of his acquaintance with Madame de Staël his active faculties had been incessantly engaged in writing, speaking, and agitating; in fact, his whole nature had become so deeply imbued with republican principles, and his jealousy in the cause of national liberty had so trained him in political action, that the senatorial office became his adopted home.

The restrictions which limited the utility of the semi-monarchical constitution were, however, but ill calculated to afford opportunity for the exercise of his powers. Indeed it may be said that the occupation of the eloquent members of the senate was gone, the executive authority having the supreme right to propose and maintain laws; and, what was more, that very executive being confided to the hands of a single individual. The sole veto of the First Consul was sufficient to break down all the apparent constitutional mock bulwarks against usurpation and the violation of public liberty. So changed had the state of political affairs become, that it was enough to know that the proposition of a law emanated from the government, or, what was the same thing, from the First Consul, to render all opposition unavailable. The only privilege conceded to the tribunate was to

appoint a speaker of their body, to oppose or support, in the legislative assembly, the proposed law; which assembly, after having heard the arguments on both sides of the question, was ordained sole arbitrator, either to adopt or reject that law, without consulting the tribunate. The senate, on the other hand, was nothing more than a sort of court of cassation, intended to remind the government of the existence of the constitution, whenever that body showed a disposition or attempted to pass its limit. Yet even this was but a shred of authority; for, whatever might be the theory of its power, it was doomed in practice to be slighted and insulted. It more than once happened that the government, in the prosecution of its views, exhibited, intentionally, the most marked contempt for the constitution and the assemblies; frequently considering it unnecessary even to go through the form of requesting their sanction to its projects. A shadow of something like constitutional opposition was, no doubt, reserved for the tribunate; the members of which were certainly permitted to discuss the measures of government, but their opposition was nothing more than a phantom, and their discussion like so much smoke dispersed abroad in the atmosphere. Yet weak and ineffectual even as this opposition, as it was called, proved to be, it was enough to call forth the anger of the First Consul, who issued a *senatus consultus*, by which it was reduced to fifty members, and Constant, Chenier, Daunou, Guinguené, and many more staunch liberals, lost their seats.

Arrested thus early in his political career, Constant retired in 1802 to Coppet, in Switzerland, in company with Madame de Staël, who was then banished from France for her political intrigues. Constant now devoted his time to literature; and his great work on religion, which he had begun in 1794 at Lausanne, made some progress during this period. Here, also, he composed a novel, "Adolph," in which were revealed the secrets of his own heart. Rest and tranquillity there was none for him, even in his retirement. His political fame had spread so far, and attracted the attention of the leading spirits of distant countries so generally, as to render an extensive correspondence with the emigrants and great statesmen throughout Europe almost indispensable. He had already at Edinburgh formed the acquaintance of men who subsequently became celebrated — such, for instance, as Dr. Graham, Henry Erskine, Lord Buchan, John Wilde, and Mackintosh; acquaintances which afterwards ripened into friendship. His correspondence at this period also included N. M. Montmorency, the Dukes of Broglie, Jancourt, &c. while his old associates and fellow-labourers of the tribunate, Souvet, Chenier, Reoderer, Cabanis, and many others of the politicians of the Revolution, sought on all occasions his advice and counsel. Thus it may be said, that although in the distance, and unconnected with the scenes in the political world, the spirit of Constant continued to animate the affairs of many countries, and gave a secret, yet active, tone to their policies.

There is one remarkable point connected with the life of Constant which is worthy of observation; namely, that his most signal acts and distinguished writings owe their origin to some female inspiration. His correspondence with Lady Hardenburg, whom he afterwards married, and who was herself a sentimental mystical poetess, probably gave rise to his great work on religion. It was under the influence of the presence of Madame de Staël, when at Coppet, that he wrote his famous pamphlet on "The Form of Government." His hatred against Buonaparte originated with that of the latter against De Staël, who had no sooner experienced persecution after her return to Paris in 1798, than Constant published his "Essay on the Revolution of 1660," as an answer to that of Boulay de la Meurthe; in fact it was

the ascendancy of that lady over his mind which more or less stimulated his pen in all his subsequent writings. In the sequel we shall also show, that, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, his, Constant's, equivocal conduct and change of opinion was mainly to be attributed to the same fascinating influence.

Having accompanied Madame de Staël once more to Paris, he took his departure for Germany, and arrived in 1804 at Weimar. Here he reposed in the peaceful and classical company of Schiller, Goëthe, Wieland, the historian Müller, and others of the literati of the day. Germany he found greatly altered since he had left it. The universities, so much feared by the princes, had not drank so deeply from the cup of republicanism as might have been expected; on the contrary, they had assumed more of the tone of ancient chivalry than of the modern spirit. Yet, in the predilection of the German youth for ancestral notions and old Teutonic nationality, the discerning spirit of Constant detected the germ of republicanism, and the unequivocal signs that indicated the congeniality of the soil upon which it had fallen. The princes themselves, vacillating between a sort of indeterminate liberalism on the one hand—the effect of their immediate contact with the philosophers of the day—and fear for their own safety on the other, held a wavering and uncertain position in the land of their authority. The condition of the poets and philosophers was equally affected by existing circumstances; and while it was evident their hearts espoused the cause of the Revolution, it was equally evident that the common weakness of men, which impels them to bow the neck before, and court the favour of, the great, was exercising a silent, yet certain, influence throughout all the detail of their actions.

As concerned the better informed classes, the predominant opinion was in favour of the French government, the firmness and energy of which no one could deny. An attempt was made by princely power, as well as by that of genius, to chase from the German mind the principles and doctrines of the new school; yet, notwithstanding the admonitory declarations of authority, the violent articles of Wieland in the German "Mercury," or the comedy of the young poet Goëthe, styled the "Citizen General," the French Revolution, and the doings of her great men, still found favour in the eyes of the people. Benjamin Constant beheld all these things, and it led to the conviction in his mind, that if revolutionary France were so disposed, it would not be a difficult step to seize upon Germany.

We shall pass over in silence the sentimental life of Constant at Paris, Coppet, Interlaken, and Lyons, his secret marriage on the 5th May, 1808, and many more incidents relative to his private and domestic affairs, and shall at once proceed to that period when he re-appeared in public in his political character.

When Napoleon declared war against Russia in 1811, Constant resided at Göttingen, where he spent his time in the company of Villers (author of the "History of the Reformation"), Heeren, Heine, Creutzer, and Goerres, and laboured assiduously in the composition of his work on religion. He lived in comparative retirement and privacy, while Madame de Staël espoused the cause of Russia.

Upon the fatal retreat of the grand army from Moscow, he, for the first time after the lapse of ten years, appeared before the public in a pamphlet on the spirit of conquest and usurpation, which he published at Göttingen, from which place he subsequently retired to Hanover in order to avoid the martial bustle of the army whose road lay through Göttingen. In this, his new retirement, he was unexpectedly joined by his old friend

Bernadotte. The friends fell into a familiar conversation at dinner, and talked over the scenes and doings of bygone days, and the new aspect of affairs, which was brightening up in the distance of the political horizon. Constant, who no longer doubted the downfall of Napoleon, spoke with unfeigned delight of the anticipations which he held of the restoration of liberty in France; while at the same time he did not conceal his gloomy apprehension of the consequences which he feared would result if France were indebted to the allied powers for her liberation, and the country were overrun by their armies. Constant, in thus candidly expressing his opinions, conjured the Crown Prince of Sweden, who appeared to have gained great favour with the allied powers, to exert his influence in order to induce the allies to permit France to choose her own mode of government. The dissembling Bernadotte listened attentively while Constant gave his views and opinions on the passing events, and replied to him by dwelling on the circumstance of the high favour in which he stood with the allied sovereigns, and the friendship which they professed for him publicly, but concealing the fact of their secret suspicion of him. He then solicited Constant to make use of the interest of Madame de Staël, who was in high esteem with the Emperor of Russia, for the purpose of impressing that potentate with the notion that he, Bernadotte, was, of all others, the most appropriate instrument which could be employed in effecting the settlement of French affairs, and establishing order and stability to the satisfaction of all parties. Constant was at this period wiser than at the time of his first introduction to French society: "in short," says he, "I saw a man before me who burned with desire for the French throne; but," continued he, "as he was a native of Gascony, we could not come to a clear understanding."

Constant at last resolved on going to France. He departed on the first of April, 1814, in the escort of the corps of the army of Bernadotte for Brussels, from whence he went in company of Madame de Staël to Paris, and immediately promulgated his views on the subject of the restoration in an article which appeared in the "*Débats*" of the 21st of the same month. Those views were, at that time, entirely novel in France, viz. the neutrality of the royal power between all parties; a notion which, in fact, constituted the whole machinery of a representative government. To this doctrine Constant adhered to the end of his life, and maintained it both in his writings and on the rostrum, and laid, though perhaps unconsciously, the foundation of the parliamentary opposition. Thus Providence willed that the same army who brought in their escort a Bourbon hostile to the Revolution, should also bring a man in the same rank, whose commanding eloquence in the senate, and fluent reasoning in the press, should form a counteracting power, and thus avert many of the evils naturally resulting from that great national event.

After the Restoration, Constant was indefatigable in his political avocations. In every conceivable form he applied his strength and genius, and in pamphlets, articles, and speeches, he laboured to rouse the French mind, and warn the ministry against the consequences of their ill-conducted government. For more than fifteen years, with the voice of a prophet, he impeached their pernicious course of policy; spoke of the crumbling base upon which they had taken their stand, and pointed to the fearful abyss upon the brink of which they so wantonly stood, and into which they ultimately fell as he predicted. His industry was unbounded. The frowns of the court, or the apathy of the people, neither damped nor slackened his ardent spirit or indomitable zeal. The one object of his heart was the liberty of his country, and to that object he yielded his life with the truest devotion.

When the vast labours of Constant are reviewed, they are, indeed, surprising; and we must wonder how he could find time for the composition of those sound and logical publications which, from time to time, issued from his pen, to say nothing of his other and varied labours.

We have arrived at a period when his republican fame was overshadowed by a behaviour so equivocal in its nature, as to occasion the most serious alarm to his friends, and to call forth the severest reproaches against his conduct, as well as dark suspicions against the sincerity of his principles:—we allude to the time of the return of Napoleon from Elba.

Important effects are not always generated by important causes, nor is it less true, that great men are not always occupied with great tasks and thoughts, such as they appear before us in their public and official capacity. Thus it was with Constant. When the storm had burst a second time around the Capet family and shook them from their throne, and the people of France were welcoming with open arms the return of their beloved military hero; when Europe, again awakened and alarmed, and her princes panic-stricken at the return of that lion to his lair, who had so often made them tremble, was awaiting the one dreadful and bloody struggle, at least, which it knew must be made in the cause of the Bourbons; when Paris was raging with conflicting passions and sentiments, and liberty was threatened and in danger from all parties; where was our stanch republican hero? Where was Benjamin Constant, the calm reflecting writer, and the avowed sworn friend of liberty? Alas! the truth must be confessed. Constant, who was already forty-seven years of age, with a head partly bald and partly covered with grey hair, was amusing himself in the lap of a mistress, of whom he was so enamoured, as to yield up all his better feelings and judgment, and to surrender himself at once to that single passion, *love*; and how did he act amidst the confusion by which he was surrounded? Did his bold republican genius exhibit itself? Oh no! When attacked on the one hand in the public journals, as having by his writings caused the downfall of the Bourbons, and on the other, as having, in conjunction with Mad. de Staël, by the basest intrigues succeeded in rendering Napoleon and his cause odious to the eyes of the allied princes, his answers were indeed poor, evasive, and abstract; nor was he even aroused by the reverberating roar of that artillery which announced the arrival of Napoleon at the seat of royalty—the Tuilleries.

The object of his love was a woman, a friend of Mad. de Staël, who was as celebrated for her personal charms, as the latter was for her mental endowments. This lady was constantly surrounded by the most distinguished characters of all countries. She had always been secretly attached to the cause of the Bourbons, so that her house at that critical moment became the rendezvous of the royalists. Constant, who was a mere play-ball in her hands, naturally associated himself with the visitors of her house, and more especially with Lainé and Lally-Tolendal. Here he also made the acquaintance of Chateaubriand, who assured them that he had it in his power to save France, if he were minister of the interior. Constant also saw here a great deal of Guizot, and Royer-Collard, both stanch doctrinaires, but who like the other royalists would make no decided stand, or do any thing to recover public opinion. The consequence was, the King departed on the 20th of March. On the same day, Constant, still under the influence of his royalist Dulcinea, inserted in the public journals a bitter article against Napoleon, who suddenly arrived that evening in the Tuilleries. Constant naturally supposed to be in danger, was instantly concealed by Lafayette and Tracy in the hotel of the American ambassador, from where he secretly departed in the company of the latter to Nantes. Arrived at Athens, he was informed

that Nantes had declared itself in favour of Napoleon, and that the prefect of that place had taken flight. He then resolved on returning to Paris, to meet his destiny.

Expecting every moment to be thrown into prison, he was one morning surprised by the entrance of General Sebastiani, Degerando, and two other statesmen, who requested him to join the party of Napoleon, who was resolved to give to France a liberal and representative government, and who would be glad to have an opportunity of discussing the matter with him. Constant consented to accompany them to the Tuilleries, where he found the Emperor, surrounded by the Duke of Bassano, Regnault, De St. Jean, D'Angely, Rovigo, Andreossy, and Defermon, all men of repute and principle. Pressed on all sides, and especially by the insidious words of the Emperor, than whom none better understood the art of persuasion, he was induced to sit down and write the appendix to the instrument for which he was afterwards so much censured.

Such was the exact conduct of Constant in that memorable affair. Like many men of inferior powers, he seems to have been politically stunned by the suddenness of the event which had swept over France. It was Constant who defended in the tribunate the liberty of the nation against the repeated attempts of the First Consul; it was Constant who fifteen years afterwards disputed Napoleon's encroachments, inch by inch; it was Constant whose voice was heard throughout Europe sounding abroad the creed of liberty; and it was Constant who, on the assumption of the imperial diadem by his great opponent, met, and, if he did not bow the neck before him, failed in that free and deep eloquence for which he was so famous, and suffered that grand opportunity to escape him, which he might have employed with so much glory to his own fame and advantage to the country. From such men as Constant public opinion does not accept any excuse. His first punishment was the insertion of his name in the amnesty of the 24th of July, and his second its omission, not in consequence of the pamphlet which he published in his own defence, but of the intercession of Decanzes. He therefore found it advisable to retire to England, from whence he returned only after the re-action of the 5th of September; and it was during this time, that he wrote his "*Memoirs of the 100 Days.*"

His return to Paris was, as usual, marked by the publication of a pamphlet, "*On the Political Doctrines,*" which he composed at the request of Madame de Staël, as a refutation of Chateaubriand's work, "*The Monarchy according to the Charter.*" This pamphlet excited great attention, but he did not follow it up with decisive action. At this period Madame de Staël fell seriously ill, and Constant abandoned political society altogether. From this moment gambling became his ruling passion: he was seen to spend whole days and nights in private and public gaming-houses, risking enormous sums on the chance of a single card. It is a remarkable fact, and, we think, little known, that he owed his subsequent election to the Chamber of Deputies to the gaming-table. Those citizens only who paid yearly to the state 1000 francs direct taxes were eligible to that office, and it was well known that Constant did not belong to that wealthy class. It was said, when the chances of play had put into his hands the means of thus qualifying himself, that Lafitte's purse had been the means by which Constant purchased a house worth 100,000 francs; but that was not the case, although it must be admitted that such a trait was by no means inconsistent with the patriotic and generous nature of Lafitte. His career during the fifteen years of the Restoration presented a checkered picture of industry and dissipation: the hours of the day were

Yet all these mental and physical exertions, instead of exhausting his spirit, seem rather to have acted as stimulants, and to have given new vigour to his energies. Indeed he stood in great need of such aid, for he had not only to defend himself against the attacks of his foes, but often even of his friends. It is almost inconceivable how he could, in the midst of these incessant struggles, have found yet leisure for all those thick volumes which issued from his pen, such as his "Manual of Constitutional Politics," besides his articles in several diurnal journals on literature, the arts, and sciences. During the night it was his habit to take notes, and crowd together on slips of paper his materials, and next morning, before he went to the Chamber, he had already tired his amanuensis. His uncommon mental strength and activity did not abandon him even to the last. Even when disease had bowed down his tall and majestic form, and weakened the physical man, the spiritual still held on its gigantic course, and with untameable vigour grappled with its laborious every-day work.

No sooner had he taken his seat in the extreme corner of the left, than he commenced writing, his books and papers arranged before him; and such a heavy number of letters and parcels did he send away, as to keep continually on their legs all the messengers and porters attached to the Chamber. He had scarcely done with his letters, than he would commence the correction of the proof-sheets of his issuing publications; while, at intervals, he would take notes of the arguments of the speakers, and converse with his friends, who never failed to crowd around him. In the midst of all this confusion (which was no confusion to the clear head of Constant) he would not fail to ask the word at the moment an orator had resumed his seat; then he would ascend the rostrum, with small slips of paper in his hand, which appeared to have been taken at random from

beneath his papers and manuscripts. Once upon the rostrum, his spirit rallied all its powers, and his pale features, in the animation which gradually lit them up, indicated the glowing feelings which were stirring within his breast. At first the words fell from his lips in a slow and lingering manner, which tended rather to disappoint those who were attracted to the Chamber by the fame of his eloquence; gradually, however, his voice rose, became clear and sonorous, his eyes sparkled, and his full, extemporaneous speech flowed along in uninterrupted majesty.

His favourite topic was the *liberty of the press*; and on this subject he always brought into action the whole of the artillery of his eloquence. On that topic alone, the speeches which he delivered would fill a large volume. So engrossed was his mind with it that in his speeches on other themes he could not refrain from occasional glances at it; and he scarcely ever delivered a speech in which might not, more or less, be traced the deep hold which this subject had of his mind.

His last speech, shortly before his death, was against Guizot and some of his former friends, in defence of the liberty of the press, and against Humann, who had undertaken the advocacy of the bill proposed by the attorney-general, more on the ground of personal hatred to the journal, than conviction of the utility, necessity, or justice of the cause. It is impossible not to admire the firmness, the intrepidity, and perseverance of the man, who under difficulties, and they were many, of the most disheartening kind, could so cheerfully and disinterestedly place himself in the breach, and maintain the battle with such devoted ardour against the phalanx whose ranks were so numerous. Constant, like a true veteran, although broken down by age and infirmities, felt it to be his duty still to ascend the field of action, and spend the last pulsation of his frame in the cause of freedom, of France, and humanity!

His death followed soon after (in 1831). His passage to the grave was marked, like his passage through life, by the sympathy of that people whose cause he had so nobly defended. The whole of the Chamber, the whole of Paris, followed his honoured remains to the tomb.

Many of our readers may perhaps have heard of the rumour, that Constant made a secret treaty with the July monarch. We wish we possessed the means of contradicting the report; but our business is only with truth and justice. The report is too well founded, that Constant did receive from the Citizen King the sum of 200,000 francs. We have no excuse—there can be no palliation for this unfortunate act; yet the sternest patriot cannot help sympathising in the melancholy lot of him, the friend of humanity, and the defender of those interests, the most essential and dear to the human race, whose personal necessities reduced him to the humiliation of accepting from the enemy, that which should have been presented to him in public, in a vase of gold (as the city of London did to Wilkes), as a memento of a grateful people for the long life which he had devoted to their cause.

At the outbreak of the new Revolution, Constant clearly foresaw that the advantages to be reaped from it would scarcely deserve the blood that must be shed in its cause—yet he did his duty to the last. On the 28th of July his friends wrote thus to him:—"We are engaged in a terrible game: the stake is our heads. Come and bring yours." He did, indeed, "bring his head," but nothing more, for his frame and health were broken by a severe operation he had undergone some days previously. Had the troops of Polignac and Marmont been the victors, he would have been carried to the scaffold in a dying state. That, however, was not to be his fate—the people triumphed, and he was borne by them about the streets, into the Mansion House and Palais Royal. He resembled a banner rent by balls in the field of battle; and thus he was displayed before the fire of the enemy by the triumphing people. When the war of the Three Days had ceased, and the people had completed their victory, Constant was again sought for by the statesmen, and made use of in the consolidation of the new constitutional monarchy. He gave his consent to the Louis Phillipe scheme, while his friends, who were aware of his decay and approaching dissolution, pressed him to accept

of the offered pecuniary present. The feeble invalid gave way to their importunities, perhaps consoling himself with the idea that his refusal would not check the current of the popular stream, which was now running in favour of the Orleans. Contrary to all expectation he regained some strength, and, as if revived and invigorated in his heart by a new ray of hope from the newly erected throne, his drooping spirits rallied, and his political genius again shone forth in the promise of yet further efforts in the cause of liberty. When he saw how matters went, he resumed his old corner to the left in the Chamber, a corner at which many a minister had looked with dismay and trembling. He died when his part was played out to the end, but not before misanthropy had eaten into his heart, and cankered his spirit of warm humanity. He disappeared, like Romulus, from among the assembly of the senators, in a thunder storm. He had fulfilled the melancholy duty of a priest: he had preached faith, where there was no prospect of being listened to; and until his strength failed him he continued to speak the words of hope and consolation to his country.

Benjamin Constant was one of those who could not exist without the divine manna — hope and fair prospects. These were dashed by the revolution of July! Within two days he clearly saw to what end it would lead, and was perfectly undeceived as to the delusive hopes of anticipated liberty.

He who had combated for the principles of 1789 defended himself still very bravely against the attacks of the philosophers of the nineteenth century; but his efforts were ineffectual, because the Liberals were fighting in the ranks of his opponents, and the more so as he met them in one common and tender point — religion. Constant regarded liberty as an independent deity, and religion as its auxiliary ally. The doctrinaires, on the other hand, desired to render the people subservient to the government through the agency of religion, while Constant considered a free, and enlightened, and self-governing people an object as sublime as religion itself. These opinions drew him to the school of transcendental philosophy, where he ultimately found a *nonentity*, at the same time that he felt that the young and rough liberalism that was bursting forth around him was not in accordance with his own refined sense of freedom; his sentiments were therefore often at variance with the views of the heads of the secret societies and ardent youth whom he frequently met towards the end of the reign of Charles X. at the soirées at Lafayette's. Indeed he would have played but an ineffective part in these our days. His stern and inflexible spirit, yearning incessantly for a high order of national independence (higher, perhaps, than the people of his age could appreciate or enjoy), would have found its aims perpetually thwarted by the supple and slavish policy of the times. He was deeply impressed with this fact. He knew the men who stood at the helm of French affairs even to the very heart's core; and he died almost in despair at the forlorn prospects of his darling liberty.

STUDIES OF UNDEVELOPED CHARACTERS IN SHAKSPEARE;

FROM SKETCHES AND SUGGESTIONS IN HIS PLAYS.

No. V.—*The Tempest.*

WHEN the vessel which bears the King of Naples and his company, has foundered and is just going down, there is heard "*a confused noise within,*" and amidst the agonised cry, the following words are distinguishable:—

"Mercy on us!—we split! we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother!—We split! we split! we split!"

We do not conjecture these expressions of terror and last leave-taking to have been personally addressed to the wives, brothers, and children, either of the drowning sailors (who were very unlikely to have such relations on board), or even of the passengers who formed the suite of Alonso; but that the feelings of the individuals gushed forth towards those far away, to whom their affections were strongest, and whom they never expected to see any more in this world. In those who uttered these expressions of love towards their dearest relatives, we perceive more unadulterated natures than in the nobles and courtiers, and the fratricidal Sebastian, who proposes to go and "take leave of the king," while the treacherous usurper Antonio characteristically manifests his devotion to externals by exclaiming "let's all sink with the king!" There was no atom of affection towards the person of the king in this; it was the mere desire to "break their fall" into the other world, by clinging to the greatest worldly power in the present. The contrast between the last words of the courtiers, and the "*confused noise within,*" is worthy of some study, which might not prove unprofitable to the heart as well as head.

There were four or five women who attended Miranda during her very early childhood in Milan, but she only remembers them "like a dream;" and mention is made of the "brave son" of the usurping Duke of Milan, which son was supposed to have been drowned. But as no one was drowned we might have expected to have seen him. He does not, however, appear. Of Miranda's mother we are only informed that she was "a piece of virtue," who told Prospero that Miranda was truly his daughter; while in alluding to her grandmother, Miranda says that she "should sin to think otherwise than nobly" of her chaste ancestor, by supposing that the wicked Antonio was not her father's legitimate brother. And thus the virtue of both of the undeveloped ladies is most unnecessarily called in question by a gratuitous defence, showing the bad influence of a licentious court even upon so original a genius as that of Shakspeare. What could Miranda know of such things?

Sycorax, a native witch of Argier, the mother or dam of Caliban, is a far more tangible character—though in sooth one might rather object to touch her. There is something in her nature, as well as personal appearance, of which the ordinary impression of an ugly wicked old witch conveys no adequate idea. She was a frightful, haggard, and extremely dirty skeleton; her dull, yellow, and brown-baked, shrivelled skin, just covering her marrowless edifice of disjointed bones. Her long black nails

—inherited by her cub — denoted her faculties as a “tearer,” while her deep-set eyes, as blue as gall, gleamed forth in feverish quest on every side. Yet, with all this, there is a sense of imbecility associated in our minds with regard to old Sycorax. She was constantly half choked with the quantity of vice and wickedness within her, because she had not an equal degree of power to enable her to exercise her inward calling, by giving it off in all directions. Her envy of this power of evil in some of her intimate friends had bent her body hell-wards, accordant with this tendency of her soul. It is true that she is designated as —

“ — A witch ; and one so strong
She could control the moon — make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.”

This power over the moon and the tides, doubtless accompanied with other elemental influences, was certainly not a trifle ; yet Prospero would have been too strong for her. She was, in addition, so imbecile of mind as to make choice even of a god whose power was inferior to the magic of Prospero. To be sure we have only Caliban’s word for this, and he might be very apt to judge by *his own pinches*. Still we are sceptical as to the occult forces of Sycorax ; and the nasty vermin whereby she worked her charms, “toads, beetles, bats,” tend to confirm us in the idea of the very low or limited degree of rank she enjoyed as a sorceress. She was accustomed to brush —

“ — Wicked dew,
With raven’s feather from *unwholesome* fen ; ”

and this she dropped, or caused to be dropped, upon the bodies of her victims, and thus infected them with sickness, a fever, or a leprosy : but all these things are quite second-rate excellences, scarce worth being “damned for.” Meantime she had, no doubt, a most diabolical will (the worse from the constant irritation of feeling herself without any commensurate power), and this, we believe, rather than the toads, beetles, bats, and other *charms* of Sycorax, to have been at the bottom of the conquest she achieved over the heart of Caliban’s father.

In his rank and capacity of father to Caliban, the freedom being solely qualified by this extenuating circumstance, we have ventured to allude to a distinguished individual of inextinguishable genius, whose amiable qualities have hitherto been hidden in darkness. The individual was not a native of the isle : he seems to have sojourned a while in Argier, but his actual birth-place, or parish, was lower down. Perhaps Argier is a corruption of Algiers. How this paternal personage came to Algiers or Argier, might be accounted for by the simple process which would enable us to discover the ascent of a soul from Erebus — if we knew what that process was ; that he descended, however, like a bolt of lightning into the earth, we have the written attestation of several respectable descendants of Algerine eye-witnesses. Shakspeare does not mention his real name, merely designating him with some degree, as we think, of opprobrium and disparagement, as “the devil.” The same poetical chronicler also terms his son Caliban a demidevil, which of course clenches the fact as to the entire *status* of the sire. So much for this undeveloped paternity ; but as to the “charms” aforesaid, and all personal causes of attraction, — what he could possibly see in Sycorax, absolutely stagnates the very sources of human conjecture !

We cannot, however, bid a final adieu to Sycorax without a further observation. Besides the great additional support to opinions already ex-

pressed concerning her, something important is suggested in the dialogue which first occurs between Prospero and Ariel:—

"*Prosp.* ——— Hast thou forgot
The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?
"*Ariel.* No, sir.
"*Prosp.* Thou hast: where was she born?—speak, tell me!
"*Ariel.* Sir, in Argier.
"*Prosp.* O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?
"*Ariel.* Ay, sir.
"*Prosp.* This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou did'st painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou did'st vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born), not honour'd with
A human shape.

* * * * *

Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

ACT I. Sc. II.

We have scarcely been able to finish the transcription of the above quotation, from our extreme impatience to ask the reader what he imagines could have been that one thing which Sycorax had done, which occasioned her life to be spared? It must have been of some service to the people, or more probably, the potentate of Argier; there must have been some good in what she did, though doubtless it was not for the love of the good, but because a greater evil was elsewhere produced. Yet to what the thing was, no sort of clue is given. Did she, once upon a time, raise a storm and shipwreck a fleet of Christian invaders, for the pleasure of seeing their drowning faces look up amidst the flashes of the lightning? Did she save the king's life by some necromantic medicine,—a pungent extract of bat and beetle,—because he was a horrible tyrant and the scourge of his people? Did she protect the king's only child (who promised to be a worse tyrant even than his father) from two snakes who had secreted themselves in the garden,—her onslaught being impelled by a sudden fierce propensity towards the same, whereof the writhing tails were seen sticking up out of her gustacious jaws, during full ten minutes, by the whole court of Argier? *Non equidem invideo, miror magis!*

Claribel, the daughter of Alonso, king of Naples, was the involuntary cause of the circumstances through which the plot of the *Tempest* is developed. The king, her father, was determined to marry her against her inclination to the king of Tunis, and set sail with her himself in order to enforce obedience. In returning from the celebration of this *unholy* rite, his tyrannical and short-sighted cruelty was visited with the horrors of the shipwreck, which wrought to the ends of Prospero. This unhappily married daughter of the king seems to have been an amiable and interesting victim. Even the "men about court" speak of the sacrifice with regret:—

"Gonzalo. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

"Sebastian. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

"Adrian. Tunis was never graced with such a paragon to their queen.

* * * * *

"Gonzalo. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

"Antonio. And the rarest that e'er came there.

* * * * *

"Gonzalo. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

"Alonso. You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never

Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,

My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,

Who is so far from Italy remov'd

I ne'er again shall see her."

ACT II. SC. I.

As to the king of Tunis we may suppose him to have been a very disagreeable object (no doubt a black personage) in the eyes of the fair Claribel. But "that's no rule," and he might have been a marvellous, handsome, amiable, and proper man in the eyes of other ladies. It is not unlikely that Claribel had a previous attachment to some one else. Her aversion, however, to the king of Tunis, is unequivocally expressed:—

"Sebastian. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

But rather lose her to an African;

Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye

Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

"Alonso. Pr'ythee, peace!

"Sebastian. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise

By all of us; and the fair soul herself

Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at

Which end o' the beam she'd bow."

ACT II. SC. I.

We have hitherto avoided, in the previous plays of the series, almost all the numerous unsubstantial or purely spiritual entities and hints of being, that skip and glance athwart the vision in Shakspeare's poetry. To the idea of the fair queen with her lute (in *Henry IV.*) we ought, perhaps, to have added the magic musicians, conjured up by the fervid imagination of Glendower.

"And those musicians that shall play to you,

Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,

And straight they shall be here!"

The writer of an article in a musical periodical (and the reader will easily discover the writer to have been Mr. Leigh Hunt) has recently singled out the foregoing passage, and illustrated it with a beauty vieing with its own. "Here is a cloud of invisible musicians hanging in the air a thousand leagues off, that is to say, three thousand miles, somewhere (not to interfere

with the main American land) down in the Atlantic, towards Cape Horn. But supposing us to sail near this enchanted air, are they invisible?—or may we not (if our eyes be gifted enough) rather just discern them up aloft, hanging somewhat like a dim cluster of bees in the noon-tide, a mile higher than the lark reaches?—and if we listen, may we not hear them dimly sounding a numerous music, like what we might suppose to be that of some star inhabited by none but musicians, and so diffusing downwards a soft, trembling sound over the waters, *analogous to quivering beams of light*, and making the boats thereabouts hush along with mixed fear and rapture.”

After this, which seems to belong more appropriately to the “*Tempest*” than any other play, we shall say nothing of the “elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,” &c. whom Prospero invokes; the urchins who cramped Caliban; the ministers of Sycorax, &c. The reader, however, may smile when we ask him to observe the following passage. Stephano and Trinculo, led by Caliban, discover the rich garments hung upon a line to decoy them:

“*Stephano.* Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line; is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin! you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.”
ACT IV. SC. I.

The passage in itself is sufficiently trashy, and an appropriate effervescence of the drunken fancy of such a fellow as Stephano; we offer it, nevertheless, as manifesting a peculiar characteristic of Shakspeare's love of personification—in short, of Life. He cannot even let a clothes-line and a jerkin alone, but must needs put them *en rapport* (as the animal magnetists say) with the interlocutors of the scene.

When we have mentioned Gonzalo's son, whose extravagant love of toys equalled, perhaps, his father's extravagant humour (the latter, on being accused by Sebastian, of intending to carry home Prospero's island “in his pocket,” and give it to the said son “for an apple,” replies that he will sow “the kernels of it in the sea, and bring forth more islands!”) our task, with regard to the “*Tempest*,” will have been nearly completed. But something still remains; and fortunately for the less malleable and less suggestive qualities of prose, which would but ill have served us in this last extremity, we have raked up from a mouldy chronicle the following batch of olden verse, interpolated, no doubt, by some well-meaning tradition-monger, who honestly thought that the grim biographical hints it contains of the death of Sycorax and other matters, would supply its deficiencies in all poetic elegancies. We give it just as we found it:—

“Deepening in hue, like to a clotted cloud
Before the storm, and lessening as it sweeps
The ghastly hemisphere, what ugly blight
Is downward shot to the horizontal verge?
Where hath it settled? on what errand sent?

“It was the hideous idol, Setebos!
Swift generated, as a thunder-stone,
That on a magic isle hath fallen, and stuck
I' the burst earth! Passive as a flint its face;
Passive the large white rings of its flat eyes;
Petrific were its low-set kernell'd horns.
The mouth, combustion's black and shapeless work,
Was but a trap for apprehension's brood
Of quick revulsions, — but no life was in it:
And yet a ravening horror iced the air,
Which made the silence like a constant ghost,
Haunting the scene of sacrifice.

“ Behold !

A hag — a heap of devil-inspired wrinkles —
Clad all in rotting weeds, moves thro’ the fog ;
Palsied and hook-back’d like the abortive moon,
Whose ragged crescent trembles o’er hell’s lake.
Her dark-bark’d, knotty knees indent the sward,
Like old roots kneaded down by older time ;
Her wither’d arms are lifted, and her fingers,
Whose long claws catch the light, stretch forward wide,
While her sharp voice chaunts forth a frantic prayer.

“ And art thou come at last, O Setebos ?

And wilt thou aid my wishes, when the date
Of this my stay on earth is burn’d out quite,
Which it will be at sun-set of this day,
And I return down to my native realm ?
Here shall I leave my offspring, rightful lord
Of all this spell-fraught island ; — but thou know’st,
Or thou should’st know, dumb god, that hither soon
A mortal man, holding immortal powers
Of high enchantment and compulsive thought,
Thron’d on the shipwreck, will in tempest come !
Scorch up his eyes, dumb god ! — strike him stone deaf !
Catch him asleep, or praying, and so kill him
By shell and shingle whirl’d about i’ the wind,
And on his brain discharg’d ! But if indeed
Thou wilt not, or thou canst not do this thing,
Then art thou worthless, and a god accurst ;
And let my dying maledictions strike
Thine inward fires to conflict with themselves,
The torment ne’er exploding — ne’er consumed ! ”

“ The fierce hag fell upon her face, and died !

Her soul flew downwards : Setebos remain’d
In all his hideous flint, while rose the moon
With silver sweetness and a patient smile,
Above the nest of coiled-up Caliban.
There lay the uncouth urchin-infant, dreaming ; —
And in the joyous changes he became
A ruler and a dancer o’er the fields,
Crown’d with a shell, and all in sea-weed pomp
Of garments glistening with the briny ooze ;
A hunter and devourer of good spoil,
Such as in cunningest nook like jewels lurk’d ;
A peopler of the land, who laugh’d to see
His urchin colony scampering all about,
While each one sang, and beat his hairy paunch,
And pipe and tabor answer’d from the air,
Far o’er the sunny isle.”

The characters outlined or suggested in the course of this drama (Sycorax being so completely portrayed as to constitute one of the principal exceptions to our title of “ Undeveloped ”) are the following : —

Antonio’s Son,
Miranda’s Mother,
Miranda’s Grandmother,
Sycorax,
Gonzalo’s Son,

Caliban’s Father,
Claribel,
The King of Tunis,
Setebos, &c.

FIELD-MARSHAL SUWAROFF, AND THE CAMPAIGN OF 1799.

PART THE SECOND.

BEFORE we return to the operations of the campaign it will be as well here to state the views entertained by some of the allied cabinets, and which are brought to light by the correspondence we have taken for our text: they tend to throw light, not only on the events of the field, but on the history of the period also.

From the letters of the Emperor Paul it appears that the Russian government were very anxious to carry the war into the south and centre of Italy, there to establish some influence of their own. For this purpose the country was filled with secret agents, a fleet was kept in the Adriatic, where they endeavoured to obtain possession of Ancona. Suwaroff combats this resolution on military grounds; declaring that the fate of Italy will be decided in the north; and the result justified the assertion so rapidly as to prevent all further attempts in the south. But the cabinet of St. Petersburg continued to keep an eye on Malta; a corps was ordered to land on the island, which the French had not yet surrendered, and the emperor actually appointed a military governor to the place. After the capture of Turin, Suwaroff had, by order of his sovereign, invited the King of Sardinia to return to his dominions; but this the Austrians instantly oppose, declaring that, during war, a country is much better governed by the military authority of the conquerors than by its legitimate princes; the king was therefore obliged to remain at Cagliari. The Austrians also object to the proposed march to the south, and seem not well pleased with the attachment every where evinced towards the Russian government and its general.

The victories of Suwaroff had probably led to a belief that something might be gained by joining the coalition against France; and we consequently find Prussia negotiating an alliance with Russia for that purpose: the events in Switzerland soon put an end to these diplomatic doings.

We must now return to the events of the field. Moreau had not awaited Suwaroff's return from the Trebia, but had sought hasty shelter in the mountains of the Riviera, where it was now the Russian's anxious desire to follow him, had not the express orders of the Emperor of Austria forbade all offensive movements till the fall of fortresses. The constant difficulties thrown in his way by the Aulic council seem, at this time, to have completely broken his spirit, so that he applies for his recall. On the 6th of July he writes to the Emperor Paul, and, after saying that he had "given up all hopes of the Archduke Charles," continues, — "The timidity of the Aulic council; their jealousy of me as a stranger; the intrigues of the different generals, who address themselves directly to Vienna, from whence they obtain their instructions; my inability to carry into effect operations dictated at the distance of a thousand *versets*, oblige me to solicit from your majesty my recall, unless all is altered. I wish to lay my bones in my native land and to pray for the welfare and happiness of my sovereign."

To the Russian ambassador at Vienna he constantly complains of the contrarieties which he is made to experience; and foretels truly enough that as pedants and martinets, — *Bestimontsager* he calls them, — had oc-

casioned the loss of the Netherlands; sent the court of Turin to Cagliari, and that of Naples to Palermo: so they would yet send the court of Vienna to Presburg. On the 8th of July he writes to him as follows:— "The wise B —— (meaning Count Belgrade) has got into the habit of losing men. At the opening of the campaign in the Tyrol, he brought the enemy a sacrifice of 10,000 soldiers under Laudon. And now in my difficulties he has played me away 2000 more. * * * A few secret intrigues with the Aulic council excepted, Count Melas is a good honest man; so is Kray, who of all here would be the most fit to succeed me in the command. * * * * The French have lost upwards of 65,000 men during the campaign; Moreau and Macdonald have not above 10,000 each; the favourable opportunity should be seized.* But * * * * the greatest favour his Imperial Majesty could confer upon us would be to change the tortoise into a reindeer. His majesty wishes that, if I intend to fight a battle to-morrow, I should first apply to Vienna. But in war things change hourly, so that no fixed plan for its guidance can ever be made beforehand. I never dreamed of following in the footsteps of Hannibal at the Trebia till chance had enabled us to profit by the treasures found at Turin; not even at Milan, the gates of which were opened to us by the battle of Cassano. The back of fortune's neck is bare; but she has fine curls hanging over her brow; and if you do not seize her by the forelock, she will soon escape your grasp. Is not one campaign better than ten, and is it not preferable to take the shortest road to Paris than to debar yourself from all success by the profound wisdom of your own measures? Farewell, my friend and benefactor; obtain for me power, or liberty to return to the plough." On one occasion, in speaking of some harsh measures of the Austrian government, he has the following passage, that may perhaps be thought at variance with the character generally ascribed to him. "I conquered Poland by generosity and humanity, and Italy must be subdued by the same means."

No sooner had the fate of the citadel of Alessandria given him free hands to act, than preparations were made for the invasion of the Genoese territory. Release from long thralldom seems to have poured fire through his veins, and on the 31st of July he writes to Melas, "I conjure your excellency, by your devotion to our sovereign, and by your zeal in the good cause, to exert all your power and authority, to have the necessary arrangements for our advance into the Riviera ready in the course of eight days. No excuse can now be taken, celerity is indispensable, delay a crime, and its evil consequences unpardonable."

While the Russian field-marshal was thus engaged, the French were preparing on their side to save him the trouble of a long advance. The wrecks of their Italian armies having been allowed to collect in the Riviera, were soon reinforced from France. When about 45,000 men were assembled, the young and fiery Joubert was placed at their head, with orders immediately to advance and raise the siege of Mantua. These orders were too much in accordance with the general's own wishes to be long delayed: he issued from his fastnesses with about 35,000 men; and though the allies were numerically superior, it might be fairly enough expected that they could not, immediately, assemble any greater number for battle. The news of the fall of Mantua, which had just surrendered, Joubert refused to credit, deeming it a mere device of the enemy.

The Austrians, with the view of throwing a shade of ridicule over old Suwaroff, constantly kept back all notice of the dispositions made for the battle of Novi, and contented themselves with producing a few lines of

doggrel verse, sent to General Kray the evening before the action, and containing, as they would insinuate, all the arrangements made for the attack. We now know how matters stood. As stated, Joubert intended to advance into the plain for the purpose of relieving Mantua. On the 14th he received certain news of its fate, and immediately recalled his leading divisions, intending to retire next day into the Riviera, unless attacked at Novi, where, from the nature of the ground, he thought all the chances of victory were in his favour.

Suwaroff, for the purpose of making good use of his numerous cavalry, intended to fight in the plain, and had made arrangements for intercepting the retreat of the French; but he no sooner found that the leading columns of the enemy were withdrawn, than he immediately altered his resolution, and fearing that they might escape altogether, or fortify the strong position of Novi, he determined to attack them at once, with all the troops within his reach, and hold them fast till the other divisions should come up. It is no doubt a dangerous experiment to bring the separate corps of any army successively into action if they are too far asunder to lend each other immediate and certain support; for it exposes them to be defeated in detail; but there are cases in war when generals must give the rein to courage, and trust to fortune; and when the spirit of victory is high; when it brings conviction of success in flashes of inspiration to the heart and mind; when all are eager to fight, and confident in the skill or fortune of their leader, then we may strike boldly against all the odds that cold calculation would sum up against us.

The details of the battle of Novi we must pass over: the action began early in the morning, was very bravely contested, and ended with the complete defeat of the French, who, besides their commander-in-chief, lost four generals, 10,000 men, and all their artillery.

It might have been supposed that so decisive a victory would have been quickly followed up, and that the capture of Genoa would have been the reward of this splendid feat of arms. But here we have another admirable proof of the working of coalitions, and again find national jealousies thwarting the progress of military operations.

The Archduke Charles had remained so inactive in Switzerland, that the inferior French had taken possession of the St. Gothard and the passes leading into Italy; and one of their corps actually threatened Milan. Against this unexpected attack it was necessary to detach General Kray with 10,000 men. Besides, the Austrian government were determined not to allow the Russians to take Genoa from the French; they thought the town better in the hands of foes than of friends: or they thought rather that, at a proper time and place, they could take it themselves. How sadly they were out of their calculation in regard to time needs not be told here. The Russians had, as we have seen, shown great anxiety to obtain possession of Malta, and to get a footing in Italy; they had a fleet in the Mediterranean, and now proposed to invade the Riviera; and in Suwaroff's disposition the attack on Genoa was to be executed by the Russian troops, while the Austrians were to take the direction of Ceva and Aquis. This was enough for the cabinet of Vienna, and we consequently hear nothing more of the proposed undertaking, while every effort is used to hurry the Russians out of Italy.

There is nothing to show that Suwaroff was aware of all these ambitious views and mean jealousies.

At the moment of which we are writing an Anglo-Russian army of 35,000 men was landing in Holland under the command of the Duke of

York; while another Russian army of equal strength was already approaching the frontiers of Switzerland, under the orders of General Korsacoff. Seventy thousand men were thus about to be thrown into the scale in favour of the allies, at the very moment when they were completely victorious in Italy, and already superior in Switzerland. Even without this great reinforcement success was within their reach, had they followed up the advantage gained; but the mismanagement of generals, and the incapacity of cabinets, attempting to direct military operations, ruined the brilliant prospects which the sword of Suwaroff had opened; and the additional thousands, hurried to the field, came but to heighten the shame of defeat, and to render more conspicuous the folly by which disaster had been occasioned.

The extreme anxiety of the Austrian cabinet to get the Russians out of Italy led to an arrangement between the allied courts, according to which the Russians were all to be assembled in Switzerland under the command of Suwaroff, leaving the Archduke Charles to transfer his inactivity to the Rhine and the Necker. In vain the Russian field-marshal represented that his troops were peculiarly unsuited to mountain warfare; equally vain were his representations of danger of allowing the Archduke to leave his position till the Russians should be all assembled. "Massena," he says, in a memorandum on the subject, "has no object in waiting for us when he can beat us in detail. He will first throw himself upon Korsacoff, who is nearest to him, and then upon Condé, and that will probably be enough for him." How just was the prophecy we shall see presently.

In the meantime Korsacoff had arrived in Switzerland with 30,000 Russians, and the Archduke thought it right, as he tells us himself, to strike some decisive blow with the overwhelming majority which these troops gave him. He made a feeble demonstration against the left of Massena's army, but relinquished the intended attack the moment he found himself opposed, by a couple of light companies, at the passage of the Aar. His Imperial Highness strives hard to free himself from the charge of want of resolution displayed on this occasion; but no effort can clear him of having neglected the golden opportunity of overwhelming, by his vast superiority, the only efficient army which then remained to republican France. Having established Korsacoff in the position of Zurich, and left Holtze with 20,000 Austrians to await the arrival of Suwaroff, he took the road to the Necker: his departure was the very turn of fate.

Suwaroff had obtained, through Lord Mulgrave, a promise that the Archduke was not to leave Switzerland till his (Suwaroff's) arrival, a promise that was confirmed by Count Thugot, the Austrian prime minister, himself. And yet we know from the Archduke, that he had "positive orders to march to the Necker immediately, but to keep his orders secret till the moment of execution"!!! This certainly looks like treachery; but it was evidently nothing more than a little diplomatic trickery of which the gentlemen of Vienna were, no doubt, very proud at the time. They knew Suwaroff's objection to the Swiss expedition; they also knew his irritable and obstinate disposition, and were afraid that he would refuse to march if informed of the Archduke's departure: this, at least, is the most charitable construction we can put on their strange and unworthy conduct. These cabinet dwarfs trifled with the giant of war, till crushed beneath the weight of the fearful Colossus which they thought their puny hands could guide at pleasure.

The important fortress of Tortona had no sooner fallen, than Suwaroff, having freed Italy in half the time Napoleon took to conquer it, advanced with his usual celerity to Taverne, where by agreement with the Austrian

commissariat, mules were to be in readiness for the conveyance of provisions and ammunition across the mountains. Not a single beast of burden was found, and five days were lost in collecting what proved after all an insufficient number, for the Cossacks had to dismount and give their horses to make up the deficiency. The artillery and heavy baggage were sent round by the Splügen, and only a few mountain guns, carried on mules, were taken along with the army.

General Le Courbe was stationed with 12,000 men between Altorff and the Hospital, and occupied with about 3500 men of his right wing, the passes of St. Gothard. On the 24th of September Suwaroff advanced from Airolo with 18,000 men, the remnant of the Russian army of Italy, to the attack of the mountain. The narrow paths and steep ascent rendered the enterprise extremely hazardous: and on the part of the French, the defence was skilful and determined. From overhanging cliffs, from behind fragments of rock, from crevices, breaks in the ground, and from every turn of the road, fire poured in upon the advancing masses. This first attempt at mountain war seems to have had something altogether appalling for the Russians. They came from the fertile, smiling fields of Italy, and were here to break through the closed ranks of snow-covered Alps. The narrow ravines, the huge and countless fragments of granite, the high perpendicular walls of rock, and the continued ascent through heaps of ruined masses, remnants of the mighty revolution of nature, struck fearfully on the imagination of all ranks. Even the enemy in possession of this lofty region, and familiar with all its gloomy horrors, assumed a gigantic appearance in the eyes of the invaders: they murmured and refused to advance. The voice of their general, himself looked upon as a man of superior and gigantic nature, vanquished these dangerous impressions; and, in constant and bloody combat, the column reached the summit of the mountain about four o'clock in the evening. They had lost about 1200 men in the ascent.

But another action of daring had still to be performed. The road from St. Gothard to Altorff leads through what is termed the Urner Loch, and over the Devil's Bridge. The Urner Loch is a tunnel eighty yards in length, and blown out of the solid rock, and about 600 yards in front of the bridge over the Reuss, a river fordable, indeed, but thundering in rapid course through high, steep, rocky banks. The pass hardly admits of being turned, and is of a nature not to be encountered except in the wildest mountain regions. The retiring French had broken down one arch of the bridge, but had made no attempt to barricade the Urner Loch.

On the morning of the 25th of September, Suwaroff arrived at the pass. The leading battalions threw themselves gallantly into the dark, steeply descending abyss, whence some new and unknown species of destruction seemed vainly to waft its shadowy terrors upon the hearts of the advancing soldiers. Troop followed troop, the rearmost pressing the foremost rapidly down the gorge; — nor halt, nor stay was possible, and the leading ranks, hurried tumultuously forward, found themselves before the broken arch of the bridge, and received with a murderous fire of musketry from the opposite rocks. Wounded and unwounded went down the precipice with frightful crash; and frightful was the situation of all, for death came on wings of fire from above, and threatened in the foaming waves of the Reuss below. In this hour of fear the Russians gave proof of the greatest courage and resolution. They descended, under constant fire, into the bed of the river; forded the rushing stream, though breast high; ascended the opposite side, and overcoming all resistance, drove the enemy from their formidable position. Though this was no doubt effected by superior numbers, who were

enabled to extend themselves along a considerable front, yet it must still be acknowledged as a brave and noble deed of war.

The bridge was soon restored, and on the 22d, the army being joined by General Auffenberg with 5000 Austrians, reached Altorff on the Lake of Lucerne; and here it was that Suwaroff first became aware of the dreadful error into which the incomprehensible conduct of the Austrian staff had led him. The St. Gothard's road ends in the waves of the Lake of Lucerne at Altorff, and the enemy had of course not left a single vessel for the conveyance of the allied troops!!! By land the Kizig Kulm appears to defy all passage: rising from the valley of the Shachen, this frightful mass of rocks stretches its naked arms high in air, threatening, like landmarks fixed by the hand of fate, to debar all further progress. It is only over the highest ridge of the mountain, and by paths deemed dangerous even to hunters and shepherds, that the army can reach the valley of the Muotta, and the road to Schwytz; and even this must be quickly accomplished; for since two days the roar of cannon has been heard above the roar of the cataracts, and the world's destiny may hang upon an hour's delay.

Massena no sooner learned the departure of the Archduke Charles for Germany, than he saw the advantage which might be taken of so great an error on the part of the allies. The immediate overthrow of the Austro-Russian army under Holtze and Korsacoff offered the only chance of turning the fate of the campaign, and perhaps of saving republican France, the government of which had sunk to the lowest ebb in public estimation. If the intrepid Suwaroff joined the allies with his victorious army, then the fate of Switzerland was decided; the *moral* of the French troops ruined, and France itself thrown open to invasion, at a moment when there was no government round which the national patriotism was likely to rally. The peril was evident, and yet Massena hesitated long; and if the blow which he struck became decisive, it became so, as much from the want of skill displayed by his adversaries, as by his own energy and ability. Three weeks had elapsed since the departure of the Archduke Charles, and Suwaroff, though arrested for five days at the foot of the St. Gothard, had carried that formidable post, and was already in full march towards Altorff: a day's delay might now bring certain ruin.

Early on the morning of the 25th of September, the French forced the passage of the Limath, twenty miles below Zurich, and defeated a Russian division which attempted to oppose them. It is only justice to say that the arrangements for the operation were made with great ability, and that the execution was distinguished for skill and gallantry. On the 26th, the decisive battle of Zurich was fought, the Russians were completely routed. On the same day, Soult defeated the left wing of the allied army under General Holtze, who was killed in the action.

This battle of Zurich was, in its consequences, the most important of all those fought by the armies of republican France. It turned the fate of a campaign which threatened the safety of the country, and dissolved the most formidable and prosperous coalition which had yet been formed against the new order of things. The next campaign was little more than a gathering in of the fruit of this one battle; the Austrians were then, with broken hopes, alone in the arena; England had withdrawn from the scene of continental warfare, and Russia had abandoned the cause altogether.

On the 26th of September, the very day that Soult and Massena achieved this great victory, Suwaroff arrived at Altorff with an army already much loosened in its discipline by want and exhaustion. For five days the Russians had been constantly ascending and descending rugged mountain

paths, carrying on a new and dangerous species of warfare, — forcing passes, climbing rocks, fording rivers, — they had been exposed during the whole time to the most inclement weather, and from the convoys not being able to keep up, had been destitute of all provisions, except what they had taken from the French, or collected from the inhabitants. The train of stragglers and beasts of burden extended all the way from Altorff to the St. Gothard.

Under these circumstances, a couple of days' rest seemed indispensable to the army, but the continued roar of cannon told that it could not be granted; and Suwaroff determined to cross the mountain by paths such as he had not as yet encountered, and such indeed as no army had ever, long as wars have been carried on, before attempted to ascend. To demand this new exertion from troops reduced to the state in which the Russians were on their arrival at Altorff, required no ordinary resolution; to obtain compliance was a proof of the powerful sway which the commander exercised over the minds of his followers. An ordinary general, if we can suppose such, or one so situated, would have halted or retired; but Suwaroff was too conscious of his strength to recoil from these difficulties, and too proud to support the idea of being absent from a battle-field which any power of mortal exertion could yet have reached. His impatience brooked not one instant's delay, nor was an instant lost.

On the morning of the 27th of September, the army commenced the passage of the gigantic Kizig Kulm. The distance from the Schachen into the Muotta valley hardly exceeds nine miles; but the path is so steep and dangerous, that a single traveller requires seven or eight hours to perform the journey; and the 200 Cossacks who preceded the columns, only arrived in the valley at 5 o'clock in the evening, having been twelve hours on the march. Suwaroff reached Muotta with the leading division, at 8 o'clock in the morning, having been all night on the mountain; and the rear division only came up at sunset on the 29th, sixty hours after the departure of the van. No sooner was the main body at a distance, than the rattling of musketry told that Le Courbe was already attacking the rear-guard; and the fatigued, barefooted, and heavily-laden soldier was forced to exert the last breath of life to escape destruction from the foe, and to drag himself along from rock to rock over paths rendered slippery, and doubly dangerous, by the rain and by the collected cataracts descending from all the overhanging cliffs. Every chasm and ravine was filled with sick, straggling, and exhausted men, and with lamed and dying beasts of burden. How many perished in this dismal march, because the last spark of life gave way before the haven of hope was reached, or because a false step hurled them headlong down the frightful precipice, has never been mentioned; but the peasantry of these retired valleys speak, even to this day, with wonder and astonishment of this unrivalled expedition.

At Muotta, Suwaroff heard the disastrous news of the battle of Zurich, and then only became aware of the full peril of his own situation. The attack made by Le Courbe on the rear-guard had been easily repulsed. But Massena, having left a corps to pursue Korsacoff, was advancing from Schwytz with the greater part of his victorious army, while General Molitor was already in possession of the passes leading out of the Muotta valley. Nothing but the greatest boldness and daring could save a suffering and exhausted army so situated. On the morning of the 30th September the troops began their march towards Glarus; which, if not exactly a retrograde, was no longer an offensive movement; it was, for the moment at least, a total abandonment of the intended conquest of Switzerland. Even edging

away from the enemy cost the proud spirit of Suwaroff a terrible effort, and he yielded only to absolute necessity; for it was evidently impossible with his worn-out troops, destitute of cavalry and artillery, and short of ammunition, to face three times their number of French soldiers flushed with recent victory. General Moliter was driven on before the advanced columns; he defended position after position with great bravery, but was constantly forced to give way. On the 1st of October, and while the van of the army was thus engaged, Massena arrived from Schwytz, and fell with his victorious troops on the rear. This attack was either so badly made or so bravely resisted, that the French experienced a signal overthrow, and were forced to retire, leaving a vast number of killed and wounded on the field, and 1000 prisoners, together with five pieces of artillery, in the hands of the conquerors. This is, under all the circumstances of the case, one of the most extraordinary victories ever achieved in war: it is like the wounded bear crushing, in his dying grasp, the heedless huntsman who ventured to follow him to his last den of death and despair.

The army reached Glarus on the same day, and having there found a magazine of provisions, Suwaroff despatched General Auffenberg to secure the passes into the Grisons, and gave the remainder of his army three days' rest. Surrounded on all sides by vastly superior numbers, even this delay seemed dangerous; but the inactivity of the French justified the measure, and on the morning of the 5th, the army resumed its toilsome march. To reach the valley of the Rhine they had to pass the lofty mountain-ridge, called the Panixberg, less difficult, indeed, than the Kizig Kulm, for it is crossed by a bridle-road, but the snow which had fallen for two days had covered the face of the hill and rendered it completely trackless. The wearied soldiers who, for fourteen days, had been toiling incessantly to climb the rocky masses that met them at every turn, began to fancy themselves under the power of evil spirits, determined to effect their destruction by enclosing them in these labyrinths of desolation. On the morning of 6th they ascended the Panixberg: far as the eye could reach from this mighty Alpine height the whole country presented only one vast desert of snow; no path, no mark of human habitation was visible; nor did a single bush, or pine, offer the possibility of kindling a spark of cheering fire. On the eastern side, a cold wind had congealed the snow and covered the face of the mountain with a complete sheet of ice; so that the fall of the foremost men and horses was the only warning for the rearmost to seek better paths. The whole day was passed in this manner, and it was with difficulty that the advance-guard and the head-quarters reached the village of Panix late at night. The main column, encumbered with sick and wounded, remained all night under a frosty sky, on the top of the snow-covered mountain. More than 200 men, and all the remaining beasts of burden, perished during this night: the few mountain guns still left had to be thrown down the precipice, and it was only on the evening of the 8th that the last of the stragglers reached the village. On the 10th all the remains of the army were assembled at Ilanz, where ended the sufferings of this Alpine march. In the valley of the Rhine the troops found supplies, and a good road leading to the Lake of Constance. The French made no attempt to impede the retreat after the action of Glarus, and showed a singular want of energy and ability in all their operations against the Russian field-marshal. It was evident that Massena had no wish to risk the laurels of Zurich in a desperate combat with the conqueror of Novi. The Archduke Charles had taken Mannheim, and the French to raise the siege of Philipsberg, — operations which could have no influence

on the fate of the campaign, — when the news of the disasters in Switzerland reached him. He instantly hurried back to the Danube; and arrived with his whole army at Donaueschingen on the 7th of October, at the very time when, on his side, Suwaroff reached Ilanz. Here another golden opportunity for deciding the fate of the campaign was again offered to his Imperial Highness. Korsacoff, terrified by the orders of Suwaroff, who, on peril of his life, commanded him not to retire another step, had already turned upon the pursuing foe, though with little effect; but had the Archduke joined him with the whole of his unbroken army, and fallen with this combined force upon the scattered enemy, success was almost certain. The French were already half vanquished by the ardour of pursuit; elated with conquest, they had thrown themselves after the allies, and in long, thin, unconnected columns, were traversing, like a mountain torrent, split by intervening rocks, all the valleys and ravines of Switzerland, from the St. Gothard to the Lake of Constance; so that an efficient and compact body could hardly fail to crush them in detail. But though success was at that moment more necessary than ever, not to check an enemy, but to gain an ally, — for the Russians were already loud in their complaints of actual treason, — the Archduke remained, as usual, inactive in his camp. Victory is a female, and as pitiless as the rest of her sex when scorned; and never smiled upon his Imperial Highness again. The ruin of mighty lands had, unfortunately, to pay the forfeit of the gentleman's errors and of the lady's caprices.

On the 12th of October Suwaroff removed to Feldkirch, from whence he sent to the Archduke Charles a plan for a combined movement against the enemy. Writing to his friends at the same time, he expresses his conviction, however, that no efficient assistance is to be expected from the Austrian field-marshal, without whose aid the Russian army is no longer in condition to bring offensive operations to any successful termination. This expectation was but too truly fulfilled. The Archduke, instead of promising full and active co-operation, and striving to sooth and gain the old, and naturally irritated soldier, criticised the plan, — proposed other measures, — without saying a word about aiding them; thus appearing only to advise or instruct, and ended by asking for any early meeting in order to arrange future operations. This was the last drop of water which made the goblet overflow. Suwaroff sent an evasive answer, showing the full bitterness of his feelings. And when, on the 16th, an aide-de-camp of the Archduke came to renew the application for a meeting, the old man's anger could contain itself no longer. "Tell his Imperial Highness," said Suwaroff, "that I know nothing about defensive warfare; I only know how to attack. I shall advance when I think proper, and shall not stop in Switzerland, but proceed immediately into France. Tell him farther, that at Vienna I shall be at his feet; but here I am at least his equal. He is a field-marshal, and so am I; he is in the service of a great emperor, and so am I; he is young, I am old. Victories have given me experience; I have no counsel to take from any one, and take none except from God and my sword." Having once given scope to his passion, he broke out into bitter complaints against the Austrians, and declared his intention of retiring into winter-quarters. All attempts of the Archduke to make him change his resolution were unavailing. Suwaroff proposed to establish his head-quarters at Augsburg, and his Imperial Highness was inconsiderate enough to remonstrate against the choice of that particular place, as it interfered with the Austrian line of communication. "Would it be more agreeable," replied the old marshal, "that I should retire into

Bohemia?" Writing to the Archduke on the 1st of November, he says, "In your letter of the 30th ult. you make use, in regard to me, of the word 'retreat:' against this I beg to protest, having never, in the whole course of my life, known that word, or 'defensive war;' which cost us 10,000 men in the Tyrol at the opening of the campaign; a greater loss than we sustained during the whole course of it in Italy."

As long as wars are carried on by men of mere earthly mould, influenced by human feelings and passions; so long must a knowledge of human character form the first requisite of an officer; and yet it is nearly the last attended to in all ranks; and the extreme want of tact and judgment displayed by the Archduke Charles and the Austrian cabinet in their intercourse with Suwaroff, must detract greatly from their claims to fitness for the high situations which they filled.

In the first instance the Russian army only fell back to Augsburg; but the representations of Suwaroff, the Grand Duke Constantine, and other officers, had been so unfavourable to the Austrian government, that the Emperor Paul recalled the troops and renounced the alliance. The Emperor Francis, with whom Suwaroff had always corresponded in the most friendly terms, as well as the Archduke Charles, used every effort to detain the field-marshal; but in vain. All they could obtain was a promise that he would wait for further orders at Prague, and return to the field if commanded. As no such orders arrived, he proceeded on his march, and led the army back into Russia. That he had great reason to complain of the Austrian government, is certain; but this sudden abandonment of the cause, which he and his sovereign looked upon as an honourable one, and in support of which he had performed so many brilliant actions,—the unexpected forsaking of an ally, called to the field by Russian promises,—seems hardly to admit of any defence: for in his high station it was a crime to allow personal anger to influence public conduct. His march through Switzerland was one of victory rather than of defeat; and such even the result would have proved, if, with the conviction of having performed great actions, and with the consciousness of being equal almost to the greatest, he had not allowed a hatred of the Austrians to spring up in his breast and smother all the better feelings of his nature. By yielding to unworthy resentment, he excluded himself from the brilliant career allotted to him; exchanged the noble part he was called upon to act in directing the efforts of civilised nations, for that of a mere Tartar khan, who in a moment of barbaric rage, calls out to horse, and gallops back to his deserts, followed by the whole of his savage horde.

Suwaroff, had been invited to Petersburg where he was to be received with triumphal honours; but he was taken ill on the road and confined to bed for several weeks at Kotryn. During this time his enemies contrived to excite the displeasure of the weak-minded Paul against him. In the course of the campaign Suwaroff had occasionally neglected some of those points of military etiquette on which little minds place such great value, and the emperor issued an order, which he caused to be read at the head of every regiment, and which was to the effect that, "the general-in-chief, Prince Italinsky, deserved the utmost censure for having disobeyed the orders of the emperor." The blow struck the old man severely, and again threw him back on his bed of sickness, and he was often heard to exclaim that he had lived too long. He recovered sufficiently however to proceed to Petersburg, which he only entered after dusk; the guard with military honours, he went immediately to the house of a relative in a retired part of the town, where none of his friends were allowed

to visit him. This mark of imperial displeasure, together with the grief occasioned by seeing himself totally abandoned by the world in the hour of affliction, pressed heavily upon him, and he declined rapidly. The emperor relented indeed, at last; but it was too late: exhausted by toil, suffering, sorrow and anxiety, the old man breathed his last on the 18th May, 1800, in the seventy-first year of his age.

HISTORY OF THE LATE DEBATE.

HAVING in our last number, and in reference to the debate upon the motion of the Earl of Roden, discussed at considerable length the merits of the Marquis of Normanby's government in Ireland, we think it unnecessary to enter into any very extensive details in relation to the same subject upon the present occasion. As, however, the debate which has just been concluded in the House of Commons upon the resolution proposed by Lord John Russell has elicited some rather unexpected exhibitions, and is likely to lead to some very important consequences, it will be desirable to take a general view of the present condition of the whole controversy. It will of course not be forgotten that upon the 21st of April the Earl of Roden, deputy grand master of the Orangemen of Ireland, made a long address to the House of Lords, for the purpose of proving that crime had never by any former government been suffered to go forward to the extent to which it had been allowed to proceed under the government of the Marquis of Normanby. It will also be recollected that the statements of fact made by the noble Earl in the course of his speech rested for the most part upon the communications of certain magistrates, who to all mankind, except the noble Earl himself, were and are altogether anonymous; as not only the names, but even the local habitations of the so called conservators of the peace, were at their own request kept a secret from the world; and that in so far as the statements of Lord Roden could be fixed down to any particular time or place, they were completely refuted by the Marquis of Normanby, whose speech upon the occasion made an end in the minds of all candid persons to all doubt about the merits of the case.

Our readers will also recollect that in the article to which we allude, we ourselves established the utter absence of truth which distinguished some of the statements which had been trumpeted with the greatest vehemence,—as the extraordinary tale about the murder of Mr. Reynolds, who was not murdered at all; that we called upon the public to suspend their judgments upon the remainder of the anonymous allegations, until the production of some authentic information upon the subject; and that all the anticipations which we then expressed as to the result of further discussion and of more explicit and authoritative intelligence have in every respect been completely fulfilled. We concluded, from the circumstances which we have mentioned, that the proceeding of the Orange party in the House of Lords was not really what it professed to be, but that there was in view a different object from that at which they pretended to aim.

With regard to the end which the noble deputy grand master really pro-

posed to himself, we do not think that any judicious person can entertain any doubt upon that point. It seems to be quite evident that his object, and that of the party who supported him upon the occasion, was to transfer the executive government of Ireland from the Castle of Dublin to a select committee of the House of Lords. To establish in "the bosom of the seigniory" a "council of ten," or of eighteen, which, after having governed Ireland upon the principles and for the purposes of an Orange oligarchy, would in time be prepared to extend the same happy form of administration to the remainder of the empire.

The introduction of witnesses in masquerade was an appropriate concomitant to such an effort; and we doubt not but that if the plot had only been successful, we should behold in due time a very considerable similitude in much more important particulars between the constitution of England and that of Venice. This naked assumption of the executive power into the hands of the aristocracy is entirely without precedent, since there has existed in this country any distribution of public power having any pretensions to the designation of a constitution. When the House of Lords actually possessed the whole power of the state, they had the discretion to exercise it through the medium of that branch of the legislature which *professed at least* to represent the general body of the population; and in a country where, according to the theory of the constitution, the government was said to be conducted for the general interests, and in accordance with the public opinion of the whole community, so much deference was paid to this hypothesis that the members of the House of Commons were allowed to assume the appearance of controlling every part of the administration. It was thought that the Reform Bill very effectually altered this condition of affairs; and whatever may be said of the defects of that measure in its composition or in its consequences, it has had, for a time at least, the effect of inducing a general belief that it had abolished the supremacy of the aristocracy in the legislature. The aristocracy themselves were so completely amazed by what appeared to be so vast an alteration in their condition, that for some time

"They lay astounded on the oblivious pool,
Groveling and prostrate —
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height."

Having, however, slowly returned to a sense of their actual condition, they began to discover that the state of affairs was not so bad as it appeared; and accordingly, after a little time, they tested the reality of their power by legislative obstruction; and finding that the popular branch of the legislature, headed by the administration, submitted, as we think, most injuriously and ingloriously to such obstruction, they have now made an effort to seize the executive authority, and so to concentrate within their own body the whole power of the state.

In these circumstances it became the imperative duty of the leader of the ministry in the House of Commons to resist *in limine* this daring encroachment; and accordingly, upon the very day when the select committee was appointed, Lord John Russell gave notice that he should take the earliest opportunity of calling upon the House of Commons explicitly and directly to express their approbation of the course of government which had been condemned by the House of Lords. This motion came before the House of Commons on Monday, the 16th instant; upon which occasion Sir Robert Peel moved an amendment in the following words: —

"Resolved — That, on the 13th day of March last, a motion was made in this House for the production of various documents connected with the state of Ireland in respect to crime and outrage, including communications made to the Irish government relating to offences connected with Ribandism, and all memorials, resolutions, and addresses, forwarded to the Irish government by magistrates or other official persons, in respect of crimes and outrages committed in Ireland, and the answers thereto.

"That the period included within the returns so called for extends from the commencement of the year 1835 to the present time; and that the motion made for the production of them was assented to by this House, no opposition to it having been offered on the part of her Majesty's government.

"That, on the 21st day of March last, the House of Lords appointed a select committee 'to inquire into the state of Ireland since the year 1835, in respect to crime and outrage, which have rendered life and property insecure in that part of the empire.'

"That, in consequence of the appointment of such committee by the House of Lords, it has been proposed that this House should resolve, 'That it is the opinion of this House that it is expedient to persevere in those principles which have guided the executive government of Ireland of late years, and which have tended to the effectual administration of the law and the general improvement of that part of the United Kingdom.'

"Resolved — That it appears to this House that the appointment of a committee of inquiry by the House of Lords, under the circumstances and for the purpose above mentioned, does not justify her Majesty's ministers in calling upon this House without previous inquiry, or even the production of the information which this House has required, to make a declaration of opinion with respect to one branch of the public policy of the executive government, still less a declaration of opinion which is neither explicit as to the principles which it professes to approve, nor definite as to the period to which it refers: and that it is not fitting that this House should adopt a proceeding which has the appearance of calling in question the undoubted right of the House of Lords to inquire into the state of Ireland in respect to crime and outrage, more especially when the exercise of that right by the House of Lords does not interfere with any previous proceeding or resolution of the House of Commons, nor with the progress of any legislative measure assented to by the House of Commons, or at present under its consideration."

The first four paragraphs of this amendment are what Mr. Charles Knight would call "Contributions" to the Parliamentary History of the Year 1839. Whether that eminent publisher will think fit to include them with the numerous interesting and important publications with which he has already favoured the world under the same designation, is, however, a little doubtful. Having thus recited in the first resolution the events of the 13th of March in the House of Commons, and of the 21st of the same month in the House of Lords, he goes on in the second resolution to submit that the preceding facts, taken *in cumulo*, did not justify the government in calling upon the House of Commons to make an absolute and express declaration of their opinion upon the matter which is now the subject of inquiry before the Lords. The amendment had therefore no reference whatever to the merits of the question in issue; and it was merely an elaborate and complex formula, constructed for the purpose of deprecating discussion. The discussion, however, has taken place; and considering its own importance, as well as its probable consequences in several respects, we think that we cannot occupy the remainder of the space devoted to this article in a more profitable manner than by giving a short summary of the whole debate, interspersed and followed by such observations as appear to ourselves to be appropriate and important.

Lord John Russell opened the discussion by referring to the proceedings in the House of Lords; in reference to which he very pertinently observed, that the name of the mover himself (the Earl of Roden) was sufficient to excite suspicion in Ireland. (Loud cheers.) "When we know," said Lord John Russell, "the officer in command, we can have little doubt of the colour of the flag." The constitutional principle which regulated and restricted the respective authority of the two Houses of Parliament his lordship laid down in the following words: —

"You cannot have the policy of the executive carried on according to the opinion of the House of Commons and also according to the opinion of the House of Lords: when they differ you must take the opinion of one or the other. I say the opinion of the House of Commons ought to be expressed on the subject; and I say if the opinion of the House of Commons differ from the opinion of the House of Lords, then—according to the practice of the constitution of this country—according to the power vested in the House of Commons—the opinion of the House of Commons on this subject ought to prevail."

After which his lordship proceeded to lay open the original causes of the present evils of Ireland. This part of the subject, which is of such unlimited importance, has been so seldom touched upon in the discussions which have taken place in Parliament, that we shall make no apology for quoting the passage at some length. We purpose ourselves to take the earliest opportunity of completely developing the case in this respect. Lord John Russell observes—

"Now, sir, I come to that which is no doubt the important question, upon which this House, if they agree with me so far, ought to decide, and on which I fear I must trouble them at considerable length, and with much detail. For we are resolved to bring before them,—in order that the house and the country may know what at least have been our views with regard to the state of Ireland, that they may not be led away by partial statements with respect to the outrages and crimes which have taken place—that they may not conclude from the words of this resolution of the House of Lords that outrages and crime have so prevailed because the administration of the government have been in the hands of men of liberal inclinations, and of liberal policy—but that they may see to what are owing the crime and outrage existing in Ireland,—to what it is owing that at the present time crime and outrage have not been repressed, but that there still remain evils the seeds of which were sown in other days [cheers], and which require not four years but forty years [cheers] to be successfully eradicated. I will go back for this purpose to a year at the commencement of the reign of George III. In the commencement of the reign of George III. we find accounts of attacks upon houses, of persons going about armed forcing others to give up land, of persons going about disguised at night, of witnesses being threatened, of force being used, and combined force, in order to carry into effect the objects which the conspirators had in view. Now this state of things, lawless and turbulent as it was, was not very much different from the state in which other countries have been—not very much different from the state in which this country is represented to have been in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth. Neither was it exceedingly different from the state in which Scotland was represented by one of the ablest of her writers to have been at the period of the revolution of 1688. There was nothing in the circumstances of those periods to which the wisdom of the ministers of Elizabeth and the wisdom of the ministers of William III. was not capable of applying a remedy. Is there anything in the nature of the Irish people which forbids that outrage and crime should be successfully met, and a remedy effectively applied? I think no one can deny that, looking at the upper classes of society, no men have shown greater talent, greater pregnancy of wit, or greater aptitude for the pursuits of arts and arms than the people of Ireland. As to the lower classes, whether we view them as soldiers in the service of their country—or workmen in the various departments of labour—no men have been more remarkable for valour or industry, or have evinced more of the qualities by which a country can rise to eminence. There is nothing in the character of the people themselves which forbids that their evils should be successfully met. But I will read what was said upon the causes of the state of things existing in Ireland not very long after—about ten years after—the passing of the Whiteboy Act. It is useful that I should state this; it is proper that the House should know of it, because honourable members are aware how much the Marquess of Normanby has been condemned for declaring that 'property has its duties as well as its rights' [cheers]; and it is, sir, in my opinion, the neglect of those duties in past times which has led to much of the misery of the present time [hear, hear!]. I wish to read upon this point the opinion of Mr. Fitzgibbon—afterwards Lord Clare; one who, it must be admitted, was not a very popular noblemen; and who was afterwards a great leader in the government of Ireland [hear!].

"After alluding to the attempt to raise the price of labour, he proceeds to say—'I am very well acquainted with the province of Munster, and I know that it is impossible for human wretchedness to exceed that of the miserable peasantry in that province. I know that the unhappy tenantry are ground to powder by relentless landlords. I know that, far from being able to give the clergy their just dues, they have not food or raiment for themselves: the landlord grasps the whole; and, sorry am I to add, that, not satisfied with—'

present extortion, some landlords have been so base as to instigate the insurgents to rob the clergy of their tithes ; not in order to alleviate the distresses of the tenantry, but that they might add the clergy's share to the cruel rack-rents already paid.' That was the character given of the landlords by Mr. Fitzgibbon, as the Attorney-General, I should like to know what he would have said if he had been told that it was not competent for him to express the simple opinion that 'property has its duties as well as its rights.' Would to God that Mr. Drummond's opinion and his description on this subject could be only accounted correct as to the past time, and that he could make an exception as to the existing landlords of Ireland ! I have now to quote another description of the state of the country, and the cause why it was not remedied. It is from the work and letters of Arthur Young, who after stating that the people were treated better and better, says : — 'The age has improved so much in humanity, that even the poor Irish have experienced its influence, and are every day treated better and better ; but still the remnant of the old manners, the abominable distinction of religion united with the oppressive conduct of the little country gentlemen, or rather vermin of the kingdom, who never were out of it, altogether still bear, very hard, on the poor people, and subject them to situations more mortifying than we ever behold in England. The landlord of an Irish estate inhabited by Roman Catholics is a sort of despot, who yields obedience in whatever concerns the poor to no law but that of his will. To discover what the liberty of a people is, we must live among them, and not look for it in the statutes of the realm : the language of the written law may be that of liberty, but the situation of the poor may speak no language but that of slavery. There is too much of this contradiction in Ireland ; a long series of oppressions, aided by many very ill-judged laws, have brought landlords into a habit of exerting a very lofty superiority, and their vassals into that of an almost unlimited submission. A landlord in Ireland can scarcely invent an order which a servant, labourer, or cotter dares refuse to execute. Nothing satisfies him but unlimited submission. Disrespect, or anything tending towards sauciness, he may punish with his cane or his horsewhip with the most perfect security. A poor man would have his bones broken if he offered to lift his hand in his own defence.' This is the description, in very plain and humble terms, of the then condition of the peasantry. I shall take another description on this matter from a writer, whose name I may mention as that of a man than whom there never was one of more philosophy, of more eloquence, or of more reflection, as a statesman. The extract is from Burke, who, in writing to Sir Hercules Langrishe with respect to Ireland, observes — 'You, who have looked deeply into the spirit of the popery laws, must be perfectly sensible that a great part of the present mischief which we abhor, in common (if not all that exists), has arisen from them. *Their declared object was to reduce the Catholics of Ireland to a miserable populace, without property, without estimation, without education.* The professed object was to deprive the few men who, in spite of those laws, might hold or obtain any property amongst them, of all sorts of influence or authority over the rest ; they divided the nation into two distinct bodies, without common interest, sympathy, or connection. One of these bodies was to possess all the franchises, all the property, all the education ; the other was to be composed of drawers of water and cutters of turf for them. Are we to be astonished when by the efforts of so much violence in conquest, and so much policy in regulation, continued without intermission for near one hundred years, we had reduced them to a mob that whenever they came to act at all many of them would act exactly like a mob, without temper, measure, or foresight ?' This is an extract which shows, I think, most plainly and most truly, what was the condition of Ireland at the time."

The noble lord next adverted to the laws, unexampled in atrocity, which had been enacted for the repression of the outrages which grew of necessity out of such a state of society ; and then added, "that he found in the legislation of the period no measure having for its object to remove the cause of those evils by improving the condition of the people. The consequence of this omission was, that whilst the most important and extensive improvements were taking place in the condition of every other people in Europe, the history of Ireland presented nothing but a series of the same disorders, outrages, and calamities which prevail at the present day. During the whole of the period to which he alluded, the government of that unhappy country was in the hands of the party of the noble earl who led on the attack upon Lord Normanby, and who would have us believe that a liberal and merciful government, which had for the first time done equal and impartial justice to the people, had thereby led to the increase of outrage and of crime." As an instance of the recklessness with which such assertions had been made upon the present occasion by that party, his lordship referred to the despatch of Lord Oxmantown to Mr. Littleton in 1834, in which he

represented the Irish peasantry as a horde of savages and fiends, whose crimes rendered the country uninhabitable, and forced the peaceable part of the population to emigrate to America; whereas the same noble lord, in speaking at the late meeting in the King's County of the character of the same peasantry up to Lord Normanby's arrival in 1835, painted them in colours which brought back the recollection of the ancient shepherds of Sicily and Arcadia. It had also been affirmed, and we believe not untruly, by Lord Oxmantown, in the despatch referred to, that it was at that time safer to violate the law than to obey it. Adverting to this assertion, Lord John Russell declared that such a state of affairs resulted from the impression which generally prevailed amongst the people, that in criminal trials of every description fair and impartial justice was not to be expected from the established tribunals of that country. We ourselves, like every body else acquainted with the sentiments and feelings of the Irish population, can bear testimony to the existence of the impression of which we speak; and we have no hesitation in saying that, to a great extent, it was well founded. That juries were continually packed for the condemnation of culprits, and that in the most shameless and sanguinary manner, is a fact as notorious as that Ireland is an island in the Atlantic ocean. That such proceedings have occurred at comparatively late periods, in the presence and with the apparent sanction of the judges, is equally certain; that prisoners were tried by persons who were notoriously inflamed with the fiercest hostility to them, and that even the committing justice (!) has sometimes passed into the jury box and become an active party to the ultimate conviction: these are matters equally out of controversy. That the administration of justice should in such circumstances be not only suspected but abhorred by the population, is a result which can surprise nobody. During Lord Normanby's government, for the first time this system has been abolished, and a fair and impartial trial secured to every individual; and the result, as may be supposed, and as we are informed by Mr. Matthew Barrington, is that the circuits "exhibit the most satisfactory evidence of the improving condition of the country, and of the increasing confidence of the people in the administration of justice." We think it unnecessary to dwell any longer upon Lord John Russell's speech, as it will be more satisfactory to touch upon some of the remaining topics in another part of this paper. We agree, however, with the "Morning Chronicle" in thinking that "some very important inferences are to be drawn" from several parts of it, and to those parts we shall take care to revert upon a future occasion.

After Lord John Russell had resumed his seat, Sir Robert Peel rose to move his amendment; and we shall venture to say that so extraordinary an address as that of the right honourable baronet was never heard within that house. The professed object of the right honourable baronet was, of course, to justify the proceedings of the House of Lords, and to prevent the House of Commons from adopting the resolution which approved of the manner in which Lord Normanby had administered the government of Ireland. Yet, having this object in view, he said, "I do not say that the Irish government has encouraged crime" — "I will not vote any censure, nor concur in any censure of Lord Normanby," — "whose government is, in several respects, entitled to my highest approbation." Quintilian has observed that the surest evidence which any man could have of the correctness of his judgment and the purity of his taste in his deriving great delight from perusing the productions of Cicero: *Ille se multum profecisse in hac re sciat cui Cicero valde placebit.* We believe that the quantity of virtue and wisdom contained in any man's opinions and

conduct upon the subject of the administration of Ireland will always be very exactly indicated by the degree in which he is gratified by the contemplation of Lord Normanby's government; and we cannot, therefore, help sincerely congratulating the right honourable baronet upon the "proficiency" which he has made in this respect since the time when he governed Ireland himself, and when the humanity, wisdom, and impartiality which distinguished the government of the noble marquess, and have formed a precedent for all posterity, were so far from being exhibited by the right honourable baronet, that very few persons were sanguine enough to anticipate that they would ever be exhibited by any governor at all. To return to the speech of Sir Robert Peel, it was, in so far as it applied to the amendment, an immense expansion of the nothingness and indirectness of the amendment itself. It consisted of a huge fasciculus of allusions, evasions, qualifications, exceptions, limitations, and suppositions, "antitheses and pariseses;" having nothing direct or practical, and scarcely anything even palpable to the touch of ordinary intelligence, and resembled altogether the operation of manipulating a cloud. An extract or two from the speech will, we think, completely exemplify and justify the observations which we have made upon its character.

The right honourable baronet says:—

"But coming to the motion before the house, there are two propositions which I have to adduce in support of my amendment, and in destruction of the resolution of the noble lord. In the first place, I submit that it is not suitable to the character or functions of the House of Commons to make *abstract* declarations of opinion respecting the public policy of government, *unless under peculiar and special circumstances*; and in the next place, that the objections to abstract declarations of opinion are infinitely aggravated when they are sought to be the cause of an *unjust* conflict with the House of Lords. If I establish either of these propositions, I then think I shall have given a conclusive answer to the noble lord's resolution. I say, in the first place, that declarations of confidence should be resorted to *with extreme caution*; they should be rather inferred by the general support which this house gives to the executive government, and the manner in which it deals with the measures proposed for its consideration by the ministry, than declared by *abstract* resolutions of this sort [hear!]. *There certainly are occasions which may justify a government in calling for such an expression of confidence on the part of the House of Commons*; but the occasions are rare indeed which should justify the selection of one particular feature in the policy of the government, to the exclusion of the general consideration of the whole course of policy of the government; and it would be leading to great embarrassment, both to this house and the government, if such a practice were often resorted to. It would be difficult to conceive the existence of any government, however perfect in its general policy, which should not make some errors, or adopt some individual course of policy which the House of Commons could not justify or approve of if appealed to for its opinion; and then this evil would result to the country from our coming to a vote of partial approbation or condemnation, that we should leave the public in utter doubt and ignorance whether the House of Commons approved or not of the general conduct and policy of the government. It would be impossible for any government to stand in the face of such a system of procedure on the part of this house, because if any ground or point of policy were to be selected, upon which they might be successfully assailed, the defeat of the government must be the result [hear, hear, hear!]. *Still I am ready to admit that there may be occasions in which a partial declaration of confidence on the part of the House of Commons may be justified.*"

In reference to this, we must, in the first place, observe that we do not understand how a declaration which expresses the approbation of the House of Commons concerning the executive government of Ireland by Lord Normanby from April, 1835, to the beginning of 1839 (for that is in substance the nature of Lord John Russell's resolution), can with any propriety of language be called an *abstract* declaration at all. We were certainly under an impression that an abstraction was a very different sort of article from the present resolution. But, not to dwell upon verbal subtleties, we take leave to ask whether the *circumstances* in which the resolu-

tion has been moved are not of that *special* and *peculiar* character, which, according to Sir Robert Peel himself, afford a justification of the course which has been adopted? Is it not a very special circumstance that the House of Lords should, under the futile and flimsy disguise of the appointment of a committee of inquiry, give utterance to a fierce and sweeping denunciation of a government which in several respects is honoured with Sir Robert Peel's own highest approbation, and that they have falsely and calumniously denounced, as the abettor and encourager of crime and outrage in Ireland, a nobleman concerning whom Sir Robert has declared he will vote no censure, nor concur in any censure upon him, and that he will as little give any countenance to the declaration of the Earl of Roden that Lord Normanby had given more encouragement to the perpetrators of outrage in Ireland than any of his predecessors? Is there nothing special in the imputations made in the House of Lords upon Lord Normanby, which imputations — if Sir Robert Peel's views and conduct be correct — must be as false as they are fierce? If ever circumstances were special, these are — so very special, indeed, as to be entirely unprecedented. But it appears that the irregularity of resolving this “*abstract* resolution, except under *special circumstances*,” would be much aggravated if the abstraction is to be made the cause of an *unjust* conflict with the House of Lords. But if the resolution of Lord John Russell be a mere abstraction, how can it conflict with any thing? Even the proceeding of the House of Lords is described as a sort of abstraction of another kind. The “*seignior*,” by resolving to inquire into the crimes and outrages which *rendered life and property insecure in Ireland from 1835 to 1839*, did not intend to censure any body at all, or even to affirm any thing in a positive shape. So says Sir Robert Peel; “so say they all of them” upon the same side of the question. Yet it would seem that the words printed in italics enunciate a very positive and a very important proposition; and if the speeches are to be taken as a commentary upon the motion, we may safely conclude that a more positive, or more special, or more personal proceeding, never was adopted in that house. But if we are mistaken in this matter, whence comes the collision? What are the bodies to collide, and what the causes? There are, according to the account of Sir Robert Peel, neither one nor the other. But supposing a collision to be possible, it is evidently a contingency and a futurity. If the “council of ten,” or of eighteen, shall adopt the sentiments and the language of Sir Robert Peel about the Marquis of Normanby's government in Ireland, and resolve that it is highly desirable to continue to carry on the administration in that country upon the principles which have been adopted of late years, why, “then and in that case,” there will be no jarring all, but “harmony unmingled.” But if a collision is to take place, who will have been the authors of it? It does not appear that as yet we have very decidedly established any legislative law of the road for the regulation of collisions of this kind; but it is quite certain if the collision were to occur between two stage instead of two state coaches, that the collision would be attributed to the party who had made the first move, and gone to the wrong side of the road. We do not think it necessary upon our own parts to say any more upon this point. We cannot, however, leave it without drawing the attention of our readers to a passage in which the subject has been touched upon by Mr. Horsman, in a letter addressed to one of his constituents, that we think her Majesty's government will do well to give a candid and careful attention to the suggestions which it contains. The following is an extract of the letter: —

"The chief objection urged against Lord John Russell's motion was its tendency to bring us into collision with the House of Lords. I own that, with me, that was its greatest commendation. I am no enemy to the Lords, unless they show themselves enemies to the people. I would not deprive them of any of their rights, but neither would I suffer them to trample on the rights of others. For some time past they have systematically impeded the functions of the government, and stemmed the progress of wholesome legislation. The time is now come for us to decide how the country is to be ruled; whether by a liberal majority in the House of Commons, or by an illiberal and irresponsible majority in the House of Lords. The collision is not recently begun; for five years past the two houses have been at variance, and that of the people has ever given way. For the first time in the history of this country, we see its affairs administered by men who have been brought in by the popular will, and yet are unable to achieve a single popular measure. Long and patiently has the nation watched for some effort of the government to emancipate itself from the thralldom of the Lords; but its disappointment has been equal to its patience. Some there are who think that even now, at the eleventh hour, the struggle is to be made. I confess my fears on that head are stronger than my hopes — I look in vain for any such symptoms of reviving energy; and I regret to find I am not a solitary example among the adherents of the ministry who are compelled to feel towards them less of confidence than goodwill."

Upon the other parts of Sir Robert Peel's speech it is unnecessary to say much. The vehemence with which he expressed his determination to say "no" to the resolution of Lord John Russell only showed the necessity under which he laboured of screwing his courage up to the sticking place by internal excitement. This, and all the other gross inconsistencies of his speech and conduct upon the occasion, were the inevitable results of his position as the leader of a party who have neither learnt nor forgotten any thing, and with whom it is presumed, at this time of day, the right honourable baronet can have very little in common. He expressed his disapprobation of the calumnies which are annually poured out in Exeter Hall against the Catholic priesthood of Ireland. The Earl of Roden, in the House of Lords, denounced the same priesthood as the objects of indispensable extermination; and similar sentiments were expressed in the House of Commons by Mr. Plumptre, who appropriately represents the orthodoxy and enlightenment of the Tom-Courtenayites of Kent. There can be very little accordance of judgment and very little sympathy of feeling between persons entertaining opinions and sentiments so contradictory as those professed by the right honourable baronet and a large body of his followers. But although he occasionally is ashamed to march through Coventry with them, yet the exigencies of his ambition prevent him from surrendering his commission and allowing any other individual to be

"By merit raised to that bad eminence."

we think that the whole of his speech upon the late occasion is a complete exhibition of the state of mind necessarily produced by this condition of circumstances.

Passing over several of the other speeches, we arrive at the oration of Sir Robert Bateson, one of the most decided members of the Roden party, who characterised the population of Ireland in the following words: —

"The people of Ireland were a warm-hearted, generous, honest, and susceptible people; but they were susceptible of bad as well as of good feelings, and they were not allowed to follow the dictates of their own feelings, but were worked upon by interested persons, who kept them in a state of constant excitement. Poverty made them an easy prey to those who designedly wished, for base, sordid, and selfish purposes, to excite them [hear, hear!]. Those persons had to answer for the present state of Ireland. They had to answer for the bloodshed that had unhappily disgraced Ireland; and he could tell the honourable gentlemen opposite this, that if they ceased from agitation, and, without reference to Protestants or Roman Catholics, Whigs or Tories, lent themselves to advance the real improvement and benefit of the people, to educate them in the knowledge of their duty to God and man, to provide employment for them, and to abstain from exciting the tenant and labourer against the landlord and

master, the people of Ireland would soon be in a very different condition to that in which they were placed at present [hear, hear !].”

The perusal of this passage, and especially of the parts printed in italics, must be highly amusing to all who are acquainted with the history of the party to which Sir R. Bateson belongs, and who are, therefore, aware that the whole policy of that party at all times “at the beginning and now both was and is” to perpetuate the poverty and prevent the education of this “honest, generous, and warm-hearted people.”

Sir R. Bateson was followed by Mr. Grote, who had no objection to bestow the highest encomiums upon Lord Normanby's government; which vote, however, he could not give without declaring that “the government of the noble marquis shone out in remarkable contrast to the general course of proceeding of her Majesty's ministers.” He stated further, that “he could not conceal from himself that there lay wrapped up in the literal and primary sense of the resolution of Lord John Russell a negation of a vote of censure, and therefore unavoidably a vote implying more or less of *general* approbation and confidence.” For our parts, we are unable to perceive any traces of that which intruded itself so irresistibly upon the vision of the honourable member. The objection of Sir Robert Peel upon this point was, that the government had *only* called for a *partial vote* of approbation upon a *particular branch* of their policy; whilst even Mr. Leader, who generously tendered the ten votes of himself and his friends to Sir Robert Peel for the purpose of turning out the administration upon the merits of their general conduct, lamented that the *decemviri* could not make such a move upon the present occasion, as the ground chosen by the ministers was entirely too narrow for the performance of such a *manœuvre*. The account given by Mr. Gibson of the perplexity into which he was thrown by the number and variety of the glosses which the commentators of the Commons House had put upon the text which had been transmitted from the Lords, certainly very comical:—

“Then, with respect to the question whether the vote of the House of Lords involved a censure upon the ministry. A great deal of difference of opinion seemed to be entertained upon this point. The right honourable baronet denied that it was a vote of censure. The honourable member for Wakefield said it went a great way towards it. The honourable member for Wiltshire said it was an implied censure; and a noble lord had said it was a *prima facie* censure. An illustrious duke in another place [order!] had said it was not a vote of censure. The ministers, however, all said it was a vote of censure; and as for himself, as his experience in parliamentary proceedings was not sufficient to enable him to say whether or not it was a vote of censure, he should, therefore, give no vote at all on the preliminary question.”

Nobody can say that this conduct was not very judicious. Having arrived at the conclusion that he knew nothing about the matter, he determined to leave the decision altogether in the hands of the cognoscent; and instead of following the complicated course of Sir Robert Peel, and resolving that it was not proper to resolve any thing about it, he abstained from a decision without going through the formality of resolving to abstain, and so saved himself one step in the process of doing nothing. Mr. Gibson was followed by Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, from whose excellent speech we have only room to extract the following passages:—

“So little faith did the right honourable member for Tamworth place in the progress of crime and demoralization amongst the Irish people, that his advice was to give them municipal reform; and the right honourable gentleman the member for the University of Dublin could not, with all his talents and influence, induce more than forty members to listen on a former night to his catalogue of charges against his countrymen. The honourable member

for Belfast had last night repelled with indignation the charge of the honourable and learned member for Dublin, that he was a reviler of his country, and indulged in general protestations of affection for the people of Ireland. He could not help thinking, however, that both the honourable gentleman and some of those who succeeded him took a curious way of testifying their goodwill by calling on parliament to treat the Irish as a band of cut-throats and assassins; and by not only drawing up a bill of indictment against a whole people, but pronouncing a verdict against them without inquiry, and impugning the right of exercising any mercy towards them [cheers]. It was a strange subject of delight to represent those who belonged to the same country as distinguished by atrocious barbarism and unmitigated crime [cheers]. He wished to ask the honourable gentlemen opposite one question—'are you prepared to adopt the policy which you must be conscious will be forced on you by the great mass of your supporters, and take on yourselves the responsibility of office?' When the independency of our Indian possessions was threatened—when an insurrection in the colonies had broken out—and when Russia seemed by no means to abandon her aggressive policy, it was considered imprudent to make any proposition in the House of Commons for an increased military force; and was this the time for the right honourable baronet to take on himself the responsibility of sending four regiments into Ireland (for that number would be required) to keep down seven millions of our own subjects, by waging a tithe war, and to restore Orange domination [cheers]?"

But perhaps the most important speech delivered upon the occasion was that of Mr. Pigott, the solicitor-general for Ireland; a gentleman of the most unblemished private character, whose rapid advance in his profession has in modern times been only equalled by that of Sir William Follett, and whose promotion has been, like that of the same eminent individual, entirely the result of his talents and attainments. Mr. Pigott has been connected in some capacity or other with the administration of justice in Ireland since the commencement of Lord Normanby's administration; and the following is the statement which he makes as to the relative amount of crimes and outrages committed during the period in question:—

"I will just read to the house what have been the results on all these points, and I trust that they will bear with me for a short time. In the first place, sir, the honourable baronet who spoke last but one in this debate, was quite correct in his assertion; for there has been in the number of the graver offences a marked diminution. I will tell the house the results from 1834 to 1838, as shown by the police returns. Homicide has diminished 13 per cent.; firing at the person has diminished 55 per cent.; incendiary fires have decreased 17 per cent.; burglaries have decreased 58 per cent.; stealing cattle has diminished 46 per cent.; killing or maiming cattle has diminished 12 per cent.; the administration of unlawful oaths has diminished 66 per cent. [cheers]; illegal notices have diminished 44 per cent.; attacks upon houses have diminished 63 per cent. [cheers]; illegal meetings have decreased 70 per cent. [cheers]; and levelling houses has diminished 65 per cent. [loud cheers]. On the subject of convictions in proportion to committals, comparing the years 1823, 1824, and 1825 with the years 1836, 1837, and 1838, the convictions have increased in proportion to committals from 28 per cent. to 43 per cent. [cheers]; the non-prosecutions in proportion to the committals have diminished from 34 per cent. to 21 per cent. Comparing the years 1822, 1823, and 1824 with the years 1836, 1837, and 1838, the convictions have increased in proportion to the committals from 36 per cent. to 43 per cent.; and the non-prosecutions have diminished from 37 per cent. to 21 per cent. Comparing the year 1834 with the year 1838, there has been this remarkable result:—It appears that the convictions have increased from 40 per cent. to 47 per cent. on the committals, whilst the failures by no bills and no prosecutions have diminished from 36 per cent. to 15 per cent., or about 5-7ths [cheers]. All those results, sir, I have taken from printed documents: they are not drawn up from the reports of the clerks of the peace and of the crown, but they are taken from records which are a check upon those returns, and are made by the inspectors of prisons from the gaol books themselves."

Of the accuracy of the *other returns* furnished by the clerks of the peace, and relied upon by Mr. Shaw and the Duke of Wellington, he presents a sample in the following statement, extracted from a communication of the clerk of the peace for the county of Tipperary.

"With reference to the annexed criminal returns, I beg leave to mention that, as clerk of the peace, I have no means of ascertaining the number of committals in the year. I can

only give a return of the number of persons included in the different bills of indictment at each session. So if one person is indicted for three offences (suppose riot, rescue, and assault), by the annual returns he appears as three. These, sir, are the returns from which the honourable member for Belfast took his 27,000 offences; and these are the returns which deluded an illustrious duke in another place [oh, oh! from the Opposition, and loud cheers from the ministerial benches]. I am sure that the noble duke was the least likely person to make any statement which he did not believe to be founded in fact; but it was from these returns, thus prepared, that the noble duke took the number of 700 murders. The letter of Mr. Sadleir proceeded — ‘And if his trial is postponed, he again appears as three; consequently the annual returns are incorrect as to persons.’”

So that if a man be indicted for a riot, assault, and rescue, he figures in the report of the clerk of the peace as “three gentlemen at once;” and if his trial be put off, his individuality becomes extended into six persons. There was no attempt made to answer the speech of Mr. Pigott, which Lord Morpeth correctly characterised as a lucid and masterly exposition. We regret that the narrowness of our present limits prevents us from making longer extracts from this important address. Mr. M. J. O’Connell, in the course of a very clever speech, mentioned an answer given by Mr. Swan, the deputy grand master of the Orange Society, in his examination touching the entrance of Lord Mulgrave into Dublin, in June, 1835. Having declared that the noble lord was accompanied by persons who carried banners bearing party inscriptions, and being asked to particularise one such, he gave as an example, one upon which were painted the words “equal laws,” which he declared to be in his estimation a *party flag*.* The inscription and the answer very correctly characterise the two parties who are at present at issue in Ireland, as to the mode in which that unhappy country is to be

* The following observations were made upon the same subject by Colonel Perceval: — “The very first appearance of the noble lord (Normanby) was the signal for agitation and rapine. He himself saw the noble lord enter Dublin, surrounded by an immense assemblage of people, bearing banners and flags with the very same insignia as those used in the rebellion of 1798 [cries of no, no!]” from the ministerial benches].

Mr. H. GRATTAN: No such thing!

Colonel PERCEVAL: The honourable member might deny it if he pleased, but what he stated he himself was a witness of. He took out his pocket book at the time, and noted down the circumstance [read, read!]. Amongst other insignia, he saw the harp without the crown.

The reader after perusing this piece of rabid ribaldry, will be astonished to hear that this *harp without a crown*, which the honourable member designates as an emblem of rebellion, is actually one of the devices upon the shield of the Protestant University of Dublin — of the university presided over by the King of Hanover — of the same university whose impartial governors rejected, not long ago, the unanimous petition of all the resident students for the revival of the Historical Society, lest it may lead them into political discussions; and very soon after allowed them to establish an Orange lodge. We have now lying before us several volumes given as prizes at the quarterly examinations in Dublin, and the shield of the university, which is exhibited three times in each volume, bears in every instance this rebellious device of a harp without a crown.

To expose the whole of the “ingenious devices” which have been resorted to for the purpose of bolstering up the charges against Lord Normanby would be altogether endless. One of them, however, is so shameless that we cannot avoid bringing it under the reader’s notice. The circumstance to which we allude is the charge that a person who had been convicted upon an indictment for rape was liberated, upon the condition of his marrying the party whom he had so injured. Such a compromise is certainly very uncommon in England, although an instance of it actually occurred here within a short time, about a year or two back. But every body acquainted with the administration of criminal justice in Ireland knows that a charge of rape used to be a not uncommon method of procuring a husband; and that it was the ordinary custom, in such cases, for the prosecutrix to marry the prisoner in the dock, and under the inspection and superintendence of the very judge who sat upon the bench. Lord Stanley, who attempted a very dull joke upon the subject, could scarcely, we think, be ignorant of this fact. He has resided a good deal in Ireland, and in the very locality where such occurrences were most common; and, even if he had not witnessed it himself, he must have learnt so very remarkable a usage from Mr. Bolton, his steward, who is himself a Tipperary justice. The most astonishing part of the matter is that so disgraceful a custom was, for the first time, repressed under the government of Lord Normanby, and by a judge who was raised to the bench by the noble Marquis — namely, Mr. Baron Richards. Yet this judge was brought forward in the House of Commons by Mr. Shaw, himself a judge, and who, although we believe that he never enjoyed any degree or species of practice, yet must have known those who were notorious to the whole community.

governed in future. Of the party who exhibited upon their banner the *factions* inscription of "equal laws," Sir James Graham gave the following character in the course of his speech:—

The people of Ireland were proverbially kind, and generous, and warm-hearted, and brave, and were so charitable that at all times, even when themselves suffering from privation, they were willing to share their small pittance and their last potato with the passing beggar who came to their door.

Concerning the principles which would guide the policy of his right honourable friend, in the event of his being again placed at the head of the government, the right honourable baronet made the following statement:—

"The resolutions had been advocated as a security against the renewal of Orange despotism. Of all the chimerical visions that ever entered into the mind of man, he (Sir James Graham) believed that the most extravagant. Old things had passed away—all was passing. The sun did go back on the dial. They might as well affect to be afraid of the restoration of the Stuarts, or the revival of the lord-lieutenancy of Strafford. He (Sir James Graham) did not conceive that any government could stand, or ought to stand, which attempted to govern on an exclusive principle. There might be a difference as to the precise means; but after the passing of the Emancipation Act, there could be none as to the principles on which government must be conducted. These principles were a firm and impartial administration of justice, and an equal and fair distribution of patronage with regard to individual character, conduct, ability, and private worth, and without the least reference to religious opinions. This was the principle declared by his right honourable friend near him; and he thought he might appeal to the public as to whether the honour of his right honourable friend was not a sufficient guarantee that those principles would be adhered to by him which he said he would adhere to."

If this be all true, it would appear that the Ethiop has completely changed his skin, and that within a very short period. An infallible authority has asserted that nothing will be but that which has already been. If we apply this principle to the present point, and couple it with an event which actually happened during the short period of Sir Robert Peel's administration, we shall find some reason to apprehend that the vicarious undertaking of Sir James Graham will be in some danger of non-performance.

It was only a few months before Lord Mulgrave's arrival in Dublin, that Lord Claude Hamilton had been appointed a justice of peace for the county of Tyrone, after having, "in the face of the country, been initiated into the Orange Society; after having been publicly decorated with orange emblems, and publicly chaired, in such decoration, through the town of Dungannon by a body of Orangemen, in the presence of the Custos Rotulorum, the Marquis of Abercorn, Lord Castle Stuart, and nineteen magistrates, besides several clergymen, and country gentlemen!" The circumstances above mentioned were not only not concealed from Lord Haddington, but were actually detailed by Lord Caledon, the lord-lieutenant of Tyrone, in the letter in which he transmitted to Sir Henry Hardinge the request of Lord Claude Hamilton to be appointed to the commission. The usual course upon such occasions is to lay the request before the Lord Chancellor at once. But Lord Caledon, feeling "*how his hopes of tranquillizing the country had been counteracted*, and knowing, as he did, that the conduct of Lord Claude Hamilton *had caused an increased excitement*," could not directly present Lord C. Hamilton to the Chancellor for appointment "without exposing himself to animadversion." The noble earl goes on to subjoin the following extraordinary statement, per contra:—

"On the other hand, when I reflect that he has been elected for the county, and that his rank and station fully qualify him for the appointment, I know not how to withhold my recommendation, more especially as I do not believe that the act of which I complain was in itself illegal; and, above all, when

I am willing to hope that, if appointed to the magistracy, *his decisions will not be biassed by party prejudice.*" The decisions of a gentleman who was publicly initiated an Orangeman, in the face of the assembled aristocracy and commonalty of the county, — who was publicly decorated (!) with the emblems of that confederation — who was publicly chaired in his new character, and whose conduct, according to Lord Caledon himself, had increased the excitement which counteracted Lord Caledon's hopes of tranquillizing the country!

If ever there was a complete instance, in temporal matters, of hoping against hope, here was certainly a most exquisite example of that self-contradictory confidence. Lord Caledon hoped that Lord C. Hamilton would not *disturb the tranquillity* of the county, or *be biassed by any party spirit*, although the degree in which Lord Claude Hamilton *had been biassed by party spirit* had materially assisted in *destroying the tranquillity* which Lord Caledon *hoped* to have established!

The answer transmitted by Sir Henry Hardinge in the name of Lord Haddington is as great a curiosity as the original document to which it responds. The right honourable secretary commends the conduct of Lord Caledon "in suppressing all party feelings;" goes on to declare, "that the line which he had pursued was in strict accordance with the principles by which her Majesty's councils were then guided (9th February 1835); and that it was only by a *firm and impartial adherence to this system* (of suppressing all party feelings), that the peace of the country could be preserved." Hitherto the composition of the right honourable secretary certainly appears very plausible, and we believe that there are very few readers who could anticipate with what ingenuity the knowledge of the catastrophe is kept out of the possibility of being known until the conclusion of the drama. The composition, however, after having assigned several reasons why Lord C. Hamilton ought *not* to be appointed to the commission, concludes by directing him to be appointed;

"And, whispering 'I shall ne'er consent,' consented;"

the consent being justified by the following consistent, perspicuous, and very satisfactory statement: — "His Excellency, after an *attentive consideration* of the statement of Lord Caledon, thinks it *not* expedient to withhold the commission," &c. We are for the present obliged to postpone all further observations upon the remaining speeches, but shall probably return to the subject upon another occasion.

The effect of the whole discussion, in so far as the Marquis of Normanby's character and conduct were concerned, was to elevate them to even a higher degree of eminence than they had previously attained. The extent to which "all crimes and outrages, tending to render life and property insecure in Ireland," were diminished under his government, and in consequence of the wisdom, vigour, and impartiality with which justice was administered, was exhibited in a new and striking point of view by Mr. Pigott; whilst the increase of the value of every kind of property was shown by Lord Morpeth upon the highest commercial and professional authorities. It even appeared, from the minute and circumstantial statements of the same noble lord, and of Mr. Pigott, that Lord Normanby had not even committed the amiable offence (which might have been expected from the generosity of his nature) of leaning too much to the side of mercy, and that the charges made against him upon that ground were as void of foundation as the others. It has been shown in very practical and intel-

ligible manner, that the noble marquis was the main stay of the administration, and that any ministry of which he forms a part will always command the ardent support of the people of Ireland; whose conduct, in reference to the present occasion, is entitled to the highest admiration. We cannot help expressing the satisfaction which we feel on perceiving that all the anticipations which we ourselves expressed as to the probable course of the Irish people upon this subject have been so completely borne out by the result. We anxiously hope that they will continue to exercise their political power as they have hitherto done, for the support of the principles of liberality and justice throughout the empire; and that they will continue to merit the gratitude of every friend of justice and good government by their patriotism and intrepidity, without incurring the horrible penalties to which they have hitherto been exposed, and which they are suffering even now.*

After a debate which occupied five days, a division took place upon Sir Robert Peel's amendment on Friday night; when the numbers were,

For the amendment	-	-	-	296
Against it	-	-	-	318
				<hr/>
Majority for ministers	-	-	-	22
				<hr/>

Sir Robert Peel declined to require a division upon Lord John Russell's motion. The question was then put upon Mr. Duncombe's resolution; in favour of which there appeared

Against it	-	-	-	81
	-	-	-	299
				<hr/>
Majority against the motion	-	-	-	218
				<hr/>

The circumstances, however, in which the latter division took place prevent it from possessing any importance in any respect.

* It was justly observed by Mr. Berwick in his late excellent speech on the great meeting in Dublin, "that while the condition of the Irish voter places him at the mercy of his landlord—his very existence being, in many instances, dependent upon his tyrant's capricious rage [cheers]—yet have the people of this country rendered incalculable services to reform; that while a majority of representatives returned by England within five years of the passing of the Reform Bill are ready to restore the dominion of a faction who opposed that measure, three fourths of the representatives returned by Ireland are found on all occasions labouring in the work of reform, preserving England from the dominion of those who, in opposing reform, drove her to the verge of revolution, and swelling the minorities on all those questions which are uppermost in the hearts of all Reformers [cheers]."

THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

THE HOUSEHOLD QUESTION.

"The Queen having considered the proposal made to her yesterday, by Sir Robert Peel, to remove the ladies of her bedchamber, cannot consent to adopt a course which she conceives to be contrary to usage, and which is repugnant to her feelings."

Her Majesty's Answer to Sir Robert Peel's Proposition.

THE circumstances, to which the above laconic letter refers, are already well known to our readers. In the discussion of them almost every variety of argument has been employed, but the subject is not yet exhausted. Indeed the most important question involved in it waits for that dispassionate investigation which it could not receive from the newspapers, in the heat and fury of a sudden and unexpected contention.

This question, the only one which can now arise in the consideration of this valuable state paper, is, Whether the course proposed by Sir Robert Peel was "*contrary to usage?*" Her Majesty has satisfactorily determined that it was "*repugnant to her feelings.*" To this question we propose, therefore, to confine our observations.

We have searched in vain for what the Tories would call a *constitutional* precedent in support of Sir Robert Peel's *sine quâ non*. In the earlier period of our annals we find innumerable instances of powerful oligarchical factions compelling our monarchs to discard their favourites of all sorts, from ladies of the bedchamber, and ghostly confessors, to their recognised and responsible ministers. Faithful personal friends of the monarch, of every class, genus, and species, were, in those days, sure to be denounced as *evil counsellors* by those who sought the permanent establishment of their own power on the ruins of the royal prerogative. The feuds, which resulted from those attempts of faction against the rights of the sovereign, are too well known to require detail. It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with more than a general reference to them; for however the Tories might be disposed to imitate such proceedings, they would never cite them as precedents.

On tracing the progress of our institutions, it will be found that as the rights of the King, the Lords, and the Commons, became more distinctly defined and better understood, the practice of interfering with the composition of the court gradually fell into disuse. As the influence of the legislature increased that of the closet diminished, and the avowed and responsible minister superseded the secret adviser. The reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. are commonly regarded as the period when the Lower House first acquired that power and authority which have since given it the commanding position which it has held in the management of the national interests. From that time to the present we have not had one quarrel between the rival parties of the state, as to what ladies the sovereign should be allowed to associate with—not one even, as to what gentlemen should form the circle of the King's or Queen's private society;—nor co-

the Conservative leader find one solitary sanction of the course he thought fit to propose to her Majesty, unless he takes refuge in the record of the proceedings of the rebellious oligarchs of the middle ages. Perhaps a Tory might, on an emergency, regard these as "*ancient constitutional*" precedents, entitled to all the weight and authority with which "*the wisdom of our forefathers*" may be presumed to invest them.

It is extremely difficult to discover any historical facts whatever bearing even the most remote analogy to the demand made on her Majesty, when viewed in connection with the circumstances by which she is surrounded. Throughout the entire range of English history — since England was a kingdom — we have had but four queens regnant. Mary and Anne were married. In the reign of the former not the slightest attempt was made to interfere with the private arrangements of the household. Does any one suppose that Sir Robert Peel would have made the proposal to Elizabeth, which he made to Victoria, or that, if he had, she would not have committed him to the Tower for his treason, or boxed his ears for his impudence? That vigorous and beneficent lady would unquestionably have punished him, in some shape, for such an attempt to deprive her of the only portion of her "state and dignity" which rendered royalty tolerable.

Up to the Revolution it appears that no part of the household was subject to removal on the change of administration. At that epoch a new principle was introduced, and several of the chief appointments in the household were decreed to follow the course of those in the cabinet. Such was the theory; but, in practice, the occupants were seldom removed for a mere difference of opinion on political matters with the members of the administration. Thus this department was conducted till the accession of the Tories to office under George III., when the principle recognised since the Revolution was almost invariably carried out in practice, and all the gentlemen holding the chief appointments in the household were changed with every administration. In this, perhaps, we are wrong. We should have said, that the Tories invariably removed *all* their opponents — the Whigs removed *only a few*. The former understood the magic power of "backstairs' influence," and of patronage — the latter magnanimously despised it. But though the Tories admitted their own *constitutional* right to dismiss their opponents, it seems that it was not equally clear to them that their opponents possessed a similar *constitutional* right to dismiss them. In 1797 the Earl of Moira thought that no officer in any "department not immediately connected with ministerial functions" should be liable to removal on changes in the ministry*; and in 1812, when the only obstacle to the formation of an efficient ministry, as required by the votes of the Commons, was the demand of Earls Grey and Grenville to remove some of the Prince Regent's household, and when his Highness, having no particular regard for any of the members of his establishment, was willing to surrender them all, he (the Earl of Moira) would not allow him to "part with one of them." But we will return from this episodic digression, and briefly state the mode in which the patronage of the household was disposed of in the various periods to which we have alluded.

We have already observed that prior to the Revolution a change of ministry did not involve any changes in the household: of this the following instances may be accepted as a proof — if proof be requisite. The office of Lord Chamberlain was filled by Lord Manchester from 1660 to 1671; that of Vice Chamberlain by Sir George Carteret from 1660 to 1670, and by

* See his letter to Colonel M'Mahon, as cited in Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, N. S., vol. xxiii. col. 596.

Henry Saville, Esq. from 1670 to 1686; that of Groom of the Stole by the Earl of Bath from 1660 to 1685; and that of Lord Steward of the Household by the Duke of Ormond from 1660 to 1689.

Even after the Revolution there seems to have been a great indisposition to meddle with the arrangements of the household. It was considered an indecent interference with the personal comforts and rights of the sovereign, as a mere private individual, that the complexion of his society should depend exclusively on the whims of the electoral pot-wallopers of the kingdom; and accordingly the changes at first were "few and far between," and particularly during the reign of Anne. Thus the office of Lord Chamberlain was filled by the Earl of Jersey from 1700 to 1704, by the Earl of Kent from 1704 to 1714, and by the Duke of Grafton from 1724 to 1757; that of Vice Chamberlain by Peregrine Bertie, Esq. from 1690 to 1711, by Thomas Coke, Esq., afterwards Lord Lovel, from 1711 to 1797, and by the Hon. W. Finch from 1742 to 1765; that of Groom of the Stole from 1704 to 1710 by the Duchess of Marlborough, and from 1710 to the close of that reign by the Duchess of Somerset; that of Lord Steward of the Household by the Duke of Devonshire from 1689 to 1707, and by his son from 1707 to 1710; that of Lord Treasurer of the Household by Francis Lord Newport from 1689 to 1708, when he died, and was succeeded by the Earl of Cholmondely, who held it to 1713; that of Master of the Horse by the Duke of Somerset from 1702 to 1715, when he resigned; and that of Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners by the Duke of St. Albans from 1698 to 1712. When, notwithstanding the many changes of ministry which took place in that reign, we find so few changes in the male department of the household, can we suppose that the female department was subjected to greater mutations, or, perhaps, we ought to say mutilations? Lord John Russell noticed in the course of the late debate the fact, that though the Earl of Sunderland and Lord Rialton were removed from their offices in August, 1710, their ladies remained Ladies of the Bedchamber till December, 1711, when their father, the Duke of Marlborough, having been dismissed in a manner which they thought unjust, they voluntarily resigned their appointments. This, we believe, is the only instance of any ladies resigning their situations in the household of Anne in consequence of political differences, but the coolness which had then arisen between the Queen and the Duchess would in itself be sufficient to account for their voluntary retirement.

We now come to the third period of this "eventful history," when the practice was adopted by every administration of removing all their male opponents from the chief appointments in the King's household. This was invariably acted on by the Tories: the Whigs seem to have been more averse to altering the private arrangements of royalty, unless the most urgent necessity demanded their interference. Thus they did not remove the Duke of Montague from the office of Master of the Horse in 1783, nor any of the following officers in 1806, — Lord Chamberlain, Earl of Dartmouth; Vice Chamberlain, Lord Edward Thynne; Groom of the Stole, Earl of Winchelsea; Lord Steward of the Household, Earl of Aylesbury; Comptroller of the Household, Lord E. Thynne; — all these held their appointments from 1804 to 1812, except the last, who held it only from 1804 to 1807. The negotiations of 1812 were broken off because Lords Grey and Grenville having inquired "Whether this full liberty extended to the consideration of the new appointments to those *great offices* in the household which had been usually included in the political arrangements made on a change in the administration," Lord Moira thought that though "the Prince had

laid no restriction upon him in that respect; and had never pointed in the most distant manner to the protection of those officers from removal, it would be impossible for him to concur in making the exercise of this power a positive and indispensable condition in the formation of an administration, *because he should deem it on public grounds peculiarly objectionable.*" One of the reasons afterwards assigned by that nobleman for considering the exercise of this power peculiarly objectionable was that the removal of those officers would have been an unnecessary humiliation of the Prince, and *would have set the seal of office to accredit every ribald tale of scandal that had been circulated in this town.*" * The power then demanded by the Whig lords was to extend only to "those great offices in the household which had been usually included in the political arrangements," &c.; and as a proof that the expression "those great offices" was not designed to include the lords or ladies of the bedchamber, we may adduce a short extract from Mr. Ponsonby's speech in the Commons in explanation of the causes which rendered the negotiation abortive:—

"He knew that the practice from the Revolution had been never to change from some situations, and that the *Groom of the Stole* and the *Master of the Ceremonies*, for example, *were never changed under any administration.*"†

Now the Groom of the Stole is First Lord of the Bedchamber to the King, or first Lady to the Queen. If it was the practice never to change him, how could those in an inferior position be liable to removal? Let us see how that office was actually disposed of. Thomas Viscount Weymouth was made Groom of the Stole in 1782, and held the office to 1796, when he was succeeded by the Duke of Roxburgh, who held it till his death, in 1804. The Earl of Winchelsea was then appointed, and held it to 1812. He was succeeded by the Marquis of Winchester, who held it to the death of the late king, in 1837. The office of Master of the Robes was held from 1797 to 1808 by Lord Selsey; from 1820 to 1830 by Lord Francis Gunningham; and from 1830 to 1837 by Captain Francis Seymour. During the changes of administration in the reign of the late monarch there was no attempt made to remove any persons but such as held "*those great offices in the household,*" &c. &c.; and not a single Lord of the Bedchamber was removed in consequence of his political opponents coming into the ministry.‡ From this brief retrospect the reader can determine whether the Conservative leader treated his queen with the same respect and delicacy of feeling which had invariably been exhibited towards every other member of her house on the throne of these realms.

It has been said that the conduct pursued towards a queen consort should not form precedents for that to be pursued towards a queen regnant; but we imagine that any delicacy due to the one is due to the other, and in a ten-thousand-fold degree, when the latter is young and unmarried. If the households of Queens Charlotte and Adelaide were not altered on every change of administration; if their domestic arrangements were considered of too sacred a character to be continually pried into by political janisaries, and made the subject of discussion in the cabinet or the legislature; if they selected their friends, their officers, and attendants without let or hinderance from any ministerial inquisitors—ought not Victoria to be permitted to enjoy the same privileges? Must she alone be

* Speech in the House of Lords, June 19. 1842: Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, vol. xliii. N. S. col. 596.

† Hansard's Parl. Deb. *ibid.* col. 431.

‡ The Tory ministry in 1835 appointed a few lords of the bedchamber, but did not remove those previously in office.

sacrificed to the desperate struggle of an unpopular and rapidly declining faction?

We have shown the mode in which all parties treated the household arrangements of Anne. It cannot be forgotten that she was married and of mature years when she ascended the throne. No ministry attempted to force into, or out of, the household of Charlotte, their friends or their enemies. She had the same Mistress of the Robes from 1761 to 1793; her second Mistress of the Robes, the Marchioness of Bath, held her office till 1808.* Her Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Aylesbury, appointed in 1780, continued in his office till 1792, when he was succeeded by the Earl of Morton, who held it till 1808.* Charles Fitzroy, Esq., appointed her Vice Chamberlain in 1768, held it to 1782. The Honourable Stephen Digby held it from 1782 to 1792; and his successor, William Price, Esq., held it from 1792 to 1808.* With the ladies of her household no ministry were silly enough to interfere. The household of Queen Adelaide was composed almost exclusively of persons opposed to the Whig administration, which however never attempted to remove them.

It is unnecessary to adduce further proofs of the unprecedented character of the Peel proposition. The honourable baronet has himself admitted that it was unprecedented. "Sir, the policy of these things depends not upon precedent—not upon what has been done in former times—it mainly depends upon a consideration of the present crisis." This was his language in the late debate; and it scarcely leaves a doubt that the course which he proposed to his sovereign, and for which he could not find a precedent, was, even in his own estimation, "*contrary to usage.*"

At this point we should, according to our original design, close this paper; but there are a few other topics so closely connected with this extraordinary proceeding, that we cannot dismiss the subject without referring to them.

The Conservative newspapers complain that Sir Robert Peel has been calumniated by those, who charge him with having demanded the power and intimated the intention to remove all the ladies of the household. This was the impression left on the Queen's mind as to the nature of his proposal. In consequence of some observations which fell from Lord Melbourne in the debate of Tuesday, the 14th ult., a cry has been raised about this as an "*erroneous impression.*" On that occasion Lord Melbourne, after stating that her Majesty had informed him of the nature of her interviews with Sir Robert Peel, said that she also informed him that—

"The right honourable baronet made a proposal that he should have the power of dismissing the ladies of her Majesty's household, not stating to what extent he would exercise that power—not stating how many, or whom, it was his intention to propose to remove—but asking the power of dismissing the ladies of the household, and leaving unquestionably upon her Majesty's mind a very strong impression that it was intended to employ that power to a very great extent—to such an extent, certainly, as to remove all the ladies of the bedchamber, as well as some of those filling an inferior situation in the household. Such, my Lords, was the impression on her Majesty's mind—an impression which, from what has since transpired, is evidently erroneous. No doubt such an impression was a mistaken one. The right honourable baronet has distinctly stated that he had no such intention, and there cannot be the slightest doubt upon the point."

We confess that we do not understand how Lord Melbourne leaped to the conclusion that the impression on her Majesty's mind was erroneous. Is it merely because, Sir Robert Peel said, that

* We specify 1808 merely to show that the ministry of 1806 longer they held those offices we have not at this moment: it is immaterial to the present subject.

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with his friends he had intimated that he would propose no change with respect to those below the rank of lady of the bedchamber, and that it would not be necessary to remove all the ladies of the bedchamber, as some were unobjectionable, "from the total absence of party or political connection?" Such might have been his views as to what ladies it would be expedient, in the first instance, to remove; but if he did not desire the power of removing all, why did he not name those whom he considered objectionable, and ask the Queen to dismiss them? That would have been a plain, straightforward mode of proceeding, and would have removed all doubts, and all impediments to the secure enjoyment of office. But he demanded the power of dismissing all, without particularising any; and there is nothing in his letter to show that he had given her any well grounded reasons to expect that he would not exercise it, *if necessary*, to the fullest extent. Let us examine the letter, recollecting that it was written after the negotiations had terminated, and designed more as a justification of himself with his party and the public, than as an explanation of his views to his sovereign. In this document he says, —

"In the interview with which your Majesty honoured Sir Robert Peel yesterday morning, after he had submitted to your Majesty the names of those whom he proposed to recommend to your Majesty for the principal executive appointments, he mentioned to your Majesty his earnest wish to be enabled, with your Majesty's sanction, *so to constitute your Majesty's household that your Majesty's confidential servants might have the advantage of a public demonstration of your Majesty's full support and confidence, and that at the same time, as far as possible consistently with that demonstration, each individual appointment in the household should be entirely acceptable to your Majesty's personal feelings.*

"On your Majesty's expressing a desire that the Earl of Liverpool should hold an office in the household, Sir Robert Peel requested your Majesty's permission at once to offer to Lord Liverpool the office of Lord Steward, or any other which he might prefer.

"Sir Robert Peel then observed, that he should have every wish to apply *a similar principle to the chief appointments which are filled by the ladies of your Majesty's household*, upon which your Majesty was pleased to remark, that you must reserve the whole of those appointments, and that it was your Majesty's pleasure that the whole should continue as at present, without any change."

No one can read this without feeling convinced that the demand was to remove all whom he should deem it necessary to remove, "*consistently with that demonstration,*" and to bring all the ladies under the same principle as the Lord Steward of the Household. There is no limitation of the demand to the ladies of the bedchamber. When Sir Robert Peel *wrote* this after the rupture of the negotiation, may we not conclude that he said at least as much, if not more, when flushed with success, and expecting only submission?

Besides, is it not manifest that Sir Robert Peel in demanding this right of dismissing the four or five ladies, whom he alleges to have been objectionable to him, in fact asserted the right to dismiss any ladies that might at any time become objectionable to him — a right which in the course of time might, and in all human probability would, have included the whole household? Is it not a mere verbal equivocation to say, that he stipulated only for a limited power, when that power was to be exercised without any restriction, except such as he might himself think proper to put upon it? If the Queen had allowed him to dismiss any ladies upon grounds to which she did not assent, would not that have been in reality to surrender the whole household into his hands? If he were invested with the power to dismiss in one instance, that power could not be denied to him in other instances, the reasons being similar; so that instead of being a power with limitations, it was actually an unlimited power. Indeed, whatever contemptible evasion of his real object Sir Robert Peel may now think proper to resort to, the Duke of Wellington, with a candour honourable to his character, admitted

that object in full in his speech of explanation. "I confess," said his Grace, "that I do not think that any set of men could undertake the government of the country, *unless they possessed universal influence and control over the whole household.*" There is the fact stated as clearly as it can be put into words. No, no, Joseph Surface, there was no "erroneous impression" in the case.

The Conservatives have, according to ancient custom, invoked the aid of the constitution on this trying occasion. But what can the constitution have to do with the composition of the Queen's household more than with the composition of her medicine, or the composition of her toilette? There is not a nobleman in the kingdom who cannot appoint his own treasurers, chamberlains, huntsmen, and tradesmen. The system of interfering with the arrangements of the royal household was commenced barely for the purpose of conferring so much additional patronage on the minister, at a period when corruption was deemed necessary, nay *constitutionally essential*, to carrying on the business of the government. It was not the constitution which called on him to invade the sanctuary of royalty, and post his myrmidons at its portals, but his and their insatiable appetite for plunder. We believe that the result has not been very beneficial to the country. It made the sovereign the mere puppet of the party, who got him into their toils, and who exhibited him in their vanguard when attacking the rights of their countrymen, in the same manner as wily foes have ever done, when they have captured the monarch of a people too foolishly loyal, and made him the instrument of their subjugation. Of William III. we are disposed to say little. Anne was the mere tool of the parties who got her into their leading strings. The two first Georges were very like little children in the nursing arms of the Whigs, looking on themselves as somehow entitled to get pap and playthings from their protectors, and bound in turn to give the sanction of their names to every scheme of exaction. The country would have fared better than it has done, had the two last Georges consulted the wishes of the people more frequently than they did those of the narrow-minded coteries by which they were encircled. The power of the minister to beset the sovereign with his creatures is certainly unwarranted by any recognised principle of the constitution. The sovereign should be at liberty to select his friends from all parties of the state — to consult men of every political complexion — to know and be known to all — and to be as unshackled and as free in every respect as any of his subjects. "The wisdom of our ancestors" never contemplated that the monarch should know and care as little about the wants and wishes of his people as he did about those of the inhabitants of the moon — that he should be the mere imbecile toy of a coterie, and that his brain should not shelter an idea not sanctioned by the impress of ministerial authority. Such, however, is the modern "*constitutional*" doctrine. The Duke of Wellington in the late debate exposed the danger of allowing the Queen to have "*political conversation with her ladies.*" "*He had known the inconvenience of an anomalous influence of this kind exercised, not by ladies such as those in question, BUT IN THE WAY OF SIMPLE CONVERSATION.*"

A word to the wise !!!

We do sincerely hope that the people will now cause, which is really their own, and that they will exert themselves in this ancient authority of the sovereign over the party endeavour to restore the or at least to preserve what remains of it. If the management of the household — and artless Queen a close prisoner to the once yield up their young speedily have cause to repent of their folly. Conservative faction, they will

THE SPANISH ROMANTIC DRAMA.

"LIFE, A DREAM."

"Que el gusto y disgusto
Esta vida son
No mas que una leve
Imaginacion."

CALDERON.

"PRINCESS SCHEHERAZADE! if you are not asleep tell us that story." Let our readers should suppose from the gravity of our previous pages that we are in the condition of the Arabian princess, we deem it incumbent on us to make an attempt to amuse them. "*J'apprends d'être vif*," said the German detected in the act of leaping over his chair. Perhaps our attempt at liveliness may be voted of the same description.

In these days when, in England, the lyrical drama supersedes what is called the legitimate theatre, notwithstanding the efforts of many of our eminent writers to support it, the contest between the classic and romantic schools goes on the same as ever on the Continent. Gries and Schlegel, in Germany, have produced beautiful and entertaining translations from the Spanish poets, opening up a new mine of dramatic literature never heretofore explored; and from having seen in a contemporary journal of established reputation the doubt expressed of a possibility of rendering justice in English measures to the Spanish originals after the manner of the German translators, we are stimulated to make the attempt.

The principle of the romantic literature, be it remarked, is that of individuality, and the depicting of man's religious opinions, or internal springs and motives of action.

In the classic literature, on the contrary, the poet sees man in his external acts only, and considers his virtue and vices in the abstract; for which reason the protagonist wants individuality to distinguish him from other men governed by a certain and determinate passion. The *Avare*, *Misanthrope*, and *Tartuffe* of the classic theatre, are thus mere avarice, misanthropy, and hypocrisy personified. As the classic poet, in his fables, treats solely of general characters, he always proposes to himself some fixed moral end; whilst the romantic, looking upon this as an accessory, and only pretending to the formation and picture of individual characters, the morality, more or less vague, which he deduces from his inventions, must result from the single acts of his personages. The metaphysics of the passions and the long monologues, are, on this account, indispensable; for without them the poet can neither depict the internal sentiments of the soul, nor graduate the imperceptible march of those movements which, at every step, modify the individual man. In the classic, where it is not needed to mark the essential difference between the same passion applied to distinct persons, the spectator foresees the catastrophe, and does not exact great emotions, nor any profoundly internal combat, until the *dénouement* of the piece, when his expectations are regularly verified by some explosion of passion. Orosmane, for example, in Voltaire's "*Zaire*," is a jealous man, or, rather, a personification of jealousy, reduced in its expression to the external acts by which it manifests itself in the generality of mankind. Thus he imparts none of those intimate secrets of the conscience, which are only communicated to the public by supposing the protagonist to converse with himself. A portrait executed under these principles is easily reduced to the rules of the unities. But would it succeed as well were we to take Calderon's "*Tetrarch Jerusalem*," and confine that beautiful romantic creation within the

limits of a classic tragedy? The result would be to present a Mariamne as cold and insipid as the French heroine.

For Orosmane to suspect the fidelity of his mistress it is necessary that she inspire distrust by actions, innocent, it is true, but certainly equivocal, and which she might have avoided. Zara, without ceasing to be Zara, might have tranquillised her lover; whilst Mariamne, without ceasing to be a woman, charming, virtuous, and beloved, could not have freed herself from the jealousy of her spouse. Zara gives a motive for the suspicion of Orosmane, and by saying a single word could have put an end to it. Mariamne, on the contrary, is innocent, not only in the eyes of the spectator, but in those of Herod himself; and the occasion of his jealousy need not be sought without himself, for it lives within his soul, circulates through his veins, and is the prop of all that constitutes his moral existence. To decide the catastrophe in this tragedy, it is unnecessary that Mariamne appear criminal in the eyes of her husband; it is enough, for this purpose, that she is a woman, that she is beautiful, and that no one can behold her without loving, or suspect for a moment that she could be capable of inconstancy. There should be every difference between the expression of Orosmane and the Tetrarch's respective sentiments. The one, all classic, represents the jealous affections as inherent passions in the human breast, expressing them by actions which, in similar situations, all men would commit. The other concentrates them within his soul, and portrays the conflicting torments and combats, not as pertaining to the human species, but to a specific individual of it. All jealous men recognise themselves in Orosmane. The Tetrarch alone can feel, act, and think like the Tetrarch.

In perusing the works of these old dramatists we cannot help seeing that their merit does not solely consist in making good verses, as some pretend, but in being really excellent poets, notwithstanding their defects. Who, for instance, can compete with Lope in fertility and invention? Who can deny to Calderon the foremost rank in the art of combining his plans, and directing and making the most of his situations, in the perfection of his narratives, and in the mode of presenting his ideas so eminently poetical? Who can refuse to admire in Tirso the harmonious fulness of the rhymes, the grace of the language, and the humour that abounds in his dramatic works? And what shall we say of the ingenious Moreto, the first poet who placed on the scene the true comedy of character, and drew it with as much perfection as the great Moliere, of Guillen de Castro, Tarrega, Aguilar, Ruiz de Alarcon, Belmonte, Montalvan, Velez de Guevara, Diamante, Solis, Roxas, and Moratin? The collection now published is a proof of this.*

Among the varied spectacles which the gorgeous procession of Calderon's theatre presents we shall select one, called "Life, a Dream;" not that it is remarkable for a greater portion of the mystic gloom which is regarded as the peculiar feature of his muse, or that it contains any of those "deepest wells of passion and of thought" which we expect in the poem of a great dramatist gifted with lofty powers of fancy and intellect, but simply because the idea of placing a modern Pyrrho on the stage is novel and highly dramatic, and the moral lesson drawn from it is not distorted by any of those monstrous exhibitions so frequently displayed in his other religious dramas. This piece has been acted upon some of the German stages, and affords great scope for the powers of an actor. In presenting a few extracts, we shall endeavour to follow the metrical forms and hyperbolical flights of the original. Every reader of Shakspeare must recognise its resemblance.

* Senior, Pall Mall, 1889.

The Spanish Romantic Drama.

blance to the drunken tinker Christopher Sly, in the "Taming of the Shrew."

The first Jornada opens with the appearance of the heroine and her servant the Gracioso, on a mountain, where they have lost their horses; for unless this were told, there might be some difficulty in identifying the hippogriff to whom the lady addresses her soliloquy.

Enter, on the peak of a mountain, Rosaura, in a man's travelling dress, and descends, repeating the first verses.

Rosaura. — Thou hippogriff, whose wild career
Outstrips the wind's fleet wings, appear!
Oh whither, ray without a fire,
Thou plumeless bird — thou beast that cannot tire —
Amidst this rocky labyrinth,
Hast thou now wandered to expend thy strength?
Farewell! — Remain upon this height,
Where I, thy luckless Phaethon, must alight;
And lost, despairing, and undone,
Explore its cliffs that hide the waning sun,
No other path for my descent,
Save what my wildering destinies present.
Polonia! ill dost thou, with danger
To welcome to thy soil a hapless stranger;
And, with her blood upon thy sand,
Inscribe her entrance on thy rugged land.
Yet with my fortune it accords
For, ah! what country is it that affords
Pity to an unfortunate?

Clarín descends from the same part.

Clarín. — Say two, nor leave me out when you debate
Your woes; for if we two have been
Who, from our country, sallied forth in spleen
To seek adventures, and were two,
Amidst distresses and misfortunes, who
Came hither on our journey bound,
And two who traversed all this mount around,
I deem you bound by some constraint,
Putting me in the risk, to put me in the plaint.

Rosaura. — Clarín, I did not wish to give
Thy name a place, lest thy prerogative
Of comforting thine own distress,
And soothing thy peculiar wretchedness,
By weeping it, I take away;
For such the pleasure is, a sage doth say,
In grief, that, for the right to speak,
We often purposely misfortunes seek.

Clarín. — A drunken, old greybeard was he!
Some one, I hope, in tender charity,
Belabour'd him with might and main,
To qualify him after to complain.
But what, Seniors, must we do?
On foot, alone, and lost, at this hour, too,
In this same desert mountain here,
When yon pale sun hath fled the hemisphere?

Rosaura. — Whoever saw such strange events?
But, if it be not fancy represents
Some mock illusion to my sight,
Methinks I see by yonder changeful light
A castle!

Clarín. — Either my desire
Deceives me, or the signs more clear transpire.

Rosaura. — Rustic and plain, amidst the bed
Of these rude rocks, a palace lifts its head,
In such a simple, modest style,
As if it were a rugged pile,
Neath crags o'erhanging which the beams

Of day obscure, that in the dusk it seems
A shapeless fragment, from their height
Cast down.

Clarín. — Approach then while there yet is light;
'Tis best, *Seniors*, credit me,
A little nearer all these things to see;
And to admire you may begin,
When the good folks admit us snug within.

The door of this building being open, the travellers venture forward a few steps. Suddenly they are alarmed by the clanking of chains within, and the lamentations of some person in distress.

Rosaura. — Hark! didst thou hear that mournful cry?
Clarín!

Clarín. — *Seniors!*
Rosaura. — Haste, and let us fly
The dangers of this haunted tower!

Clarín. — Now when it comes to this, I want the power.

Rosaura. — Look! does not yonder shine a light,

Or star, or exhalation of the night,
Which tremulously wanders o'er the room,
Teaching the light to counterfeit a gloom?

'Tis so; for, by its reflex, I
Can now a dismal prison's bounds descry:
An inmate there — a man, to misery doomed,
Clothed in the garb of wild beasts, lies entombed:
O listen to his mournful wail!

Discovers Segismund, clothed in skins, with a chain and light.

Segismund. — Ah me, the deep heart-rending woe!

Alas! will naught my sighs avail?
Then flow my tears, my sorrows flow.
Ye heavens! that I may calm despair,
I seek, with thoughts distracted torn,
Since doomed these cruel pangs to bear,
To know my crime in being born;
Tho' being born I know I sin,
And justice hath sufficient cause
To use her rigorous power, because
Man's greatest sin is to be born;
And I would only now desire,
To clear my faded mind's delusion,
To know how, 'midst this sad seclusion,
I could such greater sin acquire
As would deserve more punishment:
And are not others also born?
If so, what joys, which I forlorn
Ne'er tasted, do their lives present!
The bird is born, and in a dress
Adorned with beauty exquisite;
And scarce this flower is formed for flight,
When through the ethereal wilderness
It wings its way rejoicingly,
Forsaking its maternal nest, —
Yet I, of nobler soul possess,
Do yet enjoy less liberty.
The beast that's born with lines and scars
Which cunning nature's skill imparts
Is scarce an emblem of the stars
(Thanks to the learned pencil's arts),
Than taught by human cruelty
The use of its outrageous strength,
The monster of its labyrinth
It lives — and, with more instinct, I
Do yet enjoy less liberty! —

The fish that's born, scarce in the sea
Beholds itself, when, through all parts
Of the abyss, it then departs
Exploring its immensity, —
And yet, with greater free will, I
Do yet enjoy less liberty! —
The little rivulet is born,
A serpent, that amidst the flowers
Glides, rejoicing in its powers;
And scarce the flowers the banks adorn
Of the silver stream, than melody
Proclaims their beauty, and the plain
Leads it sloping towards the main;
And yet, with more of life, must I
Still enjoy less liberty!
In coming to this passionate
And thrilling thought, volcanic rage
Like Etna seems to animate
My soul, and I would disengage
My furious arm, this breast to tear!
What law or justice, to my prayer
Denies a privilege so small,
But which is yet so principal,
A gift that God hath kindly given
To birds, to springs, to flowers, to all things under heaven?
Rosaura. — Fear and compassion agitate
My mind!

Segismund. — Who hears my mournfulness?
Clotaldo! are you there?

Clarín. — Say yes.

Rosaura. — No: 'tis but an unfortunate!
Who happening o'er the mount to pass,
Was lost among these wilds, alas!
And heard thee mourn thy piteous fate.

Segismund. — Then must I give thee death, that thou
My plaints unmanly may'st conceal;
Therefore prepare thyself, for now
Death those lips must ever seal.

Clarín. — I'm deaf, and therefore could not hear.

Rosaura. — If thou from mortals dost descend,
Enough 'tis at thy feet I bend.

Segismund. — Thine awe inspires me with a fear,
Thy tender voice thrills through my frame,
Thy presence, too, suspends my hand:
Who art thou? for I understand
So little of the form and name
Of earth, that this sad tower my home
Hath been — my cradle and my tomb;
And altho', since my natal hour,
If this be living, I've remain'd
Within this melancholy tower,
Amidst a rustic desert, chained;
And tho' I never saw nor spake,
Save to one man alone, whose love
Hath felt compassion for my sake,
From whom my forms and thoughts I take
Of earth, and heaven, and all above;
And tho', amidst chimeras dire,
Horror, shades, I may be called
A man, 'midst savages enthralled —
For men a savage to admire:
And tho', amidst these woes so great,
Each varied life I meditate;
Knowing the beasts, the birds that sing,
The stars' bright orbits measuring,
And skilled in love and courtesy,
Thou alone hast first suspended,
By thy sweet voice's melody,

[*Seizes her.*]

The passion of mine agonies ;
The vision of my wandering eyes,
And my brightest dreams transcended.
Each time I look, some new delight
Ravishes my enchanted sight ;
The more I gaze, the more I would
Prolong this strange ecstatic mood.
O eager eyes ! tho' it be death
To drink, drink on ; and in this fashion,
Seeing, to see her steals my breath,
Yet do I die for the sweet passion.
But may I still gaze on and die,
For I know not, whilst I thus adore,
If it bestow my death to sigh,
What it would give to gaze no more !
But were it worse than direst fate —
Madness — death — o'erpow'ring woe —
Its rigour thus I undergo ;
Since life to the unfortunate
Death to the happy must create.

Rosaura. — Now, in my eager haste to fly,
My wonder, and astonishment,
I scarcely know what to reply :
I only know that Heaven hath bent
Towards this spot my wandering feet,
That I might this just lesson meet : —
That one who mourns her own distress,
Might view another in worse wretchedness.
They tell of a sage, that one day he
Was brought to such sad poverty,
As to sustain himself alone
Upon the roots and herbs he gleaned :
" A mortal like me is there one ?"
To himself he said ; and when he leaned
Aside his head at once, he found
An answer, for a sage did glide
Behind his steps, and from the ground
Gathered the leaves he threw aside. —
Murmuring at my fortune, I
Lived in this world, and when I said,
Lives there a man more wretched made ?
Heaven comes in mercy to reply —
Since when I turn my thoughts, I find
Thou wouldst have gathered all my pains,
And joyfully esteemed them gains ;
But if, perchance, thou art inclined
To listen and to share with me
My griefs in magic sympathy,
Griefs that to my soul appear
Beyond my strength to bear — give ear.

Clotaldo and the armed attendants, who rush in to interrupt the dialogue, hastily remove with signs of alarm the mysterious prisoner, whose picturesque discourse had awakened Rosaura's curiosity ; and, having accomplished this, after some opposition from Segismund, Clotaldo demands of the intruders how they could have ventured to trespass on grounds which were forbidden to be approached, on pain of death, by any subject of Poland. The excuse, that they are strangers, will not avail to liberate them ; and though Clotaldo shows compassion for their misfortune, he nevertheless orders them to surrender their arms. Rosaura, in despair, delivers her weapon ; desiring him, at the same time, to keep it in remembrance of this adventure, should she be condemned to die, as there is a mystery attached to it regarding her fortunes, trusting to which alone she had come to Poland in search of a friend to assist her in avenging a wrong.

Clotaldo, upon examining the

sword, discovers in it a pledge of love given by him in his youth to a lady, so that the person before him is his own child — his son as he deems. After a struggle between loyalty and affection for a dishonoured child, the former prevails, and he departs with his prisoners to the king.

But we must give a little more of the exposition, in the words of two additional *dramatis personæ*; to whom, after a salvo of artillery, we beg leave to introduce the reader.

Flourish of trumpets, and enter, on one side, Astolfo and Soldiers, on the other, the Infanta Estrella and her Ladies.

Astolfo. — Gloriously the bright rays, flashing
Like meteors, mingle with their peal
The sound of flutes and cymbals clashing,
Whilst warbling birds and fountains steal
Upon us every interval
In melody, and in their joy
As they advance, each dying fall
Salutes thee as their queen, Seniora,
Armed like Pallas to destroy,
And the birds as their Aurora,
And the flowers, too, as their Flora —
For Aurora, in her joy —
Pallas, Flora — all thou art,
And queen in my enchanted heart.

Estrella. — If human voice we must compare
With human actions, ill dost thou
Such courteous feelings to avow,
When thy warlike signs declare
Another meaning. Doth this sword
With thy flatteries well accord?
O think 't is an unmanly act,
Fit only for a savage vile,
The mother of deceit and guile,
Falsehood with the tongue to plead,
And thus to injure whilst you smile.

Astolfo. — Greatly art thou misinformed,
Estrella, since with doubts unjust
My faith and honour you mistrust;
Thoughts like these I never formed.
I pray you with attention hear
If rightly I our case declare: —
Eustorgio, king of Poland, died,
Leaving his son Basilio heir,
And two young orphan girls beside,
From whom our lives and crowns we gain. —
(I wish not of the rest to treat,
Which scarcely I need here repeat) —
My aunt, thy mother, Clorilene,
Whom of her crown just Heaven deprived,
Placing a nobler on her brow,
The elder daughter was, and thou,
Her child, through her this right derived.
Gay Recisunda next, thine aunt,
My mother, who, in Muscovy,
Married a noble duke, and I
From her was born. Now, pray you, grant
Me leave, Seniora, to revert
Towards the other principle.
Time doth Basilio now compel
To appoint an heir — but more expert
In secret studies than to reign,
He waxes old in childless age;
Meanwhile, his crown and appanage
We both endeavour to obtain;

Thou hast a worthier right pretended,
Born of the elder ; I averred
That I, a son, should be preferred,
Tho' of the younger child descended.
Our fixed intentions we relate
Unto the king, who then replies,
That much he wished to compromise
Our claims, and to communicate
With us, appointing this the day
And this the spot ; with which design
I left my dukedom — thou left thine —
And to this country bent our way.
O might love's blessed deity,
On whom that sure astrologer,
The vulgar voice, doth now confer
The pleasing power to remedy
Our wrongs, proclaim thee to be queen,
But queen in my enchanted heart,
Our uncle giving thee his crown —
Thy worth bestowing its renown,
When, my dear life, my soul, thou art !

Estrella. — Ah, yes ! 't is most distinctly seen
What mean thy courteous compliments !
But yet, I would not be outdone
By thee in generous sentiments ;
And this high throne I would have won
For thee alone : yet would my love
Be much dissatisfied to prove
What I suspect — that all you say,
The miniature which you display
Around your neck, proves false.

Astolfo. I will
Content thee as to that ; but now
The time is wanting to fulfil
This promise, for each instrument
Doth with its brazen tongue avow
The king comes with his parliament !

King Basilio having returned their respectful salutations, begins a lengthy oration to his assembled courtiers, by telling them that he is a renowned and learned astrologer, but regretting exceedingly that he ever tampered with the deceitful science. He also lets them into a greater secret, namely, that he has a son and heir whose existence had never till this present moment been dreamt of. To Segismund, it seems, his "inauspicious star" threatens a thousand treasons and misfortunes. He is doomed, in short, to see his father's venerable hairs laid prostrate at his feet ; and as, in his first entry into the world, he had given an indication of his furious disposition by the "sad omen of his mother's death," the superstitious monarch immured him from his infancy apart from all mankind in a lone tower. Basilio next declares his intention of trying the effect of his system of education by placing Segismund to-morrow on his throne, where, if he behave with propriety, he will remain for life ; but if, on the contrary, he give a loose rein to his passions, he will be restored to his tower, as a fore-doomed and irreclaimable prodigy, and Astolfo and Estrella, elected in his stead. The plan is approved of by the council.

Clotaldo then enters, and demands pardon for his prisoner's inadvertence, which, as there is now no need of concealment, the king readily grants. Clotaldo, upon dismissing his supposed son, urges him to wash out his insult in his enemy's blood ; but when Rosaura, in gratitude for his protection, tells him that Astolfo is the foe, and that she is a woman, he is reduced to the greatest distress.

The second Jornada opens with a conversation between Clotaldo and the

king; to whom the former relates the manner of Segismund's removal to the palace, when overcome by a soporific potion administered to him. The old courtier, however, expresses great doubts as to the success of the experiment. After the king's departure,

Enter Clarin.

Clarin (apart). — At the price of four good blows,
Which it cost in running hither,
From a red coat halberdier,
Whom I bearded for his dress,
I come at last to see what passes;
For there's not a window surer
Than that which, without asking leave
Of usher or of officer,
A man still bears within himself,
Since, at all kind of spectacles,
He may appear by impudence.

Clotaldo (apart). — This is Clarin, serving-man
Of that, (O heavens!) that wretched child,
Who, dealing in misfortunes, came
To Poland for my ruin. — Ha,
Clarin, what's thy news, my friend?

Clarin. — News, sir! that your clemency,
Disposed to rectify the wrongs
Of Dame Rosaura, counsels her
To re-assume her proper garb.

Clotaldo. — 'T is well, that it may not appear
Like levity.

Clarin. — And that in changing
Her name, and taking prudently
The name of niece to thee, e'en now
Such wondrous honour she receives,
That dame of honour, in the palace
Of fair Estrella, she resides.

Clotaldo. — 'T is well again, that she for once
Some honour get on my account.

Clarin. — And, also, that she now expects
A time and opportunity
Will come to you to aid her cause.

Clotaldo. — A prudent foresight truly that —
For certainly it must be time
Alone that brings about these cures.

Clarin. — And also that she is regaled
And tended as becomes a queen,
And that tho' coming with her, I
Do, notwithstanding, die of hunger;
Yet no one takes a heed of me,
Without considering that I am
A clarion; and if I but sound,
I may tell every thing that passes
To Astolfo and Estrella;
For clarion and a serving man
Are two that keep a secret ill,
And it may be, if I be left
In silence and neglect, I'll show
No clarion to the world around
Can utter forth a louder sound.

Clotaldo. — Complaints like thine are founded well,
So I shall see thee satisfied,
And in all things attend to me.

Clarin. — Behold! where Segismund's arrived.

Enter Musicians singing, and Attendants handing garments to Segismund, who enters in astonishment.

Segismund. — Immortal powers! what scene is this?
Oh Heaven! can I this sight believe?
It is in vain that I conceive!
'T is surely all a dream this bliss!

I, 'midst sumptuous palaces !
 I, 'midst silk and fine brocade,
 Attended by a vast parade
 Of slaves in rich and gorgeous dress !
 To have awoke from out my slumber
 Within that bed, and then around
 A crowd of servants to have found
 Thronging in such countless number !
 To say I dream were to mistake —
 Am I not Segismund who reign ?
 Well know I that I am awake —
 Oh Heaven ! assist me to explain !
 Say, then, how could it come to pass
 That, whilst I slept, my fantasy
 Could cause me all these things to see.
 No ! such it surely never was ;
 But whosoever it is or was
 Who kindly placed me in this state,
 All I ask is, let him wait,
 And soon he'll see what comes to pass.

First Attendant. — How melancholy we appear !

Second Attendant. — No wonder, in such reverie
 To whom would this not come ?

Clarín. To me.

First Attendant. — And shall they so enchant thine ear.

[To Segismund.

Sing a measure.

Segismund. — No ; no more

Their song I wish. —

Second Attendant. — Perchance it would
 Divert thy melancholy mood.

Segismund. — No ; I rather choose the roar
 Of loud and warlike strains to hear.

Clotaldo. — Great prince, your highness unto me
 Must first of all your hand bestow,
 That I may pay the debt I owe
 Your grandeur on my bended knee.

Segismund. — How now, Clotaldo ? who with pain
 Did in a dungeon long maltreat me,
 Here at my feet comes to entreat me —
 What thought is this whirls through my brain ?

[Apart.

Clotaldo. — Amidst the doubts and the confusion
 Of this thy new estate, I fear
 Thy mind conceives it all illusion ;
 But I approach these doubts to clear,
 If it may be, and therefore since
 'T is right thy rank to understand,
 Thy mind and reason to expand,
 Know, then, thou art Polonia's prince —
 Her lawful prince ; and if retired
 From all mankind thy days were spent,
 'T was but to live obedient
 Towards the heavens, which have conspired
 Thy throne and kingdom to o'erspread
 With a thousand ills, when thee
 The laurel leaf of sovereignty
 Encircles. Thus the stars have said ;
 But trusting to thy princely mind
 To o'ercome the stars' malignity,
 (For to o'ercome their power will he
 Be able who is so inclined ;)
 Thou to the palace wast conveyed
 From the lone tower where thou hast slept,
 Whilst in a potent slumber deep
 All thy senses were allayed ;
 The king, thy father, and my lord,
 Will come to visit thee, and then
 All other doubts will he explain.

Segismund. — Ha! traitor vile, thou slave abhorred!
 What need have I of knowing more,
 Since now my birth you represent,
 To prove to all my proud descent,
 And height to which my power can soar?
 How to thy country hast thou done
 Such wilful treason, to deny,
 Against all right and royalty,
 This kingdom to thy monarch's son?
 Thy prince from all mankind withdraw,
 And hide him from himself?

Clotaldo.

Ah me!

Segismund. — Thou wert a traitor to the law,
 And used the basest treachery
 Towards the king — to me unkind;
 And thus the law, the king, and I,
 For all these crimes and sins combined,
 Condemn thee by these hands to die.

Second Attendant. — My lord!

Segismund. — Beware, or soon I'll show
 If you dare cross me, 't is in vain.
 By Heaven, sir, if you don't refrain,
 Over the window there you go.

Second Attendant. — Fly, Clotaldo!

Clotaldo. — Ah! sir, stay.

Alas! for thee so high esteeming
 Thyself, forgetting thou art dreaming.

Second Attendant. — Consider!

Segismund. — Get thee gone, I say!

Second Attendant. — In him 't was lawful to comply
 With each command his sovereign willed.

Segismund. — 'T was wrong this one to have fulfilled
 'Gainst law, and then his prince am I.

Second Attendant. — 'T was not for him, sir, to respect
 The law or justice of the plea.

Segismund. — That thou art crazed I much suspect,
 That with me thou durst make so free.

Clarín. — The prince says admirably well,
 And you all act exceedingly ill.

Second Attendant. — Who gave thee leave to speak thy will?

Clarín. — I took the leave my mind to tell.

Segismund. — Say, who art thou?

Clarín. — A foolish clown,
 That all men in like mode persuades,
 Good for nothing Jack of all trades,
 As in the world was ever known,
 And master of these vagabonds.

Segismund. — Thou alone in worlds so new
 Hast pleased me.

Clarín. — Sir, for your affection,
 Much I thank and honour you.
 Believe me, for all Segismunds
 I have the strongest predilection.

Enter Astolfo.

Astolfo. — Happy a thousand times the day,
 O prince! on which thou first art seen,
 The sun of Poland, to display
 Thy splendour and thy light serene,
 On all the heavenly orbs around,
 Enlightening the horizon far!
 But since thou com'st forth like day's star,
 And, like him, midst the hills art found,
 Arise, then; and though late we heap thy
 Honours on thy royal brow,
 Since on thy head thy flourish now,
 Late may they perish!

Segismund. — Oh! God keep thee! — (*contemptuously.*)

Astolfo. — That you don't know me from my look,
Must be the cause that no more you
Respect me : I'm Astolfo, duke
Of Muscovy ; your cousin, too.

Segismund. — If with " God keep thee ! " you I greet,
Is 't not a complimenting strain ?
But since now boastfully you treat
Of whom you are, and thus complain,
I give not honour due, next call
I'll say, God keep thee not at all !

Second Attendant. — Your highness will reflect with care,
That being among the mountains born,
A higher rank by him is worn.

Segismund. — It irks me that with such an air
Of consequence he came, and that
The first thing, when he spoke to me,
Was on his head to place his hat,

Second Attendant. — Consider, he is a grandee.

Segismund. — But I am greater.

Second Attendant. — I suggest,
Some more respect be used between
Great lords than is with others seen.

Segismund. — Who made thee judge of what is best ?

The Infanta Estrella next enters to pay her respects to her new relative, who is, of course, at first sight "*eperdument epris*," as the French say. Though never till now blessed with the sight of one of the fair sex in her proper garb, Segismund pays her the most highflown compliments; and being no Caliban, courteously imprints a kiss upon her hand, to the great uneasiness and jealousy of Astolfo. The attendant who had on a former occasion presumed to exchange words with the prince hazards his advice another time, at which his master is so incensed, that he fairly tosses him over the window. Last of all, the king, his father, enters, and a scene of mutual recrimination ensues, without the least signs of respect or repentance being displayed on the part of Segismund ; after which

Enter Rosaura in a woman's dress.

Rosaura (apart). — Following in Estrella's train
Hither I've come, and fear to meet again
The duke, for 't was Clotaldo's prayer
That I should not to him myself declare,
As it my honour's safety might decide,
And I unto Clotaldo's care confide
My cause, to be by his advice controlled,
Since to his love I owe the rank I hold.

Clarín (to Segismund). — Say, what is that hath given thee most delight
Above all things that here have met thy sight ?

Segismund. — Nothing do I admire,
All was foretold me ; but if I desire
Aught in this world, t'will be
Woman's divine enchanting majesty,
And I remember me I read
Whilome in books, that what 'bove all displayed
Nature's divinest plan,
As being a world within himself, was man.
I think the work to which most care was given
Was woman ; for she is herself a heaven,
And by her beauty's spells,
As far as heaven does earth, she man excels,
And more, if it be one I now admire.

Rosaura (apart). — The prince is here ; I therefore must retire.

Segismund. — Ho ! woman ! stand at least ;
Join not the west unto the orient east ;
Nay, fly not at first sight,
And join the bright day to the gloomy night ;

Remove those eyes and lips,
And, doubtless, thou wilt cause the day's eclipse;
But sure mine eyes deceive.

Rosaura. — What I behold I doubt, and yet believe.

Segismund. — The beauty she would hide
I've seen before.

Rosaura. Sure I this pomp and pride
Beheld before in strife
Within a dungeon.

Segismund. — Lo! I've found my life,
O woman! for that name
Has on a man the most endearing claim.
Who art thou? dost thou know,
Thou to thy prince dost adoration owe,
Tho' ne'er beheld by thee? But I
My claim by other rights will justify.
Methinks, I've seen before
The heavenly beauty which I now adore.
Fair creature, what's thy name?

Rosaura (apart). — I must dissemble — I'm Estrella's dame,
Midst stars a feeble ray.

Segismund. — No, say not so: a bright sun rather say
From which her star's pale light
Borrows its splendour, shining but by night.
I saw amidst the bowers
That, in the kingdom of perfumes and flowers,
The rose's deity
Was held as empress, born of fairest tree;
I saw, midst jewels fine,
In the rare knowledge of each various mine,
Preferred the diamond stone
Above them all, as it most brilliant shone.
I in the clear and high
Republic of the still revolving sky,
Beheld that loftier far
Than all the rest shone the bright morning star,
And in the highest spheres,
Where the sun calls the planets his peers,
Beheld him in his might,
Hailed the great oracle of day and night.
How then, if, midst the jewels, stars, and flowers,
The fairest and most beauteous have most powers,
And shine the most exalted, canst thou own
Obedience to less beauty than thine own,
As, being lovelier far,
Rose, diamond, sun, and flower, and morning star?

Enter Clotaldo from the side.

Clotaldo. — Young Segismund I would redeem,
For I it was, in truth, who nurtured him:
But, lo! What's this?

[*Apert.*

Rosaura. Thy favour I revere;
And let my silence eloquence appear;
When thus embarrassment confounds the mind,
She best discourses, who no tongue can find.

Segismund. — Nay, thou must not absent thyself! Remain!
Wherefore wouldst thou depart in such disdain,
Darkening my sight? O stand!

Rosaura. — This favour of your highness I demand.

Segismund. — Such violent speed to make,
Is not to ask the licence, but to take.

Rosaura. — If you wo'n't give, to take it I expect.

Segismund. — Thou'lt make me pass to rudeness from respect;
For this resistance is the worst of ills —
A fatal poison, which my patience kills.

Rosaura. — Yet though this poison, which you name,
Of fear and passion mingled, overcame
Patience, yet, of respect to me,
It would not dare the conqueror to be.

Segismund. — Merely to prove, if I possess the might,
Thou'lt cause me to neglect thy beauty's right ;
For much, believe me, I'm inclined
To vanquish what seems to another mind
Impossible, as I've now shown,
When, o'er the palace-window, one was thrown,
Who said I dared not treat him so ;
And thus, 't is evident, my power to show,
Thine honour through the window I would throw.

Clotaldo (apart). He ventures on, still more and more.
What must I do ? O heavens ! Must I deplore,
For a vain foolish thought,
Mine honour, to this second peril brought ?

Rosaura. No ; 't was not doomed in vain
That this poor kingdom, in thy cruel reign,
Would suffer the extremes
Of woe and treason, from thy tyrant schemes.
But what more could we claim
Of one who has nought human but the name ?
Presumptuous, haughty, blind,
Proud, arrogant, with wild barbarian mind,
'Midst savage monsters born.

Segismund. That thou might'st not repeat thy furious scorn,
We showed ourselves so kind and courteous,
Thinking thereby to win thy love to us ;
But if we be all that they represent,
By thus replying, shalt thou this repent. —
Holla ! Leave us alone there ! You exhaust
My patience. Lock the doors fast !

[*Exit Clarin.*]

Rosaura. O, I'm lost !
Remember —

Segismund. — I 'm a king.
A monarch, tyrant ; vainly now you cling.

Clotaldo. — O sad heart-rending sight !
I shall assist her, though 't is death to fight.
My lord, restrain your wrath !

[*Apart.*
[*Comes forward.*]

Segismund. — Hast thou a second time, then, crossed my path !
Foolish old man ! How now !
A tyrant's wrath a trifle, deemest thou ?
What is thine errand, say ?

Clotaldo. — The cry of one in trouble, I obey,
To tell thee thou must school
Thy passions, if thou longer seek'st to rule ;
Nor be, though thou the king of all may'st seem,
Thus cruel, for perhaps 't is but a dream.

Segismund. — To madness you provoke
My passion when my mercy you invoke
By disenchanting me. Thy death shall try
If it be truth or dream.

Clotaldo. Thus, then, do I
Attempt my life to save. [*Endeavours to prevent the drawing of his dagger.*]

Segismund. — Let go thy hold : unhand my sword, vile slave !

Clotaldo. — Not till men come this way
Will I unloose.

Rosaura. O heavens !
Segismund. Let go, I say !

Thou hoary fool, thy breath
Thus do I stop by strangling thee to death.

[*They struggle.*]

Rosaura. — Help ! Help ! O fly ! O hold !
Clotaldo's slain !

[*Exit.*]

Enter Astolfo as Clotaldo falls, and interposes between them.

Astolfo. What is 't I now behold ?
Prince, could thy generous mind
Thus to have stained thy valiant sword designed,
When his grey hairs implored ?
For shame ! My lord, put up your naked sword !

Segismund.—When first my weapon's dyed
In his detested blood.

Astolfo. Thus at his side
Do I protect him in his need;
And much rejoice to serve him by the deed.

Segismund.—'T will serve thee but to die; for in this way
I also learn to avenge me, and repay
With death thy past affront.

Astolfo. I but defend
My life, thus majesty I don't offend.

[*They fight.*]

Enter the King, Estrella, and Attendants.

Clotaldo.—Harm him not, senior!

Basilio. How in this place steel?

Estrella.—It is Astolfo. Ah! What pangs I feel!

Basilio.—Tell me what wrong hath passed.

Astolfo.—'T is nothing, sire, since you have come at last.

[*Sheath their swords.*]

Segismund.—Sire, it is much, altho' you have arrived:
That fool, of life I sought to have deprived.

Basilio.—Dost thou no more respect assign
To these grey hairs?

Clotaldo. O, Sire, what, then, are mine?
Thou see'st they nought avail.

Segismund. Thoughts vain and weak!
Honour for hoary heads in me to seek!
Perchance those locks may come,
Prostrate at my feet to see themselves o'ercome:
Not yet is vengeance due
Exacted for the wrongs I've borne from you.

[*Exit.*]

Basilio.—First, ere thou see that sight,
To sleep thou shalt return ere it be night;
For all that's past, and all thou didst attempt,
Being this world's prosperity, was dreamt.

[*Exeunt.*]

The stage being now left to Astolfo and Estrella, the latter, still affected by a slight jealousy, demands the surrender of the picture she had beheld around her lover's neck. He departs, to comply with her demand. Meanwhile, Rosaura enters, and is requested by Estrella, from motives of delicacy, to receive the miniature from the duke, on her account. In this awkward situation, Rosaura is recognised by Astolfo, who insists, spite of her dissimulation, in not intrusting the picture to her keeping. A struggle for the miniature ensues. Estrella, returning, demands an explanation of the scene. Rosaura pretends that, having a picture of herself on her person, she had happened to drop it at the moment of Astolfo's entry, and that he now refused to restore it. She appeals for the truth of this statement to the picture itself. Estrella examines it; and, being convinced by the resemblance it bears to her maid, gives it to Rosaura, who makes her exit. The infanta next demands the one which Astolfo had departed to bring; and, upon his stammering out an excuse, casts him off in disdain.

Prince Segismund, like another Christopher Sly, is then borne back to his prison, in a deep slumber.

Discovers Segismund sleeping on the ground, as in the beginning, and enter Clotaldo, two Servants, and Clarin.

Clotaldo.—Here must you leave him; for his pride
Must end to-day where it began.

Servant.—The chain I'll fasten in the plan
In which it formerly was tied.

Clarin.—Make thou no haste, young Segismund,
To awake from out thy sleep, and see
Thy glory changed to misery;
'T was but life's shadow, nought beyond.

Clotaldo.—For him who knows thus to discourse,
'T were best a chamber to provide,
Wherein he may have room to chide
And chatter till he's dumb or hoarse.
Seize that man, and under ground
Fast lock him up!

[To servants.

Clarín. Why so, I pray?

Clotaldo.—A clarion, that such tunes can play,
Is safest where it cannot sound.

Clarín.—Have I, forsooth, for such a deed
As a father's death conspired and strove, or
Thrown an Icarus just over
The window? No, not I, indeed!
Dream I or sleep? Why shut me in?
Tell me the cause?

Clotaldo. Thou art Clarín.

Clarín.—A cornet now will I become,
Or instrument both deaf and dumb.

[They bear him out.

Enter King in disguise.

Basilio.—Clotaldo!

Clotaldo. Sire, is't thus you come?

Basilio.—A foolish wish hath hither brought
Me wandering—what is done, to see
With Segismund:—O, wo is me!

Clotaldo.—Behold!

Basilio. Ah me! He little thought,
My child, in hour unlucky born,
To feel so near his wretched fate:—
O prince, most unfortunate,
Of all thy vanities now shorn!
But soft, behold he stirs at length:
He moves his arm, and now has gained
His vigour; for the cup he drained
No more enervates all his strength:
His sighs are louder, breathings firmer:
What dreams he of? What does he now?

Clotaldo.—Why, he begins to move and murmur;
And hark! He speaks! Then listen thou!

Segismund (speaks in his sleep).—He, who a tyrant can defeat,
Must be a prince both good and grand.

Die, Clotaldo, by this hand:

My humbled father, kiss these feet.

Clotaldo.—To me he threatens death.

Basilio.

To me

Harsh and impious cruelty.

Segismund.—Before the world's admiring stage

Let my imperious valour shine—

Triumphant o'er his king's design

See Segismundo's generous rage.

But wo is me! Where am I now?

[Awakes.

Basilio.—But me he must not recognise;

Remember that thou must disguise:

I go to hear what he'll avow.

[Retires.

Segismund.—And am I then? can I be he

Who comes to view himself here bound

Within a prison, and around

The proofs of his captivity?

Is't not my former sepulchre?

The tower! Yes, Heaven guard my mind!

I've dreamt of many things, I find.

Clotaldo.—'T is time for Segismund to stir;

'Tis for awaking now the hour.

Segismund.—Now is the hour, indeed, for waking.

Clotaldo.—All day long thou hast been taking

Slumber deep, since from the tower

I followed the proud eagle's flight,

There didst thou lie, and ne'er awake.

Segismund. — Nor have I yet my slumbers broke,
Clotaldo : I believe me right
 In thinking that I still am sleeping :
 Nor am I wrong in thus asserting :
 For, if all things were dreamt which I,
 My senses in oblivion steeping,
 Thought I saw before me, why .
 Doubt not all I see uncertain ?
 For when I sleep, I clearly see
 That when I wake I clearly dream.

Clotaldo. — What thou has dreamt explain to me.

Segismund. — But yet, supposing that we deem
 It was a dream, I will not say
 What I have dreamt, but what I saw,
Clotaldo ; listen, then, I pray :
 Methought I woke ; and, in my awe,
 Beheld me on a couch reclined,
 Which, for its bright resplendent die,
 With the gorgeous flowers of spring might vie : —
 A thousand nobles there inclined,
 And, at my feet, the name divine
 Of prince bestowed ; and, in their state,
 Jewels, garments, plumes, did wait
 Attending to my nod and sign.
 My senses calm thou didst convert
 Into wild joy : when to convince
 My doubts, thou saidst, “ Thou art and wert
 Polonia’s true and lawful prince.”

Clotaldo. — O ! marvellous good luck was thine !

Segismund. — Nay, ’t was not good ; for, tiger-like
 In my wrath, I sought to strike
 Once, nay twice, — I would have slain
Clotaldo.

Clotaldo. — Such reward for me ?

Segismund. — I was the lord o’er all, and fain
 Would have avenged their treachery.
 One woman only I did love :
 And that ’tis truth I well believe ;
 For all the others changes prove,
 The whilst this thought alone doth cleave.

Clotaldo. — The king has gone, moved to compassion
 By his lament. So, whilst we spoke
 Of eagles, and until you woke,
 You thought of ruling in this fashion.
 But, *Segismund*, it more beseems,
 Even in dreams, to honour those
 Who, for our virtue, interpose : —
 Good is not lost, though done in dreams.

Segismund. — ’T is true, and therefore let’s redeem
 This cruel mind and wild condition,
 Savage fury, mad ambition :
 If, at times, we mortals dream,
 As all must do, since we live in
 A world so singular and rare,
 Merely to live and draw the air
 Sufficeth us to dream and sin :
 And my experience truly spake,
 That men but dream, in vapour thin,
 That which they are till they awake.
 The king dreams he is a king, and lives
 In his deception all commanding,
 Governing and reprimanding.
 And the applause that he receives
 Is written in the wind, and death
 Converts to ashes. Ah, sad fate !
 His glory and his mighty state,
 When, with his dart, he stops his breath.

[*Exit King.*
Apart.]

[*Exit.*]

Then he should heed who seeks to reign,
 Seeing that he is doomed to wake
 In death's dream; and the rich mistake
 Who dream of cares their riches gain;
 The poor man dreams the misery
 He's doomed to suffer and outlive;
 He dreams who labours for his fee;
 He also dreams who 'gins to thrive;
 He who arms or injures, dreams;
 And, in this world, in the conclusion,
 Each man dreams that which he seems,
 And no one knows 't is all illusion.
 I dream, that here, with wonted strife,
 I rail to walls; I also dreamed,
 That in a station more esteemed,
 I saw myself: then, what is life?
 'T is a frenzy, 't is a madness,
 Short-lived joy, that ends in sadness.
 Phantoms, that, like fairy elves,
 Shine, and vanish, do we seem;
 For our life is but a dream,
 And a dream the dreams themselves.

The third Jornada opens with a speech by Clarin, in his lonely tower, in which he attempts a few witticisms on his own hunger; but, apparently, it is no joking subject, as they are all exceeding "*mauvais ton*." A noise is heard. The door of the prison is burst open, and a company of soldiers hail him as their prince. Clarin, at first, is at a loss to conceive how he comes to acquire such honour; but concluding it must be the fashion of this kingdom to elect a prince one day, and shut him within a tower the next, he resolves to accommodate himself to his fate, and begins to assume the airs of his office, when the true Segismund, hearing the disturbance, enters, and dispels the illusion. The soldiers, having saluted him as their monarch, describe an insurrection of the people against the council assembled for the election of Astolfo, and invite Segismund to assume the command of an army assembled for his rescue. It is almost impossible to persuade the prince a second time of the reality of these appearances.

Segismund. — Once more, O heavens! once more do ye desire,
 That I dream power and dignity for a time
 To dissipate? Once more do ye ordain
 That I behold, 'midst shadows and illusions,
 The pomp and majesty, that with the wind
 Disperse and vanish? Once more must I prove
 The hazards and defeated hopes to which
 All earthly power is liable when born?
 No, no, it must not be; it must not be;
 Behold me once more subject to my fate:
 And, since I know this life is but a dream,
 Go shadows, that to my dead senses feign
 Body and voice, seeing that it is truth
 Ye have no lasting substance. No more pomp,
 Or foolish glory, seek I: vain illusions,
 Which, at the lightest breath of air, disperse
 Even as the flowering almond-tree, whose boughs
 At the first zephyr, from their crowning bloom,
 Scatter their pride and ornaments around.
 I know you all, I know you all; I feel
 The same must pass with every one who sleeps.
 Ye have no charms for me: when, undeceived,
 I know too well that life is but a dream.

Soldier. — If thou dost fancy that we now deceive thee,
 Turn towards yonder eminence thine eyes,
 And there behold the multitudes that wait
 Thy dictates to obey.

Enter King Basilio and Astolfo.

Basilio. — Ah! who, Astolfo, calmly could restrain
The fury of a wild, unbridled steed?
Who could a river's rapid course detain,
Whose foaming torrents towards the ocean speed?
Who could the mountain avalanche retain,
Or from beneath its thundering course impede?
Yet easier far might one such strength acquire
Than calm the fickle crowd's licentious ire —

And so forth for some six or seven additional stanzas. All are now in confusion. The king flies. Astolfo hastes to give battle to the foe; and Rosaura, reduced to despair, resolves to attempt the hazardous experiment of making an appeal to the conquering Segismund, who appears marching at the head of his army, tempering the impetuous sallies of his arrogance, which from time to time burst forth with the remembrance that it is all a dream, out of which he must soon awake, with the satisfaction or repentance of having acted virtuously or infamously. He listens to the long recital of Rosaura's story, and is more and more perplexed at the evidence of the reality of his former misery and grandeur; and, after musing on the instability of both, concludes with —

Let us be wise to avail ourselves of bliss
Which is before us placed: — she's in my power;
My soul adores her beauty; let me now
Enjoy the occasion; for love breaks the laws
That guard inviolate the faith with which
She threw herself before my feet to sue.
This is a dream; — since 't is so, let me dream
Of some true happiness, and afterwards
Let sorrow come; but yet with mine own words
I now come to convince me 'gainst myself.
If but a dream — a poor vain glory — who
For such poor mortal glory would resign
A heavenly crown? Past joy! is't not a dream?
Whoever felt heroic bliss who did not
Say to himself, revolving in his mind,
Doubtless I was but dreaming when I knew it?
This touches mine own case; if, then, I know
Enticing pleasure be a brilliant flame,
Which every wind that blows converts to ashes,
Let's fix our thoughts upon eternity.
Which is the long-lived fame, where neither bliss
Reposes, nor is grandeur laid aside.
Rosaura is not honourable — what then?
Honour it more becomes a prince to give
Than basely steal away. God help my mind!
Must I of her poor beauty conqueror be
Rather than of my kingdom? Let me shun
The strong temptation. — Ho, there! sound to arms!
To-day must I give battle, ere the night
Her dusky mantle spreads o'er rays of gold,
And buries in the dark green western wave
My star's bright rays for ever.

In the conflict he is victorious. The humbled monarch is discovered hidden among the trees of the mountain; and being brought before his son, throws himself at his feet. Segismund regards him for some time in silent emotion, and at last breaks out into a passionate declamation against the folly and cruelty of opposing the will of Heaven by such unnatural treatment of him. His better nature at length prevails, and he raises his father to his arms. Astolfo is made to wed Rosaura, and Segismund supplies his place in Estrella's affections.

THE FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBS OF JUNE.

THERE is perhaps no season in which the flowering shrubs of British gardens make so brilliant a display as in May and June, particularly in the latter month, from the addition of the rhododendrons and roses. In this respect we have great advantages over our ancestors, for nearly all the most beautiful of our flowering shrubs are of modern introduction. The different ornamental kinds of *Ribes*, the American barberries, and many other of our most beautiful shrubs, have been introduced since 1824, and two thirds of the remainder since 1810. It is amusing and scarcely credible to see how very few ornamental shrubs and low trees were known to our ancestors. In the days of Queen Ann, and of George I., almost the only ornamental trees and shrubs were variegated hollies, and a few of the commoner kinds of roses. What our ancestors wanted in the variety, and, we may add, quality, of their shrubs, was, however, made up in the great quantity of each sort that was planted. High box, yew, or holly hedges, wildernesses of hornbeam, and bowers of roses, were the staple ornaments of their pleasure grounds, and a few lilacs and laburnums were introduced by those who wished it to be thought that they possessed a taste for botany. During the whole reign of Ann, according to Loudon's "*Arboretum Britannicum*," not above half a dozen flowering shrubs were introduced; and in the reign of George I. not above nine or ten more. About the middle of the century, the American rhododendrons and kalmias began to be planted in English gardens; and from that period to the present time, the taste for, and, consequently, the importation of, foreign trees and shrubs have increased so rapidly, that between 1811 and 1830 above seven hundred new ornamental trees and shrubs were introduced into British pleasure grounds. The finest trees and shrubs of these introductions have also speedily become well known and in general cultivation, and instead of lingering for a century or two as formerly, in the hands of a few individuals, they are now found to spread in a few years, even before they have lost the first freshness and bloom of their novelty, into cottage gardens; and the demand increases so fast, that collectors are at this moment in almost every unexplored region of the globe catering for the vigorous appetite that has been created.

One of the most beautiful, and, at the same time, one of the most numerous, families of flowering shrubs now cultivated in our gardens, consists of the numerous species belonging to the genus *Ribes*. Nearly all the ornamental species of this genus are of quite recent introduction. Till lately, but few persons had any idea that the genus *Ribes* included any plants worth cultivation but the common gooseberry and the red and black currants; for though some few other species were introduced about the middle of the last century, they were not sufficiently ornamental to attract general notice. In 1812, the first really ornamental kinds of *Ribes* were introduced, viz. those with yellow flowers. The handsomest of these (*Ribes aureum*) has large golden yellow flowers, which generally appear in May, and which are succeeded by blackish yellow fruit, very inferior to the common currants of our gardens in size and flavour. The common yellow-flowered currant is one of the earliest flowering kinds, but there is a variety of it which does not flower till the middle of June.

In 1822, *Ribes multiflorum* was introduced; and though its flowers are green, they are, perhaps, more beautiful than those of any other species, or

account of the long and elegant drooping racemes in which they are disposed. This species flowers a fortnight or three weeks later than the other kinds, and it is one of the very few species of this genus that are found wild in Europe, it being a native of Croatia. Though a most abundant flowerer, it seldom produces fruit; and the fruit, when it does appear, is a red currant of small size and very little flavour: the leaves are large and handsome; and the whole shrub, though seldom growing to a large size, forms a vigorous, healthy-looking and compact bush. It is comparatively little known; but it is sufficiently common in the nurseries to be sold at a low price; while, as it is quite hardy, it requires very little care in its cultivation.

Ribes sanguineum, the red-blossomed currant, was introduced in 1826; and when we look at the immense number of these shrubs lately planted in the Horticultural Society's garden, and consider how many are scattered over the country, it seems scarcely credible that so short a time has elapsed since its introduction. The history of this shrub is rather curious: it was discovered about fifty years ago on the north-west coast of America, by Archibald Menzies, Esq., who was surgeon and botanist to the expedition under Captain Vancouver. But though this gentleman brought specimens of the flowers to England, no farther notice was taken of the shrub; and it was never introduced till seeds of it were sent home by Douglas in 1826. *Ribes speciosum* was discovered by Mr. Menzies in the same manner, and specimens of it brought home, though the living plant was not introduced till 1829. The flowers of the latter plant are scarlet, and bear a slight resemblance to those of the fuchsia; but they are too small, and too widely apart to make so brilliant a show as those of *Ribes sanguineum*. The fruit of *Ribes speciosum* is a gooseberry, but it has no flavour; that of *Ribes sanguineum* is a black currant, resembling in appearance and taste a bilberry. *Ribes glutinosum* is only a variety of *R. sanguineum*, with paler flowers, and a slightly viscid stem. *Ribes malvaceum* is another variety, with flowers that have a lilac tinge; and there is another variety of *Ribes sanguineum*, which is always acknowledged to be such, and which has deep scarlet flowers.

Ribes niveum, introduced in 1826, and *Ribes cereum*, in 1827, have white flowers; those of the latter species being sufficiently large to be showy. The leaves of *R. cereum* are round, and covered with a white waxy substance, whence the plant takes its name. *Ribes niveum* is almost the only ornamental species of the genus that has a palatable fruit: it is one of those species which form a link between the currant and the gooseberry; it resembles in form, colour, and manner of growth, a black currant, but when cut open it is decidedly a gooseberry. It has a very agreeable and somewhat perfumed flavour; and though rather too acid to be eaten raw, it is excellent in pies and puddings.

Ribes punctatum has bright yellow flowers, and fragrant evergreen leaves. It is a native of Chili, introduced in 1826, and is too tender to live without a wall in England. It is yet scarce, and it has never ripened fruit in this country; though, as it throws up suckers, which no other gooseberry does, it is easily propagated. It is very ornamental, and in warm sheltered situations it is certainly well worth cultivating.

The *Escallonias* are pretty little shrubs, introduced since 1827; the flowers of which, taken separately, bear some resemblance to those of the currant. *Escallonia rubra* has red flowers, produced singly, or in very small side bunches; and *E. montevidensis* has white flowers, produced in a large handsome terminal bunch.

The family of flowering shrubs which may be considered next in beauty to the currants consists of the Barberries and Mahonias: these are very numerous, and they are all beautiful, though not half so much cultivated as they deserve to be. Every body knows the common barberry (*Berberis vulgaris*), though but few persons are aware of its numerous varieties, the fruit of some of which is sweet, — of others, seedless, — and of others, yellow, white, violet, black, or purple. The barberry bears rather a bad reputation, from its alleged power of infecting corn growing near it with the mildew. Modern botanists have, however, proved that the parasitic plant, vulgarly called the mildew, which attacks the barberry, is of a different genus to that which attacks wheat.

The pretty South American barberry (*Berberis dulcis*), which was introduced, in 1831, from the Straits of Magellan, has drooping, bell-shaped, yellow flowers, hanging on long footstalks. The berries are sweet, round, and black, not unlike black currants. The plant is quite hardy and evergreen.

The Nepal barberries (*Berberis floribunda*, *asiatica*, and *aristata*) are all very handsome bushes, and produce abundance of flowers. The fruit of *Berberis aristata*, called Chitria by the natives, is dried in Nepal, as grapes are in Europe to make raisins. *Berberis dealbata* is a Mexican species, with evergreen leaves, which are of a glossy green above, and white below, and scarcely any spines. This species is very scarce and dear, it being sold last year at a guinea a plant.

The common ash barberry (*Mahonia aquifolium*) has glossy, holly-like leaves, and upright racemes of rich yellow flowers: it is a native of North America, and was introduced in 1823. This species was ten guineas a plant as late as 1830, but plants may now be procured in the nurseries at 3s. 6d. or 5s. each. This rapid fall in the prices of new plants, and, in short, of every thing that is new, is one of the most striking effects of the diffusion of knowledge. Formerly, even so late, indeed, as the beginning of the present century, rare plants were only bought by wealthy individuals, and they retained the high prices at which they were originally sold for many years afterwards, because there was not a sufficient demand for them to make it worth while to propagate them extensively; now, no sooner is any thing new introduced, than it is known to every body, and every body wishes to possess it.

There are several other species of ash barberry, all of which are in the gardens of the Horticultural Society at Turnham Green, and all of which bear their large branches of brilliant yellow flowers in May and June.

The thorns begin to flower early in April, and continue till the latter end of June, the different species producing their flowers in succession: the earliest is *Cratægus purpurea*: this is not a handsome tree; on the contrary, it has a miserable, and rather a stunted appearance, but its flowers are remarkable from their black anthers, and the fruit for the variety of its colours, white, pale yellow, red, and purple haws being found on the same tree. *C. nigra* is another early blossoming kind, with very small black fruit. This tree is said to attract nightingales, because, according to Mr. Loudon, "it is particularly liable to be attacked by insects, and because numerous caterpillars are to be found upon it about the time that nightingales are in full song."

In May and June appear the blossoms of the common hawthorn, and those of all its numerous varieties. Perhaps no tree has produced more varieties than this. Loudon enumerates thirty kinds, and we believe there are many more. The most remarkable of these is the Glastonbury thorn,

which is generally in flower at Christmas. The Glastonbury thorn is, indeed, in leaf, flower, or fruit almost all the year; and it has, generally, all three at once on it at Christmas. The original tree grows at Glastonbury; and, according to the legend, was the staff of Joseph of Arimathea, which being stuck into the ground on Christmas day miraculously took root, and instantly produced leaves, flowers, and ripe fruit. Queen Mary's thorn has drooping branches, and long fleshy fruit, which are good to eat. The original tree is said to be still standing, and, if this be true, it must now be nearly 800 years old.

The other varieties of the hawthorn have probably originated from seedlings observed in some hedge, and transplanted into a nursery. In this manner the beautiful scarlet hawthorn was discovered, and also the double-flowered kind, which is so ornamental in our shrubberies, both when its blossoms first expand, and are of a pure white, and when in about a fortnight they begin to take a pinkish tinge, which deepens gradually as they decay. Some of the varieties have bright yellow fruit, and in some it is quite black; in some the leaves are shaped like those of the oak, and in others they are slender and deeply cut, like those of the fern. One kind grows stiff and upright, like the Lombardy poplar, and the branches of another kind are curled and twisted together like gigantic ringlets. In some the leaves are variegated, and in others smooth and shining; in short, it is scarcely possible to set any limits to the varieties. The red-blossomed hawthorn was one of the earliest discovered, it having been found in the time of Ray; and we may easily imagine what a valuable acquisition it must have been to the slender stock of flowering shrubs possessed by our ancestors. It is somewhat remarkable that all the red-blossomed hawthorns have not been propagated from the same tree, but that several red-blossomed seedlings have been found at different times, and at different places. Nearly all the other varieties appear to have been discovered accidentally; and their number is accounted for by the fact of more plants of the hawthorn being raised from seed than of any other tree, from the great length of time that the hawthorn has been used for a hedge plant.

The cockspur thorn is a noble species, and it has some singular varieties. One of these *C. crus-galli salicifolia* has a flat head, spreading like a miniature cedar of Lebanon. A dwarf sub-variety of this, which does not grow more than five feet high, is well-adapted for planting in children's gardens. *C. coccinea*, or the scarlet-fruited thorn, *C. glandulosa*, and *C. punctata*, are all well worth growing in a shrubbery, or on a lawn; and when seen together, they will be found very distinct.

The principal large-fruited thorns are *Crataegus Azarolus*, *C. Aronia*, *C. orientalis*, or *odoratissima*, and *C. tanacetifolia*. These plants are all late in flowering, seldom expanding even their leaves till the latter end of May or beginning of June, and being sometimes much later. The fruit of all of them is not only eatable, but very good. *C. orientalis* and *C. tanacetifolia* have both whitish leaves; the fruit of the first is of a brilliant coral colour, and of the latter yellow. There is a variety of the first species with fruit of a port-wine colour; and Lee's seedling variety of the latter is one of the handsomest plants of the genus. Notwithstanding the resemblance of the leaves, these two species are easily distinguished, not only by the colour of the fruit, but by their habits of growth; *C. orientalis* being a handsome spreading tree, and *C. tanacetifolia* upright-growing.

One of the late flowering varieties is *C. parviflora*, which does not flower till late in June, and which bears pear-shaped green fruit. The leaves of this species and its varieties, and of *C. virginica*, are very small. *C. cordata*

is the latest flowering of all the kinds, as it rarely produces its flowers before the middle of July. There are many other species, and among others *C. microcarpa*, with its brilliant bright scarlet fruit, and *C. mexicana*, with its large yellow fruit, looking like golden pippin apples; but we have said enough to show what ornamental plants the thorns are, not only in their flowers, but in their fruit. *Crataegus*, or *mespilus pyracantha*, may be added to the above, as it is a very ornamental shrub, not only from its evergreen leaves, but from its brilliant scarlet berries, which are so abundant as to occasion the French to call it *brisson ardent*. In short, every tree belonging to the genus is worth growing; and we are glad to see that Mr. Loudon in the "*Arboretum Britannicum*," and Dr. Lindley in the "*Botanical Register*," have contrived within the last two or three years to bring ornamental thorns into fashion.

The *amelanchiers*, the commonest species of which is well known under the name of the snowy *mespilus*; the *cotoneasters* with their coral berries; the ornamental kinds of *pyrus*, including the mountain ash, the Siberian crab, the garland flowering apple-tree, and showy Chinese crab-tree; the *Photinia serrulata*, with its large showy bunches of flowers, and beautifully-tinted leaves in spring and autumn; the loquat-tree, with its large woolly leaves; the Nepal white beam-tree, and many others, deserve especial notice from the planter and landscape gardener.

Among the flowering trees of May and June may be reckoned that splendid climber *Wistaria consequana*, or, as some call it, *Glycine chinensis*. The flowers of this tree resemble those of the *laburnum* in form, but are of a delicate lilac. Nothing can exceed the vigorous growth of this tree, or the profusion of its blossoms: the specimen in the Horticultural Society's garden at Turnham Green covers nearly 200 feet of wall. This splendid plant is a native of China, from which country it was brought in 1816. At its first introduction, and for a year or two afterwards, plants were six guineas each; but they are now to be had in any nursery for a shilling or eighteen-pence.

Next to the *wistaria* may very appropriately be placed the *laburnums*, which, notwithstanding their beauty, are now become so common as to be little valued. Some of these are sweet-scented and remarkably long in their drooping racemes of flowers. The purple-flowered *laburnum*, as it is called, though in fact its blossoms are of a dirty pink, is a hybrid between the common *laburnum* and the purple *cytissus*, and it possesses the extraordinary power of reproducing its parents. Trees of this kind in different parts of the country have been known to produce a sprig of the purple *cytissus* from one branch, and of the common *laburnum* from another, without any grafting, and yet each quite distinct.

The Judas tree (*Cereis siliquastrum*) is another ornamental tree belonging to the *Leguminosæ*. This tree produces its pretty pink flowers on its trunk and thick branches, and the flowers have a slight acidity that makes them form an agreeable dish, when dipped in batter and fried as fritters. The tree takes its name from its being supposed to be that on which Judas hanged himself; but Gerard gravely assured us that this was not the case, as he hanged himself on an elder!

The peat-earth plants belonging to the order *Ericaceæ* are a host in themselves. The *rhododendrons*, the *kalmias*, the *arbutus*, the *heaths*, and their allied species, are all so beautiful that no garden should be without them. The *rhododendrons*, it is well known, vary very much in the colour, though not much in the form, of their flowers, and some of the hybrids between the Nepal tree species and the common kinds are extremely

splendid. The rhododendrons are generally considered American plants; but one of the commonest kinds, *R. ponticum*, is a native of Asia Minor. The number of varieties and hybrids of this species almost exceed belief: between thirty and forty named kinds are in the nurseries. It has been said that honey, which Xenophon tells us produced so injurious an effect on the Greeks in their celebrated retreat, was produced by the flowers of this shrub; but others attribute this poisonous honey to the *Azalea pontica*.

Rhododendron catawbiense, so called from its principal habitat being near the head of the Catawba, is the most common American species, and it is a great favourite, from its hardiness, and its being an abundant flowerer. The hybrids raised between this species and *R. arboreum*, the Nepal tree rhododendron, are not only very handsome, but they are much hardier than those raised between the Nepal species and *R. ponticum*; and they stood out without protection during the severe frost of 1857-8, when all the hybrids raised from *R. ponticum* were killed.

R. maximum is the tenderest of the American rhododendrons, and the longest before it flowers. The plant also is not healthy looking. It was introduced in 1736, but did not produce any flowers in England till twenty years afterwards. There are two varieties of this species, one with pure white, and the other with fragrant flowers. Besides these there are several dwarf rhododendrons with leathery leaves, and small brilliant coloured flowers.

Some of our modern botanists include the azaleas in the genus rhododendron; and it is certain that the two kinds hybridise freely together. The commoner kinds of azalea, *A. pontica*, *A. nudiflora*, and *A. viscosa*, have produced almost innumerable hybrids, some of which are very beautiful. *Rhodora canadensis*, another plant belonging to this order, is worth cultivating for the earliness of its flowering.

The Nepal rhododendrons, and the Indian and Chinese azaleas, are very beautiful, but they require the protection of a greenhouse.

The kalmias are called by the Americans, Calico flowers; a name admirably adapted to express the peculiar appearance of the flower, which is more like an artificial flower cut out of cambric, muslin, or calico, than a real one. The different kinds of whortleberry and cranberry, the heaths, and all the newly made genera formerly comprised under the genus *Erica*, the *Andromeda* and the *Arbutus*, complete the list of these plants, all of which are splendid ornaments to the British gardens in June and July. In some places the rhododendrons and azaleas have been sown in the woods, as at High Clere and Bagshot Park. At these places and at Waterer's nursery at Knaphill, near Bagshot, these plants in the flowering season are completely a blaze of beauty. The rhododendrons, grafted standard high in Waterer's nursery, so as to form small trees with drooping branches, are particularly beautiful, and would be very ornamental on a lawn.

The roses are the last of the flowering shrubs that we shall here notice, and their beauty is so universally acknowledged, that it requires very little comment. The number and variety of the roses are not, however, generally known; but it is a fact that Messrs. Loddiges possess nearly two thousand named species and varieties.

Amidst this wilderness of sweets it would be difficult to choose, had not the whole mass been arranged by Messrs. Rivers of Sawbridgeworth and others, under seventeen or eighteen different heads. Here are the moss roses, twenty-four sorts, including the white moss, which is very delicate, and extremely difficult to keep alive, and the dark crimson moss, called the

Rouge du Luxembourg. Of the cabbage or Provence roses there are twenty-five sorts: these were the hundred-leaved roses of the ancients; and as the flowers are, perhaps, more fragrant than those of any other species, it is from these roses that rose-water and oil of roses are generally made. The perpetual roses, of which there are fifty kinds, are most beautifully tinted with a rich glowing colour; and they are valuable for the great length of time that they continue producing flowers. There are eighty-nine sorts of the hybrid China roses, seventy of the China roses, fifty-one of the tea-scented, and twenty-five of the white roses, all very beautiful, and tolerably distinct. The conserve of roses, and other medical preparations of this flower, are prepared from the damask roses, of which there are twenty-five sorts, and the French or Provins roses, of which there are ninety-nine sorts. The French rose has less scent than most of the other kinds, and yet it is often confused with the fragrant hundred-leaved rose, from the similarity of the words Provins and Provence. The former of these names only signifies, however, a small place near Paris, where roses of this kind are grown in large quantities for the use of the Parisian druggists.

Of the climbing roses there are fifty-three sorts; and these, when trained over a wooden frame, or pegged down to cover a sloping bank, have a beautiful effect. The fairy roses, of which there are sixteen sorts, are very delicate and pretty; and the noisette roses, of which there are sixty-six sorts, are very beautiful. Besides these, there are Macartney roses, musk roses, Isle de Bourbon roses, Scotch roses, sweet briars, and many others. One of the prettiest of the new roses of 1838 is the double yellow, or rather cream-colour sweet briar. There are many other flowering shrubs well deserving of notice, but these will serve to give some idea of the floral riches of June.

SONNET.

We know not why we love, but love the more
 Because the reason seems inexplicable:
 Were we this curious problem to explore,
 'T would make even reason's self unreasonable,
 Showing it foiled by its own subtle art.
 Love reasons not, yet love a reasoner is,
 Which doth convince the judgment through the heart,
 Making rare use of its antithesis.
 We know not what love is, yet is love known,
 As we know things on instinct, by the time
 Through which, like birds, taking no note, we've flown
 In giddy sunshine:—for it is the clime
 Love makes by which 't is traced—like flowers, betrayed
 Before they're seen, by the perfuméd air they've made.

LETTERS ON THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF ITALY

No. II.

THE Italian question is a question of the people. In her people resides all the force of Italy. Her revolution is either a petty revolt, or at once a revolution of nationality: now, to speak of nationality, is to speak again of the people, for whom, upon whom, and by whom only can nationalities now be founded. Local rivalries and ambition, the sentiment which incites men to individualise every thing, the germs of federalism, or, to express all this in one phrase, the fractional spirit, belongs naturally to castes, or aristocracies, it matters little whether of birth or money: the spirit of fusion lives in the people; in it is lodged the principle of unity, for unity, when it is not despotic, has equality for its essential foundation, and equality implies the labour of all. The history of Italy is the history of her people: all the great deeds which she has achieved, have been the work of the people, or of the church, when the church and the priest were of the people, and represented its cause. The nation in all its most striking features has ever been the democracy: when the democracy disappears, its history changes into a history of servitude, and is fabricated abroad. Of old, we see no nobles in the front rank any more than we descry the figure of a Charlemagne; we observe none of those long, historical struggles, which have moulded almost all other nations, in which, at one time, the nobles have taken up the cause of national progress against an oppressive monarchy; and at another, the monarch, in opposition to a turbulent nobility, has effected the unity of the country and the gradual emancipation of her cities. The nobility with us has never been a combative and initiatory caste. You may write its history as you might write that of the *condottieri*, without trenching in the least on the history of the nation. The nation has never combatted for its development, except by the people — and here I mean its intellectual and artistical, as well as its merely political development; for with the exception of two or three celebrated characters, who however also took in their writings their stand amongst the people, as, for instance, Alfieri, it is from the bosom of the people that all our great men, writers and others, have arisen. The focus of Italian civilisation was always a city: it was by turns Milan, Florence, or Venice. When there were rivals for intellectual pre-eminence, cities only were on the list, such as Milan and Pavia, for instance; we never find that the contest was between a caste and a city. The nobility itself felt so well its own impotence, its incapacity to found anything, or to live of its own life, that it sought a standard abroad, and made itself Ghibelline; when that was no longer of avail, we find it, precisely at the time when it was dominant in almost all the rest of Europe, coming to demand of us plebeians admission into our cities, and reception into some guild of merchants: where it was predominant, as at Venice, we find it leading to tyranny and to such disgraceful cowardice as that of 1798. At the present day, generally speaking, equality is triumphant in Italy, both in her social constitution and in her manners, if not in her political institutions. There is no feudal servitude, no concentration of territorial property in a few hands; and no influence, physical or moral, is exercised by that which we call a nobility, where the latter is not possessed of fortune. In those state

where it appears to be powerful, for instance in Naples and Piedmont, its influence is merely a loan owed to the royal favour which it humbly courts. And even the feeble influence thus obtained belongs only to individuals: the noble families lead an insignificant life, having no hold upon the nation by their origin, which is almost always foreign, or by the nature of their institution, which is for the most part disgraceful*; or by the recollection of services conferred by their ancestors upon the country, since the historically glorious names of the middle ages are now almost all extinct.†

There does not exist in Italy at present a single element which can be called predominant, or which gives signs of vitality. Hence the few recollections which still act upon the imagination in Italy are all recollections of the people: at Genoa, their subject is the famous mortar of 1746‡; at Naples it is Masaniello; Rienzi in the Trastevere, and the *carroccio* perhaps at Milan. It would be in vain to ask the population of these cities about their dukes and barons. All is dead on this volcanic and corroding earth, and dead, too for ever; all except that which never dies, — the people. There and there alone is still a vital circulation, still a fountain of strength. This vital principle, available for every enterprise which is truly Italian, visible in the deeds of the present, as well as of the past, has been hitherto mistaken, forgotten, or betrayed by the leaders of all the Italian insurrections. The people, the giant of revolutions, has never been summoned to combat for the cause of its country — nay, more, its leaders have always sought to pass it over, to exclude it from the theatre of action; they have ever been afraid of it; they have so managed public affairs, that it should never take part in them; they have put it from the first '*hors de cause*,' and have afterwards reproached it with inaction.

Hence, thank God, the Italian question has never been tried, and we have everything to hope.

I revere experience; but I believe that it cannot be applied, except where there exists a basis of analogy. To judge the future by the past, without reference to the principles dominating both, appears to me a signal error. Every possibility of demonstrating what will be from that which has been, vanishes, as soon as the question is placed on a new ground. How, for instance, are we to calculate the chances of a republican insurrection, by the success or failure of a monarchical insurrection? How by a movement, which is only supported by a caste, are we to judge what an entire nation could do, were it to enter the arena? But such judgments pass current every day, and are sanctioned by the name of experience. I believe that a very different method is necessary, in order properly to determine the questions at issue, viz. that of examining and of reducing to its most simple formula the principle which has dominated the past, and of comparing it with that which will probably guide the future: the events will always be in direct proportion to the degree of power, and to the universality of the principle in action.

The nation in Italy has never appeared on the arena. The revolutionary movements have always miscarried, because, though created and prepared in a national sense, and for a national object, they have always been from

* During several centuries, the popes ennobled systematically their nephews and their children, legitimate or not; such is the origin of almost all the present Roman noble families.

† "Piedmont," said Charles Albert, on approving before the insurrection of 1821 the choice made of the Spanish constitution, "does not possess the elements necessary for the establishment of a chamber of peers."

‡ This is the mortar of which the sinking, as is well known, caused the popular insurrection of 1746 against the Austrians. Its impression has been perpetuated on a flag-stone of the *Quartiere di Fortezza*. The Sardinian government wished to remove this, but was prevented by the women of the lower orders.

the very commencement deprived of this character, and impelled in a radically opposite direction.

Thus misguided, deceived, deprived of their natural object, and placed under the exclusive patronage of an antagonistic principle, and one foreign to the nation, these revolutions, like every thing which is false to the law of its origin, have necessarily perished from impotence and discouragement.

The Italian movement of 1820-21 was the work of the Carbonari, and it called into operation all the errors of that vast association, which has not, perhaps, been yet impartially judged; and of which I am sorry to be able here to say only a few words.

33 Carbonarism — that great *liberal* association, in the sense attributed to that word in France during the struggles of the Restoration, — had something in it which necessarily frustrated all its efforts of realisation, viz., an absence of a fixed and positive belief, and, as an inevitable consequence, of unity. Rising about the time of the fall of a gigantic, but tyrannical unity, the sovereignty of Napoleon, in the midst of the fragments of a shattered world, where young hopes and old pretensions came on every side into constant collision, where popular presentiments, still somewhat vague, clashed with recollections of a past which it was sought to exhume and reinstate, Carbonarism bore the impress of all these elements, and stood in a somewhat equivocal form in the twilight, which at that period of crisis prevailed throughout Europe. The royal protection which it met with it at its onset, as long as it was regarded as a mere instrument of warfare against imperial France, contributed still more to impress on it that vacillating direction which led into a fatal path the national idea on which it was founded.* True, it threw off afterwards, when it saw itself betrayed, the yoke of its protectors, but it could not abandon altogether a false march and false habits: it preserved above all that tendency to look for leaders to the heads of society, and to regard the regeneration of Italy as to be accomplished by the higher classes, and not by the people, which is the sole lever of grand revolutions. This was its first and capital error — an error inevitable for every political body which has not a firm, enthusiastic, and religious belief in a broad principle, fruitful in results, which may serve it on every occasion as a standard. Carbonarism, properly speaking, had none; or, if it had, there was only inscribed on it a simple negation; it was a signal for overthrow, and not a message of re-construction. When it set itself to examine the Italian problem, it found that all were agreed on the quest of independence, but not on the question of unity, and less still on that of liberty: on the one hand there was a party for representative monarchy; on the other, that of a republic, of a popular government. Alarmed at difficulties, which its chiefs were unable to overcome, it struck into a middle path; it adopted for its watch-word "*Independence and Liberty*," — nothing more: as to the manner of comprehending and defining a word so vague and often so deceptive as liberty, it left that to the future, to the nation, as it called the classes on whom it more immediately depended, when once the revolution had been effected. By a similar middle measure, it substituted the word *union* for *unity*, and thus left the field open for every possible hypothesis: with respect to equality, it was silent; or, if it was compelled, now and then,

* It is well known that Carbonarism was introduced into the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, in 1811, with the approval of the minister of police, Maghella, and of the King of Naples, Murat. It was then enabled to spread amongst the officials. In 1814, though proscribed by Murat, it demanded and obtained the patronage of King Ferdinand, then in Sicily: its offers were welcomed by him and by Lord Bentinck, and were of course repaid by persecutions as soon as the re-establishment of the ancient form of government had rendered them useless.

to speak of it, it did so in a manner so uncertain, so slightly conclusive, that its words might be taken, according to the individual tendencies of its members, to refer either to Christian, or civil, or political equality. In this manner, without giving any solution to the doubts which agitated the mind of men, without saying, without knowing even, what it had to propose to the men who were to become, if occasion required, the victims of its will, that which it had to offer to the people whom it proposed to lead to insurrection, Carbonarism set about collecting recruits. These it found, as many as it wanted, in every class — for in every class there were crowds of malcontents, all of whom it received without demanding any thing from them except a promise to aid it in overthrowing the existing state of things; and it found them with amazing rapidity, for in its very vagueness and in the profound mystery in which it enveloped its most trifling acts, there was something fascinating for the imagination of the Italian. Having a presentiment of the exigencies of this multitude, which it dragged after it through the labyrinthine windings of its vast and complex, if not confused, hierarchy, and knowing that at the bottom it had nothing very satisfactory to offer, it assumed numerous strange unintelligible symbols, which served to mask its hollowness: unable to meet the reason, it imposed on the senses of its followers, by the spectacles of its *vendite* or assemblies; then it enjoined a blind obedience to its orders; but as this injunction was rather a means of defence than of action, it never pushed very far the practical maintenance of this pretension. Hence its subsequent laxity of discipline, its Jesuitical reservations, its habit of treating with levity that which ought to have been a sacred tie, religiously contracted and maintained: to make up for this, however, its numbers and resources augmented, and reached a pitch of which it is difficult to form an idea. With such a mass of power, there were the means of re-making a whole world.

Carbonarism — in the direction which it took — knew nothing of its own power. Though it entered the ranks of the people, it had no faith in the people, amongst whom it sought recruits rather in order to pass them in review, and to attract by that means men of rank in society at whom it aimed, than in order to lead them frankly into action. It was equally at a loss to understand the eagerness of the youth, who with pure souls and full of enthusiasm, enrolled themselves in its ranks by hundreds, dreaming of their country, of a republic, of war to death against the Austrian, of regaining self-esteem and respect of foreign countries: it placed them under the guardianship of old men without faith, and without prospects, who had imbibed the ideas of the empire, and whose coldness and frivolous punctiliousness belonged to the latter. Afterwards, when it saw itself impelled to act by the impossibility of remaining secret any longer, and when it felt the necessity of unity for action, not being able to find this in any great principle, it sought to place it in a man. This was to decide for monarchy. This was to ruin the cause of Italy.

Italian regeneration will never be the offspring of the monarchical principle. I am not here indulging in a general theory; I speak exclusively of Italy — a country of which the position in Europe is altogether exceptionable, and of which the destiny, if we study it in its history from the time of the Etruscans till now, is exceptional also. Monarchy may be spoken of as a regenerating instrument, where it is implanted by conquest, or formed by degrees as a result of the existing elements in the heart of the country — where athwart struggles and sufferings it has founded the national unity — where on the one hand it rests on a long and glorious tradition, and on the other on a powerful aristocracy, which is in some sort its preserver. But there,

where monarchy has not only been unable during an existence of some centuries to found a nationality, but where its existence has every where been one of the greatest obstacles to the establishment of the latter — where, foreign in its origin, in its institutions, in its policy, grafted on the country at an era of decay, always subordinate to one or other of the great European powers, it has never done any thing to put a period to the ills of the people, or to the abasement of the nation; there, in short, where it can boast no splendid annals, no venerable traditions, no nobility, and indeed! no support whatever, and where, as we have shown, there exists only one element endowed with proper vitality, with which it has nothing in common, — how can we hope that it should be capable of furnishing a lever powerful enough to raise and remodel a whole people, to elevate it from discouragement to faith, from mistrust to enthusiasm, from individuality to devotion? A people whose history is that of Italy, and which has no political schools or orators, cannot be enamoured of such things as the balance of three powers, or as the complex mechanism of constitutionalism. It may be devoted to an idea simply popular and republican, to a standard of democracy; sometimes to a man, but only when that man is a Napoleon. But have Napoleons ever shown themselves during the first days of an insurrection? Moreover, royalty set up as a standard of Italian emancipation, must now, must always, frustrate its grand result — the formation of a nationality. It is precisely in the choice of a monarch that the almost extinct traces of mistrust of local vanity, which are ready to vanish altogether before the grand idea of a solely sovereign Italian people, would again reappear in their former force. Where should we choose? Where in Italy is the Royal Family? Where is the man who, by the splendour of his name or of his actions, merits the adherence of the whole Peninsula, and is capable of inspiring confidence to all its inhabitants? Naples will never bow before a Piedmontese king, nor Piedmont before a Neapolitan. A man is one thing — a principle another: the former belongs to one particular country — the latter to all in common. Men fraternise in an idea, in a belief, because these, in soaring above all, never wound the innate sentiment of equality. But this is not the case when an individual is in the question; he is a man amongst men, and may arouse the susceptibilities of all. Only three measures could be here adopted, — the election of a foreign sovereign — the organisation of a federation of Italian princes as they are — or the raising on the bucklers of the army the chosen of victory, the conqueror on the field, whoever he might be. The first measure leads to the destruction of all nationality under the weight of foreign influence; the second leads to weakness abroad, and perhaps to the dissensions of the Middle Ages at home; the third tends directly to the military tyranny of a Napoleon; moreover, it provides for anarchy the chances of an inevitable *provisoire*. The men in Italy who decide for one or other of these measures call themselves *practical*; their adversaries they term theorists and poets!

In fact, the foresight of the chiefs of the Carbonari did not lead them so far. Materialists and men of re-action, and of very limited views for the most part, they had neither political conceptions nor a sentiment of social unity, nor faith of any kind. They preached political liberty, and at the same time, as if man were not a single whole, as if education could be divided, they preached literary servitude. They called themselves Christians, and then, confusing in a strange manner superstition with faith, and the Pope with religion, they withered the virginal enthusiasm of youth with their Voltairian scepticism, and with their negations borrowed from the faith of the eighteenth century. They were, in short, sectarians more or less expert,

and not men of a national religion. Thus, though not believing in reality in constitutionalism, and though laughing at monarchy, they still chose it; because, in the first place, it could furnish them at once with resources; and, in the second, because it spared them the trouble of directing the masses, in the midst of whom they felt themselves ill at ease, and in whom they could only descry elements of disorder: and finally, — and this is the second capital error of almost all the chiefs of the Italian movements, — because they flattered themselves that royal baptism conferred on an insurrection would stay the sword of Austria in its scabbard, or at any rate would procure for it the aid of some great power — of France or England, for instance. They saw treading in their footsteps Charles Albert of Piedmont, and the Prince Francis at Naples — the latter, a consummate hypocrite and traitor from the very beginning; the former a tyrant by nature, without genius, and without principle — ambitious, but incapable of greatness. They said to one of these — perhaps to both — “Thou shalt be king of Italy,” — and they left to the future the task of conciliating the absurd and incompatible pretensions of these two revolutionary princes.

The future came, and it showed what are the effects of the absence of principles in men who offer themselves as chiefs of revolutions; it proved that it is not a numeric figure which constitutes power, but the degree of cohesion between the elements which that figure expresses. The insurrection was effected without an obstacle. Immediately afterwards dissensions broke out. All the men whom the Carbonari had enrolled, without inquiring into their belief, or into their ideas of the future destiny of the nation, but to whom they had only uttered this one word “overthrow!” when they found that they had fulfilled their mission, re-assumed each his individuality, and began to dispute with each other about what it was necessary to establish: one thought he had been conspiring for a single monarchy; another was an advocate of federalism; some were for the Spanish constitution; others for the French charter; and others again — and these then formed the minority amongst the conspirators — were for a republic, or for the re-establishment of the Italian Republics. All complained that they had been deceived; and they either opposed the provisional governments, or remained aloof inactive. In fact, there were ten oppositions instead of one. The government reproached the parties with every where embarrassing its position; every where in fact, from the commencement, it was viewed with distrust: but what had it done, and what did it now do, to merit confidence? Itself a party, and the most feeble too of all, since it had only a name to inscribe on its standard, it felt so well its own weakness, that it dared neither to advance nor to recede; and it sought an excuse for its inaction in the very distrust with which it was regarded, and which it ought to have dissipated by redoubled activity. This was in its power, in spite of the difficulties which accompany an explanation which ought to have been made beforehand, and which is forced to be given in the midst of the agitation necessarily attending the first days of a revolution: elements enough existed for the formation of a nucleus, which might have been placed at the head of the people which only required to be summoned to action, at the head of the youth which was seeking to organise itself by voluntary companies. But for all this, revolutionary science was necessary, and they were ignorant of it — the liberty of movements, and they had it not. In giving to the Italian insurrection a royal chief, they had fettered it, had bound it with a multitude of ties which some of them, perhaps, may have wished to unloose, but which could only be cut asunder. For events, both good and evil, are the fruit of logical laws; and from the moment that they had, in adopting, even as a transition-constitutional monarchy, an

directly adopted the principle that the people was not ripe enough to emancipate itself and to be governed by itself, and that it must be placed under guardianship, they were bound not to urge it too much into the arena; not to excite over measure, not to arm it: hence it was necessary to seek a point of support and resources from other quarters, to have recourse to diplomatic agency, to sound the *bureaux* of foreign governments, and to earn a few promises by making concessions: and from the moment that they had, as at Naples, placed the king—that is to say, the man against whom the revolution was made—at the head of the revolution, it was necessary, in respecting the powers which the monarchical constitution accorded to him, to leave him the free choice of his ministers and of the chiefs of the army, the power of introducing weakness and treason at first, and afterwards of going to conspire with the allies, and to anathematize the insurrection at Laybach. All this and worse was done.

The account of the Neapolitan movement is very incomplete in Colletta's "History of Naples," and this is the only author who has written on it honestly. It remains to be described, and I cannot even give the outline of it here. The insurrection failed, after having experienced, one by one, all the consequences of its false position; after having, from the commencement, denied its national tendency, in rejecting the fraternity of Pontecorvo and of Benevento, cities belonging to the Roman states, but surrounded by Neapolitan territory, which had flown to arms, proclaimed also the Spanish constitution, and requested to be incorporated with Naples; after having decreed that the war should be a defensive war, and that the Austrian army then traversing the Roman states, ought not to be regarded as inimical till it attacked the Neapolitan frontiers; after having, in short, done its best to dissipate the revolutionary fervour of Central Italy. But the Piedmontese insurrection which broke out when those faults had already been committed—which might have avoided them all—which found Lombardy unprovided with soldiers—which could have thrown into it, a week after the movement, 25,000 soldiers to take the line of the Adige, to invest Mantua, and to give the signal for a rise, *en masse*, in all the states of Northern Italy and Central Italy, and to cause the ferment still prevalent in Naples to end in Austrian vespers,—What did it do to fulfil the mission which it had undertaken? Nothing. It was impeded by the same fetters, confined within the same fatal limits, and cursed with the yoke of a provincial and diplomatic prince. The same influence which had prevented it from breaking out two months before, when Naples was not yet reduced to submission*, governed all its acts, and destroyed its vitality.

The effect is pitiful when one follows in the history of the Piedmontese movement—even that traced by the pen of Santa Rosa, a man upright, of undoubted integrity, a sincere lover of his country, whose virtues and death I honour, but whose intelligence was not equal to the circumstances in which he was placed, and who had also to write his own justification—all the misgivings, inconsistencies and errors, we might even say crimes, committed in consequence of the impracticable programme given to the insurrection,

* It was after the 12th of January, 1821, the day on which the government caused to be slaughtered at Turin the students of the University, who protested against the infraction of one of their privileges, that the movement ought to have been effected.

The necessity which the conspirators from their engagements were in of obtaining the consent of Charles Albert, caused a delay. Afterwards, after having, on the 6th and 8th of March, signified his approval, he made on the 9th arrangements which rendered a movement in Turin impossible. The conspirators were informed of this, and countermanded their own orders. In spite of this, the insurrection broke out on the 10th at Alexandria. The conspirators persisted in making Charles Albert the chief of it.

from the unparalleled proclamation by which Charles Albert, chief of the revolutionary government, granted an *amnesty* to the troops which had founded the latter, to the negotiations of the Junta with the Russian Ambassador, Count Mocenigo, who offered on the part of his master a complete pardon to the conspirators, and some *hope* of a constitutional charter. It is pitiful to see men of courage and patriotism, to whom the mandate to deliver their country has been consigned, trembling between the exigencies of the revolution and the forms of monarchical legality which they had consented to recognise—forced to draw their inspirations from a man whom they despise, and who, they know, is disposed to betray them—seeing the right, and not daring to do it—pretending to change the institutions of the country without removing any of the persons in the administration, or at the head of the army—leaving the government of Navarre to Count de Latour, and that of Savoy to the Count of Andezeno, both known enemies to the revolutionary cause—speaking in their proclamation of a European epoch, and not daring to utter the name of Italy, foreseeing war, feeling that the people alone was capable of furnishing the means of supporting it and still doing nothing to interest it in the revolution, but every thing to keep it back, for fear it should not follow the programme agreed upon, refusing arms to those who demanded them, abstaining from convoking the electoral assemblies, avoiding every measure destined to ameliorate its lot, and mutilating, as much as possible, the only one that the popular initiative had wrested from a Junta.*

What then did they seek? and in what did they centre their hopes? When Charles Albert deserted them, they felt themselves lost: the last chance of the royal legality with which they had essayed to create a nation vanished with him. When the enemy arrived, he found them unprepared, without military resources, without a plan, and without hope. They fled in disorder, and hastened to embark at Genoa, protected by the people who had risen previously, and whose support they had rejected, and who had since remained with folded arms, sombre spectators of all that was done, well convinced that neither its cause nor its men were there, and which nevertheless still went, at these last moments, to offer them in defence of Italian liberty, their blood, their city, their recollections of 1746. These they refused, and departed; only, in order to prove that they had fled, not before the Austrians but before a sophism, they almost all went to perish, after performing prodigies of valour, which the people who witnessed them have never been able to forget, for the liberties of Spain and Greece.

Such were the deeds of the Carbonari, an association which penetrated so deeply into the Italian soil, but which wasted its strength in the pursuit of a chimerical object—it was a vast and powerful body, to which there was only wanting a head. There was an absence in it not of good intentions, but of ideas; not of the feeling, but of the science, of nationality. Misled by a superficial observation of some foreign countries, it sought to call forth a common country, by raising a standard which was not its own. Seduced by some strange Utopian vision, which betrayed all the inexperience of a first attempt, and a total want of that faith by which alone great deeds are effected, it imagined it was able to accomplish that which will be the greatest event of modern times, without a war, without violent shocks, without popular efforts, only by changing a few words in the institutions of

* Genoa having effected its insurrection on the 23d, against the wish already known of Charles Felix, the Junta having been installed, reduced to one half the price of salt, and suppressed some entrance duties; the central government annulled the suppressions, and decreed that the price of salt should only be diminished one fourth.

the country. But leaving aside these faults, all committed by the chiefs, what courage, what numerous instances of devotion, undivulged, but fertile in results, ennobled the youth who formed the lower ranks of this association! How glorious was the constancy in the educational mission! How heroic was the martyrdom which was so often its price! A mission which extended from the palace to the cabin, which called into play in some sort that sentiment of equality which with us Italians is innate, and caused the national fusion to advance with a giant's step — a martyrdom which effaced, under a religious seal, any thing which might approach to mere reaction in the creeds of some of the leaders, and initiated by one and the same baptism into the Italy to come, the representatives of every province and of every class, the priest, the man of letters, the patrician, the soldier, and the man of the people.*

If Carbonarism is not itself a revelation, it has paved the way for one — if it has not defined liberty, it has popularised the feeling of it — if it has not founded a social creed, it has cleared the ground of all the superstitions, of all the prejudices, which were opposed to its establishment. And these effects were evident from the character of the movement of Central Italy in 1831, which will be the subject of my third letter.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

. We find in a work of M. Angeloni two curious documents concerning Charles Albert, which we are glad to be able to quote here as illustrative of his character: — M. Angeloni knew at Paris in 1819 the Piedmontese general, Giffenga, who was then loud in his love of Italy and liberty, bidding him hope for better times, spoke of efforts directed to this end, and advised him to send to the Prince of Carignano a letter and a copy of his work "*L'Italia uacente il 1818*," &c., a work which proposed to the Italians a government similar to that of the United States. He himself offered to deliver both the one and the other. They were sent, and the letter which M. Angeloni addressed to the prince bore the date of the 24th of March, 1819. The following is the answer which was sent to him in the name of the prince: —

"His Serene Highness, the Prince of Carignano, in whose service I am at present, commissions me to thank you for a copy of your work on the present unfortunate condition of Italy, which you have sent him through General Count Giffenga. The prince cannot but admire and praise your discourses, as well as the warm love of your country which prompts you to publish them. Would to Heaven that they could be comprehended in the whole of this beautiful land, and could encourage more and more the Italians to enter into that union of thought which alone is able to give us force sufficient to enable us to conquer ourselves that which we hitherto looked for in vain from foreigners. At all events, the cause of our country is not lost so long as courageous men like yourself consent to expose themselves to

* The proscriptions of the Carbonari were not only numerous at Naples and in Piedmont, but they extended over all Italy. Two priests were condemned in the duchy of Modena, — one to perpetual imprisonment; the other, Joseph Andreoli, professor of eloquence, and a model of every virtue, to death. When he heard his condemnation read, he demanded if he was the only person who was to die: he clapped his hands and thanked God aloud, upon receiving an answer in the affirmative.

The confession necessary for his condemnation to capital punishment, was torn from him by a stratagem: the director of the police, Giulio Besini, announced to him his acquittal; and just before liberating him, he prevailed on this simple and upright creature to allow that he was a Carbonaro, by appealing to their ancient acquaintanceship, and by representing such a confession as a testimony of gratitude to the Duke: as soon as the fatal word was pronounced, he was led back into prison and condemned. This occurrence however is not singular. Other confessions were torn from prisoners whose faculties had been impaired by a mixture of the infusion of the *atropos belladonna* with their drink; and there are in France, at the present time, some exiles in whom the effects of this poison are still visible. The number of condemnations in the duchy of Modena alone amounted to from 130 to 140. In Lombardy, thirteen individuals were condemned to death on the 18th of May, 1821, as guilty of high treason, simply from having been enrolled as Carbonari: several of them were arrested at a ball, given during the carnival of 1819-20, by the Count Porzia, vice-delegate of the emperor at Rovigo, that is to say, five or six months before the 25th of August, 1820, the day on which the law forbidding Carbonarism was promulgated. More than a hundred persons were condemned in Piedmont, and a much greater number still in Naples.

every risk in order to make their fellow citizens acquainted with their true interests. His Highness hopes one day to be able to thank you in person for all that you are doing at present for the good of Italy, and to prove to you how much at heart he has it, to justify the praise of his conduct which your letter contains.

"This is the commission which I have received from the prince. I pray you to believe me, &c.

"G. COLLEGNO,

"one of the Scudieri of his Highness, the Prince of Carignano."

This letter was transmitted to M. Angeloni by one Naai, secretary to the Piedmontese embassy. On the 4th of June, M. Angeloni sent his works to M. Collegno, with a letter, little in a courtier's style. He received on the 22d of June the following answer:—

"Having received your letter of the 4th, I have thought that I could not better fulfil your intentions than by presenting it to his Serene Highness. The praises and prayers of a man who loves his country sincerely cannot be otherwise than dear to him, and will encourage him more and more to undertake one day the great cause. May these prayers have length heard, and these praises merited. His Highness, in ordering me to answer you, commissions me again to express to you the sentiments of gratitude, which, as an Italian prince, he entertains towards you."

In 1826, an agent of the Piedmontese government was sent to M. Angeloni with offers to induce him to give up these letters, but he refused. Ed.

SONNET.

FAREWELL! it is a common word, and day

By day is uttered by the multitude:

But when in that one breath doth pass away

The vital hope that had our life endued

With love of life, filling with noble thought,

And glorious action, that which else had been

A dream obscure;—when from that word is wrought

An agony that, to the world unseen,

Within the core of the bereavéd heart,

Like fire doth quiver, and like ice congeal;—

When, to survive in their own spheres apart,

It sunder two betrothéd souls;—the seal

Of thought for no use farther marks it, save

To syllable sweet love into the grave!

SCULPTURE IN ENGLAND.

FLAXMAN'S LECTURES.—EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—THE ROYAL MARBLES.—THE NELSON MONUMENT.

Lectures on Sculpture, as delivered before the President and Members of the Royal Academy. By JOHN FLAXMAN, Esq., R.A., Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy of Great Britain, Member of the Academies of St. Luke, Rome, Florence, Carrara, &c. *Second Edition. To which are now first added, An Introductory Lecture, and Two Addresses to the Royal Academy, on the Death of Thomas Banks in 1805, and of Antonio Canova in 1822, and an Address on the Death of Flaxman.* By Sir RICHARD WESTMACOTT, R.A. With Fifty-two Plates. London: 1838.

Catalogue of the Seventy-first Exhibition of the Royal Academy, London. 1839. — *The Elgin Marbles.* London: 1839.

"*The Nelson Testimonial:*" a Letter to the Committee appointed to select a Design for a Memorial of the Achievements of the late Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson. By WILLIAM BEHNES, Sculptor in Ordinary to the Queen. London: James Fraser, 1839.

Was there ever a period in the history of English art which promised a bright day to native sculpture? It was to perpetuate an affirmative answer to this question that the Lady Chapel, at St. Peter's Abbey, Westminster, which contains the shrine of Henry VII.'s tomb, was erected at the beginning of the sixteenth, and has been suffered to exist till nearly the middle of the nineteenth century. For the previous 400 years the arts of writing and illumination, of carving and tapestry, of painting and sculpture, had been systematically and liberally encouraged and successfully cultivated in England. The twelfth century had hardly closed when the magnificent and tasteful sculptures which still adorn the west front of the cathedral of Wells were executed by native artists. At that time the cathedral of Amiens, the home of French sculpture, and the cathedral of Orvieto, the pride of Italy, had no existence. Cimabue, the restorer of painting, was hardly out of his cradle, and Nicolas of Pisa had but commenced the practice of an art in which his Tomb of St. Dominic, at Bologna, has rendered him so celebrated. The sculpture of Egypt existed 1000 years in a state of progressive advancement, and from the dawning of art in Greece until it was engulfed in Rome, a period of 900 years was allowed for the gradual development of the sculptor's power. What hopes, then, might not have been entertained of English art, had the three periods, of which the first began with Wells and ended with Westminster, been suffered to elapse without interruption, and in the continued practice and encouragement of statuary?

It must be conceded that the love of high art is not native, nor has it ever been, perhaps, the passion of this people. The works of the Britons in imitation of Roman art, even in columns and tessellated pavements, are poor in design, and of no high character in execution; but it must be remembered that the school existed little more than 200 years: for a century at the beginning and end of the establishment of the Roman period in England, is not too much to allow for an entire absence of British co-operation, above the line of mere labour. The statues and enriched

altars of that period are barbarous, and are often hardly distinguishable from the rude effigies of the Saxons in the tenth and the Normans in the eleventh century; but the rapid progress of a taste for Roman refinements, and the general diffusion of imitative art — of temples, and baths, and ~~altars~~, and edifices of various character — is remarkable, when contrasted with the torpor of Egypt when the Ptolemies fell, the apathy of Greece when absorbed in Rome, and the deathful repose of Italy after the inburst of the Barbarians. We must not forget either that the teachers of art to the Britons were not professors, but legionary soldiers, ill instructed, and incapable of inculcating, by their coarse practice, the principles of art. These things considered, and allowing for a burial under the earth for upwards of fourteen centuries, the rude efforts of the British sculptor are very wonderful works indeed. They have been found in greatest quantity in the Roman province of Valentia, along the line of the Roman wall, and probably the most important collection of these works is to be found in the museum of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

They were all foreigners who ministered to the taste and pride of the Saxon prelates; they were skilled in architecture, but their use of sculpture was limited and impure. The British converts to Christianity were content to wonder at the creations of art, and gazed with mingled awe and indifference on the remains of Roman art, on the works of the foreigners, who adorned their churches, and on the taste and skill of the Normans, who used them slavishly in the formation of their great works. Yet the strangely sculptured obelisk, called Sweno's Stone, near Elgin, and the richly carved monumental stones near Brechin, and at Meigle, are probably of this period.

From the Third to the Eighth Henry, however, was the period of English sculpture, and the profusion of statues which existed just before the Reformation can hardly be believed. Edifices, domestic and ecclesiastical, were adorned with them, and with them were the way-side shrine and frequent cross enriched. Many thousands remain to this day. There are more statues in Henry VII.'s chapel, the produce of one period, than have been produced in all England, during the last twenty-five years. It was in 1538 that Henry VIII. ordered the removal from the churches of all images which had been worshipped, or to which idle pilgrimages had been made; and in 1541 the Duke of Somerset commanded all statues or pictures, and "images," to be thrown down and destroyed, without distinction: but, even in 1650, the work of desolation was far from complete; for then the puritan council commanded the destruction of the crosses, the greatest ornaments of England at the period; and, notwithstanding the wide-spread rage of destruction, the freedom granted to every man to destroy or take away, the positive commands of authority to waste and spare not, and although this iconoclastic spirit had been maintained for upwards of 100 years, thousands of statues still survive, the indiscriminating persecution and the blind rage of destruction to which all the works of art were subjected. What then must have been their multitude? and, as we have a right to suppose that the most idolized were the most celebrated, and at least, in all probability, the best wrought; and, as these were certainly the first destroyed; how able must have been the English chisel, when the works we now so much admire were, of course, vastly inferior to those which, on account of that very superiority, perished in the first assault!

As no great good is unaccompanied by evil, so the pure light of the Reformation was greatly darkened by this barbarous crusade against all that was great in art. The image-maker fled to countries where his human-

ising craft was not proscribed, and foreign lands now taunt England with the works of her banished children. The appeal to truth had overthrown the empire of the imagination, and the affections were chilled in the process. A purer faith, a better reasoned worship, freedom of thought, and a vast advance in civil and religious liberty, were blessings for the purchase of which no price could be too great: but it is to be regretted that a waste of the accumulation of years, and a check to the progress of the fine arts, such as they may never recover, were thrown into the bargain.

It is true that the sculpture of that day was not the great — the abstract — the ideal. Portraits of kings, and queens, and saints, and celestial or infernal personages, the telling of a tale, or the unfolding of an allegory, were the subjects most in use. Yet it was so with the ancients also. History and mythology were the elements of the arts. The heathen temple and the Christian church were consecrated to similar ideas on similar principles; and the architecture, and sculpture, and painting, which adorned them, differed only in their degree of cultivation, in the circumstances of climate, and the greater or less civilisation of the people. The remains of the fifteenth century, if studied with a liberal spirit, and the due allowance made, will bear comparison with what is left of Greece and Rome. The chaste severity and clear understanding of the antique, founded on a more perfect science and a more wisely directed study of nature, would be sought in vain among the great works of the West in the middle age; but the latter are equally true to their destined purpose, and not less productive of their intended effect. Their principles, although less pure, are equally well understood, and no less rigidly applied: and in variety and profusion, and the magnificence of combination and contrast, they excel. The progress of sculpture in England was interrupted just when it began to aspire after excellence, and when it had attained the first step in the progress to perfection. As anatomy and geometry began to be studied, and experimental science diffused, the mechanical excellence and the poetic imagination of our sculptors would have been directed to the perfection of form, and with critical knowledge would have come purer taste and more correct judgment, and a Banks and a Flaxman would have found all prepared that they had to create for themselves. The Rysbachs and Roubilliacs, who engrossed the little employment offered in England to the sculptor from the Reformation to the civil war, were unequal to our own Cibber; and nothing worth the name of art, either foreign or domestic, was produced among us till Banks, the first fruits of the Royal Academy, having escaped the vitiated taste of the then prevailing school of Bernini and Puget, drank at the pure fountain of Michael Angelo; and, although ungifted with great genius, produced works of classic taste and fine feeling, such as may be said to have begun the restoration of art in England. Flaxman was incomparably his superior. The Shield of Achilles, at the British Museum — the Venus and Cupid, at Mr. Knight's, in Portland Place — the Fury of Athanas, at Ickworth House, Suffolk — his Cephalus and Aurora, at Mr. Hope's — and, above all these, Michael and Satan, at Petworth, — have secured to his fame an immortality, which the patient industry, indomitable energy, simplicity, and benevolence, that set off in their true light his great talents, eminently deserve. Flaxman did not scorn to be employed by Wedgewood in suggesting forms for his various vessels of earthenware — a truly classic occupation. He served the princely merchants trading to the East Indies, and found in them tasteful and liberal patrons; the nobles failed not in some degree, although certainly not to the due extent, to enrich their

mansions with his works; and, at the latter end of his career, the royal favour promised him a wider field of exertion, and a nobler foundation for his well-earned fame; but the nation and the government, as bodies, were alike indifferent to his talents or the glory of encouraging them; and the people possess none of his works, except his monuments in the churches. Among these, the most remarkable are the monuments of Nelson, Howe, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in St. Paul's; of Lord Mansfield and John Kemble, in Westminster Abbey. Had England possessed a Pericles, she might in her Flaxman have found a Phidias: but George III. had no idea of sculpture; and his successor, though well-inclined towards the arts, from his munificent and somewhat fastidious spirit, was miserably devoid of taste. In his reign much was done and spent; and had equal pains been taken to do well and lay out wisely, architecture and sculpture would have advanced indeed. To work for St. Paul's, in memory of the heroes of his country, was now the privilege of the English sculptor; but opportunity and inspiration were controlled by narrow views and limited means: few works possessing a character of true greatness are found within those walls. The real cause of this failure was, perhaps, the absence of all foresight and confidence on the part of those at whose disposal were the national monuments. Had such a man as Flaxman been engaged to form a grand plan which should be gradually carried out, for the adornment of St. Paul's, and the commemoration of the war and our victories, the pettiness and absurdities which degrade both might have been avoided. Had not the Capella Sistini been placed at the disposal of Michael Angelo, that boast of modern art would never have existed: but example is lost upon us. The absence of any ædile power—the want, perhaps, of a minister of public works in England, prevents in great measure, the development of any grand idea. What we resolve to do is done at once by individual means: and, the steady pursuit—for long years, and under changing governments — of one established plan, either in architecture or the sister arts, is barely known. Lately, a better spirit has arisen in street architecture, which will doubtless have its effect on sculpture; but, to insure the accomplishment of any great work, the supremacy of one directing mind must never be disputed. Had Sir Christopher Wren been allowed to carry out his plan of improvements in the city,—and, still more, had he lived later with that power, every year adding its portion to the pre-arranged work, and every new erection happily subordinate to the general effect,—the many pleasing parts would have tended to one magnificent whole, which would now have been developing its beauty. So, in the sculptures of St. Paul's, the want of pre-arrangement and general design has reduced the monuments to a multitude of unconnected statues and incongruous ideas, instead of each illustrating the other, and all blending in one great and harmonious design. The relievos, dedicated in portions to the recital of certain parts of the history respectively; the groups assigned to their appropriate places, and connecting links established between statue and statue; a distinct portion reserved for the eminent in the arts of peace; and the naval separated from the military, of those whose glory was in deeds of war; a settled and consistent costume; established and expressive symbols; the studied incatenation of inscriptions; and the observance of that order, which, without forcing sameness or uniformity on the separate statues, or in any way binding down the spirit of the individual artist, would have secured an harmonious whole, and made each part powerfully to aid the general effect:—such were the precautions, the neglect of which has destroyed capabilities unrivalled in Europe. This waste of the means of greatness is unreasonably visited on the artist, but it is due to the

indifference of government and the opposition of churchmen, who, in other countries the patrons of the arts, were here unfortunately opposed, on principle, to their progress. The erection of a national monument in architecture, with an express view to the disposal of sculpture, to contain statues, &c., of the heroes by sea and land who, during the last war, raised the name of England high among the nations, was contemplated at the right time, but the government preferred to spend as much money on fireworks and Chinese pagodas, as would by this time have gone far towards the expenses of such an erection. Had that monument been erected, the interior of St. Paul's might have been dedicated to more appropriate memories than those of battle. A Howard, a Johnson, a Reynolds, and the pious Heber, are all the monuments of this class. Jenner, Watt, Wilberforce (as embodying an idea); Newton; the educators, humanisers, peacemakers, and benefactors of the country and mankind, should be remembered in marble, within the metropolitan church, at the expense of the nation.

The opportunity of establishing these national monuments was certainly at the close of the war, and Flaxman was well qualified to have designed them. His was a happy period for the foundation of a great work, and for the commencement of a school which ought to carry English sculpture to its desired place. The originality and vigour of his mind, which rose in proportion to the demands on them, only required scope and stimulus. Such a field would have fired with a noble enthusiasm, and have elevated his soul to the noblest heights. The immediate commerce with foreign countries by the most distinguished men of our own, had created a taste for sculpture which began to be better understood. Banks had shown that English genius was not uncultivable; Flaxman had proved himself equal to his contemporaries on the Continent — equal in hand and eye, and superior in power and sentiment. Canova then, and Thorwaldsen since, could alone compete with Flaxman; for, with some splendid exceptions, mediocrity is the mark of our time rather than of our country: a fact the more remarkable, as this may be considered the peculiar period of science, not only in research but in diffusion. Now the progress of the fine arts must depend on the previous cultivation of the sciences, without which they cannot exist in perfection. Mr. Simpson, in his lectures on orthophrenic education, said, the other day, that the poets were the true moral philosophers. No doubt of it, — and the great artist is the truly scientific man. Great intellect arrives at once, and, by its intuitive power, at the same conclusions which laborious science gradually works out. The utilitarian would banish the fine arts while he cultivates practical science, unconscious that the one is the soul of the other. The man of profound science is a true critic in art; but he and the artist arrive at their end by paths so opposite, and express themselves in forms so different, that they are hardly intelligible to each other; yet the results of their several processes are nearly the same; and ancient art is a union of understanding and sentiment; the former mathematically demonstrates, the latter appealing to a sixth sense, which appears to be denied to some, and to be given lavishly to others, but which is really the result of the rare combination of well-poised qualities of the mind in man, as its exciting cause in sculpture is the felicitous union of parts in the most exquisite proportions — a subtle harmony, felt, but not to be described.

The cultivation of the sciences has always preceded the successful practice of the fine arts, and we may therefore reasonably conclude that the scientific taste of our day will lead to a period of the great in art. On the know-

ledge of geometry, numbers, optics, perspective, and anatomy, as subservient to and inspired with genius, depends the excellence of sculpture.

Now not only were these sciences better understood in Flaxman's time than formerly, but the appliances and means to make a sculptor had grown rife in England. To the Townley and Hamilton collections, in the British Museum, were added the metopes of the Parthenon and the frieze of the Phigalian Temple of Apollo. Casts of the finest groups and statues of antiquity grew common in our academies and in the galleries of the great. We, in common with all Europe, reaped the greatest advantages from the inestimable treasures of ancient art discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Some of the best works of Canova were in England, and remain here, particularly his group of the Three Graces, in possession of the Duke of Bedford, and his beautiful recumbent statue of a Nymph in the royal collection. Every work of Flaxman's was an addition to the wealth of the country, in pure taste, and often with forcible execution. Francis Chantrey began to develop the graces of his style, which, though more remarkable for delicacy of design and grace of execution than for power, originality, or any of the loftier qualities of art, was yet so true in its imitation of nature, and, as in his famous group in Lichfield Cathedral, so tender in its feeling, as to make him an honour to the British school. Greatness and power are not his attributes; and a false patronage and the pursuit of wealth have too often humbled his efforts to those of mere portraiture; yet, since art must ever look to vanity for a large share of the support it is to meet, we should rather rejoice at the fancy and poetry he contrives to throw into his portrait-statues than condemn him as a mere bust-maker. He has chosen his walk, however, perhaps directed by his capacity, and has thereby shut himself out from the higher and more glorious province of his art. Flaxman was the first lecturer on sculpture appointed by the Royal Academy; and it was about the same time that the then regent (George IV.) presented that institution with the invaluable series of casts which the academy first fitted up in its dark closet of a council-room, at Somerset House, and has now stuck against the wall of its entrance hall, at the National Gallery. The statues, in both instances, being so arranged as to impress the spectator with the greatness of their size, rather than the innate greatness which made the originals the glory of Rome and the shame of Paris. Flaxman says, "their presence has converted the council chamber into a Homeric olympus, where none approach without the mingled sentiments of delight and awe." This is exactly the effect that the pope's present to the regent ought to have produced; and we cannot but regret that they were not given to the National Gallery, under an injunction that a fitting place should be provided for them. The public see little of these noble casts, (which in Rome were made to supply the vacant pedestals when French force ravished the originals from the imperial city,) except during the exhibition of the Royal Academy's pictures, when the Laocoon stands over the check-taker, the Venus and Minerva act as waiting-maids, and the Apollo Belvidere as groom of the chambers to the one-shilling customers, who are much too impatient for new pictures to waste their time in looking at old statues, even if they were so placed as to be seen to advantage. To the student, however, these casts are among the many valuable means this country possesses of advancing his studies.

The collections of the Queen, of the Duke of Sutherland, of the late Lord Egremont, of Earl Spencer, of Lord F. Egerton, of the Duke of Wellington, of Sir R. Peel, and many other noblemen and gentlemen, contain treasures of art in sculpture as well as in painting; and the lectures

of Fuseli and Flaxman — perfect contrasts in style and manner — will enable the student to appreciate them. The libraries of the Museum and the Academy possess copies of all the expensive and valuable works that the last century has given to the illustration of sculpture; and the *vivid voce* lectures of Sir Richard Westmacott must not be overlooked. With these means sculptural genius cannot perish for want of food in this country.

But if among these means all were wanting but the Elgin Marbles — that collection of all that is beautiful, all that is intelligible, all that is educating in ancient art — the scholar would need no other teacher. In these wonderful works all her principles may be traced, all her powers are amply developed, all her charms displayed. There is not a swell nor fall of the marble, not a curve nor flexure of the outline, that does not combine the most poetical yet accurate study of nature with the most correct observance of scientific rule. When we contemplate these true glories of ancient art, observe their amazing force of expression, their perfect freedom and grace, their endless variety, their sentiment, their truth, we are lost in admiration. The store of words would be vainly exhausted in describing even this effect, much more in detailing their individual excellences. Volumes have been written in vain. They must be seen, and studied, and sought with affectionate regard, and wooed by repeated suit, before they reveal the secrets of their perfectness. The contemplation of any species of perfection is exalting to the imagination and stimulates to virtue; but, in the perfection of art, poetry and science lie in each other's arms; and the delightful, the elevating, and the useful, are happily combined. We would have the student of sculpture keep his hand and eye for them: let him avoid books, and lectures, and inferior means, and imbibe first and for ever the sense of perfect beauty and unexcelled skill in those immortal marbles. Let these be his scriptures in art, the objects of the devout religion of his eye. If he thirst after deserved fame, let him drink deep of this fountain, and live for ever.

With all these advantages, what is the state of sculpture now, and where are we to look for the result of so much and such excellent instruction? Our squares and public places are not without their monuments of kings, and warriors, and statesmen. But do the modern instances excel the old? Mr. Wyatt's literal George III., on his ideal horse, in Cockspur Street, and the plaster figure of George IV., over the station-house, at King's Cross, are the last metropolitan erections in honour of royalty. The Dukes of Kent and York are remembered as generals; and the latter is, by way of triumph, perched in bronze at the top of a tall, severe, and naked column of granite, as if to suffer punishment rather than receive honour. The portrait-statues of Pitt and Canning, in Hanover Square and Palace Yard, on their pyramidal pedestals, are harsh, heavy, and terminal; and to Nelson and Wellington no monument is yet erected, except the Achilles in the park, which includes the latter among the brave men to whom their countrywomen dedicate that unmeaning and inappropriate colossus. These certainly are no proofs of the advance of art. Our monumental sculptures are better, and our busts are best. But this is not the legitimate effect of the Elgin Marbles. The imaginative and the ideal are wanting, and no one devotes himself to art in the abstract. The Duke of Northumberland, Earl Grey, and other noblemen and gentlemen, have lately ordered works of a higher class; but the instances are few where sculpture is loved for its own sake. Private patronage is chiefly turned to busts and monuments, and the country does nothing. Even Mr. Barry's design for the new houses of parliament is denuded of its enrichments and all its intended sculptures. But there are means to reconcile vanity and art, and to confer a favour at

once on history and sculpture in that design. Let the tracery of the interior of both houses spring from heads in relievo, and let these heads be portraits of the members of each house at the time of erection. Some 800 recollections of our day would thus be handed down to posterity. Busts of the distinguished men who already belong to history might be thus given at the expense of the country; and every peer or M. P., who wished to be immortalised without establishing a claim on the country, might add his own mite, with his own bust, to the adornment of the chambers of legislation, and to the illustration of his period. If neither our squares, nor churches, nor palaces, nor mansions, show the progress of sculpture, shall we find it in the exhibition of the Royal Academy? There are 113 subjects, which, if any man were asked to accept as a whole, he would probably refuse to find room for. Sir Francis Chantrey is an academician and trustee, yet he sends nothing from his overloaded studio to support the exhibition, and show to stranger visitors that in the mechanical part of his art the country possesses one unrivalled sculptor. Sir R. Westmacott, an academician, an auditor, and professor, can afford nothing to the exhibition but the pedestal to his statue of Lord William Bentinck, on which is represented, in basso-relievo, an interrupted suttee, and the recumbent statue of a sleeping child in marble — the Lady Susan Murray — a little thing in all respects. Do these men love the art they live by? or, now that it has raised them to fortune, do they scorn to do any thing towards the instruction and encouragement of those who have yet to run their course, — any thing for the enlightenment of the public mind, and the training of the public eye, and the improvement of the public taste, to the ultimate advancement of the art itself? How different was the conduct of Canova! Honoured with a title, and endowed with little more than a competence, he devoted all his superfluity of means, and all his treasured skill, in his last days, to the noblest purposes. He dedicated a church to God, in gratitude for those talents which had been given him, and determined to adorn it with all the powers for the possession of which he felt grateful. Such a work would have been in every sense his monument; — a homage to religion, an ornament to his country, and an ever-living testimony of his own genius, while it preserved to posterity his purity and humility, and held out a lamp to the path of the student. Every body knows that it was grief at the failure of his project, vexation at the delay of the work, and trouble at the discovery that his means would not reach the end proposed, that brought to a rapid close the life of the warm-hearted old Marquis of Ischia. Courteous and courageous, pious and patriotic, Canova, it is but just that thy genius and talent should embalm for all futurity thy upright walk and warmth of heart.

The other academicians who are sculptors, Bailey and Gibson, have sent, the former *two* and the latter *three* works to this year's exhibition. Bailey's statue of Thomas Telford, the engineer, is a noble work. The figure massive and composed, the head finely moulded, the features like, and with the happiest expression; the drapery easy, and procured without effort from the loose coat; the form well understood and distinctly expressed, and then slightly but naturally draped in the ordinary costume. His second work is a group (between the statue and the bust in size) of the son and daughter of Sir F. Shuckburgh, which is well imagined and executed with neatness. This has the "prettiness" of manner which is too characteristic of the artist, while his Telford is broad and forcible, and exhibits a power of which his previous works convey a faint idea. In the flutter of his ornament, in the statue of Earl Grey, &c. he had nearly frittered away his reputation. In the present instance, he is still but the portrait sculptor. The bust and the

monument are but the objects of a low ambition; but it is otherwise with Gibson, whose first production is Love cherishing the Soul while preparing to torment it,—perfectly classic and imaginative. The Psyche is a butterfly, the Love a boy, not *Cupido* but *Amor*, or both combined in *Eros*,—personified youth, and freshness, and love. The figure is, on the antique model, perfect, and with a grace and truth in all the forms which promise well for modern sculpture. His Venus and Cupid, a basso-relievo, in marble, is fine but less ideal—a mere mother and son of any period, with well expressed forms and faces. The Venus Verticordia is a clever study of the antique, and serves with the others to show that Gibson is certainly in the right path. He has feeling, taste, and skill; his wants are power and originality. He will follow with success, but is not able to lead. He does honour to the existing school, but will never found a new one. Grace and classic feeling are hardly less conspicuous in Wolff's Girl with a Goat and Tambourine: the unformed limbs of youth are, however, too truly given; the ideal of a habit of exercise would have allowed even to the girlish form a better model. There is something so sweet, however, in this group, and so chaste and classic in the conception, that slight faults cannot betray us into censure. We must not omit to notice the boldly relieved head in Carew's Good Samaritan, a bas-relief of great spirit. After these we might mention several admirable busts, and although not in an exalted walk of art, yet as clever specimens in their style, the Dorothea of J. Bell, a very pleasing cast; the Statue of Henry VII. in Caen Stone, by C. Smith, one of a series for Mamhead Park—a design honourable to the patron as to the artist; and several instances of more than moderate ability and some promise: but originality and genius are absolutely wanting in the exhibition. Where is Lough? The sculptor of Milton's Satan has more in him of the spirit of Flaxman than any one of his contemporaries, but he has no subject in this exhibition. Why? Is it that the academy are careless of those who do not court them, or is the sculptor more concerned for himself than his art, and resents, with an ignoble anger, the misplacing of his last year's group? In petty differences, concerning matters of no moment, how much of the soul and spirit is wasted that should, by individual energy and the cordial co-operation of all, be powerfully applied to the advance of the art itself! Public indifference, and the false taste of the modern Mæcenæ, are less dangerous to art than the captious jealousy and excessive self-esteem of the artists themselves. Lough's Captive, modelled at Rome, is a figure of matronly beauty, simple without severity, full without voluptuousness, delicate without feebleness, graceful without affectation. The attitude is one of deep and absorbing grief, not excited by personal suffering, but the anguish of mind for the misery of others occasioned by that suffering. The face is eloquent with this expression: the well understood form of the figure, the flowing outline, and the feeling, the flesh-like living feeling, of all the parts, are proofs of freedom and power in execution which, added to the genius of the conception, place Lough almost alone among the original and poetical of our sculptors; yet, except by his immediate patrons, and the few who will take the trouble to look for unobtrusive merit, Lough is not duly appreciated. It appears, then, that, setting aside busts, and portraits, and mere statuary, the real works in this exhibition worthy of the name of sculpture are few indeed, and the hands so employed still fewer. But does the exhibition of the Royal Academy afford a fair test of the state of sculpture? The architect, the professor, the editor of Vitruvius, the erudite and classic Wilkie, when his National Gallery was completed, is said to have exclaimed, "Bless me! I forgot sculpture," and immediately to have stuck behind the building that conceited little after-

thought, the semicircular saloon. Forgot sculpture ! Had the professor forgotten architecture, too, the public would have gained the loss of that piece of honeycomb, the National Gallery. Indeed it is not surprising that the artist is undesirous of decorating this "hole in the wall" with his productions. The exhibition of the first and second years at the new Academy averaged 130 subjects, while the present year (the third) the number is 113, and the paucity of merit is more marked than that of number. The academy should have two large saloons of sculpture—one in which the antique casts, &c. should be seen to advantage, and the other for the exhibition of modern works. What is a statue without space and light? and who should know how much sculpture depends on both if the Royal Academicians do not?

The government have bought pictures for the public, and the public are grateful: we have never heard a complaint against the expense of the Museum, or the National Gallery, or any other means of improvement which the public are called on to pay for and enjoy. But the government raises no statue. A vast number of individuals, however, have united to raise, by subscription, statues to Nelson and Wellington. The history of these transactions has thrown some light on the state of sculpture in England, the power to appreciate it, and the will to encourage it. The city statue was subscribed for and entrusted to Sir Francis Chantrey—with great propriety, as it appears to us. Not that we so estimate Sir Francis as to conceive him capable of producing a truly great work; but because his position and his fame, native and European, demand of his countrymen a fair opportunity for the exercise of his talent in almost the highest line of his profession. The share taken by government in this work was the supplying of some old cannon for the bronze of which the statue will be cast. It is to be completed in four years, and the artist will not probably be restricted to a thousand pounds or so in the ultimate expense. The site of this intended statue is the corner of Cornhill, opposite Cheapside, and near the Mansion House: its character is equestrian, and the size heroic. Neither the style nor the site entirely satisfies our views of the subject; but we will not digress into objections: we shall content ourselves with rejoicing that English valour and sagacity are to be commemorated by English talent, and the city to be adorned with a work of art at the expense of the citizens.

No sooner was the statue decidedly entrusted to Sir F. Chantrey than the friends of Mr. Wyatt got up another subscription for the erection of a Wellington testimonial at the west end of the town. That the real object of this undertaking was the employment of the sculptor has been made clear in the course of the proceedings; and, if such a purpose had been avowed instead of disclaimed, who could have blamed the patrons of art? But patriotism, and taste, and all the virtues were assumed as the motive, and a large sum of money was subscribed, a committee formed, who met, discussed, arranged, and at length settled that the statue should be mounted first on a horse, and then horse and all on the archway opposite to Apsley House, and leading into the Green Park, and that Mr. Wyatt should be employed to execute it. Now, as on all such occasions, a great number of noblemen and gentlemen who had consented to be of the committee had carefully abstained from taking any share in its labours, or encountering any part of its responsibilities; and these honourable men, who ought to have guarded the public against what looked not unlike a job, although we are far from accusing the committee of any such intention, and what would certainly have given us, as the Wellington at the west end, something not un-

like the King of Cockspur Street, now came forward, and accused the committee of partiality, and of hurry, and of holding meetings without notice, and of various high crimes and misdemeanors, which were all resolvable into their own neglect of a duty which they ought either to have declined or discharged. Whether we are to have a Wyatt Wellington, or whether the malecontents of the committee will have spirit enough to reverse its decrees, remains to be seen; but we believe, however painful, and perhaps unfair, to the selected artist, the monument will be transferred to other hands, but not, we hope, into those of Sir F. Chantrey. If one George III. is enough for Mr. Wyatt, let one Wellington satisfy Sir Francis: there are able men behind.

Warned, however, by this alleged intrigue, and shocked, at least, by the reproaches hurled at the Wellington committee, the gentlemen selected by the subscribers to the Nelson memorial resolved on a public competition, which took place last March. The gallery of Mr. Rainy, in Regent Street, was accepted by the committee for the exhibition of models and drawings, and many artists and amateurs competed for the prize. Architects and sculptors were alike encouraged to try their talent; and the exhibition was expected to afford a fair view of the amount of ability in these arts as they existed in this country. And it was fair to suppose so. Than Nelson never was a hero so heartily beloved, never was a country more proud of a son, never were actions more capable of artistic illustration, nor a character more inspiring of lofty sentiment and high feeling than his. He was himself a genius with whom genius was likely to sympathise, in the astonishing boldness of conception, and in the rapidity and dash of execution. He scorned all pettiness of detail, all trifling quibbles of the schools; he was content to trust to the dictates of his own original mind, and won his battles, not according to rule, but by the force of genius; and it might be expected that the artist who would commemorate his actions would catch a spark of his fire; and, scorning the pedantry of precedent, unfettered by rule, and excited to greatness by the contemplation of greatness, would have produced something at once surprising and appropriate, something new yet recognised, daring but allowed, grand yet intelligible, bold, significant, expressive, and commanding admiration rather than soliciting approval. Was any thing of this kind exhibited? Nothing approaching to it. But in its place every variety of eccentric device, every extravagance of bewildered imagination on the one side, and on the other every form of the cold and tame. Among the multitude of designs, few indeed were fitted to be the monument of any thing but the dulness of him who had conceived it. We will not waste words on the rocks from which flowed fountains, and on which sat tritons in the most amiable confusion, with the most inexplicable purpose; nor with the confectionary or pastry models of mock Egyptian and ungenial Greek temples; nor with the monstrous light-houses, nor the more absurd fountains, which decorated the rooms. The committee divided the designs into the column, the obelisk, and the pile, in which architecture and sculpture were combined, and selected from each class a specimen for the first, second, and third prize,—but not one for execution. The column was of the Corinthian order, surmounted by a statue: it was the design of Mr. Railton, and, although no way remarkable, was correct and pleasing as a column—a column *apropos* to what? certainly not to Nelson. The obelisk was the design of Mr. Bailey, and, had the competition proceeded, would have probably carried away the majority of suffrages. It was an Egyptian obelisk of granite, surrounded at the base with allegorical figures in bronze,—among them a lion, a Britannia, a Nelson, and a number of sea-gods and goddesses “swimming,” as somebody

said, "round the world for sport," but meant, according to the artist, to signify that Nelson's victories were as extensive as the element on which they were gained, which, if they did express, their significance was as simply complex as Lord Burleigh's nod. The architectural composition was the design of Messrs. Fowler and Sevier, and was finished with remarkable beauty for a model, but was distinctly wanting in all the characteristic features of a monument to naval glory. Mr. Rennie, Mr. Coffee, Mr. R. Westmacott, and some others, appear to have approached more nearly the simple and severe standard which might be expected to guide this work : they all agree in a sculptured pedestal, columnar or pyramidal, surmounted by a statue. The pervading thought in these designs was certainly the true one ; and he who succeeds best in embodying it will probably be the selected artist. But to accomplish this design great power and judgment are required ; and perhaps the public would be unwilling to receive the grave and true for the frivolous and showy. But to return to the history. The committee had announced this selection, and the day was fixed for their final determination. In the meanwhile the press had spoken, the committee had consulted all who were likely to know any thing of the matter, and they resolved to re-open the competition, a resolution which does them the greatest credit, and which, we believe, the public owes to the Duke of Wellington and Sir Ridley (now Lord) Colborne. Sir Hussey Vivyan had taken under his patronage Lieut. Siborn, and had resolved to move the committee to decide on a temple which should contain the model of Waterloo, now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, and a model of the battle of Trafalgar on a similar scale. From what we have seen and heard of the models in preparation, we have no doubt that the approaching competition will do more honour to English art ; but we have no very high hopes of seeing such a tribute to Nelson as will at once satisfy the critic and the public — the true test of fitness in the design and of ability in the artist ; but when we look abroad at the monuments of the Continent, ancient and modern, we do not see the design which we should desire to see naturalised for the Nelson monument. Here is a difficulty not carefully considered by the critics. The monument should be one to the glory of England's navy ; it should record by intelligible figures the localities of those victories, and the means by which they were gained, and the ideal of the men who won them ; and Nelson should be the climax, — the point to which all should tend, — the grand feature, the aim, object, the soul of the composition.

We have endeavoured to show that at one period English sculpture had attained an eminence from which all but the summit of perfection was in sight. We have attempted to explain the causes that interrupted its progress. If we are right, the greatest evil of the interruption is over, and the stream of art again flows easily on. The advantages we possess in the splendid relics of ancient art, to direct its progress, cannot be calculated. As yet they have not produced their natural effect ; but the advance of art is slow, and more especially is this true of sculpture. The country must acquire a taste for the beautiful, and a knowledge of its own treasures, before the artist can be stimulated to the necessary exertion. Money is no due reward, nor ordinary fame a sufficient stimulant to greatness. To be praised by those who know is the artist's aim ; and, until a whole people are educated to an understanding of art, the applause of that people will fail in its effect. We have all to do, but we have the means of accomplishing all ; and we hope the Nelson monument will mark the commencement of a new era in English art — the era of the great and the original ; and the final period of the tame, the feeble, and the imitative, which, from the time of William Austin to that of John Flaxman, have been the characteristics of sculpture in England.

THE EXPEDIENCY OF A RURAL POLICE.

First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire as to the best Means of establishing an efficient Constabulary Force in the Counties of England and Wales.
London: C. Knight & Co. 1839. 8vo. pp. 416.

"An vigilare metu exanimem, noctesque diesque
Formidare malos fures, incendia, servos,
Ne te compilent fugientes; hoc juvat?"

Hon.

No little sensation has been created throughout the country, from the very extensive circulation of an Abstract of the First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the best means of establishing an efficient constabulary force in the counties of England and Wales. As the subject has been much canvassed at quarter-sessions, and other public meetings of the magistrates throughout the country, we feel induced to draw their attention still further to a subject calculated to prove so immediately important to them individually and collectively, and to excite in no ordinary degree the attention of the whole community.

Previously to entering upon the minutiae of the leading propositions in their Report, we would offer a few observations on the general expediency of the object to which that Report is directed, inasmuch as some are inclined to doubt the necessity of any further security for their property and persons, having hitherto escaped from those depredations and outrages which the present project is intended to remedy.

In order to prove the utility of this intended change in the method of advancing the peace of the country, it must be shown that the advantages to be reaped from its adoption will exceed the expenses attending the outlay for its proper maintenance. This has already been demonstrated in a most satisfactory manner by the admirable working of the metropolitan police force, both as to the security of person and protection of property at a most economical rate. It may be retorted that the metropolitan police force can be no criterion whereby to ascertain the advantages of a similar institution in the country, the latter having none of the wretchedness and vicious characters wherewith the metropolis so greatly abounds; but any one at all acquainted with the character of the rural population, even in those districts where manufactories do not greatly abound, will feel at once the futility of any such objection; and were it really the case, that our agricultural population in its present state required no protection, still, when the larger towns are furnished with a trained force on the same footing as that of the metropolis, the various descriptions of town-delinquents will be driven out into the country, and thus a police force will be rendered quite as necessary for the latter as it is for the former.

That which has been partially achieved, in particular portions of the country, with success, may surely be extended, with equal success, to the whole. The system has already been tried in several small towns, and found to be productive of the greatest benefits; so much so, that there can be little doubt but that those towns would much rather double the salaries of the police officers than be deprived of their services. On the line of the Great North of England Railway there are several whose inhabitants consider that they owe the peace and safety which they enjoy solely to the appointment of an active police officer in each. Moreover, it has been found that vagrants almost invariably avoid these towns in their routes. The principle upon which the commissioners ground their system —

centralisation:—will render these officers of much greater service to the country, from their being each members of one great and uniform whole. Notices of crimes and misdemeanors, with full descriptions of the persons of the supposed depredators, can thus be readily transmitted throughout the kingdom, so as, almost to preclude the possibility of an escape. These scanty observations show that here there is no expatiating on the field of imagination, that this is no new-fangled scheme wrought out from the region of conjecture, but one founded on that sure and infallible basis—well-established experience, followed up with the most cautious and mature deliberation.

It has been suggested that the project under consideration will infringe on the liberty of the subject, and be a curtailment of that political liberty and freedom which the people of England have so long enjoyed. Assuredly it would be but indiscreet, and very far from good policy on the part of any government in this our day, were it to put forth a measure which might reasonably be thought to encroach upon the sacredness of “freedom’s glorious cause” in any shape. We think, however, no such presentiments need be entertained with regard to the one at present under consideration.

Our liberty is ever liable to be assailed by two great counteracting powers—those of government and individuals, and which have ever been a mutual check upon each other; the encroachments of the one having a direct tendency to restrain, in some degree, the power of the other. In broaching, therefore, any plan of reformation calculated to affect the polity of this country, it should be made manifest that the benefits to be gained on the one hand will supersede any objection which might suggest itself from the diminution of power or loss of liberty on the other. This general position can be fully established with reference to the present project; for, as far as the personal freedom of the subject is concerned, there is no question but that it will be materially protected and rendered much more secure than it has been hitherto: in comparison with which the imagined accumulation of power dwindles down to a mere shadow. Nay, would not despotism itself be preferable to an all-prevailing sense of insecurity?

But, at the same time, it cannot be expected that cultivated minds, and those who extend their views beyond their own personal and immediate protection, will rest satisfied until every semblance of an approach towards tyranny, every encroachment upon their rights and liberties, however minute, shall have vanished from the scheme. To clear away, to the satisfaction of every reader, the few doubts which might thus arise on the subject, would necessarily occupy a larger space in these pages than our present object would warrant; we shall, therefore, only observe, that he should put into the counter-scale the security which our personal freedom must derive from the project when carried into effect, and he will find it greatly to preponderate: further, that the power imagined to accrue to those in whom the appointment of a constabulary force shall reside would be found to be of little avail, were any insurrection to arise from the excitement of the public mind or otherwise; as each officer of the establishment would be no more led to forsake his own private opinion, interest, or bias, on account of his office, than any workman in a cotton factory would, under similar circumstances, succumb to the will of his employer. History furnishes many instances to bear out this assertion; but, even under the supposition that it is a false one, the power conferred, when the sketch of the Report has been gone through, will be shown to be of but comparatively little import.

The principle of centralisation—the leading feature in the system—has in some instances been rendered odious to the feelings of this country, from

the necessity of its connecting with government a subordinate body of men who would be likely to become domineering and arbitrary, and from its tendency to sow seeds germinating on the establishment of a despotic rule. In others, and those by far the most numerous, it has been hailed with almost universal approbation, and has conferred upon some of the institutions of this country benefits which need only to be slightly glanced at to be highly appreciated by every one. That which appears to approach nearest in its internal formation to the proposed force is the excise-office. What confusion, disorder, and irregularity would have existed had the body of men forming this establishment been hitherto acting under no general rules, and had they been apportioned throughout the country at random, and without regard to the different grades of officers which at present exist! One portion of the body would be acting under a more salutary scale of regulations than another, without any means of conveying the improved method to its adjacent district; whilst, having no immediate superiors to watch over and direct their movements, the greatest overbearance would be practised through pique, and the utmost latitude be given to delinquents through partiality or favour. These are only a very few of the consequences which would ensue from the absence of this principle, and which would be equally applicable to some other of our comprehensive systems of management, as, for instance, the present administration of the poor-laws, that admirable piece of machinery—the post-office, our courts of justice, the stamp-office, custom-house, &c. It is not within the province of this paper to indulge in any lengthened encomium on the grand outlines of these really admirable institutions, and we will therefore conclude this portion of the argument by recommending those who take any interest in the measure of a rural police to give them their most serious attention.

The question as to whether the present constables are sufficient for the conservation of the peace may be easily disposed of. Generally speaking; they are wholly inadequate and unfit for that purpose; and, ignorant and inert, neither know nor seek to know in what their actual duty consists. Indeed, this can hardly be a matter of surprise, when we consider that, in many instances, the office is only temporary, and that there is no inducement, by way of emolument or otherwise, to excite their activity. They are often induced by local connections and prejudices to excuse offenders, or to exercise oppression towards those of their neighbours who are the objects of their enmity, but more especially towards the poorer classes, who have frequently no means of redress. Some refuse to render any assistance unless remunerated for their services, whilst others, through timidity or fear, allege a multiplicity of excuses in the shape of illness, important business, and the like. Then the appointment is frequently conferred upon those who are incapable of great activity, from being far advanced in years; and it is well known that not only are they in many instances extremely difficult of access, but that in some townships an appointment never takes place. The office, again, is avoided as much as possible by farmers, and the more industrious class of labourers; consequently it falls the more frequently on the idle and dissipated.

Blackstone thus speaks of them:—“They are armed with very large powers of arresting and imprisoning, of breaking open houses, and the like, of the extent of which powers, considering what manner of men are for the most part put into those offices, it is, perhaps, very well that they are generally kept in ignorance.” The powers are certainly great, but not too great for the very nature of the office, unless when placed in hands where it is likely to be perverted; but

"Where ignorance is bliss
 'T is folly to be wise"

ought not be applicable to any public officer who has certain and definite duties to perform.

The maleadministration of parochial justice has long been considered a crying evil against the good government of this country; and, should this measure meet with the sanction of the legislature, it will only be one step towards the formation of what has ever been a great and manifold desideratum, viz., a well-organised local or parochial government. The principle of governing by small communities, as tending towards the formation of a healthy sound government, though out of place here, is well worthy of the serious consideration of the legislature, and would be productive of the most incalculable advantages to this country.

We will now proceed to give the chief recommendation from the first report of the commissioners, and comment shortly upon the several clauses in their order.

It is proposed

"I. That, as a primary remedy for the evils set forth, a paid constabulary force should be trained, appointed, and organised in the principles of management recognised by the legislature in the appointment of the new metropolitan police force."

With regard to this regulation — the superiority of the management of the metropolitan force being generally admitted — few objections can reasonably be made, beyond the fact, that the exchange of intercourse which subsists between the superintendent, district-superintendent, inspectors, and serjeants of the metropolitan police, cannot be made so immediately available to that for the country. The distance which must necessarily separate them from each other will prevent that ready communication between the different grades of the officers of the establishment which tends so much to the well-ordering of the corps, and to the maintenance of that unanimity so indispensable to their efficient formation. This, however, appears to be rather a concomitant evil than an objection.

"II. That for this purpose on application in writing, under the hands and seals of a majority of the justices assembled at any quarter sessions of the peace for the county, setting forth the insecurity of person and property, and the want of paid constables, the commissioners of police shall, with the approbation of the secretary of state for the home department, direct the location of such constables and such officers as may, upon examination by the said commissioners, be deemed adequate for the due protection of life or property within the county."

Here there is no power vested in the magistracy. They are merely to inquire into the inefficiency of the present conservators of the peace and report thereon; the commissioners undertaking to prescribe the number and condition of the officers to be appointed. It has been recommended that the appointment of the officers should be with the guardians of the poor-law unions, as opposed to the commissioners and the magistracy. This would seem at the outset a very plausible and apparently popular plan, as tending to give greater and more general satisfaction; but it will ultimately be found, what indeed is generally admitted, that the lower orders are by far more jealous of those persons who are equal with, or only a remove above themselves, than they are of their more elevated superiors. The guardians, we are persuaded, have already a *quantum sufficit* of business upon their hands, independent of this perfectly extraneous duty; indeed it appears to be totally incompatible with their office, and certainly inconsistent with their other duties. They would frequently be led to confer the appointment upon men whose capacities for the office would be lost sight of in the

wish to gratify some personal feelings, or to provide a means of subsistence for those who have no other possibility of gaining a livelihood. Would it not be objectionable, also, on account of the probability of their appointing such men merely as were resident within the limits of the union, in the stead of — what is certainly a desideratum — perfect strangers to the office? Of course this last would apply with almost equal force to the appointment being with the magistrates, as limiting it to those persons within their district jurisdiction.

It appears, therefore, to be the safest and best method that the appointment and ordering of the intended force should be entirely under the control of the commissioners, magistrates, and superintendents of the police; they being also far more conversant with criminal matters than the guardians of a poor-law union.

“III. The force should be paid one fourth from the consolidated fund, and three fourths from the county rates, as a part of the general expenses of the whole country.”

This clause has probably been more canvassed than any one in the list, inasmuch as it is that which comes nearest to the pocket. The suggestion which stands opposed to it is that the three fourths of the expense should be raised by a rate made in the particular districts where the services of the force are deemed requisite; and not that each district should be compelled to contribute indiscriminately, and towards the protection of other property than that within its own limits. That would be considered a harsh and unjustifiable enactment which should compel a peaceable and thinly populated district to contribute towards the protection of a manufacturing and more thickly populated portion of the county, where crime is continually committed, and where wretchedness and vice abound. Many of the associations which have been formed for promoting the apprehension and prosecution of felons average two or three prosecutions each during the quarter; whilst others, equally alive to the offences cognisable within their district, scarcely average that number in as many years. Nor is there so much disparity between the populations of each in point of numbers as to account for this variation in the amount of crime committed. What reason, then, can be assigned why the latter should partially defray the expenses of the former? Certainly, as the proportion for each district would vary in accordance with the force required, the preference appears to be in favour of a rateable district contribution to that of a whole county, where the rate would be equalised throughout.

“IV. That the constables so appointed shall report their proceedings to the justices of the peace of the quarter and petty sessions where they are stationed.”

Here again has the objection most ridiculously been urged — the placing too much power with the magistracy; and it has been the cause of no little umbrage to many who are jealous of the power already in the possession of that body; but those who are aware of the benefits derived to the country from their gratuitous exertions, and of their proper application of the power they possess, will not consider the present clause as one calculated to augment that power one iota. Nay, will it not rather be an addition to their already arduous duties? Were any other body of men of equal authority appointed to superintend the proceedings and receive the reports of the force, in lieu of the magistrates, the requisite salaries for such appointments would suggest a much greater objection than that which arises from the fear of granting too much power by the present arrangement.

By a recent act* of the legislature, the magistrates, in cases of emergency — the very period when the fear arises of the power vested in them being perverted — are empowered to swear in all persons who are willing to act as special constables, in order to quell any violent proceedings which they have reason to think to be in contemplation. How, then, can the present measure in any way accelerate their power, when they have thus at command an unlimited number of assistants? Did the legislature grant them this power without sufficient deliberation? Did the country ever apprehend any danger from it? No: the magistrates have ever possessed the confidence of the country in all matters of a criminal nature, and there is scarcely an instance on record to show that it has been misplaced.

The practicability of the police officers laying their reports before the magistrates at petty sessions has already been sufficiently put to the test, in those districts where a police officer has been appointed; and it has been found to answer every expectation.

“V. That the superintendents should be subject to dismissal upon the representation of the justices of the peace in quarter sessions; and that the serjeants and constables shall be subject to dismissal upon the representation of the justices of the peace in petty sessions.”

It may be a matter of surprise to some why the appointment of the intended force should rest with the commissioners of police, whilst their dismissal, as we see by the present clause, is within the power of the magistrates. The intention would appear to be to provide officers who can be exchanged from district to district at discretion, and who are perfect strangers to the people on the one hand, and, as they will be continually acting under the directions of the magistrates, to render them in some measure amenable to that body for their conduct on the other.

Again, as to the power conferred on the magistracy. The office of high constable has been held hitherto at the will of the magistrates assembled at quarter sessions, and yet we believe there is not a single instance on record to show that any of them have been dismissed, unless upon grounds perfectly justifiable. The office is one of great antiquity; and history does not furnish us with an instance of their being made the tools of any party, further than from what their own private interest or opinions suggested.

The superintendents of police will be upon the same footing, though standing in rather an altered relation to the magistrates, in consequence of their appointments not having been derived from that body. The power to be vested in the justices at petty sessions over the serjeants and constables will, for the same reason, be less than what they at present exercise over the petty constables; and as the former will, in all probability, in many instances, entirely supersede the necessity for the latter, this clause will eventually, instead of increasing, diminish their power in a much greater ratio than any other clause in the report is calculated to increase it.

“VI. That the justices of the peace shall frame rules and regulations for the service of process and attendance at petty or quarter sessions of such force, which rules shall be submitted to the secretary of state, and if approved of by him shall be binding.”

This is a most salutary provision, and likely to prevent much irregularity, as there are many local resources and advantages of which the commissioners

* 5 & 6 Will. 4. c. 43. enacts, “that in all cases where it should be made to appear to any two or more justices of the peace, &c., upon the oath of any credible witness, that any tumult, riot, or felony, might be reasonably apprehended, and such justices should be of opinion that the ordinary officers are not sufficient, they are authorised to nominate and appoint so many as they should think fit and necessary for the preservation of the public peace.” It then extends the power for the appointment of special constables, given by 1 & 2 Will. 4. c. 41., viz. “that all persons willing to act as special constables shall be capable of being appointed and acting.”

of police could not be aware, and which would, without this arrangement, have been entirely lost sight of.

“VII. That the commissioners shall frame rules and regulations for the general management of the police, which rules shall, on the approbation of the secretary of state, be binding.”

Somewhat of the same local information, so readily to be obtained by the method recommended in the last clause, would, with all due deference to the commissioners, be to a certain extent advantageous for the present one; as the magistrates, from their accurate knowledge of the country, and their many years of experience, would be enabled to furnish numerous suggestions and advantages applicable to the present state of the different portions of a county where they for the most part reside. To be sure, it must be admitted, that the superintendents, when appointed, will readily acquire a competent knowledge of the different localities in the districts over which their jurisdiction may extend; but why not at once obtain that really practical information which may be had so readily?

“The trained force which we propose is of little more than one constable to 2000 inhabitants.”

About the proper medium, were a uniform number requisite throughout the country, and each district requiring a similar state of protection; but, as this is far from being the case, would it not be very desirable that information should be obtained of the relative position of the inhabitants in each district, many of whom in the agricultural counties are so widely disseminated, that in some cases it might be doubtful whether an officer to 1000 would be deemed adequate? And these districts, be it remembered, are amongst those where the attendance of the police is extremely requisite, being infested by those travelling depredators who are by far the most obnoxious to the farmer. For here they can resort in perfect quietness, and free from molestation, at the same time extending their ravages to the adjacent and more thickly populated districts, without danger of detection.

Here we have the limits of the power to arise from the appointment of the officers — 1 to 2000, or, as suggested in a few remote instances, 1 to 1000. This really insignificant proposition, when coupled with the improbability of its being swayed during the time of any civil commotion by the will of the few, affords very strong grounds in favour of the before-mentioned supposition, that the liberty of the subject will be but little disturbed by the intended organised force.

Some difference of opinion has been expressed, as to whether it would be requisite to extend the force over those portions of the country which are purely of an agricultural nature, it being thought an injustice to entail a considerable burden, in the way of expense, on the small farmers, who will have no proportionate return. This has already been almost entirely dissipated at the outset of these remarks; but, in order somewhat further to elucidate this trivial objection, we would offer a slight sketch of the most reprehensible characters and objects common to an agricultural population, and which may prove worthy of the attention of a superintendent to be appointed for the more northern agricultural counties of England.

The most prominent are those marauding hordes who, being furnished with horses and carts, have opportunities of plundering with impunity, and facilities of escape denied to the mere strolling beggar. Journeying from market to market with covered carts, they plunder whenever an opportunity occurs; and, having a ready concealment at hand, set detection at

defiance.* Some, by affecting an outward pretension to merchandise, lull suspicion to rest; whilst others, of a bolder front, disdain to have recourse to any such artifice, and openly travel through the country with no apparent object in view.

Travelling colliers, as they are termed, are also a continual prey upon the farmer, and in the very worst manner, turning a whole drove of asses and mules during the night into the best pasture they can meet with. Well may the farmer complain of the failure of his crops!

There exists another set of pilferers, the extent of whose schemes and devices for plunder is confined to a most praiseworthy and valuable class in an agricultural district — the unwary and open-hearted farmer of limited means. At the neighbouring market or fair, these swindlers, having a prepossessing exterior, impose upon the honest simplicity of the farmer by assuming an air of kindness and generosity, and which seldom fails of ensnaring those whom they have singled out for their prey.

Those autumnal visitors who reap a portion of the fruits of the harvest under the mask of a display of horsemanship — a distant grade from Astley's — are highly to be reprobated, inveigling, as they do, the lower orders into a trumpery lottery, the highest prize of which invariably goes to the party with whom the itinerants lodge, as a set-off against bed and board. Thus do they elicit from the poor reaper the hard earned wages which his industry may have procured him, and at the only period when he has an opportunity of adding to his little store, in order to provide against the inclemency of the winter season. Surely some method might be devised by the legislature whereby to arm the magistrates and police with sufficient power to suppress such pests of society as these.

Lastly, in the small country towns and villages, there are abandoned characters who obtain a livelihood by harbouring during the night all the characters above described, as well as every wandering beggar. We have known from twenty to thirty turn out in a morning from one of these wretched hovels. Here is a root which ought to be struck at, which the law does not reach, but which might gradually be removed by the adoption of the system we have been considering.

We might run on with numerous other classes of delinquents, some moving about over the whole kingdom, having London as a sort of centre or head quarters; others stationary in particular neighbourhoods; but the list would carry us beyond all reasonable limits. The above enumeration is confined to such as are not generally known, and which do not appear to have been brought under the notice of the commissioners. Turning to the report, we find various descriptions of vagrants described in detail, and upon the most authentic testimony.

The most prominent body of delinquents in the rural districts, are vagrants, who appear, say the commissioners, to consist of two classes: first, the habitual depredators, house-breakers, horse-stealers, and common thieves; secondly, the vagrants, properly so called, who seek alms as mendicants. The report gives extracts from the confessions of four depredators of the migratory class, and one mendicant, setting forth in detail their previous career of depredations, and the descriptions of their associates. As we have not room for a large portion of the evidence, we think it may be most interesting to the reader to give one of these stories entire. If it is not worked

* One of this description was convicted of sheep-stealing, at the last sessions for the north riding of the county of York, and transported for the term of fifteen years. He travelled with an open cart, but had a loose cover concealed under the seat to screen the animals he stole. This system he had carried on to a great extent throughout the last winter.

tip so graphically, it is at least as instructive and characteristic as the history of Jonathan Wild or Oliver Twist. It consists of short condensed notes of the confessions of a young thief, confined in Cold Bath Fields prison.

"A twelvemonth ago he and P—— were together in Cold Bath Fields, where they planned a thieving journey to Kidderminster.

"They built a dog-cart, stole two dogs from Smithfield, bought hardware, brooms, &c. at a shop near Farringdon-street, to the amount of 17*s.* While they were purchasing the articles, two companions stole for them a dozen and half of hand-brooms from the door; they valued them at 5*s.*, making, as four were concerned, 1*s.* 3*d.* each; — P—— and H—— paid them 2*s.* 6*d.* They also took with them twenty sixpences and ten shillings bad money, which they concealed in a large false bottom of the cart. Thus equipped, H—— with 5*s.*, P—— with 15*s.* 6*d.*, they started off about twelve at noon, in the winter or end of autumn. At Wandsworth they sold a mat for 1*s.* 4*d.* and a broom for 11*d.* They went on to Wimbledon and called at a public-house, where they had a pint of beer, for which they gave a bad sixpence. The landlady served them, and then went into the inner bar and continued serving. The boy H—— reached round and took four silver salt-spoons, which were on a shelf; he would have taken the salt-cellars, but was afraid they might soon be missed. They decamped, bought some bread and cheese, and hastened out of the town in about ten minutes after the robbery. At Kingston they went to a travellers' house and sold the spoons to their landlord, who gave them board and lodging for the night and next day, with 5*s.* for the bargain.

"They proceeded on their journey, and at about half-past ten a coach passed them on the road; a small trunk was fastened on behind the seat. P—— ran after the coach, climbed up, and cut it down. It contained a quantity of papers, and nothing else. They tore the papers into shreds, and, having destroyed the box, they hid the pieces. This box was subsequently advertised, and a reward of 50*l.* offered for the recovery.

"At the next town (the boy did not recollect the names of the places), about eleven or twelve miles from Kingston, they went to a public-house; it was market-day. H—— made cloth caps, and in the course of the evening he sold a dozen and a half, at 1*s.* 6*d.* each, to the countrymen in the tap-room. They stole a great coat which belonged to one of their customers, and hid it in the false bottom of their cart. There was a hue and cry for it; some suspected the boys, but the landlady said she could be answerable that the poor lads were innocent. Having proceeded next day on their route, they sold it to a passing countryman for 3*s.* H—— considers it to have been worth 7*s.*

"For three weeks they lived entirely on the produce of what they sold, and ultimately arrived at Kidderminster.

"They put up for a short time at a travellers' house. Houses of this kind are in every town, price 3*d.* or 4*d.* a-night; they have a common kitchen, where the trampers cook and live. (P—— confirmed this, and stated that the better sort pay 6*d.*, and have the attendance of a girl to cook.)

"At every lodging-house on the road H—— met plenty of trampers, and he did not see one face that he had not seen at St. Giles's. They also recognised him, and compared notes. Some were hawkers, some were going half-naked, some were ballad-singers, some were going about with false letters, others as broken-down tradesmen, some as old soldiers, and some as shipwrecked sailors; and every night they told each other of good houses. They all lived well, never ate any broken victuals, but had meat breakfasts, good dinners, hot suppers, and frequently ended by going to bed very drunk. Not one spent less than 3*s.* a-day, many a great deal more. They sometimes make 5*s.* and average 3*s.* 6*d.* per day; some often get a sovereign where humane people reside. (All this is confirmed by P——.)

"P—— having been employed at a carpet-manufactory before he came to London, went to visit his old friends, and was soon able to introduce H——. Every day these boys stole balls of twine and string from this place. They daily went there to take whatever they could lay their hands upon, and have brought out two and three dozen balls of a day in their great-coat pockets, finding a ready market for their plunder in the rag-shops. The first lot they sold was worth about 1*l.*, and they got 10*s.* 6*d.* for it. They did not dispose of any stock-in-trade while in the town, but lived by plundering the manufactory and picking pockets in the streets. Some of the property they pawned, some they sold to trampers at the lodging-houses.

"P—— and H—— were very punctual in attendance at the churches, where they always robbed. They took three watches — one was pawned for 15*s.*, the other two for 1*l.* a-piece. P—— is very clever at 'easing a yokel of his watch.'

"They went to a fair about fifteen miles from Kidderminster, leaving their dogs and cart at a public-house about two miles from the scene. P——, who can play at 'prick in the garter,' soon got a mob, and soon found 'betters.' He allowed them to win nearly all the money he had, and then won it back with double interest. In the mean time H——, who never appeared to know P——, was very busy rifling the farmers' pockets of their money-bags. (He minutely described the bags as being to him a matter of great singularity.) He

took eight bags in a short time, but the richest of the eight contained only 15s.; he also took seven handkerchiefs. One of the party having lost a bet, applied to his pocket, but missed his purse; a row ensued, every one felt his pockets; the robbed and the swindled gave vent to their anger, and, having secured P——, took him to a pond and ducked him. H—— decamped when the storm was brewing, as he had all the bags and property about him. This occurred at about four in the afternoon, and at about nine P——, having concealed himself after his ducking, joined H—— at the public-house, and off they set in their vehicle.

"They left the neighbourhood and shaped their course for London. On their journey back they entered a gentleman's house, about half-past eight in the evening. It stood upon a hill, and was to let. They opened the kitchen-window, and rummaged all over the house for about an hour, taking away a great-coat, some glass decanters, and a hearth-rug. On arriving at the next town, which was about ten miles off (and they travelled in the night after this robbery), they told the landlord they had something to sell. His wife went out and returned shortly after with a man, who bought the lot for 1*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*; but H—— remarked, 'The fellow swindled us, for the decanters were worth all the money, but we were glad to get rid of them at any price.' At some distance from this town they came near a large village, and saw several persons coming towards them, when P—— put down the table for the 'garter story.' H—— began betting, and the people, when they came up, stopped to see the fun. Shortly they began to play, and H—— began to thieve; at length they became exasperated at their losses to P——; H—— had retreated, and, having packed away the property in the dog-cart, was moving off, when the storm broke out, and P—— again got into a scrape. He was severely thumped and beaten; H—— was accused of being an accomplice, and they were both locked up in the cage till next day, when the magistrates acquitted them, remarking that P——, if guilty, had received punishment enough, and as for H——, there was no charge against him. It remained a mystery amongst them what had become of the stolen property, for neither boy had been out of their sight, and yet nothing was found either on them or in the cart. They never suspected the false bottom.

"About thirty miles they stopped a night at a public-house, and became friendly with some soldiers who were billeted at the house, being on a march with their regiment. While the soldiers were telling their adventures, the boys stole 2*l.* from them. The next morning the alarm was given, and P—— was again the scape-goat. H—— fled, and hid the purse here and there about the stable-grounds as quickly as possible; some he threw down the privy, and they were found by one of the soldiers. The landlady in this instance took part with the boys; and, as no other person had been in the company, the soldiers, though there was no proof, had no alternative but to suspect the boys, or one of their own comrades: however, the boys got clear off.

"At a short distance (that is, about twenty miles) from London, they stopped at a gentleman's house to hawk some things, and, while the servant went upstairs with some hearth-brooms, P—— slipped into the parlour and brought out a watch and a silver egg-stand. The servant bought about 5*s.* worth of things on her return, and they made the best of their way from the premises. In five days after they were in London, having added to their plunder from the gentleman's house a pair of silver salt-cellar, which they stole from a public-house where they slept. This plunder they brought to London. The silver was sold for 3*s.* 6*d.* the ounce; the watch for 15*l.*"—*Report*, p. 43. et seq. 8th edit.

The following classification of these predatory vagrants taken from the confession of an experienced vagrant, may be found not only very curious and amusing, but extremely useful. The man alluded to described the various classes as follows:—

"1st. Men who go about the country almost naked, begging clothes or food. They get about 3*s.* a-day. They have good clothes at their lodging-house, and travel in them from town to town, if there are not many houses in the way. Before they enter the town, they take them off, as well as their shoes and stockings, put on their Guernsey jackets, send the bundle and the woman forward to the lodging-house, and commence begging at the first house they come to. Knows a man who was recently clad from head to foot in new clothes at a shop in Billericay, by the son of the rector in a neighbouring village, all of which clothes, including hat, shoes, and stockings, he sold about half an hour afterwards, by auction, in the tap-room of a low public-house, to his companions, and they all got drunk together with the proceeds. These fellows always sell a gift of clothes.

"2d. Men who are ring-droppers. Travelling tinkers make sham gold rings out of old brass buttons. H—— D—— is a noted fellow at this work; his wife and mother go with him and drop the rings. They live in St. Giles's, and travel for a month or two. They sometimes make 20*s.* or 25*s.* a-day.

"3d. Fellows who go round to different houses, stating their master's stock of rags has been burnt, or that a sudden supply is wanted, and that they are sent forward to collect them. The rags are called for, and one fellow marches off with the bundle, leaving one or

more talking with the housewife, who is gravely cavilling about the price, and as gravely informed that the master is coming round, and they leave some private mark on the door-post, which they say is the sign to indicate to him the quantity and quality taken, and the amount to pay; so they walk off, and 'never tip her any thing.' The rags are carried to the keeper of a rag-shop, who gives quires of paper in exchange, which they carry round to small villages, and sell to small shopkeepers, or at farm-houses. All rag-shops 'stand fence for anything,' and buy any stolen property, or metal, from iron hoops to gold rings.

"4th. A set of fellows who go about in decent apparel, leaving small printed handbills at cottages and farm-houses, wherein are set forth the wonderful cures of all sorts of ailments effected by medicine which they sell. The following day these bills are called for, and the credulous people buy small phials of this nostrum, at various prices, from ten shillings to sixpence, according to the tact of the beggar and the folly of the party. The mixture is only a decoction of any herb or rubbish that may be at hand. He (B——) was told by one of this class that he had just sold a bottle of 'stuff' to a poor woman who lived in a cottage on Warley Common, Essex, and who had been long ailing. She gave ten shillings for it, and it was only salt and water, some tea, and coloured green with nettle tops. These fellows obtain more money than any other class of impostors, sometimes as much as 2*l.* a-week, and they seldom go to London.

"5th. Men who travel about the country in shabby-genteel attire, stating that they had been well off formerly, but are reduced by recent misfortune. Some are burnt-out farmers or shopkeepers; some first-class workmen out of work, owing to the bankruptcy of their employers; some captains, who have just lost their ships upon the coast. This story is always used after a heavy gale of wind. Some carry begging-letters, which are written for them, price 1*s.* This is very profitable, if well managed. The 'Lady Bountifuls' are great supporters of these fellows.

"6th. Fortune-tellers. Many women, when tramping with the men, dress themselves like gipsies, and contrive to get a tolerable daily booty, at least 3*s.* or 4*s.* a-day.

"7th. Trampers who have nothing to sell, but manage to live merely by begging.

"8th. Thieves—'prigs'—generally go in couples; walk into a country shop, where there is an old woman and a candle; buy something, drop a sixpence; get the old lady to bring the candle round to look for it, while the other fellow is filling his pockets with whatever he can lay his hands upon.

"9th. Match-sellers. 10th. Ballad-singers.

"11th. Fellows who boil up fat and a little soap over night, run it out in a cloth, and next morning cut it up like cakes of Windsor soap. It's all bad, but they drive a good trade.

"12th. Fellows who go from house to house stating that they live in some neighbouring town, and ask for "umbrellas to mend." An active fellow in this line will make a clean sweep of all the umbrellas in a village before dinner. These umbrellas are produced in the London market on wet days and dusky evenings.

"13th. A Jew seldom thieves, but is worse than a thief; he encourages others to thieve. In every town there is a Jew, either resident or tramping; sure to be a Jew within forty-eight hours in the town, somehow or other. If a robbery is effected, the property is hid till a Jew is found, and a bargain is then made."* — *Report*, p. 61. et seq. 8th edit.

* Notwithstanding the attention that has been devoted during the last thirty or forty years in this country to that important branch of legislation, the suppression of offences against property, it does not appear that we are at this moment much in advance of our ancestors. Sir John Fielding published a very curious work about the middle of the last century, in reference to the penal laws of the metropolis, in which he described very circumstantially the various kinds of thefts and cheats to which the unwary public were then exposed, and by which, it would seem, that vagrancy and delinquency in that day presented pretty nearly the same characteristics they exhibit now. The work to which we allude was partly compiled from the manuscripts of Sir John Fielding's brother, the celebrated Henry Fielding, who had investigated the whole subject with that acuteness which in another form he brought to bear so successfully upon the habits and manners of society. One section of the volume, entitled "Cautions to Shopkeepers and Tradesmen in general," contains an account of the different classes of petty rogues that then infested the metropolis and other places; and one or two extracts from it will show that the whole system has undergone scarcely any perceptible modification. We fancy we can trace the hand of Henry Fielding in the following sketch of the ring-droppers:—

"The next class are those who find a paper full of gold rings, which they take care to pick up in the sight of a proper object, whose opinion they ask. This set appear very mean, which gives them an opportunity of saying they had rather found a good piece of bread and cheese, for that he had not broke his fast for a whole day; then wishes the gentleman would give him something for them, that he might buy himself a pair of shoes, a coat, &c. The cull immediately bites, and thinking to make a cheap purchase of an ignorant fellow, gives him 20*s.* for four or five brass rings washed over. Or, what is more frequent, and yet more successful, is the picking up of a shilling or a half-crown before the face of a countryman, whose opinion of it is immediately asked, whether it be silver or not, and he is invited to share the finder's good luck in a glass of wine or a pot of

The following passage will give an idea of the character of the depredators who are resident in and infest particular neighbourhoods. The answers from the city of Lincoln state, that

"It would be difficult to give their numbers with any thing like accuracy. They are principally poachers, who make no disguise of their vocation, but proceed on their excursions, with their snap dogs at their heels, in the afternoon, before dark, and bring home their game in the light of the morning."

"It is stated that in the borough of Ludlow there are many such characters:—

"Perhaps forty in number, idle and drunk, who each keep a dog: no visible means of obtaining a livelihood."

"It is also stated that in the borough of Chesterfield—

"There are many—the number cannot be stated: their habits are to prowl about the borough and immediate adjacent villages, under pretext of begging or seeking work, but whose real objects are to look at the premises where they call, to see what booty can be gained by plunder at night."

"In answer to the inquiry as to the cause of the impunity of such characters, the authorities of the borough of Devizes answer—

"To no other cause than that they follow these practices in the adjacent country, and in places beyond the observation of the constables on their parade duty."

"A communication from the borough of Maidstone sets forth that there are—

"Many bad characters living in the town, who support themselves by committing depredations in the neighbouring villages. An effective rural police would put an end to such a practice, and the characters in question would then be soon reduced to the necessity of either leaving the town or maintaining themselves by work."—*Report*, p. 25. 8th edit.

There is no redress against these grievances to be had at the hands of the constables. Sometimes, as in the case of a man who committed murder at midnight*, the constable refuses to get up from his bed, though repeatedly and urgently called upon. Sometimes, in case of beer-shop disturbances, or general riot, this functionary says, "Nay, I mun gang out at way for I'm constable."† Sometimes, on being told that the body of a dead man has been found, he answers, "Yes, I saw him dead *there* three hours ago, but I have had trouble enough in finding one dead man:—I'll be — if I ever find another."‡

The following case also affords a striking exemplification of the total inefficiency of the present constabulary force:—

"Some time ago, at between three and four in the morning, a farmer on the Mendip Heights went into a field to attend his sheep, and after being a short time there, he perceived two men going into the field, and putting a halter on a horse's head, mounting it, and riding out on the high road. He immediately mounted his horse, and followed the men to a public-house, where he saw them stop. He rode as fast as he could to the public-house; the men were then in the act of drinking beer. He told the man at the public-

ale. The harmless countryman, pleased at such an invitation in a strange place, is carried to an alehouse, where the sharper's friends are waiting for him, and where betting or playing at cards is soon proposed, and the countryman most surely tricked out of all his money, watch, and every thing valuable he has about him."

He next describes a set of sharpers who hang about the inns, and intercept the porters who are sent with boxes and parcels, by first learning the address to which they are sent, and then meeting them on the steps of the house as if they were waiting for the goods. In order to give a greater appearance of truth to the business, the sharper, says Fielding, "abuses the porter for his delay, damns him, and tells him he was just coming for it, that he had a great mind to give him nothing: the porter asks pardon, the gambler pays him, and takes possession of the goods, with which he decamps the instant the porter's back is turned." We have also, in this curious work, a very full account of the class who contrive to take fine houses by stratagem, and even to get possession of estates, and run in debt with tradespeople, by assuming false names, and making a great display; a class which, in the present day, has lost nothing of its lustre. Others assume the calling of coal merchants, and in that character apply to some tradesmen to buy goods, telling him that he is out of cash, and that if he chooses, he will pay him in coals, with which he is overtaken; the tradesman approving, the sharper goes down to some wharf, and orders a chaldron or two of coals to be delivered at the tradesman's house for his use. This description of cheat Fielding designates as the gambler who attacks the understanding. But we have not room to illustrate these ancient rogueries any farther.

* § 46.

† Ibid.

‡ § 129.

house, who was a constable, that there were two suspicious people in his house, who had taken a horse out of 'Farmer So-and-so's field, and that he ought to detain them.' The man said, 'I cannot do it, I have something else to attend to; I have my brewing to attend to to-day; somebody else must do it.' The farmer remonstrated. He said he could not do any thing in it. The men left the house, and the farmer followed them to another public-house farther on. The excuse that the man made there was, that he had his cattle going to the fair, and that he could not give up his time; that he was not sufficiently encouraged, or something of that sort. The farmer, determined not to lose sight of the men, mounted his horse again, and followed them, when they were detained at length by a police officer and another man." — *Eighth Report*, p. 197.

In providing a remedy for these great and pressing evils, it appears to us that the great difficulty is to obtain the advantages of a trained and organised constabulary, that shall be available at whatever point it is most wanted at any particular time on any extraordinary emergency, and shall be in constant readiness to act at all points, at all times, on ordinary occasions, and at the same time not to lose the advantages, whatever they are, of the superintendence of the local authorities. The former is now rendered absolutely necessary by the facilities which civilisation, with its concomitants, has given to the thieves, of moving silently and rapidly from one part of the kingdom to another, however distant. The latter is absolutely necessary too; for the English people are jealous, and justly so, of any interference with their management of their own affairs. We say justly so; for from their ancient habits of managing their own affairs, that is their local affairs, have arisen many of the benefits they enjoy as a nation. The commissioners appear to us to have met the difficulty with great skill in the following recommendation. "On account of the acknowledged necessity," they say, "of obtaining men from a trained force, unconnected with the districts, and of changing them from time to time, as well as of reducing the numbers within any district, we propose that the appointment should be with the commissioners of police, and that the magistrates should be invested with the control of the appointment, by the dismissal of the constables, or the removal of the chief officers appointed."* The commissioners do not recommend the immediate, absolute, and general adoption of their proposed plan. They propose that the adoption of their plan should be gradual and voluntary. Gradual it must necessarily be in order to be efficient; for, as they remark, in the organisation of a rural or provincial constabulary force, time would be required for the arrangement of the force in the several divisions, for the selection of stations, and for the adaptation of attendances on the magistrates at the petty or quarter sessions, for providing the performance of such miscellaneous services as those we have described, and for other arrangements which involve much consideration of details. Voluntary it may be, and yet soon become very general, if not universal, throughout the country. They state, in the course of their report, that applications have been made from nearly every parish on the exterior of the boundary of the metropolitan police to be included within it. They think there is no reason to doubt the general and voluntary extension of this desire in favour of a force expressly organised to meet the wants and conveniences of the rural or provincial districts, aided by the contribution of a portion of the expense.

The following is a recapitulation of some of the chief conclusions set forth in the report: —

"I. Having, with a view to judge of the extent of any requisite remedy by means of a paid constabulary force, made a general investigation as well as to the state of crime as to the present state of the unpaid constabulary, we find in respect to the state of crime —

" 1. That the public information as to the number of crimes committed, inferred from the extent of crimes judicially pursued and punished, is widely erroneous. (§ 1, 2, 3, 4.)

" 2. That there is an average of upwards of 100,000 commitments annually to the gaols of the able-bodied population of England and Wales for criminal offences. (§ 12.)

" 3. That there are from 11,000 to 20,000 persons constantly in the criminal gaols, of which number a large proportion are persons known as living wholly by habitual depredation; and from inquiries made in a large number of the individual cases of prisoners confined for thefts in these gaols, we find that on the average such prisoners in the rural districts, where there is no trained constabulary, have been at large living by depredation during average periods upwards of five years; and that the criminal prisoners in the gaols in the towns, where there is a paid and trained force, have not been able to pursue their depredations more than half that time. But that nevertheless, in either districts, prisoners are liberated with the prospect and the temptation of a career of unknown but long duration for the future, before permanent removal by process of law or by natural causes. (§ 10, 11.)

" 4. That with relation to the particular crimes committed by such habitual depredators, no information is possessed by the unpaid constables. (§ 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.)

" 5. That it results from a special investigation of the habits of the classes of habitual depredators; that a large proportion of them are migratory; that they migrate from town to town, and from the towns where they harbour, and where there are distinct houses maintained for their accommodation (§ 35, 36, 37, 38, 39), they issue forth and commit depredations upon the surrounding rural districts, the metropolis being the chief centre from which they migrate; and that they harbour in provincial towns in proportion to their magnitude, and in proportion to the facilities for plunder, or to the absence of protection in the surrounding districts. (19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34.)

" 6. That, judging from particular cases in which we have made inquiries, a large proportion, if not always the majority, of prisoners in the county gaols, for offences committed within the rural districts, are persons who have migrated from the towns to the rural districts. (§ 24.)

" 7. That from the impunity enjoyed by the classes of depredators, migrant or resident, property is rendered insecure; in some places so much so on the part of the labouring classes as greatly to impair the value of property to them, and their motives to industry and frugality. (§ 31, 43.)

" 8. That in the rural districts agricultural produce is subjected to extensive depredation, which often interferes with the most advantageous course of production. (§ 41, 42, 43, 146, 147, 148, 207.)

" 9. That a large proportion of the highways are left without any protection whatsoever from any constabulary or other civil force. (§ 51.)

" 10. That on the highways of a large part of the country commercial travellers and strangers who travel singly, otherwise than by public conveyances, and carry money about them, abstain from travelling after dark, from fear of robbery and violence; and that farmers return from market in company, from the like fear, after dark. (§ 51, 207.)

" 11. That the products of commercial industry *in transitu* on the highways being almost entirely without protection from any civil force, are subject to extensive and systematic depredation. (§ 52, 53, 55, 56.)

" 12. That in the absence of due protection, property carried by sea in ships which are wrecked on those parts of the coast where shipwrecks occasionally or frequently occur, is subject to extensive habitual depredation, and life is endangered or lost under circumstances of barbarity disgraceful to a civilised nation. (§ 58, 59, 60, 61.)

" III. 1. That the free investment of capital and employment of labourers, and the progress of manufacturing industry are impeded and endangered, and combinations carried on by violent and unlawful means; that murder has been resorted to; and that threats of murder, and arson, and personal violence are resorted to by such combiners as means to effect their objects. (§ 66, 67, 71, 75, 76, 77, 78, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 86.)

" 2. That for the prevention of the disturbances peculiar to such districts, as well as for the prevention of the more ordinary breaches of the peace, amidst the new and increasing population, no other efficient force than a military force is provided. (§ 86, 88, 89, 90, 97, 130, 131.)

" 3. That such force is inadequate for the purpose of the prevention of disorders; and that from the reluctance which is felt in having recourse to it for the purpose of repression, it is rarely used until considerable evil has been occasioned.

" 6. That in consequence of the extensive dereliction of the constitutional principles of penal administration, self-protection is extensively resorted to by private individuals separately, as well as by individuals associating together for mutual protection. (§ 117, 118, 122, 123.)

" 7. That there are upwards of 500 private or voluntary associations for self-protection in different parts of the country, by the payment of rewards for the apprehension of felons and the expenses of their prosecution, independently of a large number of associations for self-protection by subscription for the maintenance of private watchmen, and of other

private associations for the removal of various evils, such as the suppression of vagrancy and mendicancy, which it is the business of the government to prevent or repress." (§ 118.) — *Eighth Report*, p. 343. et seq.

In conclusion, therefore, the commissioners propose : —

" I. That as a primary remedy for the evils set forth, a paid constabulary force should be trained, appointed, and organised on the principles of management recognised by the legislature in the appointment of the new Metropolitan Police force.

" II. That for this purpose on application in writing, under the hands and seals of a majority of the justices assembled at any quarter sessions of the peace for the county, setting forth the insecurity of person and property, and the want of paid constables, the commissioners of police shall, with the approbation of the secretary of state for the home department, direct the location of such constables and such officers as may, upon examination by the said commissioners, be deemed adequate for the due protection of life or property within the county.

" III. The force shall be paid one fourth from the Consolidated Fund and three fourths from the county rates, as a part of the general expenses of the whole county.

" IV. That the constables so appointed shall report their proceedings to the justices of the peace of the quarter and petty sessions where they are stationed.

" V. That the superintendents shall be subject to dismissal upon the representation of the justices of the peace in quarter sessions, and that the serjeants and constables shall be subject to dismissal upon the representation of the justices of the peace in petty sessions.

" VI. That the justices of the peace shall frame rules and regulations for the service of process and attendance at petty or quarter sessions of such force, which rules shall be submitted to the secretary of state, and, if approved by him, shall be binding.

" VII. That the commissioners shall frame rules and regulations for the general management of the police, which rules shall, on the approbation of the secretary of state, be binding.

" § 298. The principles embodied in our recommendations being based on extensive experience, we feel confident that, however they may for a time be impeded by adverse interests, those interests and the prejudices engendered by them will yield before the light of future experience, which will lead to the ultimate adoption of measures on the principles of those we propose. If one uniform and trained force be efficiently directed to the prevention or repression of crime, we cannot doubt of success.

" § 299. We can find no solid grounds for the supposition often entertained, that a large amount of crime is a necessary evil incident to the present condition of society, and that the most ignorant and base of the community may defeat the exertions of a well-appointed agency instituted for the repression of their crimes.

" § 300. The appointment of a proper force for the prevention or repression of crimes has sometimes been viewed with apprehension, on the supposition that such a force might be used to impair the political liberty of the subject.

" If we were to admit that a diminution, instead of an increase of the political liberty of the subject, were the probable consequence of the establishment of an efficient constabulary force, we should nevertheless be prepared to show that the evils we have found in existence in some districts, and the abject subjection of the population to fears which may be termed a state of slavery, which the objectors would endure from a groundless fear of the loss of liberty, form a condition much worse in all respects than any condition that could be imposed by any government that could exist in the present state of society in this country. We do not believe that in this country any government could possibly exist, which subjected the people to domiciliary attacks, and to have their houses broken open and plundered, and their lives endangered at night, or which caused a large proportion of the population to abstain from travelling singly after dark, for fear of being put in danger of their lives, and stripped of their property by armed men, — which allowed its agents to pillage or maltreat the unfortunate people wrecked on the coasts, or which generally inflicted such evils as are now inflicted by upwards of 40,000 thieves, robbers, or marauding hordes of various descriptions, against whom the honest in almost every part of the country have been driven to associate for self-defence. Neither do we see any motives which could induce any government in these times to impose political restraints so oppressive or so mischievous on any industrious community as we find imposed by illegal means on the manufacturing population of the city of Norwich and other parts of the kingdom ; nor do we believe that by any form of the abuse of the powers of a government, it could use any such agency as secret committees have employed in the manufacturing districts to coerce the honest and industrious, but peaceable, to purposes injurious to them, by actual murder or the fear of life or maiming, or the threats of such fire and pillage as were displayed in the burning of the city of Bristol. — *Eighth Report*, p. 350. et seq.

RECENT POETRY.

The Deluge: a Drama, in Twelve Scenes. By JOHN EDMUND READE, Author of "Italy," &c. London: Saunders & Otley, 1839.

Æra Cipolla, and other Poems. By Sir JOHN HANMER, Bart. London: Moxon, 1839.

Prothanasia: and other Poems. By THOMAS WADE. London: Miller, 1839.

Songs and Poems: in Three Parts. By THOMAS TOD STODDART, Esq., Author of the "Death Wake," &c. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons, 1839.

"I NEED not tell you," said Mr. Milnes, in a speech at the Anniversary Dinner of the Literary Fund last month, upon the occasion of his health being proposed in connection with the Poets of England — "I need not tell you what Poetry is; you all know what it is as well as I could tell you. It is the grandest and the simplest of all forms of literature. Poetry is the highest tree in the forest, and the smallest flower." Parliament and politics have not yet spoiled Mr. Milnes; and, although we do not much relish this comparison of poetry with a tall tree and a small flower, because it brings with it odd associations of certain arborical and floral curiosities that occasionally glare upon us in places where neither trees nor flowers have any business to be found, still there is a pith of profound truth in the passage, which, making due allowances for the *tournure* of an after-dinner speech, cannot be too strongly commended to the private thoughts of the great multitude, who have a vague notion that poetry is a mystery.

Truly has Mr. Milnes said, that they know as much about it as he could tell them. He could do no more, at best, than interpret emotions that are common to all mankind. He might find language for the thoughts and feelings; but the thoughts and feelings were there, whether he put them into words, or let them lie in darkness like the uncrystallized carbon. The mountains, and the forests, and the waters, and all sights and sounds of created things, are full of poetry, from the remote stars sleeping in the pavilions of the clouds to the flowers in the depths of the invisible caverns of the sea; and all men understand this glorious poetry of nature in the degree of their individual sensibility, and according to the intensity of the circumstances by which that sensibility is influenced. To suppose that there is something in poetry which requires a philosophical or critical exposition, which is beyond or above the comprehension of the millions, something which cannot be felt until it is explained, is to mistake false enthusiasm for true — the pretence and finesse of Imitation for Art itself. Of a verity Poetry is as intelligible as light: if it be not intelligible, the defect is in the faculties of the poet, and not in the discernment of his audience.

Need we guard ourselves against being suspected of confounding Poetry and Metre — the Spirit and the Forms of Poetry? We believe the distinction is thoroughly understood by every body, if not in its strict elementary definitions, at least in its essential differences, and this is all that is wanted to keep poetry alive in the world as long as the world lasts. The various modes of poetry are adapted — as modes — to various classes of educated intelligence; and the epic, the lyric, the dramatic, and the pastoral, have each their fitting public. But whatever is good in them all — whatever has a relish of nature and of love in it — those little gleams of universal truth that grow up into household words and familiar types of every-day sensations, of practical experiences, and of the caprices that flit across the ima-

gination between dreams and realities — those incidental fractions of verse, which are by far the most profound parts of poetry, because they are the closest to our sympathies — these are understood by masses of men to whom the mechanism of measures is a sealed enigma. There is no truth more entirely true than this, that the final test of poetry is the recognition, by general suffrage, of its fidelity to the nature it reflects. The best poetry is the most popular — although popularity is sometimes, for different reasons, slow of progress, and sometimes transitory and capricious.

When people say they have “no taste for poetry,” they really mean that they do not enjoy all kinds of verse they happen to meet; or that being sated and sickened by verbal processions and imagerial draperies, they do not care to go in search of poetry through similar tracks. Now it would help to increase the believers in the religion of poetry, if it could be shown to these self-doubters that they are all the time as much in love with it as their neighbours who make such an exhibition of their zeal, and such a fuss about the ceremonials of their faith. The people who do not read books of poetry, and who sincerely dislike such books (because they have never found any thing in those they have read to *touch* them), are nevertheless moved by a thousand influences that are essentially poetical, but of the existence or operations of which they have lived all their lives utterly unconscious! Are not these non-conductors of metrical lightnings sometimes fond of gardens, or of angling, or of racing, or of children, or of boating, or of long walks in the country, or of drawing, or of music, or of some one or some dozen other delights that fill up their spiritual being with exquisite sensations and escapes of happiness from the crush and turmoil of prosaic existence? Every one of these vents, out of which the spirit flutters into enjoyment, are entrances to the regions of poetry. The solitary angler who labours up a mountain stream, fishing, as a true angler ought to do, against the current, with the trees around him, and the clouds sailing overhead, and the low winds whispering in the reeds, and the multitudinous music of the birds and the waters occupying his ears with delicious murmurs, has that faculty of rapture in him which is the congenial recipient of poetry. The pleasure he feels is a pleasure he would be incapable of feeling had he no relish for poetry: the poetry enters his soul, subdues his turbulent passions, and spreads its religious calm over his whole nature. He is silent in the tangled solitude — he has no mind to break the stillness voiced with floating harmonies; and that tacit surrender of his spirit to the impressions of the scene is the effect of that very agency which he finds no communion with in books. Life is full of poetry — throughout all its affections, its distant points of similitude and agreement, its picturesque aspects, its mental associations, and that inner world of unspoken hopes, frustrated aspirations, unrequited tenderness, blighted or unrewarded love, griefs, regrets, projects, fancies, which are perpetually in action beneath the surface, welling up like springs in the centre of the earth, hidden but restless, supplying a principle of life which at once stimulates and wastes its energies. Who has not felt some of these struggles and fictions of the heart and the imagination? Who has not been conscious of the exaggerations of passion, the delusions, disappointments, and chaos of volition without power, of whole dramas of sentiment begun and ended like a reverie in the chambers of the brain? Depend upon it, every man living is capable of poetry; and, which is something more to the purpose, no man can help himself. He cannot, if he would, extricate himself from its enchantments. The spell is in the air, and he breathes it from morning till night. But poetry as an Art is not this poetry of which we have been speaking,

but a mighty agent to give it an intelligible shape,—to reduce it to harmonious outlines, and inform it with a universal language. This is the poetry of books, and whenever it is not as clear as the pellucid diamond it is naught. Now, for the ultimate end in view, it is perfectly immaterial whether this is done in prose or verse; but as the world has agreed that it is best done in verse, for the sake of the play of fancy which that form peculiarly admits of (a sort of game of romps of the imagination through bars and wickets), so it is ordinarily understood that poetry comes out upon us in this mode and fashion of versification. Verse once adopted, there is no end of its fantastic varieties—the modifications being, as all the world knows, innumerable throughout past ages; and, as all the world may reasonably conjecture, infinite in ages to come. Yet notwithstanding this inexhaustible capacity in the production of forms, it is in poetry as in architecture, music, and painting,—a few striking kinds or classes have become gradually supreme over the confusion of a multitude; and the assent of mankind seems to have recognized these, as containing within themselves all the Shapes of Verse that are essential to the expression of beauty, of power, thought, character, and the rest of the human and intellectual aims that are embraced by the Art throughout all its wide and diversified regions and influences.

The present period of time is said not to be poetical, and, no doubt, with truth in one sense. Steam and cast iron, and, above all, an active progress in the practical business of life, which at intervals shuts out the day dreams of the soul, have intercepted the frequent enjoyment, and still more the frequent production, of the higher kinds of poetry. But if we have less of the higher kinds, we have more of the central level of verse, between excellence and mediocrity (for there is nothing below mediocrity)—a sort of middle current, that runs on freshly and fluently; while the upper stream seems to flow languidly, like a wave hushed in the still meridian. This sort of mid-living poetry is not much esteemed, because it falls short of those great examples which are within every body's reach; and because men, when their judgments become educated in such lofty schools, often affect, in the very pride of their knowledge, to despise more than it deserves that which is confessedly inferior to the models with which they believe they possess a sort of exclusive acquaintance. But this is mere bigotry of the mind, and want of sympathy. It is not because the poems that come within the description to which we have referred are not equal to the elevation of the subjects they attempt that they do not contain a deep and healthy germ of feeling, out of which high aspirations and noble tendencies flower like sweet blossoms gushing into the air from a rich and warm soil; it is not that the poet does not feel and long for that far-off and unrevealed glory which he vainly struggles after, but that he wants the power to give force and vitality to his emotions. But we are, nevertheless, required to note the amount of incapable enthusiasm, if we must so call it, that is thus for ever labouring in vain—the zeal that eats in upon itself—the passion that is nourished by its own heart—the energy blind in the depths of its action, and bringing out no visible signs of its strength, but a thousand tokens of a lost strenuousness working against despair! These men are poets in their internal nature, in the mystery of their lives and toils, who, wanting the art to develop their desires, still struggle on in hope and demonstration. We would call old Christopher North to bear testimony to this, but that we are afraid he would break down in his evidence.

We have been carried away into this rhapsody by the volumes with the titles of which we opened. There are in them all traces of ardent tempe-

raments and fine spirits, and snatches of melody as exquisite as if they floated down to us from those invisible strings that vibrate in the gardens of the Paradise of the Houris. And there are also signal deficiencies — flat intervals to traverse before we arrive at the regions of music and perfume; the feeling of Design is not perfect in any of them, and the execution is incommensurate in grandeur with the scope of ambition they develop. But it is in the consideration of these defects that our sense of the liberal allowance to be awarded to the imperfect yearnings of the Poet softens the measure of criticism, and adapts it more genially and cordially to the true deserts that lie infolded even in these general blemishes. It is the easiest process imaginable to exhibit the beauties of poetry; and it is the rarest thing to find its failures attributed to their real source. The stunted capacity that gropes through the fillagree work of a structure, failing to recognize the harmony of particular parts, each composed of a multitude of small and elaborate features, or, which is still more important, the Oneness of the Whole, is exactly the sort of capacity that is cut out by nature to find fault. Oh! what sensibility there is in the critics who are perpetually showing us lame feet and broken stanzas; who luxuriate, with an air of enjoyment, over imperfect images and obscure phrases; and who, blind to the magnificent sweep of the procession, fasten their ferret eyes on some feather that has fallen awry, some dishevelled tress, or some accidental speck in the embroidery of a jerkin! These, also, are the critics who, to make compensation for the lack of warmth and deep feeling, pick out bits that have nothing remarkable in them, and extol them to the skies with a sort of spurious rapture; for, without the happy discernment that lights at once upon the beautiful and the true, they only acknowledge the necessity of saying something, now and then, in a grateful and flattering tone, calculating — we are afraid with too much reason — upon the acquiescence of the crowd, who are ignorant of the *art* of poetry, in the decisions of the oracle who is presumed to know all about it. But if this very crowd, instead of taking every thing for granted that is thus oracularly delivered, were to look in upon their own emotions, they would discover abundant justification for venturing to doubt the judgment that would thus fascinate and surprise them into admiration where it is not always regulated by just and accurate perceptions.

We do not propose to analyse or to criticise the poems which have beguiled us into this wandering maze of suggestions, but rather to show their quality, and initiate the reader into the pleasures they spread out before him. Mr. Reade, whose poem of the "Deluge" we place first, because it is the most ambitious in its plan and scope, is the author of other pieces; one of which, "Italy," we noticed some months ago in this publication. Of the "Italy" we spoke in terms of strong commendation; it was a fervid and glorious burst of imagination, filled with noble sentiments, and statuesque images. The "Deluge" belongs to a different class. In form it is dramatic, and its subject is derived from that dubious book of Enoch, which has engaged so much of the controversy of the learned, and which, amongst other strange things, reveals to us the affinities subsisting between the spiritual and the animal natures. The problem — whatever may become of it in the schools — is at all events a tempting basis for poetry, and has already been employed with success by two of our most distinguished modern poets. Mr. Reade's design possesses the great advantage of being exceedingly simple and distinct, and of embracing in the most intelligible forms the whole range of the subject. The action is limited to two days; the scene is on and immediately around Mount Hermon; and the chief personages

are the two angels, Israphil and Oraziel, the spirit lovers of two sisters, Ozoara and Astarte. The characters of the sisters are skilfully contrasted, Ozoara being self-willed, and possessed of indomitable mental energy; and Astarte, a struggling, gentle-hearted being, whose mighty devotion for Oraziel is troubled and agitated all through by an earthly and more natural passion for Irad. The events — or rather the progressive emotions and pangs — that arise out of these relations of the several actors, conduct us gradually to the awful catastrophe of the rising waters. The lovers assemble on the crest of the mount as the flood roars and lashes upwards; Irad in vain warns the beautiful and trembling Astarte — her heart is in her streaming eyes that implore her winged lover; the ark at last passes away, and hope is over; Ozoara, firm and resolved to the end, flings herself headlong into the abyss as Israphil is borne into the clouds; and Astarte, anticipating the fiat, dies before the bright presence, to whom she had surrendered up her soul, has vanished from her sight. The catastrophe is in strict keeping with the individuality of the characters, and the fate of the delicate Astarte is beautifully and judiciously opposed to that of her stern sister.

Turning back to the pages of the drama, let us open a few of the passages through which the main arteries of the design may be said to run. The early struggles of Astarte, before her heart was yet quite assured of its feelings, before she had yet quite abandoned her love for Irad, and while there was yet enough of mere human purity left to keep her in suspense between the spiritual influence and the earth-passion, are indicated with some power in the following portion of a dialogue with Irad.

" Irad.

Astarte !

That name was a familiar sound ; and now
The very word that once was music sounds
So strange that it doth startle ! — look on me.
Astarte ! we were reared together ; we
Were pledged to each upon the gates of life :
We grew together ; I, the stronger plant,
And thou, the hidden violet : how I loved thee !
Turning away from Enoch's haughtier maids,
To dwell on thy retiring beauty. Thou —
Yes — thou didst love me then : oh ! blessed be
The memory of those hours, when we sat
And heard the bird of evening's song, and watched
The sunset hueing the rich clouds, and felt
The beauty and the feeling of the hour
Draw us together to the inner world
Of our own bosoms, as the outward failed !
Those tresses then lay on thy neck ; those eyes
Looked into mine — our very breath was mingled,
Drawn from one heart, inspired from one vast soul.

" Astarte.—Think not I have forgot those hours, which were
The sunniest of my life : those days of peace,
And hope, and innocence, when my young heart
Sought nothing further than its earthly joys ;
When no vague hopes, no restless wishes were
Awakened, leaving in my breast a void
Unfilled, and wasting it with vain desires :
I was then worthier thee, for I was like thee.

" Irad.—Then what hath changed, and made thee as thou art ?
The same indeed in outward form ; and oh !
More beautiful than——

" Astarte. Irad ! not to love
Such as thou art, would prove my bosom dead
To memory and gratitude. My heart
Is all unchanged, unbroken are those ties——

" Irad.—Then wherefore wilt thou not unite our loves,
Making my earthly life a paradise,

From which I cannot be expelled? Thou knowest
Thy sire will barter with my kinsmen——

“Astarte. Nay,
Give me but time, and I will tell thee all.
I am as yet no mate for thee; my heart
Is wayward and unsettled as the tree
Tossing to every wind: vague thoughts and hopes
Are shook from it like leaves, but soon to pass
Away, and be forgotten.”

In the delineation of such a character as Astarte the great difficulty consists in exhibiting the weakness that is natural to her condition, and yet to preserve it from falling below our sympathies. Mr. Read has hardly kept her out of this predicament. She sinks without showing enough of womanhood to raise her to our level. She gives herself up with a timidity and shyness that depress the tone of her moral nature. We are made to think lightly rather than tenderly of her, and to suspect that had the contest of her affections been between a choice of kinsmen, accident might have as easily subdued and decided her (if decision enters at all into the case) as the supremacy of power at either side. And all this, which tells so much to the disadvantage of Astarte, is rendered still more palpable by the firmness and fire-eyed resolution of Ozoara. Mark how this opposition is brought out towards the closing scene, where the sisters with the angels stand on Mount Hermon prepared to die. The following outbreak of natural regrets is from the lips of Astarte, whose nature quails before the coming ruin.

“Farewell,
O thou dear earth, that I have loved so well!
Farewell the dim and leafy places, where
These eyes first opened to the azure air,
And drank in all the glories of the day,
Stamped in my heart, that cannot pass away! —
The love, the life, the beauty which there dwells;
The stars that seemed like God's own oracles,
Making me feel, while gazing on each shrine,
Although they spoke not, that their homes were mine!
Farewell the twilight imaging that heaven
I never now shall see: and my own flowers,
Mingling their sweet breath with my own;
Gladdening the earth with their bright eyes, which I
Have loved as living things, and felt,
Watching them in my solitary hours,
They were my heart's companions given —
That human sympathies within them dwelt;
For in the sunshine I have seen them glad,
As if my joy they had!
And droop their heads beneath the sky, o'ercast
With a fine sorrow! — They, too, die like me,
But not alone:
When their bright hour is past,
They leave behind them for their memory
Some odorous breathings, and a few light leaves,
Frail playthings of the wind — the wind that grieves,
Or seems to grieve, about them!

I shall pass,
And die unknown: — lost — buried in the mass
Of a departed world. I shall not rest
On the sweet pillow of some human breast;
I shall not hear the soothing sympathies
Of human love! the silent-speaking eyes,
Whose feeling found no vent in words, but made
Their silence, more than eloquence, pervade
The answering spirit, until even to die
Became but slumber's last tranquillity;

A blessing — on my loved one's breast reclined,
 Feeling I felt my love, my life behind !
 Oh, that I thus had died, and never known
 Love's desolating passion ! but had flown
 Lightly from earth as gossamer doth rise,
 Serenely wafted to the twilight skies :
 Or slumbered like the violet unseen,
 Known only by its breath that it had been !
 While human eyes and human hearts had found
 My grave, and sanctified the holy ground
 With tears drawn from the memories of love —
 With prayers that had been borne to me above ;
 And made a haunt of that familiar spot,
 Where I, in death, should not have been forgot !”

We have quoted the whole of this, because it is highly wrought and full of human pathos. But the daring language of Oroaza outstrips and bears it down by an irresistible mental ascendancy.

“And where are they, the elect who shall be saved ;
 Who tremble at the fate that we have braved ;
 Who in their caves and caverns shrink from death,
 The wretched remnant of the seed of Seth ?
 They of inferior race, and mind, and powers ;
 Strong only in their selfishness o'er ours,
 And bartering love of gain : strife we resigned ;
 Our triumph the supremacy of mind !
 Shall they be rescued, and we perish ?—Yes —
 These are the things that live — 't is ever thus —
 Wanting alike the courage and the will
 To dare or do aught great in good or ill.
 How carefully are they concealed from view,
 Ere the great wrecks of life and death ensue !
 To watch from some safe nook, with placid eye,
 The desolation of a world roll by !
 We must tread in our fathers' path, and bear
 And meet our fate, and die — but not despair ;
 While they eke out their dregs of human life.
 So let them — soon will end their petty strife,
 With wants, and agonies of which 't is made.
 We shall not have to blush that we betrayed
 Our selfish fears, abandoning our kin,
 The great and good, to meet the death of Sin ;
 Shaming our nature and our origin !”

These extracts have grown so largely upon us that we must leave them to make their due impression upon the reader, contenting ourselves with one passage more — the description of the Deluge.

“Behold the hills are heaving like the waves
 In their great agony, and from their caves
 And shattered brows are hurling torrents forth,
 That, like eternity, in their fierce path
 Sweep all before them ; or cast down below
 The toppling rocks with each convulsive throe ;
 Now flashing forth volcanic streams — now gone,
 As if extinguished ; ever and anon
 The winds awake the lightnings in their wrath,
 From their deep womb of clouds, which hurtle forth
 Their arrowy vengeance ; every vale and height —
 Each mountain — depth — and crag — and yawning cave
 Blazes one moment in intensest light ;
 Swallowed, the next, in darkness as a grave !
 Through earth's rent sides the waters of the deep
 O'er the low plains deliriously sweep,
 In waves like rolling mountains ; while the woods
 And towers of men are borne before the floods ;

Or, crushed in one enormous mass, delay
 Their course a moment — until heaved away.
 Then, swept like chaff before the whirlwind, all
 Sink in the waters' universal pall."

The "Prothanasia" of Mr. Wade is founded upon the story of Bettine's love — for what else was it? — for Goethe; or rather upon passages in her letters shadowing forth an episode of intense interest, but not wholly free from that dangerous mysticism of the passions which eats like rust into the spiritual creations of German poetry. Gunderode, the friend of Bettine, is here delineated with great power — but darkly. Her mind broods over dreams that lead her to a terrible consummation of her gloomy philosophy; and the curtain falls upon the body of the suicide lying beside the waters of the Rhine. All this is related, not clearly, but with deep and thrilling pathos, darkened throughout by the fearfully indistinct revelation of the terrible thoughts and phantasies that haunt the solitude of the stately and self-deceiving Gunderode. We prefer such sunlight as the following picture of Bettine to the esoteric grandeur of the mental conflict.

"Of Gunderode Bettine was the friend;
 The earnest-soul'd and vivid-hearted friend:
 Dark-eyed, dark-hair'd, mirth-faced, and fairy-framed,
 With a clear voice, that, on the pleased ear,
 Rippled a stream-like music; and a step
 That kissed the ground as lightly as swift wing
 Of swallow doth the meadow's placid lake,
 Or insect-severed leaf its quiet grass.

"Bettine's youth was yet i' the early bud
 When first she knew the lady Gunderode,
 Who then for two years had in Frankfort been
 A convent's inmate, a lone canoness:
 A timid creature, that was wont to tremble
 But to "say grace aloud;" and scarcely dared
 Greet her prayer-mates with "Benedicite!"
 Upon the ground her little chamber was;
 With casement folding-doored, that open'd out
 Upon a quiet garden, full of flowers
 And balmy shrubs and grass-embedded trees —
 A miniature of nature's loveliest scenes!
 A silver poplar near the window grew,
 And to its pale boughs would Bettine climb,
 And from on high read heavenly poesy,
 Toned ever to the hour and to the scene,
 Unto the garden's tranced inhabitant,
 Who sat, or stood, or paced the grass below;
 One white hand hidden in her bright brown hair,
 And brow down bent, or glancing fearfully,
 As the wind wanton'd where Bettine sat,
 Up through the quivering poplar leaves."

The beautiful impetuosity of Bettine — a light and ærial creature — upon hearing her friend discourse of death, is exquisitely described in the following lines: —

"Silent long,
 And looking gently in each other's eyes,
 Stood the death-parted friends: till sobbed aloud,
 And fell upon the neck of Gunderode,
 Her passionate woman-love; implored and wept,
 And pressed her lips, and kissed her throbbing breast
 Beneath the orb'd grace where she had learn'd
 To let the life out from the pained heart:

And pale, convulsed — even as two gleaming lilies
That quail i' the wind together spectrally
Far in the faint light of the dying moon —
Thus sway'd they, folded in each other's arms.

“Beside the casement — throng'd as unripe thoughts
I' the brain of poets, ere they colour'd be,
And pregnant made, and teeming mightily,
By light and heat o' the passions; crowded thickly
As feelings new in the heart of maidenhood,
Ere love comes open-eyed and tells it all —
Grew bunches of young grapes, beneath the verdure
Of an old vine. These tore Bettine off,
And dashed them on the floor, and trampled them
Under her little feet, and cried aloud,
'Thus dost thou, Gunderode, tread on my heart,
And the fruit crush that swells to ripeness there!'
The canoness bowed down her graceful head,
And glanced aside, and paler and more pale
Grew momentarily; when, suddenly, a thought —
As a bright creature from the lowest deep
Of some transparent pool springs rapidly
And flashes a swift splendour into air —
Seem'd to leap wing'd from her profoundest soul
Up to her cheeks, — there beaming gloriously
Awhile, then vanishing as it upsprang,
And leaving paleness paler for its coming.
And then she rose, and coldest of cold kisses
Upon Bettine's brow most icily
Imprinted; and a painful silence grew
Between them, till they parted: one in tears,
And one in calmness too self-wrought for tears.”

Thus breaking off in tears, Bettine retires; but impressions on so elastic a spirit are like tracks in dew. The morning sees her again as volatile as if tears had never gushed from her sparkling eyes. This is touching, and true — the very spring hopefulness of youth.

“The air which by a dancer's winged heel,
Or flitting pinion of aroused bird,
Is sunder'd, cloeth not again more quickly,
With softer motion, or less visible wound,
Than did the sorrow-cloven atmosphere
Of young Bettine's clear felicity;
And the next day she sought the priory
With heart as fresh with joy as morn with dews,
And to the chamber of the canoness
Went singing cheerily.”

Evening on the Rhine, bringing this melancholy tale to a conclusion, winds up the whole with an appropriate Thought of Grief.

“Sweet evening brooded on the tranquil Rhine:
The flowers all slept; and in the placid sky
Were shining tremulous its earliest stars;
And in kind Nature's eye no tear was seen,
Nor sigh of sorrow heard in her calm voice;
Tho' dark and cold upon the river's bank,
Under a low-droop'd willow, lay the image
Of angels, as they haunt the human soul;
With wounded bosom and blood-stained limbs,
Strew'd hair, and pallid eyes, and livid cheeks —
A pity, and a withering for the heart!

“A boat came floating up the quiet Rhine;
And earnestly talk'd they who sat therein —
Save one, a silent and a weeping girl:
The boatman moor'd his bark beside the willow;

She leapt upon the bank ; and on the corse
Fell, like another death.

Ah ! this our life
Is a moth's twilight-flight, discerned dim
In the mysterious air a little while,
And then beheld no more ; a dreamy cloud
Of light and gloom, which melts into the wind
Even as we gaze.

Weep not for Gunderode !"

"Fra Cipolla," by Sir John Hanmer, is adapted from the "Decameron," and makes a piece of as roguish poetry as can be desired. In the words of the argument, it discovers to us "how Friar Onion showed the coals on which St. Lawrence was broiled, instead of the feather of the angel Gabriel, as he promised, to the people of Certaldo." This, it will be admitted, was a downright monkish cheat ; but Friar Onion was a rare fellow, and when he set about cheating, he did it *con amore*. He was the merriest of souls, and, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, fulfilled in his time two different purposes : —

"The people loved him for his very name,
For most that herb about Certaldo grows,
And rears its savoury head in watered rows ;
A household name, and redolent of cheer ;
Nor he belied it with a mien severe,
Nor took his gettings churlishly for right ;
If priest by day, he gossip was by night ;
And all the women loved the tales he told,
And children laughed his antics to behold,
And graver things he had at seasons for the old."

The gist of the joke is, that our most excellent friar preached to the people from a little box, which he assured them contained the feather of the angel Gabriel, and in which the true feather was deposited ; but when he went away, an ungodly fellow, who was not touched even by superstition, opened the box, stole the feather, and placed a coal in its stead. But brother Cipolla was not to be thus discomfited ; and upon discovering the coal, he declared to the people that it was a relic of the fire which bore the great St. Lawrence into bliss ; and he uttered this with such a priestly air, that the fellow who had himself deposited it there, and knew the birth, parentage, and travels of the said coal, was struck in the conscience, half believed the miracle, and kissed the coal with as much fervour as the rest of the wondering crowd.

This story of "Fra Cipolla" forms, however, but a fraction of the volume of poems which Sir John Hanmer has given us, and which, with some rather remarkable irregularities, develop considerable power of fancy, and great freedom of versification. "The Strategy of Death" is, perhaps, of its class, the best of all these pieces ; but there are some amongst a cluster of briefer compositions that equally attest the educated mind and artistical power of the author. It is impossible by an extract or two to exhibit the miscellaneous character of a volume of this description ; and we must be content with the following picture — tinted glowingly — of Salerno.

"Come out upon the terrace, there is yet
An hour of light, although the sun has set,
Or his pale disk has hidden in the clouds ;
And we can, looking down, behold — no crowds
On the once populous quays, but here and there
Some scattered groups, or fishers who repair
By the sea-side their boats, or sail, or oar ;
And some there are that slowly to the shore
Pull a long net, whose meshes rise and fall,
Still swaying with the waves ; upon the wall

There is a marble figure, which should be
 One of the Sirens : pale and silently
 She looks over the dim bay once her own.
 But we can reinstate her on the throne,
 And make sweet music from her lips proceed,
 Taking imagination for the deed ;
 Or call Ulysses, or who else hath seen
 On this same spot the enduring stars serene ;
 Or talk of Paestum, and the Silaro,
 And the old boat that doth like Charon's go,
 Wafting us to a new and silent land,
 Where those three thunder-stricken temples stand,
 Or tell the tragic tale that Dryden feigned,
 ' When Norman Tancred in Salerno reigned.' "

Mr. Stoddart's songs and poems are, like Sir John Hanmer's, of very unequal merit ; they are, however, all fresh and genuine, written under immediate influences, and highly descriptive. The angling songs have leaping fish in them, and gurgling rivulets, and flies, and broken boughs, and bring us into the green shadows where trout are most readily taken. Mr. Stoddart is evidently an angler ; and that, perhaps, has made him a poet. He writes like one who feels his theme, and who cannot help giving it a shape of verse. Even the lyrical irregularities which it is the peculiar province of music to harmonize, impress us with such sensations as are produced by those gusty breezes that every now and then burst over the streams and ruffle and disconcert both fish and fisher. We know not where a better collection of out-of-door lyrics is to be found than Mr. Stoddart has supplied ; and we will make room for a short one, which, although not the most favourable specimen, is sufficiently meritorious to justify the author in taking rank amongst our living bards :

A PICTURE.

We listen by the waters blue to voices that we love ;
 Sweet flowers are twinkling at our side, and willow leaves above ;
 Before us feeds the fearless trout, emerging from the calm,
 And bleats behind the fleecy ewe upon its wandering lamb.

Delicious musings fill the heart, and images of bliss ;
 Oh ! that all pictures of the past were innocent as this —
 That life were like a summer trance beneath a willow wide,
 Or the ramble of an angler lone along the river side.

Poetry is not dead amongst us while such poets as these remain to vindicate the muse. The specimens with which we have enriched our pages testify that the art is cultivated still with success, and that it only wants a little more sunshine of quietude to bring it to full perfection.

But there is one beyond all these, greater than them all — the author of that singular production called "State Trials." We read it once, and have not seen it since ; but it has left behind visions of beauty and strength, of chivalry and logic, of passion and stately grace ; whole panoramas of living pageants, pictures of fresh fields and crumbling castles, of antique halls and dim cloisters, of fortified ramparts streaming with banners, and sequestered chapels with long trains of nuns and monks winding noiselessly like shadows through their aisles — visions that cannot be dissolved by time, but that become strengthened in their hues and forms the longer they dwell in the memory. This work, strange to say, has, with, we believe, only two exceptions, been almost wholly unnoticed by the critical periodicals. It seems as if it startled the reviewers, who, not knowing what to make of it at first, sullenly let it pass in silence, lest they might commit themselves one way or the other. We will endeavour to repair this neglect as soon as we can, — perhaps next month ; but in the mean while, we say to the lovers of poetry, read Mr. Moyle's "State Trials."

THE BATTLE WITH THE DRAGON.

FROM SCHILLER.

WHAT's all the rout? What means this crowd,
 Hallooing through the streets so loud?
 Is Rhodes on fire? And see yon knight,
 High on his horse, amidst the throng;
 And after him — heavens what a sight! —
 That monster, which they drag along:
 It seems a dragon by its size,
 Its crocodile jaws and its basilisk eyes.

Now on the beast, in wild amaze,
 And now upon the knight, they gaze;
 And hark! a thousand voices bawl,
 "This is the lindworm — come and view it —
 That ate up our herds and our herdsmen all;
 And this is the valiant youth that slew it!
 Many have gone on the monster's track,
 But never before did one come back."

And now the glad procession files
 On to St. John's dim-cloister'd aisles,
 Where, with their prince, in grave debate,
 The brethren of the order wait;
 When, stepping forth before the rest,
 The hero thus his chief address'd: —
 "Lo! there he lies, slain by my hand,
 The dragon that laid waste the land!
 Our roads are free; o'er plains and rocks
 The shepherds now may drive their flocks;
 And, joyful, in his long-left fane,
 The pilgrim's voice be heard again."

He paus'd. "And hast thou then to learn,"
 Exclaim'd the prince with visage stern,
 "How priz'd soe'er the warrior's art,
 The Christian has a nobler part?
 Thou 'st shown thy courage in the fight,
 And courage well becomes a knight;
 But what 's the first of duties, say,
 For those who arm in Christ's array?"
 "Obedience, sire!" the youth replies,
 Griev'd honour kindling in his eyes —
 "Obedience, of all tests on earth
 The best that proves a Christian's worth."

"And this, this first of duties, thou,"
 Resumes the chief, "hast set at nought;
 Thou'st spurn'd our law, forgot thy vow,
 And the forbidden battle fought!"
 "Hear, ere you judge" — with stedfast soul
 Pursues the youth — "first hear the whole.

'Gainst law I sought not to offend,
 But to fulfil law's noblest end :
 Not with rash arm the sword I drew,
 Not without thought and caution due,
 And means that best might overthrow
 The force and fury of the foe.

" Five heroes, victims of their zeal,
 Had perish'd for the public weal,
 When forth the unwelcome mandate flew
 That none the combat should renew.
 Yet still, by edict unrepres't,
 Still burn'd the fever of my breast;
 E'en in the visions of the night,
 I gasp'd, I languish'd for the fight;
 But when the blood-ey'd morn arose
 With tidings of fresh deaths and woes,
 A wilder anguish seiz'd my soul,—
 My rage no longer knew control;
 And straight I swore my chance to try,
 And triumph in the cause, or die.

" What decks the youth? — what crowns the man?
 'Twas thus my self-reflections ran :
 What were the deeds achiev'd of old
 By those of whom our bards have told,
 Whom Heathen blindness, in its love,
 Hath rais'd to rank of gods above?
 Earth's deadliest monsters they defied,
 Quell'd the fierce lion in his pride,
 The minotaur's foul strength subdued,
 Crush'd the dire hydra's venom'd brood,
 And perill'd limb and life to save
 Poor mortals from a cruel grave.

" Is it the Saracen alone
 That's worthy of a Christian arm?
 Is there, save from the Moslem throne,
 No danger, no alarm?
 A true-born knight should strive to free
 His land from every misery,—
 Should shrink before no living foe:
 Still judgment must direct the blow,
 Wisdom its aid to courage lend,
 And stratagem with strength contend.
 Thus meditating, day by day,
 I took my solitary way,
 Explor'd each mountain-rock and glen,
 In search to find the monster's den,
 Till chance at length my efforts crown'd,
 And, joyful, I exclaim'd — 'Tis found!

" 'Twas known how, with my chief's consent,
 On voyage to my home I went.
 There scarcely had I touch'd the strand,
 When, aided by an artist's hand,
 An image of the beast I plann'd;

In size, in form and feature, rife,
It look'd a dragon to the life.
On his short legs, in towery strength
High-pil'd, repos'd his body's length;
His brawny back, his deep-ribb'd waist,
A shirt of triple mail embrac'd;

" Far stretch'd his neck, and vast and dire
Yawn'd, like hell's gates, his jaws of fire;
Fierce, from his throat of darkness, sprung
The forked terrors of his tongue;
His teeth, thick-set in grim array,
Grinn'd gauntly, gnashing for their prey;
His keen small eyes flash'd lightnings round;
His tail, in serpent volumes roll'd,
Now wav'd aloft, now swept the ground,
As man and horse it would enfold.

" Such was the beast I did essay,
Then dress'd it all in ghastly grey.
Half crocodile it seem'd, half snake,
Foul offspring of the Stygian lake.
This done, two noble dogs I found,
For courage as for strength renown'd,
Train'd to the battle and the chase,
And terrors of the urus race;
These I let loose upon the foe,
Stirr'd up their ardour for the fight,
Taught them with doubled rage to glow,
And where with surest wound to bite.

" There, where the parts, scarce wool or hair,
Lie, midst the opening belly, bare, —
I taught them *there* their fangs to lay,
And fasten furious on their prey.
Myself, I press an Arab steed,
Of finest form and noblest breed,
Soothe with soft hand his rising fear,
Or urge with spur his sharp career,
Aiming my lance with force so true
As 't were to pierce the figure through.

" Though my horse rear'd and champ'd the rein,
And my dogs moan'd with wild affright,
I did not from the task abstain
Ere they were harden'd to the sight.
Thus, day by day, I train'd them on,
'Till now the third new moon had shone;
Then, all prepar'd, with rising gale
For Rhodes I spread the eager sail;
And soon — 'tis now three mornings past —
Safe anchor in this haven cast;
Whence landing, without halt or rest,
On instant to the work I prest.

“ For — to stir higher my bosom’s flame —
 Fresh tidings of disaster came :
 Two herdsman, who had sought the moor,
 Were found all mangled in their gore ;
 So, taking counsel from the heart,
 I straight resolv’d me on my part,
 Call’d out my bounding dogs, in speed
 Bestrode once more my fiery steed,
 And then, with heedful pace and slow,
 Went calmly forth to meet the foe.

“ Thou know’st the Chapel of the Rock —
 A master’s spirit rais’d the pile —
 Fast moor’d against the tempest’s shock,
 And glancing far o’er sea and isle.
 Though poor in outward look, and plain,
 A miracle its walls contain, —
 The Mother with her Babe Divine,
 Given by **THE THREE KINGS** to the shrine.
 Thrice thirty steps, midst crag and thorn,
 The wayworn pilgrim climbs forlorn ;
 But when the dizzy height he gains,
 What sweet refreshment for his pains !
 What bliss, beyond all earth’s reward, —
 The presence of his Saviour Lord !

“ Deep ’neath the cliffs’ o’erbrowning height
 A cavern lies, half clos’d in night,
 Cheer’d by no sun’s refreshing beam,
 And dripping with the fen’s dank stream.
 Here hous’d the worm ; here, night and day,
 Lurk’d watchful for his coming prey :
 Prowling around, like the Dragon of Hell,
 Even at the foot of God’s own cell,
 He seiz’d poor wanderers on their road,
 And bore them to his grim abode.

“ The rough ascent in safety trod,
 First — ere the combat I begin —
 I kneel before the Infant God,
 And purify myself from sin ;
 Then, with the sun’s returning light,
 Gird on my armour for the fight,
 Descend into the bordering plain,
 Leave parting orders with my train,
 And lightly vaulting on my steed,
 And without witness to the deed,
 And breathing still to Heaven a prayer,
 Move onwards to the monster’s lair.

“ Scarce had I cross’d into the vale,
 When loud and quick the dogs gave tongue,
 And snorting, snuffing up the gale,
 My horse in backward circles swung ;

For, coil'd up in the sun's warm ray,
Before his cave the serpent lay.
Swift rush'd my hounds to the attack,
But swifter still came rushing back,
As, yawning from his jaws so foul,
The beast sent forth his jackal howl.

“ But soon their fainting hearts I cheer,
And fierce they fasten on the foe,
Whilst, with redoubled arm, my spear
Full at his bounding sides I throw;
Yet powerless as a reed it flew;
And, ere the stroke I could renew,
Confounded, aghast, at his towering size,
At his venomous breath and his flaming eyes,
My horse he began to plunge and rear,
And all now seem'd over with my career.

“ Down springing from his back amain,
With lightning's speed, my sword I drew;
But thrust and stroke alike were vain
To pierce his rocky harness through.
And now, with tail swift swinging round,
The beast had swept me to the ground;
Already at his feet I lay,
His jaws already grasp'd their prey,
When my brave dogs, to madness stung,
Fierce on the monster's belly sprung,
That rousing, writhing, at their bite,
He yell'd with anguish and affright;

“ And swift, ere he could disengage
His body from their burning rage,
All breathless from the ground I start,
Spy out his bosom's barest part,
And slake my vengeance in his heart.
Up to its hilt I drive the blade;
His blood streams, blackening, o'er the glade;
Down rolls the giant mass, whilst I,
Half-crush'd beneath its ruin, lie.
I knew no more; all sense had fled;
But when, at length, I rais'd my head,
I found my servants hanging o'er me,
And the dead dragon stretch'd before me.”

He ceas'd. Applauses, long suppress'd,
Burst wildly forth from every breast.
Mix'd shouts of triumph, rapture, wonder,
Roll, echoing through the aisles, like thunder.
And, first, the brethren, pressing round,
Insist at once he shall be crown'd;
The crowd, in pageant state the while,
Would bear their hero through the isle.
“ Peace! peace!” the indignant master cries;
Then fixes on the youth his eyes,

And says, "Thou 'st slain, with valiant hand,
 The dragon that laid waste the land;
 Thou stand'st a demigod below,
 But not the less thine order's foe;
 For, dire as was the serpent pest,
 A direr harbours in thy breast;
 A worm which deeper, deadlier stings,
 Which fiercer strife and anguish brings:
 That is, a proud, rebellious soul;
 A spirit, spurning all control,
 To reason, law, and duty blind —
 'Tis *that* which desolates mankind.

"Courage the Mameluke displays;
 Obedience is the Christian's praise.
 For, where the Lord of earth and skies
 Walk'd humbly forth in servant's guise,
 There first, e'en on that blessed land,
 Arose our order's holy band,
 Earth's strictest duties to fulfil,
 And learn subjection of the will.
 'Twas vain ambition urg'd thee on; —
 Away, then, from my sight — begone!
 For he who Christ's dear cross would wear,
 Must not disdain his yoke to bear."

Ill could the people such rebuke,
 Such sentence on their hero, brook;
 Loud rings the roof with their uproar;
 The brethren too for grace implore;
 All but the youth: still firm, though lowly,
 He bows him to the stern command,
 Doffs from his breast each ensign holy,
 And, kissing his reprover's hand,
 Withdraws. With lingering eyes his track
 The prince pursues, — then calls him back,
 And cries, "Embrace me, my dear son!
 Thy hardest battle now is won.
 Here, take the cross; 'tis due to thee,
 As prize of thy humility —
 Humility, o'er SELF victorious,
 Of all earth's triumphs the most glorious."

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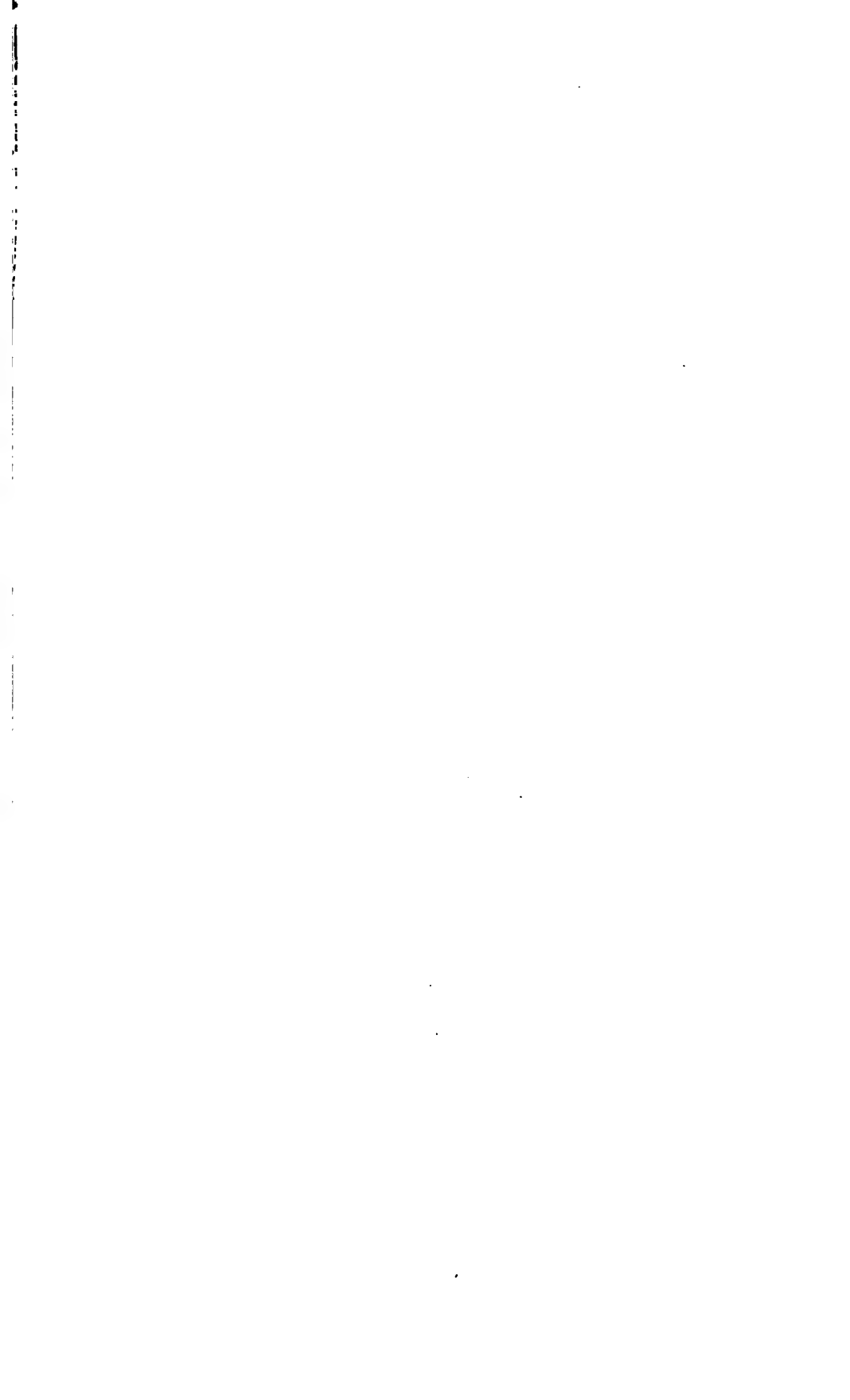
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